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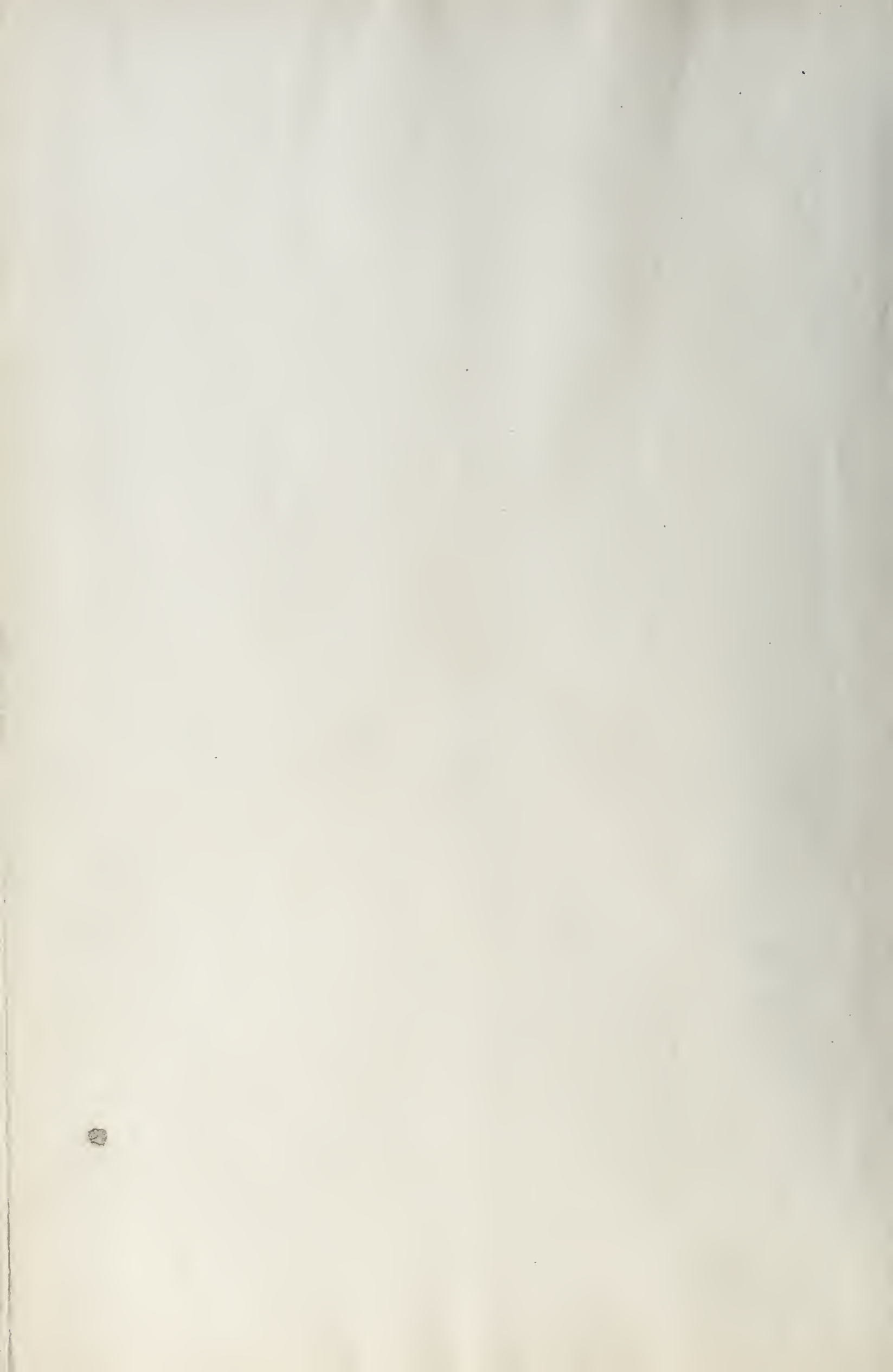


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January 1920

The

Twenty Cents

Red Cross Magazine



BEGINNING

DA M. TARBELL'S

NEW BUSINESS

SERIES



LUCKY STRIKE—it's toasted.
Our advertising gives you
a definite fact about Lucky
Strike—a reason for buying this
cigarette. Surely you like reasons.

Toasting Burley tobacco gives
it a delicious flavor. You get this
flavor only in Lucky Strike. And
there you are!

It's toasted



© Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.
INCORPORATED

—which means that if you don't like LUCKY STRIKE
Cigarettes you can get your money back from the dealer.



WRIGLEY'S
SPEARMINT

The largest electric sign in the
world advertises

WRIGLEY'S

At Times Square, Broadway
NEW YORK CITY

250 FEET LONG—70 FEET HIGH
MADE UP OF 17,286 ELECTRIC LAMPS

The fountains play, the trade mark changes,
reading alternately WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT,
DOUBLEMINT and JUICY FRUIT, and the
Spearmen "do a turn."

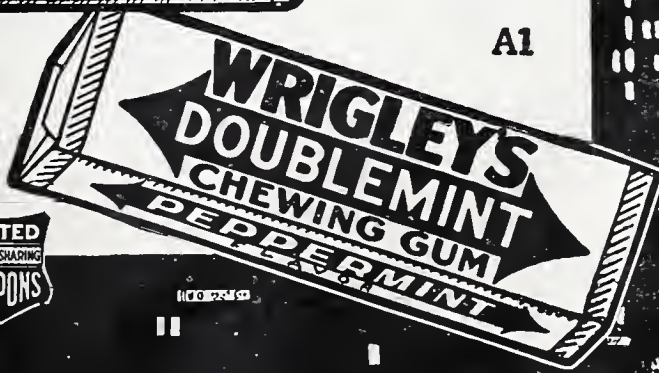
This sign is seen nightly by approximately
500,000 people, from all over the world.

Sealed
Tight—



Kept
Right!

A1



195600

January Red Cross Magazine

1



The Red Cross Magazine

Owned and published exclusively by the American Red Cross



OF INTEREST TO OUR FRIENDS

WE don't want to bore you with too many recitals of the difficulties under which we have been placed in getting out recent numbers of your Magazine. As we have told you the printers' strike in New York has been settled and we are able to proceed as we did before it occurred. It is inevitable, however, that such a happening leaves delay in its wake. In short, it will take us some little time

yet to get this publication to you on schedule time. As you see, the January Number is somewhat behindhand and the same will be the case in February, although to a lesser degree. The best we can say now is, that March will be issued within a few days of its regular time.

Please let us thank you again for your kindness to us in our hour of need.

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Where your tire money goes when you skid—

Every time you skid you wear off miles and miles of tire service. It's like so many dollars being thrown in front of the street cleaner's scraper. Loss of traction always means loss of tire money.

Chief Engineer of the International Motor Company, A. F. Masury, says:

"Sliding the wheels of railroad cars causes flat wheels. If sliding a hardened steel tire over a smooth steel rail for a few seconds can so abrade the wheel that its pounding will crack 150-lb. rails, fancy the damage to a rubber tire in skidding or sliding over a stone or concrete road."

"No matter how carefully and skillfully you drive when roads are wet and slippery, it is next to impossible to avoid skidding unless your tires are equipped with Anti-Skid Chains—such as Weed Chains."

Weed Anti-Skid Chains

For Protection and Preservation

Weed Chains insure safety, economy and tire protection
—Always put them on "At the First Drop of Rain".



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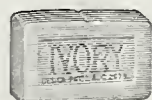
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AFTER her make-believe has changed to real housekeeping, a girl unconsciously does things by the methods acquired in her childhood's play. The things she learned while she was a child are the things she remembers. Realizing this, you can make your child's play-hours as valuable to her as they are enjoyable.

For instance, when she wants to bathe her dolls, let her use Ivory Soap—the very soap that keeps her own skin so soft and smooth. When she wants to launder their clothes, give her this same pure, mild cleanser, and show her how its bubbling suds wash clothes so they look like new.

It will always be of value to her to know that Ivory is the *safe* soap to use wherever soap is needed.

IVORY SOAP . . .



IT FLOATS

. . . 99 $\frac{44}{100}$ % PURE



Have you tried the new IVORY SOAP FLAKES? Now you can buy genuine Ivory Soap, ready shaved into snow-like flakes which warm water melts into "SAFE SUDS IN A SECOND." Quicker and easier for fine laundry work and the shampoo. To get a free sample package, send your name and address to Department 35-A, The Procter & Gamble Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.





DON'T LOOK BACK

By Dr. Frank Crane

Decoration by Franklin Booth

A WOMAN was crossing a crowded city street. She happened to think of something, stopped and turned back. The traffic policeman caught her, not very gently, by the arm, and said:

"Say, lady, don't do that! Ever. When you're a crossin' the street you gotta keep on goin'. Don't look back. Nobody gets hurt that keeps movin', regular. It's people that change their mind that get run over."

Wherein is much sound sense, applicable not only to crossing the street but also to crossing life, which has been called "a narrow isthmus between two eternities."

It is looking back that makes the nagging woman. The best-loved women are the good forgetters.

It is looking back that gives timidity, hesitation, indecision.

"And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought."

Remorse, despair, self-pity and the whole morbid brood of man-eating worms that infest the human soul and gnaw away triumphant courage are bred by looking back.

Go ahead! Keep your chin up! Eyes forward! For only the future is yours. The past is God's, let Him attend to it!

The prizes of the world await the forward-minded man. The love of the world is for the forward-minded women.

What if you did break your blue tea-set, little girl; what if you did do a thoughtless act of folly, young man; what if you did weakly and humanly step aside, woman; what if your last business venture failed, merchant; what if you did do wrong, make mistakes and all that, O everybody? Never mind! Don't look back!

"I haven't time to get even with men who have injured me," said Paul Morton.

When Edison's factory burned, and the reporters interviewed him next morning, they found him busy with plans for a new building.

Fear looks back, courage looks forward. Sorrow looks back, joy looks forward. Failure looks back, success looks forward.

A blind and deaf man could walk down Fifth Avenue at five o'clock in the afternoon and not one of the thousand automobiles would touch him, if he kept on going at an even pace.

Don't look back!

Remember Lot's wife!



THE VETERAN OF TODAY

Painted by Angus MacDonall

A THOUSAND PARTNERS

Why this New Year's will be the best—as last was

the worst—in the history of our plant

By The Owner

ON New Years day this year Henry Moran and his wife will sit down to dinner at our house with my wife and family and me. This may not seem at first blush like a social item deserving of special prominence, but to the inhabitants of our little city it has a unique significance. For one thing, Henry Moran is the foreman of the finishing department of our plant, while I am not merely the principal stockholder, but the grandson of the founder, the third of the same name to hold the presidency of the company. These two facts of themselves would have been sufficient to make the event a matter of amazed comment through the city in any other year than this.

But when you add to them the further fact that less than a year ago Henry Moran stood in my office, and pounding my desk before an admiring group of his fellow-workers shouted that he would "see me in hell" before he would permit the plant to continue to operate under the conditions I had laid down, you will admit that the situation is not altogether lacking in its dramatic elements.

Our plant is one of five industries which provide the principal support for a community of between fifteen and twenty thousand people.

The town is, in a sense, a little world of its own. Our transportation is none too good, consisting merely of a branch line of railroad and a trolley which has been having its own troubles in the past four years. We are far enough removed from big centers, and travel is just difficult enough so that our folks do not come and go nearly as much as is true in larger, more accessible places. Scores of our families have lived in the same houses and worked in the same plants for two or even three generations. Sons born into the families of carpenters tend to become carpenters in their turn, and to settle down at the foot of "the hill" in the same sort of houses that their fathers and grandfathers occupied. And I, whom Fate placed in one of the big houses at the top of the hill, knew from infancy what my place and work in the world were to be. So, in our quiet little valley, our town has gone its peaceful way, little disturbed by the play of opposing forces in the great world beyond the hills. If sometimes a rumor of strikes and lockouts carried across the hills to us, we thanked our lucky stars that we were not as other men, and never even considered the possibility of such wickedness making its home in our midst. In all the years of its history,

prior to the war, the plant of which I am the president had never had labor trouble important enough to warrant the name.

In large part this immunity was due to the wise practices established by my grandfather. He started in a little one-roomed shop with no equipment but his own two hands. As gradually the reputation of his goods spread abroad, and new customers demanded them, he added first one, then two, and then a dozen assistants. They were men of his own station, who worked side by side with him and called him by his first name. Their wives visited back and forth with my grandmother, exchanging recipes with her, and lending their aid when new babies arrived, even as she extended hers to them under the same circumstances.

Even up to the time of his death my grandfather had many old employees who called him "John." Some of them had prospered with him, and were well-to-do according to the standards of that period; others were day-laborers in the shops as they were when he took them on. But so far as I know, there never was the slightest jealousy among them; never a feeling that "John" had profited unduly at their expense. They knew how he had toiled; they realized something of the chances he had taken. They remembered the bad years when all the servants were discharged from the "big house" and my grandmother did the work; when my grandfather was his own entire office and sales force, and hardly knew from day to day whether he would have a dollar to his name. For all that they were willing that he should have the privilege of a big house, and horses, and a trip to Europe if he so desired.

He, on his part, was tremendously concerned that the men should never detect any change in his character or attitude as a result of his increasing good fortune. He was a real father to the younger workers in the shops; and I can well remember hearing my grandmother tell, with a pretended petulance that was really a cloak for her pride, how many years she had to wait for the new house, while money enough to build it five times over was being put into improvements about the plant for the benefit of the men. Grandfather was far in advance of his generation; and we continued to reap the reward of his humane

and genuinely sympathetic attitude for many years after his death.

My father was given a technical education; but except for that he enjoyed no advantage over any

other apprentice who sought employment in the plant. He fought his way up through the various departments, and it was his boast that there was not a job in the place that he couldn't handle if it became necessary. He lacked the inventive genius of my grandfather, as well as his pioneering aggressiveness; but he was an able administrator and the business more than doubled under his management.

Eleven years ago he died, and I succeeded to the presidency.

A wise and studious friend of mine once remarked that it is the "third generation" which is the problem in this country. The founder of one of our industrial families is almost always a man of my grandfather's type—a Cæsar, rising from the ranks and establishing his rule by sheer weight of his ability and power and knowledge of men. After him comes an Augustus—the sort of man who could never by his own efforts found a great business, but has been brought up in close contact with it by his father, knows the value of a dollar, and is able to consolidate and conserve what he has inherited and frequently to enlarge it.

After him may come almost anything; no one can foretell what. A Marcus Aurelius, perhaps, scholarly and humane, with no taste for business, but a sense of duty that holds him faithful to it none the less. Or perhaps a Caligula; or even a Nero.

It was my father's expectation that my training should be the exact duplicate of his own; but my mother and the force of circumstances were too much for him. I was sent early to a first-class preparatory school where my associates were sons of other wealthy men. They were on their way to one of the fine old universities, not to a technical school; and with them I went. We were fellow members of exclusive clubs; we knew Boston and New York from top to bottom long before we had attained our majority, and our expenses were enormous. As a preparation for life it could hardly have been worse; and the wonder is that, in spite of it, we managed to maintain a pretty good amount of common sense and democratic feeling.

Father had started to work in overalls. I entered the office, and except for



"Henry Moran stood in my office, pounding my desk before an admiring group of his fellow workers"

some experience on the road I never did or have done any of the actual labor of the plant. Why should I, when there was no necessity? There were men who were born for that sort of thing, as I had been born to sit in an office and to insure the continuance of dividends on my stock. I was not responsible for the social order; always there had been employers and employees, and the thing that had been was the thing that always would be. Each of us had our place in the world, and our allotted compensation. That mine was larger in proportion to the service I rendered than the compensation of the men who worked for me was fortunate from my standpoint; but as far as I could see it was nobody's business but my own. I was not hard-hearted, nor altogether thoughtless. I was merely the creature of my circumstances, as who of us is not?

In the plant I was neither popular nor unpopular. The men accepted me as an inevitable part of the game and were not very dissatisfied. On Christmas Day I distributed generous bonuses; when men were sick I saw to it that they had good medical care; and I introduced, in a mild way, a number of features of what is commonly known as "welfare work." Also I worked conscientiously, but my life was very different from that of either my father or

my grandfather. The plant was a duty rather than a joy. I looked forward eagerly every month to the necessary trips to New York, and except for the promise I had made my father would have moved the general offices and my home down there. So in rather uneventful fashion things moved on under my management for six years, and then suddenly came the war.

Even in our secluded little city it made its influence felt almost at once. First one and then another of the plants received war orders and began to make additions to their floor space and equipment. We have no floating labor supply; it was necessary for all of us to go outside and bring men into town to carry the extra load. Our working population had previously been pretty largely American; now we heard all sorts of tongues and dialects in the streets and were compelled to print our notices to the force in half a dozen different languages.

But these were minor inconveniences after all. In spite of them we kept very busy and our profits for the years preceding America's entrance into the war were large. We increased wages steadily, and the men seemed really to rise to a higher plane of thinking and action under the fine impulses of patriotism. They subscribed liberally to the

Liberty Loan, and Red Cross and Y. M. C. A. campaigns, and never hesitated to put forth any special effort that was necessary, once they caught the vision of their own work as a necessary part in the great enterprise of victory. I was proud of them, and when the call came for me to go to Washington as a dollar-a-year man I left with a feeling of easy confidence; surely no business, I thought, was ever in better condition to leave.

The year in Washington was a great experience for me. For the first time in my life I was making a sacrifice. A trivial sacrifice, to be sure, in comparison with the sacrifice of those who were giving their lives in France; nevertheless, I gloried in it. At last I was doing something definitely worth while in the world; my life took on a larger significance in my own eyes.

It was necessary for me to make a quick trip to France in connection with official business, just as the war was ending. I traveled through those desolated towns; I saw men in hospitals who would never walk again, or never see again; and who yet had not forgotten how to smile.

I came back to the plant with an indefinite sort of feeling that the world had been spiritually cleansed and was going to be somehow a very different

place; that all of us in business would be thinking nobler thoughts and acting on higher principles. I had some vague notions of extending our welfare work and introducing a system of profit sharing. I was like a fond father who having been away on a long trip, has discovered a new love for his children and comes back with his bag filled with pretty presents. In all the pleasant plans I made there was this single flaw—the workers in my plant were not children, but grown men and women; they, too, had been thinking during the war, and the trend of their thoughts was as disturbing as it was unexpected.

The superintendent gave me an inkling of the situation at once:

"I think we're in for some trouble," he said.

"Oh! I'm not worried," I answered with easy confidence. "Just leave the whole matter to me. I'm sure I can handle it. I have one or two new ideas of my own."

The superintendent looked the skepticism which he was too loyal to voice, but he was glad enough to pass the situation on. A day or two later I had the men together in a big meeting and told them some of the thoughts that had been in my mind. They listened quietly, and even showed me the compliment of a little perfunctory applause. But the meeting was obviously not a success; my talk had entirely failed to get across. There was some ferment working in them that was new in my experience and difficult to understand.

It was not long in making itself evident. A committee of the men called on me, headed by Henry Moran. They had three major demands. First, recognition of the union; second, a forty-hour week, which meant no work at all on Saturdays; and, third, a twenty-five per cent. additional increase in wages effective at once throughout the plant. The tone in which they voiced their demands made it clear that they had little expectation of a favorable answer. They had come not to confer, but to issue the challenge for a fight. I had made thousands of dollars in the past four years, they said; and while their wages had increased, the cost of living had risen so fast as to leave scarcely any margin. I had my Saturdays free to play golf when I wanted them; they had just as much right to a free Saturday—and without any loss in income. Labor and capital were equally responsible for profits. They were organized now, and they intended to see that they got their share. That was evident.

I tried hard to be conciliatory, but before the conference was over we all lost our tempers. Moran came out with a straight-away threat. Unless their demands were granted within five days they would strike. I answered that they need not wait five days. If I could not run my own business no one

else should. The plant would close the following morning, I said, and would remain closed until the men were ready to return to work in a reasonable frame of mind. It was then that Henry Moran pounded my desk and delivered his defiance in no measured terms.

The following morning the fires were banked; and for the first time in years not a wheel turned.

The fight lasted five weeks and I won. That is to say, the men's money gave out and the needs of their wives and children forced them back to work. Some of the best of them, of course, had drifted away from town during the long idle period, and the process of training new men for their jobs was expensive. I felt as though it had been a costly victory, but not for two or three weeks did I understand just *how* costly it was.

The wheels turned as usual; the payroll was just as large; every man was in his place, *but they were not working*. The per capita output was less than two-thirds as large as it had been in our best days, and week by week it shrunk. I put it up pretty straight to the superintendents and foremen, but they apparently were helpless. We tried various sorts of bonuses and fines; we discharged some of the men who seemed to be ring-leaders in the disaffection. In short, we exhausted every expedient for increasing output which the present organization of industry has developed; and every one of them fell down. Whether rightly or wrongly, the men were filled with a conviction of injustice. So long as that feeling should last they would do just as much as was necessary to enable them to hold their jobs and nothing more.

My first feeling was merely one of irritation and resentment. But, as time went on, however, I discovered that whatever my prejudices might be, the situation was one that required some drastic treatment if it was to be cured. Moreover, I began to have some question about the impregnability of my own position. I had been away in Washington for a year helping to win a fight for what? "To make the world safe for democracy," according to the President's phrase, and I had come back home and plunged at once into another fight to keep our little section of the world the same sort of autocracy that it had always been.

No man in my plant, except myself and the higher officials, knew anything of the real inside facts about the business. The man at the bench had no

conception of our problems or policies. He thought he knew something about our profits and coveted a larger share of them. But he had no vision of his job in relation to the company as a whole; he felt no pride in the company's output; it was *the* company, not *our* company to him. For the first time in my life I exercised my imagination in the interesting business of putting myself in the other man's place. I spent a good many nights in the office alone devising some graphic charts; and after three weeks, when I knew pretty definitely what I wanted to say, I called the men together for a second meeting. *Conference* it was rather than meeting, for while I made the opening speech I did not by any means monopolize the time.

"This company did a great job in the war," I said to them. "It played its fine part in making the world a safer place for men and women and children. Now we are called on to do an even harder job—we have got to work out some plan here which will make our little part of the world not merely safer but a happier, more just, and more satisfying place for every one who lives and works in it. I can't sit in my office and do that job; you men can't do it at your benches. If we're going to win that fight we can only do it by putting all the cards on the table face up, and studying over them together."

"Here's our company. It's been built by your work and my money. It's the common pot out of which we all of us draw our living. The question is, what can we do to make the pot bigger, not so that I can draw more out, but so that all of us can draw more out. Now let me show you just where we are at today."

Then, one after the other, I unrolled my charts and explained them. Here was the chart of Henry Moran's department, showing just how the wages had gone up and the production down. I had a chart for the boiler room, showing the increased cost of wages and coal, and the steady decline of pounds of steam per ton of coal; and so for each of the others. The charts fascinated them; they crowded around and asked questions. Before the conference broke up they were joking each other about the relative showings of the different departments. "Some fireman you are," said one of them to the chief of the boiler room. "Gee, what a rotten showing!" To which the fireman responded: "You're a swell one to talk; look at your chart."

The meeting had begun at ten o'clock, and at noon the discussion was still going full blast. One point, at least, had been gained. The men understood that unless we found some way to cut our costs and increase our production we were all of us going to have less money, if indeed
(Cont. on Page 66)

PERHAPS THIS WILL SHOW YOU A WAY

HE was an autocrat—a benevolent autocrat to be sure, but an autocrat none the less. And he found that while he had been away at war, making the world safe for democracy, a new spirit had entered his plant, making it unsafe for autocracy. Here is his story of the way in which he met his new problems and conquered them.



Lieut.-General Sir David Henderson, Director General of the League of Red Cross Societies

A soldier of distinction who has turned to a task that will benefit civilization for all time

STANDING GUARD!

*How the League of Red Cross Societies
is to watch the health of the world*

By Kerr Conger

IT was only the other day in the year of 1919 that Lieutenant-General Sir David Henderson, Director General of the new-born League of Red Cross Societies, sat with me in the drawing-room of Henry P. Davison's New York home reading a manuscript which I had shown to him. Glancing over the top of the pages as he finished, he bent a sharp look upon me, but there was an arrant twinkle in his steel-blue eyes.

"For a purely hypothetical case," said he, "you've hit it off well—remarkably well. It is just the way the thing will look; it is just the picture of the thing that makes it real, even in these days of its infancy."

The hypothetical case isn't really so hypothetical after all, for I will venture to say that it will be possible in the year of 1921 to tell some such story as this, and with an actual basis of cold, hard facts. You can't but believe, if you have touched it the way I have

under the guiding hand of Sir David, that the League WILL work. So, then, here is the vision that he saw with me:

* * * * *

In 1920 Europe was still feeble. We vividly recall the depression that drugged her spirit. She was weak and fearful. The Great War had beaten, starved and terrified her. Merely to regain what had been lost, she needed her every resource of mind and body and dared not contemplate a fresh blow. Her eyes searched eastward, peering among the yellow men from whose mysterious hordes had come the woes that plagued her in gone-by centuries.

Statesmen and doctors of the sick continent were ridden by the fear of detecting in the cold, colorless report

of the world's news that pestilence had risen in the unclean East and was marching westward against an outpost of civilization whose walls were down. Wise men who knew Europe's helplessness to stand and fight against the attack of plague spawned in the filth of Asia aged and went gray in apprehension for the safety of all humanity. It is a remarkable fact that in those months scientists who had ridiculed the absurdities of revealed religion returned to the simple faith of their mothers and were seen in cathedrals devoutly at prayer. They prayed, doubtless, that the blow be withheld; that a miracle might be vouchsafed.

* * * * *

At 10 o'clock in the morning of December 14, 1920, the Director General of the League of Red Cross Societies, Lieutenant-General Sir David Henderson, stepped briskly into his private office, a sparsely furnished suite on the

third floor of the League's quarters at Geneva, Switzerland. As he put aside his greatcoat he regarded through the nearest window the compelling attractions of a scintillant morning—the white brow of distant Mont Blanc, a curve of the seven-bridged Rhone. After this momentary abstraction he snapped to work. The first envelope that came to his fingers contained a pink slip which involved, he instantly grasped, the welfare of the world. It was a cablegram signed by the Governor of British North Borneo. The simple sheet of paper, small and of absurdly commonplace appearance, is now preserved in the safe of the League, exposed only upon rare occasions, treasured as one of the world's historic documents. It said simply:

"HENDERSON, UNITED RED CROSS, GENEVA:

"All Borneo, both British and Dutch protectorates, stricken by unheard-of pestilence developed since November rains and strongly resembling Black Death of Fourteenth Century. More than a million victims, deaths aggregating 200,000, rate increasing. Beyond all local control. Immediate fear is spread to Malay Peninsula, Cochin-China, South China and Philippines by refugees and trading craft. In such event, fear advance westward through India and Near East to Europe could not be checked. No time to be lost.

"WESTBROOK."

It may be thought singular, but the very erect, flat-backed, square-shouldered, rock-jawed gentleman who absorbed the shock of that warning from half around the world, smiled—as I have the story—indulged himself with a tight-lipped smile, as he smoothed the fold of the pink paper and leveled an unseeing gaze at the wall opposite his desk. For perhaps five minutes he scarcely moved as the smile of confidence faded from his face and gave way to the set of resolution. In the mind of the Chief of the General Staff of the Health Defense Army of Humanity well drilled plans were forming and marching in orderly array. The hour had struck for mobilization, such mobilization as mankind had never known.

His forefinger touched a desk button of mother of pearl. The purr of the buzzer had barely ceased when his secretary was at the desk, receiving crisp, clipped orders. Five minutes later, summoned by the secretary, the staff of the League of Red Cross Societies sat down with their chief. As we know

now, although every effort was made at the time to minimize personalities, the group in Sir David's office on that historic morning was composed of the Secretary-General of the League, Dr. W. E. Reppard, Professor of the University of Geneva and expert in international law; the General Medical Director, Dr. Richard P. Strong of Harvard, an authority on tropical medicine; the Director of Administration, Frank Persons of the American Red Cross; the Treasurer, M. Henri Pallain of Paris, of a noted financial family, and the Counsellor on Public Health; Professor Santo Liquido of Rome, the most widely known public health expert in Europe. Physically dissimilar, these men were curiously alike in singular and obvious detachment from self; in their unconscious radiation of purpose, of practical idealism. This was written upon every face intently turned toward the Director General. Sir David addressed them sparsely:

"The crisis we have feared and prepared for has come. Borneo rots with a new, undiagnosed plague which may spread to the Asiatic mainland. If that occurs no genius or zeal can save Europe. I take it that every man here knows precisely, after our year of planning, what is to be done. Borneo is

distant, isolated, without Red Cross organization; lacking in medical facilities and sanitary provision. Everything must be done from the outside, in desperate haste. Prepare, if you please, the necessary memoranda for the Governments of Great Britain, the United States, France and Holland; the messages to be sent to these Governments, the offers of assistance and suggestions to the nearest Red Cross outposts at Singapore, Manila and Hong Kong; the list of our medical experts to be summoned in plague crises and the necessary estimates of medical supplies and medical personnel imperatively demanded by a pestilence which has already thousands of victims. We shall meet again at 4 p. m."

Planning and preparation had been so thoroughly and accurately worked out in a year of study that no questions from staff to chief were necessary. Every health expert in the group knew to the last detail the character and scope of the task that faced him. At once the headquarters of the League hummed like a dynamo with the energy of mobilization. Sir David himself drafted cablegrams to London, The Hague, Paris and Washington, setting forth the unadorned facts of the crisis, the world menace looming from the

South China Sea. He drafted similar cablegrams to the Red Cross headquarters in Great Britain, Holland, France and the United States, suggesting that the Government be asked, if they felt able, in a crisis of such tremendous proportions, to rely solely upon their own resources. Sir David surmised that the problem was too vast by far for strictly governmental solution, but the delicacies of international relations demanded the formal courtesy of such inquiry. He anticipated the replies by preparing cable messages for the Red Cross outposts at Manila, Singapore and Hong Kong, the nearest to the afflicted island, requesting them to send to Borneo without loss of a day experts to investigate and report—and he closed every message with an appeal for swift action.

Upon the big, flat-topped desk he spread a large sectional map of Southern Asia and the islands of the China Sea, the Bay of Bengal and the Malay washes of the Pacific. It was such a map as can be found in the office of the Chief of the General Staff of the British, American and



Henry P. Davison (left) and Sir David, in New York. To Mr. Davison the Director-General credits this great conception

Standing Guard!

French Armies; a mobilization map; a chart shrewdly conceived against a day of sudden, imperative necessity; a map of men and routes and storehouses. Sir David studied it swiftly and for half an hour dictated telegrams directed to every Red Cross agency within the radius of 1,000 miles from Borneo, requesting all to be ready for service if called on and asking them to acquaint the League headquarters at Geneva with the immediately available resources in physicians, nurses, medical and sanitary supplies.

DENYING himself luncheon, supported only by an occasional cigarette, Sir David continued his labor until the conference of the staff was resumed at four, studying the mobilization chart and cabling advisory experts of the League, a score of the world's most noted scientists and masters of research, to hasten to Geneva to throw into the conflict the invaluable weight of their special knowledge of disease.

At four, the staff reassembled to report. Every aid brought a brief memorandum of what steps he had taken. Reppard, international law expert, submitted procedure by which the League, working through the mobilized Red Cross societies of various nationalities nearest Borneo, could direct the battle frictionlessly. Dr. Strong, having summoned fifteen of the world's greatest authorities on bubonic plague, offered a preliminary plan of the medical campaign, which involved placing many physicians and an immense quantity of prophylaxis upon the field of battle within six weeks. Persons, dealing directly with individual Red Cross societies reasonably near to Borneo, summarized the measures that were galvanizing them into activity. Liquido, international health expert, produced with Latin enthusiasm a plan for the sanitary relief to go hand in hand with medical aid. Pallain submitted an estimate of financial requirements.

Before the conference ended cablegrams were flooding into Sir David's office. The Red Cross organizations of the United States, France, Holland and Great Britain reported that the Governments of these countries were awake to the peril, admitted inability to handle the crisis through set and ordinary channels, and requested the League, working through its local societies, to assume charge of and direct the great battle to save the health of the world. Singapore, Manila and Hong Kong reported expeditions in preparation. Twenty Red Cross outposts in the radius of possible assistance accepted almost exultantly the League's summons to mobilize, and proudly announced that they were mobilizing every possible physician and nurse and were moving tons of medical and sanitary supplies to docks. Could Sir David help in the transportation problem? Sir David could and did, with the quick result that the four great nations most concerned with the plague spot commandeered ships by the score and sent them in haste to cargo for Borneo.

The mobilization, built upon long-con-

sidered plans, went forward with incredible speed and precision, comparable to the rapidity and certainty with which Germany ordered her man power from field and factory and threw it overnight, a thoroughly equipped and disciplined host, upon fields of battle. The navies drew a ring of steel around Borneo, intercepting and fumigating or rigidly turning back to port, every outgoing craft. Through this ring there penetrated, day by day, ships crowded with young doctors, equipped mentally and physically to withstand the frightful demands of pestilence combat in the tropics, with bright-faced young nurses in the workmanlike uniform of the Red Cross; with ton upon ton of medicines and disinfectants and food. And all the while at Geneva the men that had made this mobilization possible toiled in growing weariness as they threw fresh reserves into action, discovered and reinforced weak sectors in the Battle of the Plague, and energized exhausted local societies with their own tireless energy and sent ringing over the earth a call for sympathy and co-operation.

On March 22, three months and a week after Sir David received the first warning from the Governor of British North Borneo, his secretary handed to him in the late afternoon two cablegrams. One bore the name of Strong of Harvard and thrilled with victory: "Plague conquered. Peril absolutely past. Official report as of March 13 approximately 3,000 cases under treatment. Death rate lowering. Sanitary reform of permanent value solidly instituted. All pestilence confined to the island."

THE other carried the name of one of the great men of the earth, a Prime Minister, who saw fit to indulge, as he rarely did, in superlatives:

"Your country and all civilization owes to the League a debt scarcely repayable. By the extraordinary foresight of your planning, the sound and skillful method by which you swiftly mobilized the health forces of the whole world, the unceasing vigilance with which you directed the short and savage struggle, you have, without question, saved Europe and probably the Americas from a catastrophe worse than the late war."

Many more such messages of appreciation and congratulation were to come. Interested visitors at the League Headquarters are privileged nowadays, I believe, to scan through and they thrill even after the time that has passed. Sir David and his staff accepted such tributes pleasurably, but with not too much elation, for the work of the League stretched forward over fathomless, impenetrable vistas. For generations to come they well knew such battles would have to be planned and fought. Every tomorrow carried a menace as great as yesterday's peril.

* * * * *

"You've hit it off remarkably well," repeated Sir David. "That's what we're doing now in small emergencies, and if the need arises, that's what we expect-

to do, what we are preparing to do, in the big crises.

"Dismissing the allusions to myself, which are much too complimentary directly and by imputation, you have in lively fashion anticipated just such a campaign and victory as the League of Red Cross Societies may have to fight and win. It may come, indeed, in Borneo. It may threaten the world from China's masses or from India. The menace exists even now in Central and Eastern Europe in the form of virulent typhus and there we have mobilized our forces, even as you have suggested."

He stepped to a window overlooking the sunlit avenue and gazed into space, marshaling his ideas. When he spoke he produced, concisely, the splendid compass of the great international, non-political, non-sectarian plan to guard the health of all mankind. In common with many other great ideas that have given a hand up to humanity, it is as simple as the alphabet. The League at Geneva has erected a watchtower from whose cupola keen intelligence vigilantly searches the earth for signals of disease distress. Perhaps you have glimpsed upon the peak of a not too distant mountain the lookout eerie of a fire guard whose spyglass commands vast forests and who summons the countryside at the first, faraway plume of smoke which might mean ruin and death to thousands. The sentinel does not always himself fight fire, but his swift and disciplined alarm and orders mobilize and energize the men and equipment ready organized for salvage and rescue. So from its eerie the League peers about the world, seeking signs of the first outbreak of disease, alert to warn the world and guard it against a spread of epidemic.

It has prepared a well of knowledge into which flows from every curve of the globe steady rivulets of distilled truth, the fresh-proved facts acquired by research scientists of all the continents concerning the origin and causes of the world's most disastrous disease scourges. And when the watcher upon the League's tower calls the alarm, the imperiled community may draw from that well a rushing stream of hoarded wisdom without which it could not save itself; without which, indeed, it might spread misery to its neighbors near and distant.

THESE were the great purposes with all of their drama and romance that Sir David set before me. He looked into the future and visioned three main objects.

"The League will try in every way," he said, "to develop and build up Red Cross societies in every country, and particularly to assist the weaker ones by showing them stronger methods, so that in every country the Red Cross will be a surely dependable agency for relief whatever crisis may arise. It will create a World Health Department, to keep for the first time in the world's history the great Book of Health. The various sections of the League, each devoted to a special phase of the public welfare, child (Continued on Page 00)

"NONE SO OLD"

Martha Knight makes a great discovery

By Theodocia Pearce

Illustrated by
James Montgomery Flagg

YOU'LL like the Knight family. They're so sort of "folksy"—good, plain, interesting, human folks—your kind and my kind. A new member of THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE family discovered them and brought them to you. This first story just gives you a peep into their lives. Other stories that are coming from time to time will reveal them as among the most absorbing and appealing characters of recent American fiction.

MARTHA KNIGHT, tall, angular, grey of hair and steel grey of eyes, bent above the sudsy bowl set in the sink. She was washing out a pink Georgette blouse for Alma, and in her heart was the undefinable longing she had felt so much of late, felt so deeply and striven to crush and failed. It seemed to overwhelm her each time she had done something for Alma, each time she had handled one of the beautiful, fluffy, youthful blouses, so typical of Alma—Alma who never had any time for washing out but plenty of time for wearing such delicate and dainty clothes.

Martha could picture, even as she rubbed ever so gently, just how Alma would look. Alma was so lovely anyway, with her hair that curled naturally and bewitchingly, with her eyes shining and ever merry, with her mouth—Martha's hands paused in the rubbing—Alma's mouth, it was so red and so pert and so kissable. Alma was so gay and so careless and twenty. Martha loved Alma the most, if one can love one child above another. Bertha, she was very proud of Bertha—sensible, solid and unswerving Bertha. Bruce, she was very keen about Bruce, the boy-baby. For Bruce her ambitions were highest. There was much that was not to be denied in that reckless young head of his. He was made for success, at sixteen one cannot say just what sort of success, one can only feel and believe in its approach.

But Alma—Alma was different, unusual, spontaneous, beautiful.

Alma was Martha herself, Martha

reborn, reincarnated.

Perhaps that is why Alma was beloved the most. In her Martha saw every denied dream of her youth fulfilled. She went on with the washing. Well, Alma would never feel, as she felt, in looking back from fifty, that youth had not been for her a vaunting, jolly thing.

Martha had never worn such sheer loveliness at twenty. For her had been dresses of print or calico. Martha remembered one—what pride it had given her—a shallow pink affair, stitched with row after row of black braid. How Alma would laugh could she have seen it, in that clear sweet laughter of hers, the curly head tilted coquettishly. Martha smiled at the recollection, and back of the smile was something akin to a tear.

All her life Martha had longed to be Alma. People saw her practical, prosaic and plain Martha. In her soul she had always been Alma, radiant, lovely. Years had slipped by; so much they had brought her, so much they had denied. And now she felt in that latent longing a desire for those denied things—or was it for something else? Martha could never tell.



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

"It was almost six when Alma came down, a pink kimono wrapped about her lithe young body"

Bertha as a baby had been her despair. She was an adorable youngster, chubby, comical, but pitifully commonplace, even to Martha. So when she knew the second little one was coming, Martha prayed beneath the stars, and bending over the cook stove, "Oh, make the baby beautiful, Father—make the baby beautiful."

That was Martha's conception of God—a Father to talk to. Nobody knew Martha like that. What she lived in her heart rarely came out on her lips. Perhaps that is why Henry Knight found her, after a few years of married life,

"None So Old"

more useful than ornamental, more needed than to be admired.

The second baby came, a charmer, a lovely creature, and to Martha, a dream fulfilled. She throned her in her heart upon the highest place. Henry declared Alma was spoiled. Martha strove to dispute him but never denied him the truth. Henry was all for Bruce. Martha was glad for that; the father and son combination pleased her. Of course, they both loved Bertha in the strange way that Bertha demanded to be loved, asking little, giving much. Martha always envied boyish Ed Baker. What a wife Bertha must make him!—what a little home they had—Tots and the baby—what dreams.

She wrung out the handful of pinkness, a mere ball of material, rinsed it beneath the tap, rolled it into a towel.

"I'll do that up in a bit," she reasoned, glancing at the clock, tick-ticking endlessly on the shelf above the kitchen table, "I'd best peel the potatoes for dinner now, and while they are on, I can iron the blouse."

That was Martha Knight, plain, practical, precise.

Bruce breezed in, his face flushed, his hair tousled.

"Anything to eat?" He looked about the spotless kitchen. Martha, wiping out the sink, shook her head.

"Huh," he grunted, "what's the matter? Can't a fellow eat when he's hungry?"

Martha strove to be firm. "Dinner at six sharp Saturdays, you remember, and when that time comes, you can eat all you've a mind to."

Bruce sunk his hands into his coat pockets and regarded her hungrily.

"That's nearly two hours away," he considered. "Two hours, Maw, one hundred and twenty minutes—three thousand—"

Martha turned sharply.

"If Saturday were every day," she opined, "I'd go crazy feeding you. Please go out," the tone was wheedling, "Please go out until six."

Bruce immediately sat down.

"Whaddy been doing?" he asked.

"Washing out a blouse for Alma."

Bruce frowned: "Oh, I say, Alma gives me a pain, always asking you to wash out this or that or the other thing. How she comes to wash her own face—I don't know."

"Bruce!"

The boy squirmed in his chair. "Well it's true," he went on regardless of parental admonition. "She gives me a pain. And the sprint she's runnin' around with looks like the stripes on a barber post—he's—"

"Bruce," Martha took the dishpan from the nail beneath the sink. "Stop that nonsense. Take this and bring me up enough potatoes for dinner."

Bruce rose reluctantly.

"Say, do I get something to eat then?"

"No, hustle."

"Aw, Maw! Say, don't I get something to eat? Why I'm that hollow," he sucked in his

cheeks, rolled his eyes, and pressed his hands upon his stomach.

"Get those potatoes," Martha warned.

"Just bread and butter, Maw."

"Well, hurry then"—Martha weakened.

"Two thick slices, and Maw," he called back from the cellar stairs, "grape jam, don't you forget it."

Martha made for the pantry and the bread box, just as she knew she would do from the very beginning. That was the successful quality of Bruce—he went at a thing till he got it.

Later she went back to the sink and the pan of potatoes.

"That boy," she smiled and turned on the tap. "That boy—he'll drive me crazy, and I'm willing to be driven." She brought the peeling knife from the table drawer, "Jam on his bread—"

The finished thought was wordless. Jam on his bread. Well, he could look back upon a jam spread youth. Martha had always pared potatoes even as she now pared them, always served, waited on others. And now she had grown weary of well doing, just a little weary. What would it mean to be done for—the longing—the longing—just a little weary—

Afterward she screwed the twisted cord of the iron into the electric socket and tackled the blouse. It was no easy task, little ruffles and tuckings. Martha worked slowly; her face became flushed, beads of perspiration stood out on her brow. Her arms ached, and her heart ached, more than her arms, but she would not admit it to herself.

Once finished she took it into the dining room and hung it over the back of a chair.

"There—" a sigh escaped her, "I'm glad it's done. Now for dinner."

It was almost six when Alma came down from regions above, her hair hanging about her shoulders, a pink kimono wrapped about her lithe body.

"Why didn't you wake me, mamma?" she patted back a yawn, "I just couldn't keep awake. I was that sleepy. May I iron the blouse now? You said you'd wash it out for me."

"It's done," Martha's tone was final, "in the dining room, over a chair."

"Oh, mamma, you shouldn't—why—" this from the dining room, "why, it's beautiful. But you shouldn't, you know." Alma came back to the kitchen and kissed Martha on her flushed cheek,

"You are a dear soul, mamma," she said.

So many times it happened just like that, so many times. Martha wondered vaguely what Alma would say if she failed to iron the blouses, wondered how much Alma really cared. She was so gay, so responsive, so lovable. How deep did it go with Alma? Martha never knew.

To be loved, not for what she did but for what she was! There was the longing in Martha's heart, the longing, the little weariness—

"Run upstairs," was her reply—"and hurry to be dressed for dinner. Father will be home in a few minutes and you know how he dislikes to have you around like that." Martha regarded the pink kimono reproachfully.

"Oh, fie father," Alma tossed her head disdainfully, "he's old particular, that's what he is, and bless his heart—" she was gone.

Some one began strumming on the piano in the front room. Martha went out into the hall.

"For pity sakes, Bruce," she called, "stop that racket. Go on upstairs and wash your hands. Dinner as soon as your father gets home."

"There he is now." Bruce darted for the stairs; "I'll be down in two shakes."

Henry Knight was one of those good old plodders, a man who had played a long straight game with life, and won out at a pinch. He was foreman at the shop now, but the job had cost him dear. His shoulders were stooped somewhat; his vitality and his youth were gone. The work had sapped him. He was hanging his coat on the peg behind the door as Martha re-entered the kitchen. There was something in the movement of his uplifted arm, wearying, dejected. A sudden wave of pity surged through Martha, pity that changed to the longing, longing that merged into love.

"Well," she crossed to the stove, "anything up, Henry? You seem rather tired tonight."

"I am tired," the truth was there in his tone, "dinner almost ready, Martha?"

One would have said that Henry Knight at fifty-seven was a man—well—lived out.

Martha regarded him surreptitiously at dinner, that new feeling of love stirring within her. Of course, she had always loved Henry, always. In those first years, what a wonderful love it had been: dreading his departure to work in the morning, looking and living for his return at night. Through the years she had learned to expect his return, learned to know the necessity of his departure. Time had crept in and shattered Romance; Time had never shattered love. Always she had loved him, always. But this night, she seemed to love him—*anew*.

The way he ate, slowly, abstractedly. She wished she had baked the sort of pie he liked, wished there was something more on the table, something appetizing, tempting. Once she caught

ABOUT YOUR HOME

THE American home is coming into its own again and is re-assuming its old position as the cornerstone of our civilization. The war is responsible for this in some measure, overturning the influences of modern life that tend to separate the interests of mother, father and children. Incidentally, how are things in your home?

"Bruce!" Martha took the dishpan from the nail beneath the sink. "Stop that nonsense. Take this and bring me up enough potatoes for dinner." Bruce rose reluctantly



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

him looking yearningly at Bruce, Bruce parleying with Alma across the table, and she thought she detected a gleam of dreaming in his eyes.

Was he, too, looking back upon lost youth, just as she had been looking these last few days, with that deep longing? She wanted to go to him, right there before the children, take his hands in her hands, look into his eyes.

"Let's be young, let's be young," she

wanted to cry. "Let's forget all the years of our hardships."

"Bruce," Alma's voice was pitched, "for mercy sakes, drink more like a human than an animal."

Martha was started from her musing. She looked to Bruce; he was staring at Alma over the top of his tea cup, his eyes defiant, tantalizing. She looked to Henry. He was eating that queer careless way. Martha wondered keenly,

poignantly, what it was all worth, what it was all about, this thing existence; crowded with petty moments such as this, fraught with petty cares.

"Bruce, do you hear your sister?"

Bruce turned suddenly upon her.

"Say, you're not sick, are you, Maw?"

The sharp directness of the question caused her to put down her spoon.

"Why, no," she gasped, "what nonsense!"



*"Just to love him—that was enough—
enough just to love him. She needed
no return love—needed no return"*

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLACE

"Well, you don't act like yourself somehow," Bruce explained, "these last few days you've been—you've been——" he stopped confused.

"Go on," she encouraged, "been what?"

"Well, sorta crabbed and old—like you were sick—mebbe."

"Crabbed and old," Alma caught up the words, "Bruce, how can you speak so of mamma?" she looked expectantly to her father for approval; none came; "why, mamma is all right, just tired."

"Anybody would get tired," Bruce cut in, "washing out your blouses and things. Say, why don't you do them yourself?"

Alma colored. "Why don't you wash your own shirts?" she retorted.

Bruce laughed boyishly.

"Me—oh golly! Besides Maw doesn't do my shirts, they go to the laundry."

"And Dad pays the laundry man," Alma argued, "and he's got to work to get the money to do that. I guess you're no helpful addition to the family. I'm working——"

"I guess when I'm twenty I'd expect to work," Bruce flung back, "I'd expect to pay for my shirts then."

"Why, of course I'll pay mamma for the blouse if that's what you're hinting at," Alma said, "I guess I mostly always do pay her, one way or the other."

"What's the other way?" Bruce asked and laughed.

"Isn't he mean?" Alma looked to her mother.

"I guess," Henry Knight's voice came

to Martha over a wide chasm of consternation, "I guess your mother and I are pretty well able to look after your wash. I guess that's pretty much all we're for."

"Why, Dad," Alma cautioned, "don't be silly talking like that. You're tired, that's all that ails you, and mamma too, hinting at things like that. I'll do the dishes tonight, mamma. You've just got to rest."

"A lot of rest one night's dish washing is going to do her," Bruce cut in.

Alma ignored him.

"You've just got to rest," she went on, "I've heaps of time before Gordon calls. He said he wouldn't be here until well after eight. So you go right out to the veranda."

"What's on tonight?" Martha inquired.

"Why, that garden party over at Sue's. Don't you remember?"

Martha remembered it well as she rocked in the low chair out on the veranda, Henry there beside her, lost behind the evening paper. She remembered other garden parties of other years, three there were all told, far between and never to be forgotten. At one she had met Henry. There was stir and laughter and swaying lanterns and the new thrill of wonder, all blended into one, all beautiful, mystical—past.

All past. Pleasure was past for Martha. She saw pleasure; no more was she a partaker of it. She was merely an onlooker. Like a gay procession it swept by her, ever by her. She held out her arms to it, cried out for it, but the

gay throngs passed on and on. They never heard her pleading; never looked into her eyes of yearning. They were too gay—all those pleasure-loving people—too gay to see else but gayety.

Pleasure—what was pleasure, Martha wondered, real abiding perfect pleasure. There were parties, jolly parties at the house, Alma saw to that; there were movies sometimes, concerts, church suppers, little teas. But pleasure—where was pleasure to be found?

Instinctively she looked to Henry, lost behind the expanse of printed space.

"I wonder," she mused, "I wonder if he has lost it too?"

She felt that he had. The new love surged through her. She longed to take the paper out of his hands, longed to whisper to him: "Let's be young, let's be young. Let's run off to a garden party."

And above all she longed to have him understand.

For a long while, it seemed a long while to Martha, she wandered aimless in a labyrinth of longing. Outside sounds, the chugging of a motor on the street, voices of children at play on the next veranda, the rustle of paper as Henry turned a page, the faint clatter of the dish washing campaign in the kitchen, the strident voice of Bruce calling from the upstairs hall—real sounds came in to her as unreal sounds.

Only the longing, the dream, the love of her heart, only those things were real.

The coming of Gordon and his de-

parture with Alma aroused her only temporarily to the world of facts. Alma was lovely, just as she knew Alma would be, gay, jubilant, bubbling, just as she always was. She regarded Gordon as he sat on the veranda railing talking mere nothings to Henry, his face weak, blasé, careless. And Bruce had called him "a sprint." She smiled and rocked faster. Why, she almost liked Bruce for that. And it was wrong to judge other people too harshly. But this Gordon—she wondered what Alma saw in him. Was Alma shallow, vain, useless? No—she couldn't see Alma like that; she loved her too well. Alma wasn't like that. She knew.

Alma was herself—reborn.

After Gordon and Alma left, her thoughts went back to the pleasures, the pleasures passed, the pleasures passing. Dark came on; the street lights suddenly flashed into being. Again Martha looked to Henry dozing there in his chair, tilted back with his feet on the veranda railing, his boots, worn and dusty like his days, trampled on.

Again that unutterable longing, that great new love. If she might turn to him and say: "Henry, over at Sue's there's a garden party. Anyone can go. Suppose we do."

And if he might reply, springing to his feet, his voice resonant, boyish: "Sure, Martha, let's go, let's go!"

That would have been pleasure supreme, pleasure perfected.

But he was tired—tired.

And she was crazy.

She strove to rally, taunting herself—crazy—crazy—old and crabbed—Bruce had said it—old and crabbed—and crazy.

"Want any eats for tomorrow?" Henry asked presently. "I'll run down to the store."

Eats—for tomorrow. Always eating—always tomorrow.

Yes, there was salad dressing she needed, and fruit, peaches to slice for tea. Bertha and Ed and the babies would be there for tea—they always came on Sunday night for tea. There was the cake to be iced. She had forgotten the cake.

Strange how the big things of life had suddenly surged in and made her forgetful of the little things—eats, salad dressing, icing, supper, tomorrow.

She told Henry what she wanted, saw him down the steps and off to the store. Then she went into the house, switched on the light in the kitchen, lit the gas and began to make the icing she had so foolishly forgotten.

Henry returned before she had finished.

"What you doing now?" he asked, depositing his bundles on the table.

"It's tomorrow's cake," she explained, with almost a hint of apology, "I clean forgot the icing."

"Couldn't you have waited until tomorrow? You're dead-tired to-night."

"Do it Sunday!" she derided, stirring the contents of the saucepan over the gas. "Why Henry!"

"Where's Bruce?"

"Over at Charley's I guess. He usually goes over there in the evenings."

For a minute Henry Knight stood regarding her—a brief moment.

"Why, Henry," she cried, "what's the matter with Bruce?"

He turned to the door, "Bruce is all right. I am not worried about him. I'm going on up to bed. Good night, Martha."

"Good night, Henry," she answered and stood still, listening to his footsteps on the stairs, the old longing and the new love, the old love and the new longing turbulent within her.

"Henry—Henry," she sobbed, and her hand went on stirring, stirring, "why don't you come back to kiss me—why—"

Sometimes he did come back to kiss her—sometimes—always quick, ashamed kisses.

A numbness of lonely despair folded about her. She took the pan from the stove and spread the rich brown syrup on the cake. Force of habit directed her hands. Her thoughts vague, undefined, were miles away.

She heard someone on the veranda at the front door. She listened. It was Bruce. Likely he would come out to the kitchen and beg something to eat, a piece of the freshly iced cake, perhaps. Swiftly Martha raised her hand and turned off the light. She waited in the darkness, listening hopefully, breathlessly. Tonight she wanted none of her own. She must be apart from them—alone.

Bruce paused in the hall. Almost Martha could see him peering through the dark, considering. Then she heard his footsteps on the stairs, heard the slam of his bedroom door. She turned on the light, carried the cake and the parcels into the pantry.

"It was mean of me," she charged herself, "Bruce is a dear boy."

There was one bag she could not account for. She broke the string and peeked in.

Animal biscuits for Tots.

Henry had remembered animal biscuits for Tots.

"Henry—Henry," she sobbed, "why didn't you come back to kiss me?"

She sat down in the kitchen to await the return of Alma. Often she had done that only to be scolded. But always

she loved to await the return of Alma. Tonight she was tired—tired and old. It might rest her some to wait for Alma, ease the longing of the day. She sat numbly, vacantly as the minutes dragged by, looking for the return of her young self—for Alma.

It was not long before she came.

"Why mamma—" the same reproof, "you shouldn't wait up for me. It's foolish."

Martha did not answer. Alma crossed and sat down at the opposite side of the table, propped her elbows on the bare boards, cupped her chin in her hands and reflected.

"Mamma," she said presently, "what do you think about Gordon?"

"Bruce calls him a sprint."

"Oh—I know—Bruce. But what do you think?"

Martha looked into the eyes of her younger self, of Alma.

"I don't like him very well," she said frankly.

"Neither do I, mamma. He's a good spender. I went with him tonight for that. I wanted a good time. But he isn't my kind. I won't go out with him much again."

Long silence. Martha saw the red, pert, kissable mouth quivering.

"You don't let any of them kiss you, do you, Alma?"

The girl started.

"Why, mamma," she rebuked, "you don't think for a minute that I ever would, do you?"

"No."

"I couldn't!"

"Alma," Martha peered into the lovely face, "don't ever be deceived about love. When it comes, make sure first that it is lasting."

"I know," the tone was light, it was not careless, "I know, but I don't want love yet. I want to have a good time; I want to be free first—free, and not tied down like Bertha. I don't envy Bertha's life much, you know, not even with the children;" she smiled into the tired eyes before her, "Say, this is terrible," she ended abruptly, "you ought to be in bed sleeping. Come."

And Martha, like a weary child, suffered herself to be led. Alma locked the doors, switched off the lights, and guided her upstairs to her bedroom.

"You're an old dear," Alma said, kissing her warmly, "and you simply must not work so hard for all of us."

Martha was left alone. She undressed quickly and slipped into bed. Fatigued beyond measure, she was too worn for dreamings. Sleep came to her.

Day after day it was the life of Martha—work and weariness.

But she was not unhappy, not until these last few days when the longing had come to taunt her.

Longing for youth—pleasure—love—and she was getting too old—too old for those things.

"None too old," she murmured and sleep came to solace her.

Sunday morning Martha was up betimes. The fragrant odor of

DOES LOVE LAST?

THE life of people long married seems to grow commonplace with the years. The dreams fade, the visions pass away. But underneath isn't there always the old strong affection, the youthful sentiments, waiting only for the circumstance that revives them? Martha and Henry Knight found it so. Search your hearts, husbands and wives, and see whether your love has lasted and is lasting!

coffee awakened the others. Breakfast almost ready, Martha went out to the long narrow strip of back yard and picked sweet peas from the vines. She carried them dew-damp and lovely into the house. Henry was in the kitchen when she re-entered. She longed to take the blooms, fresh, beautiful, hold them before his face, smile at him over the confusion of color, and have him understand.

"Breakfast nearly ready?"

She went into the pantry for a vase.

"Almost," she called aloud, and inwardly, "Oh, Henry—Henry!"

ALL day Martha sought to stem the tide of longing that ebbed and surged through her being. All day she strove to shut off in work and the little things, that ceaseless cry, like the voice of the sea, within her. But it was too much—overwhelming—stronger than she was strong.

Once—it was early afternoon, Alma and Bruce were out, Henry was resting, asleep on the lounge in the front room, she tip-toed in to lower the shade, and stood for a moment looking down at the relaxed face, care-marked, kind, tender, dear—oh! so very dear!

It was too much. She stooped and kissed him on the forehead—kissed him long.

"Henry," she whispered, "dear one"—and tip-toed out.

She was glad when Bertha came and the babies. They would fill her hours, lessen her longing, prove an outlet for her love. She could love the babies openly, unashamed.

"Ed will be over later," Bertha greeted. "I left him sleeping. He is just that worn out. Ambition is really a terrible thing, mamma. Why, you do look tired yourself. Haven't you been out today?"

"No, I didn't go out this morning," Martha said, "your father and Alma went to church. Perhaps tonight. Why, bless us, who's here?"

Tots, three and important and much beloved, came skipping into the kitchen, straight into her grandmother's arms. For a moment Martha held her tight and the longing within her was appeased. Presently Tots skipped away.

"I've just been resting since dinner," Martha resumed, "I didn't bother to dress. I will before tea though," she glanced at the clock, "Good gracious, almost four. I'd better run up now."

"Anything you want done?" Bertha surveyed the tidy kitchen.

It was always tidy when Bertha came home on Sunday. Bertha always asked to help. But Martha knew Bertha's days were filled at home, Bertha needed the little Sunday evening rest. So always she came home to the tidy kitchen and the prepared supper. It was Martha's little service to her eldest, but Bertha never dreamed it so.

"Tut—tut," Martha untied her apron and hung it up in the pantry, "There isn't a thing, Bertha, not a thing. All my work's done up on Saturday you know. Run along to the veranda. I won't be long upstairs."

Passing through the hall, Martha peeked out at Henry. The baby was

asleep in his arms, held so the downy head brushed close to his cheek. A lump came into Martha's throat, she swallowed hard.

"Perhaps he misses them," she mused, "But you have me, Henry—you have me—don't you know that you have me?"

She went on up the stairs.

Martha's wardrobe was a poor small thing. Martha never had time to fuss and dress; that was her sole explanation of it. Alma upbraided her.

"But, mamma, you ought to buy more things and pretty ones. We're not that poor. We expect you to look nice, Bertha and Bruce and I. And Dad expects it too—I'm sure of it."

Martha thought of that now. There was one frock—she didn't wear it much, it was sort of a best dress-up affair, a soft, navy blue silk with sheer sleeves. Henry had always liked it most. She took it from the hanger and held it to the light.

"There's the peaches to peel and the dishes to wash," she reasoned, "but Henry, you might like it this time, you might"—Martha held the dress before her and went to the mirror—"You might come back to kiss me."

She took unusual care with her hair and donned the dress carefully. Alma was on the veranda when she went down.

"My, somebody looks nice," she exclaimed, "mamma, why don't you do it often?"

MARTHA laughed, turning her head so that she might look at Henry. He was jolting Tots on his knee. Ed was there holding the baby. He smiled at Martha approvingly.

"Pretty sporty," he said.

Henry did not look up; Martha's heart grew heavy.

"Sit down, mamma," Bertha motioned to a chair.

"No," Martha turned away, she couldn't stay there and Henry not knowing she was there. "I won't stay out till after supper. There's the peaches to slice."

"I'll come in, mamma," Bertha half rose; Martha waved her down.

"Don't you dare come," she warned, "you just stay where you are."

Alma followed her in.

"What can I do, mamma?" she skipped lightly across the kitchen. "Where are those peaches?"

"You set the table," Martha commanded, "I'd rather you did, Alma."

"All right then," the girl made for the dining room, "I'm not much stuck on those sticky jobs," the merry laughter came back to Martha in the pantry.

She brought the peaches to the kitchen table and began her task. And working, she heard the front screen slam. She listened for the patter of Tots, the uneven stride of Bruce, and heard—a manly tread. Henry was in the dining room; Alma ceased to rattle the silver.

"What you after?" she asked.

"Look pretty nice tonight," Henry said, "Alma, you're a whole lot like your mother—in some ways."

Again Martha heard Alma's laughter.

"Well, I'm not sorry then, Dad."

Tears came into Martha's eyes, smarting tears. Yes, she loved Alma, but more than Alma she loved Henry. And Henry didn't care, not the old endearing way Henry had cared. But Alma—he saw the beauty in Alma. And she had given to Alma all the beauty of her mind and body, sapped her very life to give him Alma.

Martha didn't realize that to no one had she given the full beauty of her soul.

The knife dug deep into the peaches. She peeled recklessly and she must peel them thin, peel them thin, peel them—he was there beside her.

"Want any help, Martha?"

She looked up quickly to meet his steady gaze. Almost her lips parted, almost the joy to have him there escaped her in a little cry.

"Why, you can if you want," she pointed to a table drawer, "there's another knife in there, Henry. And peel them thin."

How she hated herself for that—trite, prosaic, practical.

He found the knife and began awkwardly. Martha peeled slow, very slow. She didn't care how long she sat there with Henry. Once she felt him regarding her. She did not raise her eyes to meet his gaze. She was afraid but she was happy—happy.

At supper happiness quivered in her heart and in her hands. She upset a cup of tea on the clean cloth.

"Well, it isn't me this time," Bruce grinned his satisfaction.

"I'm just nervous a little," Martha apologized. "It's very silly of me."

"Nervous and more," Bertha put in, "you're just plain tired and no wonder—running this house. Can't you get help?"

"Try it," from Alma.

"She doesn't get much from you at any rate," Bertha flared suddenly. "I think it's a down right shame the way you all treat mamma, making her slave and work and cook and wash—"

"You bet," Bruce shouted, becoming suddenly interested. "You just bet. That's right, Bertha, turn on the gas."

Bertha eyed him coldly.

AND a lot you do to help her any, Bruce Knight, a lot you do. I bet you never even wipe your feet on the mat unless you're told—tracking in mud—"

"Get off my feet," Bruce warned.

"I think it's a shame," Bertha raved on, "and it's got to stop. Something must be done. Mamma can't go on slaving like this week after week and expect to come through with her health. Dad, I can't understand what you mean in letting her, I just can't. It's up to you to see about Bruce and Alma; it's up to you to see about getting help; and I really think it's up to you to take her away for awhile. Why, she hasn't had a decent vacation in years. I don't see why you can't go away. Bruce and Alma would manage some way—they'd have to if mamma wasn't here—" Bertha choked—"Why don't you go away—why—"

"You've said it," Henry's tone came calm and assuring to Martha, "we are going away—the day after tomorrow."

There was a regular babel of voices. Martha did not join in; she sat as one apart. Scarcely could she understand.

It seemed it was all planned, Henry had it all planned—they were to go away Tuesday, to the beach. It was beautiful there in September—Henry was telling them that—quiet, restful, just what Martha needed.

"And you'll be ready Tuesday. The train leaves about four," Henry smiled at her—something of the old Henry smile.

"I can't go, I can't go," she protested, "why, I haven't any decent clothes."

"AS it happens," there was that decisive quality in Henry's tone that had been lacking so much of late, "as it happens, I've a pretty fair bank account, and I guess Alma will know where they exchange clothes for money."

"I sure do," Alma cried, her voice unwontedly shrill with excitement, "I'll get half day off tomorrow and we'll shop. I'll deck her forth I promise you."

Then Martha did the unexpected—the shameful thing. She broke down and cried before her family.

"Didn't I tell you she's just going to pieces," she heard Bertha's accusation. The voice seemed far away. And the evening was strange to Martha—just to sit still in a chair—no dishes to wash—everyone kind—talking with her—planning for her. Even Henry stayed near her all the evening.

"Spend all you want, Martha," he said one, "don't be afraid about spending—not this time."

"It isn't the rest I'm wanting," Martha thought, "it isn't the rest. It's you, Henry, it's you. Oh, can't you see—can't you see—don't you care?"

Pleasure had stopped to listen to her pleading at last and now she wanted naught of pleasure.

Monday in the stores youth came back to peer at her. Such pretty things as Alma bought, such suited things. Alma seemed to know just what she needed. Sometimes Martha protested.

"Dad will expect you to look nice," it was Alma's weapon.

Each time Martha weakened.

So youth came back in youthful garb and Martha found it was not youth that she wanted.

"Oh, Henry," the thought sobbed itself through the excitement of preparation. "Oh, Henry can't you see, can't you see? I don't need to go away, I don't need to go away! It's you—don't you care—it's you—"

"Why, it is all just like a second honeymoon," Alma enthused and it stabbed her.

Thursday at four they got away. Bruce and Bertha and Tots and the baby were at the station to see them off.

"Don't worry, mamma," Bertha warned in farewell, "they won't starve, I'll see to that."

Martha smiled. Bertha did not know Bruce's boyish appetite. From the train steps she looked to him beseechingly. He winked at her slyly. The smile remained on Martha's face as the train pulled out.

What a boy he was.

And Bertha—sensible, solid, unswerving Bertha.

Alma—radiant, lovely, herself re-born. How she loved them. Her children. And Henry's.

And more than these, she loved Henry. Oh! if she might take his dear face in her hands, tell him so—make him understand.

The train jolted onward.

If she might—make him—understand. Youth passes by—pleasure passes by—but love—love can never pass by. One could grow old loving. One could die that way.

"None too old," she whispered and looked out upon the ever changing landscape.

Henry bent near; "Speaking, Martha?"

"No," she shook her head, "just thinking—foolishness. It's nice to get away isn't it, Henry?"

"Yes," he agreed, "it's what you need, Martha."

"What I need," a lump in Martha's throat, "No, it isn't what I need," she told herself over and over to the grating of the car wheels on the rails, "it isn't what I need—it isn't—it isn't."

It was after six when they reached the beach and the hotel. Henry had selected a sumptuous place, too fine for Martha, plain practical, prosaic Martha.

SHE surveyed the rooms, wandered about delightfully dazed, like a child in a new place.

"Why, Henry—this is wonderful," she drew long deep breaths, "this is too much."

"Glad you like it, Martha, glad you like it."

She sat down at the little desk, just the sort of a desk she had always yearned for—to belong to herself alone.

"I'm afraid," she spread her fingers out lovingly on the polished surface of wood, "I'm afraid this is too much, too expensive, Henry."

He laughed and strode across the room to stand beside her.

"See here, Martha," he began in a matter-of-fact tone, "for three weeks nothing is too much. I guess we have a perfect right to enjoy some of the money we have saved."

"Yes, Henry," she reflected, "why, yes."

"You'd better get ready for dinner now," he turned to the door of the room adjoining, "dress up a little, Martha; they do it here, you know."

Martha went at once to the suit cases; she had brought two, opened each, lifted out the dresses, the lovely new dresses, shook them out and hung them away in the clothes press. One, a soft thing of grey, she spread out on the bed.

"I'll wear that," she mused, "Alma said Henry would like it. I'll wear that."

So she made ready in the garment of borrowed youth for pleasure that had been lost to her for so long. And in her heart there was no real happiness, only a heaviness she strove to crush.

Henry Knight took her in with approving eye before they descended to the dining room. Martha drew up proudly.

"Will I do, Henry?"

"Fine, Martha," he declared, "fine."

She dared not look into his face.

"If he would only care," she thought, "if he would only care," and then going down the stairs to the dining room, she reprimanded herself harshly, "Why, he does care, he does care. He's giving me all this—all this—"

But to Martha the glitter and the show was strangely empty. And she had cried out so often for pleasure.

Yet Martha enjoyed the meal. Not to have cooked it—not to have planned it—just to sit down to eat—no jumping up—no looking after the wants of others—no dishes to wash.

The sense of release from the daily routine was gratifying to Martha, and filled her with a present satisfaction. She wondered about Alma and Bruce. They would be at Bertha's. She hoped Bruce would have enough to eat, would behave himself, would not squabble with Alma. She had asked him not to do that. They were only children to her—Bertha would not understand their parley. It would annoy her. So she had asked Bruce quietly and aside to be good.

"Say, Maw, what do you take me for," he had replied, and Martha had known she could trust him. Martha was really very keen about Bruce, very keen. He would be a man, a fine splendid man, like his father. Martha lifted her eyes to find Henry's gaze intent upon her.

A quick smile passed between them.

"Like it, Martha?"

She nodded.

"Yes, Henry. Imagine no dishes to be washing after."

Why had she said that—why had she said that—the plain, the ugly, the commonplace thing. A shame burned color upon her cheeks. Henry noted the color.

"You look better already, Martha. This is just what you need."

Martha bit her lips to stem a denial.

As they rose from the table she made a quick unconscious and accustomed movement to gather up the dishes. Henry saw. A short gay laugh passed between them.

"NONE of that, Martha," Henry warned, "suppose for a while we stroll along the beach."

She agreed. "I'll need my sweater, Henry."

"I'll get it," he offered, "you wait here."

He was away, running up the stairs, almost like a boy. Martha smiled after him, and the smile held a tear behind it, as so many of her recent smiles had.

They strolled far up the beach, trailing through the sand, speaking little, but taking in the restful beauty of the twilight. The after-glow of sunset flamed in the skies, flamed upon the waters, flamed within the being of Martha.

"How lovely," she cried, "Oh, Henry—how lovely!"

"Suppose we sit down," he suggested, "we can rest a while and then walk back. For three weeks you know there is no hurry."

"No hurry," (Continued on Page 74)



"Theodore N. Vail can be accepted as knowing what he is talking about"

Theodore N. Vail gives his idea of

THE MOST WORTHWHILE THING I N L I F E

By B. C. Forbes

MR. VAIL, you have lived a long time, you have done a great deal, and many years ago had made a comfortable fortune. Now, from your vast experience, what would you say is the thing most worth while in life, the thing that yields most satisfaction?"

"Accomplish something." That was the instantaneous, emphatic reply. "The only real, lasting happiness can come from doing something, achieving something, accomplishing something; and, looking back, the thought that you have accomplished something is the one that gives you most satisfaction."

"Mind you, by accomplishing something I do not mean that you must necessarily have done something great, something big, or something unusual. Accomplishment is relative. The boy who delivers messages, the girl who writes letters, the mechanic who turns out a wheel, the worker who walks the railroad tracks, the telephone operator at the switchboard, the man stringing

wires, can earn this feeling of satisfaction that comes from worthy accomplishment just as much, just as keenly as the chief executive of a great industrial enterprise or the president of a railroad or the famous author.

"One's sphere matters little. Everybody wants to feel that he or she has accomplished something. Go into any family in the land no matter how humble, and before you have been talking very long with them they are sure to begin to tell you of something that either the head of the house or some other member of the family has done. If there is no accomplishment, if none of them has *done* anything they can talk about, then they will at least tell you of something bright or clever that some relative of the family has said."

"Very recently when I was up at Lyndon, Vt., where I have been interested

in agricultural schools and trying to get the youth interested in doing things, a little boy brought me a fine bunch of vegetables. As he handed them to me he said, 'I raised those all myself.' That boy was as pleased and proud over what he had accomplished as I or anyone else could possibly be over any accomplishment rated larger by the world.

"My long life, my observation, has convinced me that there is some accomplishment within the reach of every individual brought into this world. And it is the fulfilling of this work, this accomplishment, that creates inward satisfaction and happiness."

"Money doesn't cut much figure in the way of yielding happiness?" I asked

"Ugh!" he raised and waved his arms, as if to drive away any such thought. "Money is more overrated than even the Kaiser was. You never hear a real man talking very much about his money. No; but, as I have said, every human being likes to think and talk about his work, his achievements."

B. C. Forbes

Which remark reminded me of John D. Rockefeller's reply to a question I once put to him. I asked the richest man the world has ever known just what had afforded him the greatest satisfaction on looking back over his whole life. Did he mention the rolling up of his unparalleled mountains of money? No! It was shortly after the United States entered the war and Mr. Rockefeller, after a reflective pause, replied very simply: "Reports have just come from the Medical Institute in New York that the great, brainy scientists there have been able to devise something to save the lives of many of our boys attacked by poisonous gases. If we had never been able to do anything more than that, it would have been worth all our effort." Mr. Rockefeller who, by the way, rarely says "I," but invariably "We," referred to the brilliant war work of the Rockefeller Foundation. It was this sense of having been able, through donations of his money, to achieve some worthy result which afforded him more satisfaction than any mere money-making.

"THE only way I succeeded," continued Mr. Vail in answer to my questions, "was not by planning great things, but by being intensely interested in everything that came up for me to do and striving to do it the best way I knew how. The whole secret of success, if secret you can call it, is being interested in whatever work you have to do. Show me a man who is absorbed in his work, who is applying his whole mind and heart to it, and I can tell without fail that that man will succeed. He may not become rich, he may not become famous, he may not rise to any position of conspicuous responsibility; but in his own sphere of life he will play a creditable part and will reap the satisfaction of knowing that he has spent a useful, constructive, helpful life. And this knowledge will yield him a happiness that no amount of money or fame could yield if attained without the expenditure of persistent, persevering, conscientious effort."

Theodore N. Vail can be accepted as knowing what he is talking about, for there have come to him place, power, fame and money as the result of his life's work. His record has been one of unusual accomplishment. It is a record typically American. His is the kind of record that has raised America to the forefront of the world. By his achievements he has placed America so far ahead in his line that no other nation is worthy of mention as filling second place. That the United States has nearly three times as many telephones as all the rest of the world combined is due to Mr. Vail more than to any other human being. His has been the master mind which has linked together every city and every town and every hamlet and almost every home by means of Alexander Graham Bell's "talking toy"—that is what it was called more than forty years ago when Mr. Vail took hold of it and began, against overwhelming difficulties, to place it on

the map. Today Mr. Vail is head of an organization having \$1,276,000,000 resources, an organization employing 200,000 workers, an organization which makes possible 30,000,000 telephone conversations every day, an organization which has brought San Francisco within speaking range of New York and even enabled the human birds which now fly over our heads to talk with those of us who keep our feet on the solid ground.

An analysis of Mr. Vail's long, varied, fruitful career reveals that his quest has not been riches, but the very thing which he now, in his seventy-fourth year, declares is the most worth-while thing in life, achievement.

Born in Ohio, but raised and schooled in New Jersey, where his family on all sides have lived for generations, he studied medicine for a time under an uncle and was thrown into contact with another uncle, Alfred Vail, the mechanical genius who was associated with Morse in evolving the telegraph, an invention which fascinated and fired the imagination of the young man. The family returned to farming in the Middle West and Theodore Newton was taken along. However, it was not long before he found a place where his knowledge of telegraphy was useful; he became agent and telegraph operator at a box-car station on the Union Pacific Railway. Next he entered the mail service of the road. And then he started accomplishing things.

"In these days," he recounts, "mail was not distributed while en route. Such work was done in large post-offices, and necessarily much time was lost. When mail was finally sorted or worked up, as it is called, on postal cars, it was done without any system that applied to the service as a whole."

EACH postal clerk had his own scheme of distribution. Clerks would exchange ideas, when they met, as to the best way of sending mail to certain places. Vail made what might be termed a post-office map and studied the geography of the territory for which he handled mail, learning also where railroads crossed one another, and the schedules of their trains. Thus he was enabled to get the mail that came into his car to its destination by the shortest route.

This came to the knowledge of the authorities in Washington, and in 1873 he was called to Washington and was soon made an assistant superintendent of the Railway Mail Service.

Before he was thirty he was made general superintendent of the whole Railway Mail Service, and it was the initiative, the enterprise, the resourcefulness, the energy and the ability which he exercised in this important capacity which attracted the notice of the stalwarts who were struggling to gain a business foothold for the new Bell telephone. Young Vail had vision. Even then he saw in his mind's eye the whole continent interwoven with the magical speaking wires. Although the infant company's treasury was empty and his salary was unlikely to be forth-

coming regularly, he jumped into the arena because he saw in it a vast field for service, an incomparable opportunity to render a great constructive work.

And he did it. For nine years he toiled day and night extending the company's operations. Sometimes, in the early days, he had to borrow lunch money, but he never once capitulated to the obstacles raised on all sides. The powerful Western Union sought to slay the new arrival, but Vail proved himself a redoubtable fighter (in time he was to become the head and master of this telegraphic giant). So arduously did Vail labor during these years that his health gave way, but not until the Bell telephone company had been soundly on its feet, and accepted as an invaluable adjunct to civilization.

At forty-two Mr. Vail with a comfortable fortune retired and went traveling leisurely in foreign lands to rebuild his health. On returning he turned to large-scale, scientific farming in Vermont, where he planned to develop a model enterprise of practical educational value to the State's farmers. Beginning with 600 acres he rapidly added to his holdings and made rapid progress in acquiring and breeding the highest grades of horses, sheep and cattle. Also, he instituted an experimental station whose services were available for other farmers.

His inherent desire to "accomplish things" overcame him during a tour in South America. While visiting Buenos Aires he noted that the waters pouring from a nearby reservoir, for the irrigation of arid lands, could be utilized to develop electric power. His aversion to waste of any kind prompted him to act. He surveyed the development possibilities of Argentina's capital and quietly acquired control of one of the thirteen horse-car lines. Then he built a large power station, electrified his traction lines, equipped it with the finest American-built cars and developed so superior a service that a large system was soon built up. Telephone systems established in the principal South American cities by a subordinate company of the United States Company were sold out to British capitalists. When these properties were later taken over by a German-Belgian syndicate, Mr. Vail again retired to his broad acres in Vermont, determined this time to lead the life of a scientific farmer and educator rather than engross himself in active business. Man proposes, but—

THE panic of 1907 came sweeping like a hurricane through the financial world. During Mr. Vail's twenty years' absence from the helm the company had grown enormously on the firm foundations he laid. But its success had served to stimulate the organization of hundreds of other telephone companies all over the country. Ruinous competition had set in, scores of local communities were waging war on the Bell interests, legal suits galore had sprung up and, to make matters worse, the financial position of the company was none too solid to withstand the drain and strain upon it. In fact, the directors were distinct!



alarmed. They laid their heads together to try to find a solution of their multiplying difficulties—and the solution, it dawned upon them, lay in Theodore N. Vail. By this time he was an oldish man, sixty-two; he did not need any more money; he was not only intensely interested in developing his huge farms and experimental station, but had established two novel schools, one for boys, the other for girls, to equip them with an education calculated to fit them to become successful farmers and farmers' wives. But when the telephone directors pleaded with Mr. Vail that if he did not come to the rescue, the structure which he had devoted the most strenuous years of his life to raise

might be in danger, he once again sprang into the breach.

This Cincinnatus, thus taken from his plow, saved the day. His first coup was to raise millions of dollars on attractive terms. He mollified belligerent independents by announcing that his policy would be one of conciliation and co-operation rather than cut-throat competition. He set his legal force to straightening out legal tangles. He revolutionized the policy of the Western Electric Company, the subsidiary which manufactured the American Telephone & Telegraph's instruments, by ordering it to sell equipment to independents. He proclaimed "service to the public" as the company's motto. By and by, after he had things running with a minimum of friction, he astounded the world by acquiring control of his old-time enemy, the Western Union. "The telegraph and the telephone are complementary, not competitive," was his declaration. And he proceeded to demonstrate the truth of this by so linking up the two services that the public were able to send "night letters" and "day letters" by telegraph at unprecedentedly low rates, and any telephone subscriber could reach a telegraph office any time night or day, while both the telephone and the telegraph inter-relations were vastly improved and extended. Mr. Vail had other plans (Continued on Page 70)



His farm at Lyndon, Vt. is a model of large scale, scientific agricultural endeavor and it is one of the great regrets of this many sided man that the world hasn't allowed him to stay there as much as he would like

PEOPLE ARE THINKING



FROM every part of this great country the evidence is rolling in upon us that the recently latent thinking instinct which had always before characterized Americans, has been revived and is at work again. For a time it appeared as if this virtue had gone from us. It used to be that we thought before we spoke, but in later days it has seemed somewhat as if we spoke and never thought at all.

It has now become increasingly evident that men everywhere are giving grave and prayerful consideration to those great issues that for a time brought forth only hasty and ill-considered judgments, if, indeed, they brought any at all. From those sections that seemed to be most particularly afflicted by the ills that all are now combating, comes word that their trouble has, after all, been only a skin disease, and that it is clearing up. Ida M. Tarbell found this to be true in that country which she called "That Brave Northwest." She discovered that, come what may, the great normal tide of life flows steadily on and that nothing can stop it. A still more recent judgment covering that same Northwest has just now come to us from another writer, who has scraped beneath the surface there.

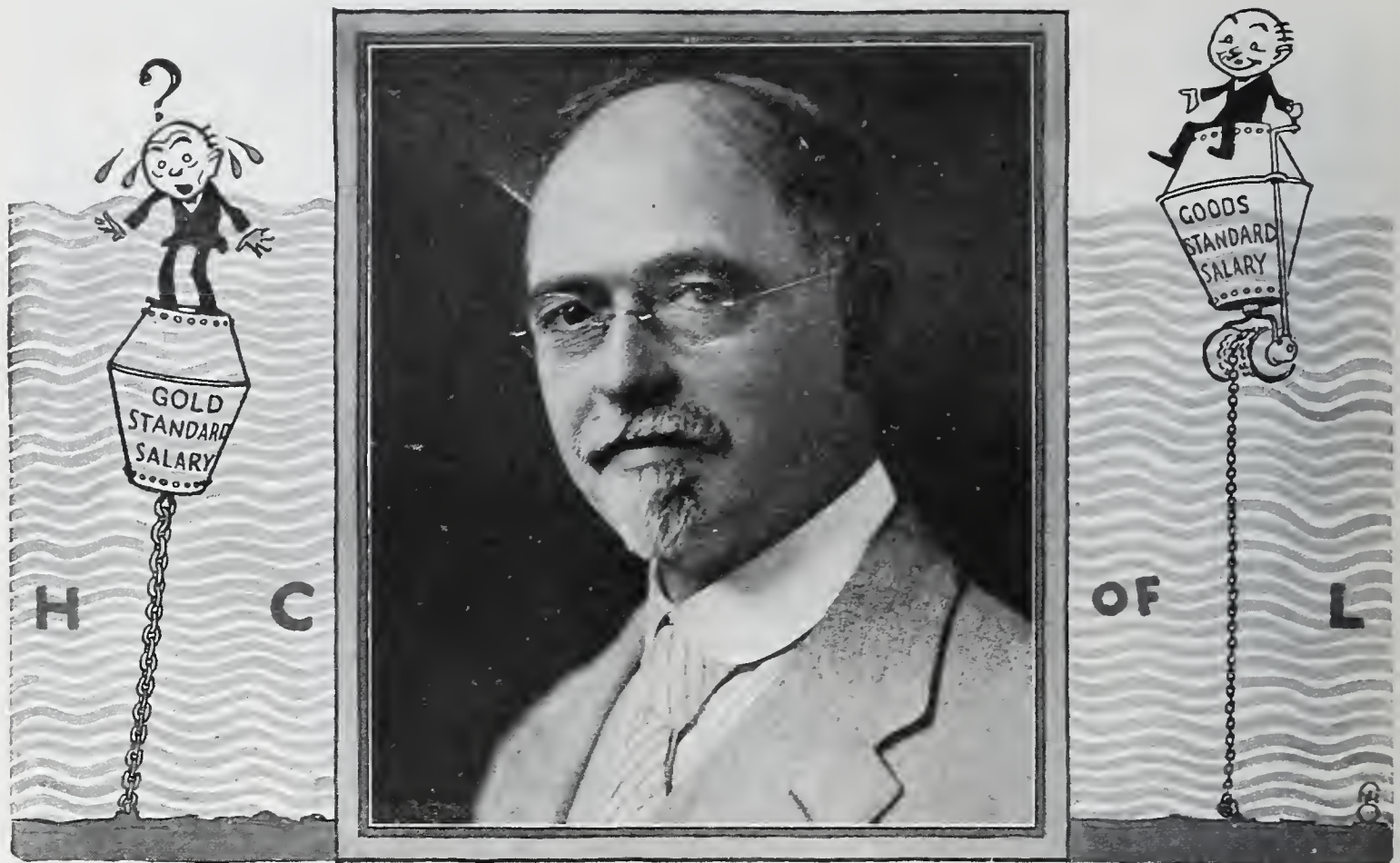
She speaks of some things she has seen—of a young man under 30 years of age who beat the world's record in selling homes—little homes; having sold over a million dollars worth last year; making contented citizens through ownership of property—of little valleys where happy homes and prosperity through work in the soil and co-operation in marketing and living have made a world where war and chaos have no part.

"All these are practical applications of pure Americanism which I find going on out here" she says. The solid back-bone of the country is functioning so constructively that I am sorry to leave. This is a great America out here; it thrills one; 75 per cent. of the population pure American."

It is this 75 per cent. that is doing the thinking. In a little while their spirit will have been communicated to the 25 per cent. and before long we may reasonably hope that nearly 100 per cent. of America will be "functioning constructively." There is need of it and quickly.

Men may write and men may talk, but after all, it is the thinking that counts. It is thinking that will solve our problems; it is thinking that will make us 100 per cent. American again, and it is thinking that will insure the future greatness and prosperity of this country. The ills will disappear. They will be *thought* out of existence. During the war we thought together and we voiced our convictions in a great sound of loyalty and devotion that overwhelmed the few murmurings of disloyalty and difference. That great unanimous sound is coming to be heard again. It is the voice of thought and it will not be denied.

And we mustn't say that we will let others do the thinking. We must all—every man, every woman and every child capable of it—think individually, influenced only by the nation's need. One hundred and ten million Americans thinking for America! What an inspiring thought and what an irresistible force.



The Tragedy of the Rising Tide and the Chain that was too short

When the pay envelope becomes elastic!

SHIFTING WAGES WITH THE COST OF LIVING

By Irving Fisher

Professor of Political Economy at Yale University

Sketches by F. G. Cooper

A VERY simple device of book-keeping may be utilized to make salaries rise or fall with the rise or fall of the cost of living.

When the war began to play havoc with prices, this device was put into operation among the employees of the American Association for Labor Legislation, of which I was then President. As a result, a man who for the month of January, 1917, received in his pay envelope \$100.00, in the month of July, 1919, received an additional "high cost of living bonus" of \$25.40. That is, this further "bonus" to his salary was irrespective of any increase in his efficiency; it was given him as simple justice in consideration of a rise in his cost of living over which he had no control. Furthermore, this "bonus" did not represent a mere guess, but a scientific adjustment, based on our best knowledge of price change. In my own office, and at the Index Visible, an industrial plant of which I am also President, I have put the same system of automatic adjustment into practice. As a sample of the difference which it makes in a

man's pay envelope in only one year (during an era of rising prices), an employe earning \$15.00 a week received in the month of August, 1918, as his "high cost of living bonus" \$4.20, but in the same month for 1919, received \$15.00, or a full week's extra salary. The same proportionate increase was true of employees earning larger amounts.

Without a device for adjusting salaries to the fluctuations in the cost of living, an employe suffers grievous injustice whenever prices rise. On the other hand, rising prices result in profit—speaking roughly—to the owner of a business. If prices double, for instance, the employe whose wage remains unchanged loses half its value, while the employer perhaps even doubles his profits. It is true that these increased profits have only half the value that they would have had originally, yet the

employer is still better off than he would have been had prices not risen. In other words, rising prices are poison to the employe and meat to the owner of a profit-making business.

Picture the profits of a business as a stream of water running down from a mountain. At a certain point the stream splits, and one-half of the water turns to the left, to the employe, and the other half turns to the right, to the stockholder. Now suppose there occurs the phenomenon of rising prices, that is, a doubling of the main volume of the stream of profits. What happens? Does one-half of the new-sized volume turn to the left, and one-half still to the right? Clearly it does not work that way. The portion of the volume of profits that turns to the left, to the employe, remains the same, while the rest of the whole thing turns to the right, to the stockholder. While this freakish distribution of profits is occurring, the very thing which made the increase possible, that is, rising prices, has absorbed half of the stream that turns to the left, to the employe. He

not only has not shared in the new volume of profits, but he has been robbed of half that he formerly had; he is left high and dry. The volume of the stockholder's profits is also diminished by these same high costs, but even when they are paid he is still better off than he was before.

On the same principle, bondholders lose and stockholders gain. Suppose a business concern, before the war, was earning \$1,000,000, of which \$500,000 went to satisfy a fixed rate of interest on the bonds, and the other \$500,000 was distributed to the stockholders. The profits of the business, on the new level of higher prices, may now be \$2,000,000, because they increase roughly in proportion to the increase in the price of goods. Of this \$2,000,000 only \$500,000 still goes to the bondholders, since their rate of interest is fixed. The stockholders then get all the rest, or \$1,500,000—or three times as much as they got before prices rose. The costs of living to the employe, the bondholder and the stockholder have all risen; these different men have all lost through the diminished purchasing power of their money. But the new flood of money incoming, to meet this loss, has flowed only to the stockholder; he is the "whole hog."

In this new volume of profits that has come with the rising of prices everybody has not shared alike because the system of salary payments commonly in vogue is not elastic; it does not provide automatically for justice to all. The employe's salary is in the position of a buoy that is anchored with a certain length chain. When a great rise comes in the tide of prices, the buoy, held fixed by its anchor, is swamped under water. The system of payment which I have put into effect among my own employes, and which is also being used by a number of commercial and industrial concerns, is elastic; it is such that when the tide rises, the buoy, that is, the employe's salary, rises also and still floats on the surface.

What protection has an employe, under ordinary circumstances, against this freakish action of prices when they rise? Under the usual system of payment he has first of all the protection of the goodwill of his employer, whose conscience, or whose business foresight, may see to it that the employe's salary is raised in proportion to his new costs. Or, he has the

protection, in some cases, of a union and its crude weapon of striking. Also, he has the very slow-working protection of the law of supply and demand. If underpaid in one place, he can—theoretically—leave for a better job elsewhere.

None of these is a prompt protection, however. An employer, seeing a chance to "make," is not likely to withstand the temptation. Others are getting rich, why shouldn't he do so? This is his opportunity. He says to himself, "Why should I double wages proportionate to the doubled living cost until I have to? Why doesn't my neighbor do it? Why don't the great colleges do it? Why doesn't the United States Government do it?" He is likely to take advantage of the situation as long as he can, and not to raise salaries until actually forced to do it by his own selfish necessity, or by the pressure of a strike.

Neither is the union and its weapon of the strike by any means an ideal protection for an employe. Strikes are a primitive, clumsy way of adjusting wages to the living cost. I am not sorry that the working men have combined to fight for their own interests. It has been more or less necessary, and always will be to some extent. The laboring man is one of the losers in the gambling game of rising prices in which we have all been unwitting players. His wages have not increased as rapidly as prices.

It is true that special workmen, as, for instance, mechanics, have shared in the new era of rising profits. Men in the automobile trades whose work was diverted to the making of aeroplanes and other war materials have got stupendous wages. Certain New York tailors, as another example, men largely belonging to the immigrant class and many of them not well educated, are earning \$50.00 a week for forty-four hours. I am told that freight handlers at some of the big wharves near New York are making \$60.00 and \$80.00 a week, and that some of the longshoremen are making over \$100.00.

It is only in a few special industries, however, that these conditions exist. Wage earners as a whole have lost; their wages have lagged behind in the upward trend of things. The average wage of 1918 was only 80 per cent. in purchasing power of the average wage of 1913.

What recourse have these losers? Must they strike? Strikes and more strikes seem to be the order of the day. It is very obvious, however, that this cannot continue. The public is getting sick of strikes. While we use strikes as a cure for the evils of rising living costs, who is going to protect us from the evils of strikes? In the first place, even where they have been seemingly successful, their action has been imperfect, for they have left behind an ill-feeling, a psychology of warfare,

which is not conducive to the best harmony and efficiency. One of the great evils of strikes is the loss of production which they necessitate. Even in a strike like that of the actors, the loss to the theatrical business mounted to millions. Furthermore, who is going to determine whether or not the demands of strikers, if fixed arbitrarily, are just? It is quite possible for them to be highly unjust. In some of the industries, such as railway lines, where the rate of fare is fixed by law, the laborers have asked for wages which amounted to more than the earnings of the company. Even tenants have struck against raised rents, and have been aided in their demands by members of other "labor" unions. And yet, if anyone deserves a rise in income, it is the landlord. He has been the hardest hit of anyone, except the pre-war bondholder. To strike against a certain proportionate rise in rent and to prevent the landlord from obtaining a tenant at the new level of prices is simply a form of brigandage.

TO THE FUTURE

On the Closing of General Hospital No. 1 (Columbia War Hospital, Gunhill Road, The Bronx, New York)

By D. G. H.

THE gates are shut; the white, sun-checked
wards

Lie cold and empty. In the silent square

The last retreat has sounded; everywhere

The weary rain drips greyly from the boards.

And we, who knew there agony, and laughter,

Good new-made friends, and wondering first
breath

Of living, born again undreamed, from Death,

Kindred in these for all our days hereafter,

We have been scattered. With the dulling
years

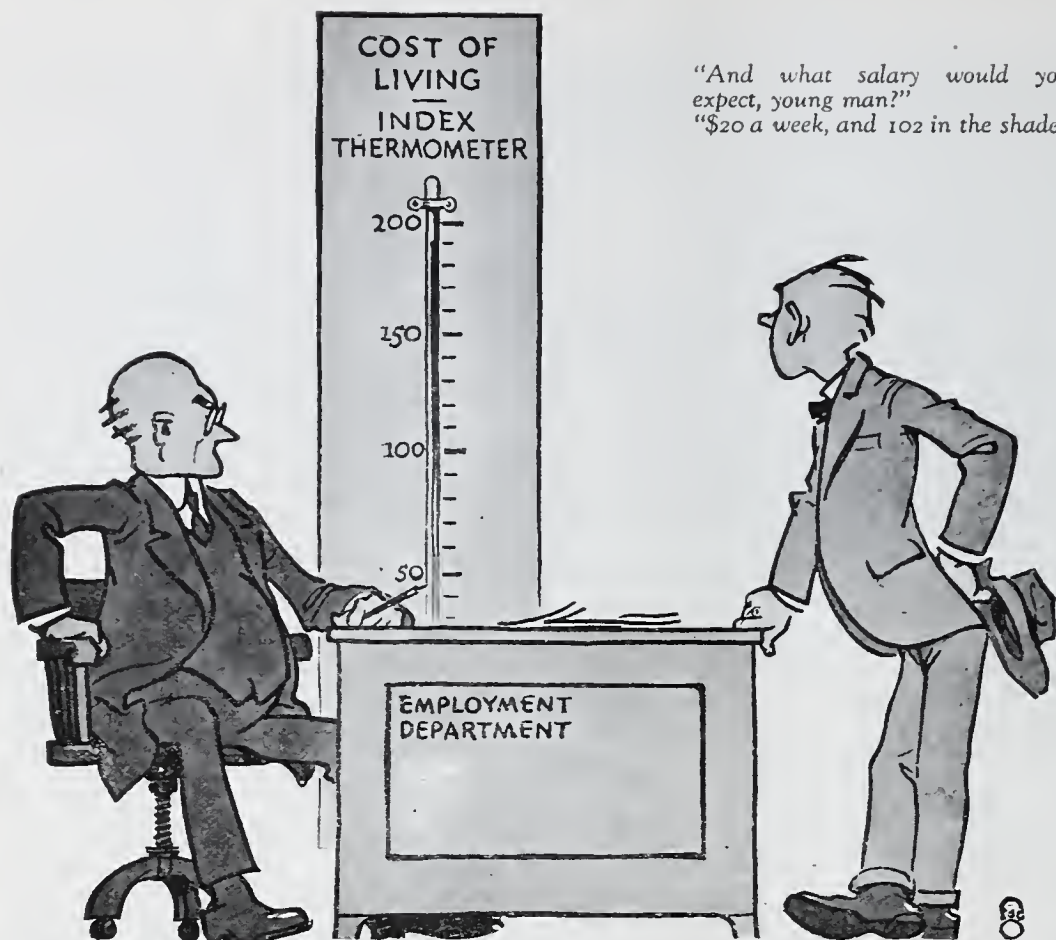
These open wounds will heal, these buildings
rot,

But this strong fellowship will never die,

Of youth and pain, but, acid carved, appears

An etching on each memory, cleanly wrought

Like trees at evening 'gainst a windless sky.



There is still another phase of the evils of strikes, and of this the strike of the Boston policemen was an example. Selfish interest, no matter how just economically, can go only so far. After all, money isn't everything in this world. American ideals put above money, loyalty, patriotism and public order and safety. A strike of policemen, for the sake of their own pocket-books, when it involved the safety and morality of a big city, has gone far to condemn, in the public eye, the whole system of striking and its primitive methods.

If strikes are to be the method by which salaries are raised, what is to be done for the individual worker, who has no strike weapon? One of the most distressing conditions caused by the recent behavior of prices is the inertia of salaries of such people as teachers and government and business clerks. In colleges like Yale and Harvard, for instance, whose teachers are paid out of the college endowments, these endowments have shrunk to half their values, so that the colleges actually cannot afford to increase, adequately with the increase of costs, the salaries of their teachers. Government clerks are in much the same position as teachers. If the Government should suddenly increase salaries 35 to 50 per cent., the civil service budget would be terrific. The taxpayer would grumble, Congress would not dare to make the increase all in one fell swoop.

The employe has still one other protection, in the natural course of circumstance, and that is the protection of the law of supply and demand. If you give the situation time enough, it will correct itself by this law. In the colleges the abler teachers will leave and seek more remunerative work. When the college endeavors to obtain—as a teacher

an expert chemist, for instance, it will find he has gone for a higher salary with some industrial concern. Thus the quality of teaching will deteriorate. This deterioration will continue until the colleges will be obliged to obtain sufficient additional funds so that they can bid, in the market, for better quality of workers. The tide of ability will then flow back. The demand, when it becomes sufficiently desperate to find the means, will draw to it the supply. The same condition would occur in the Government service if we were willing to wait enough years for the law to operate. With the increased costs of living and non-increases of salaries to meet them, the brighter men will seek a living in new lines of work, the quality of the civil service will be greatly lowered, and when it gets so low that the Government cannot get its work done and becomes sufficiently desperate to obtain the proper means, such raised salaries will be offered as will re-attract an improved quality of workers.

Unfortunately, the law of supply and demand in the case of salaries is a very slow worker. A man's life is short, his needs immediate and desperate; he cannot wait for this slow process of nature. Of course, if he could bring prices down, that would settle his difficulties. But the causes which have made prices rise—the rising quantity of money which has come into the country (more fully explained by me in another article)—cannot easily be removed. We cannot very well dump our new supply of gold into the sea, and we cannot yet pay off our national debt and thus deflate our supply of paper gold representatives, and enjoy the lowered prices which this would bring about. For these reasons I do not see how we can anticipate any great recession of prices. There is nothing in the history of similar rises,

which have occurred before in all countries, to indicate that this one is any different from the others, from whose levels we were never able, to any extent, to withdraw.

That all of these methods of adjustment of salaries to rising costs—the methods of the goodwill of the employer, of the strike, of the law of supply and demand—that these methods do not work satisfactorily is very evident. The proof of the pudding is in the eating; wages and salaries, in the main, still lag far behind the rise in living costs. The bitterness of those who have lost, in the rise of prices, is only enhanced by the wild joy and luxury of the gainers. Unrest and discontent are wide-spread. In this condition men are prey to all sorts of quack theories of cure, just as men with illness, when they do not understand its cause or action, are liable to be credulous toward all sorts of fake medical remedies. It is no wonder that Bolshevistic principles are making rapid headway among the ignorant workers in many States of the Union.

I now return to the subject of a more scientific method of adjustment of salaries of workers to the living costs as applied to our employes. From the figures that I have given of the increases in pay envelopes, increases that have been given as automatically as the payment of the fundamental salary itself, anyone may rightly guess that the system has worked satisfactorily to those most vitally concerned. It is always so.

To determine how much salary a man ought to have now, compared with what he got in 1914, for instance, if he is to receive simple social and industrial justice in a situation over which he has no control—it is simply necessary to add to his salary a percentage of his income equal to the percentage of the rise in costs. This percentage in the rise of costs is easily determinable. The cost of living is very definitely known—that is, the approximate general average of the prices of all things that we use. You can think of the cost of living as a thermometer, and of the figure to which the mercury rises or falls (this figure representing all the costs averaged) as being daily recorded by certain great financial organizations, such as Bradstreet's, Dun's, Gibson, the "Annalist," the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics, etc. The figure to which the mercury points on the cost-of-living thermometer is called an "index number." For instance, in July, 1914, the cost of living (as expressed by the retail prices of food) index number was 102 and in July, 1919, it was 190.

That is, the cost of living showed a rise of 86.3 per cent.

This 86.3 per cent., then, would represent the figure which should be used in reckoning how much should be added to a man's salary in 1919 over what he received in 1914.

When I established the system among my own employes, I used the "index number" of the cost of food for the

month. (The index number for food very closely approximates the index number of all commodities averaged, and as it moves very flexibly with general living costs, and as food represents the main item of most family budgets, it was adopted by me.) To each of the employes in the Index Visible I sent a letter reading as follows:

"An increase in the cost of living means hardship for wage earners, unless wages also increase. In order that the wages paid at the Index Visible may keep up with the cost of living, the plan described below has been adopted:

"We know what the average price of food has been for the first six months of this year. This has been determined by the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics and will be the standard used by us. If at any time from now on the average price of food in any month rises above this standard, those who are still in the employ of the Company at the time it is computed will receive a 'High-Cost-of-Living' envelope containing whatever money is necessary to increase wages proportionately.

"For instance, in July the Bureau of Labor figures showed that prices were 5.7 per cent. higher than the average for the first six months of the year. Consequently the H. C. L. envelope for July contains 5.7 per cent. additional wages.

"Since it takes about a month for the price level, or cost of living, to be figured out by the Bureau of Labor Statistics and reported to us, the H. C. L. envelope will usually be about a month later than the month to which it applies."

The H. C. L. additional money, paid

to the employe, is put into a special envelope, separate from his salary. The envelope bears a statement of just what the index number for the month has been and what percentage has therefore been added to his salary, as follows:

"The height of the high cost of living is indicated by an index number for the retail prices of foods, calculated each month by the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics. The index number for July, 1919, is 190, which is 20 per cent. above the average number (158) for the first six months of 1918 taken by us as a standard."

Anyone will see at once that the amount which an employe receives under this system rises and falls with the rise or fall of the price of food. The system has, however, one vital weakness. All depends upon the standard of prices or index number which exists at the time the system is started. For instance, if an employer went back and started with the standard of prices or index number of 1913 and reckoned from that what an employe should now have, there would be an 80 per cent. adjustment of wages to present prices, but if he started with the index number of today, and then increased or decreased the salary according to the rising or falling of the index above today's number, the employe would not find his salary greatly changed for the reason that we have already passed through the cataclysm and further rises or falls are not likely to be extensive for a good while.

How, then, is an employe going to get back what he has lost in the past through the rise in prices? He cannot do it. Bygones are bygones. He has been the victim of a defective monetary

system which allowed prices to take a general radical rise, and permitted that rise to pick his pocket and give the money to someone else. Thus we come to the fundamental error in the whole situation, the condition which made the rise possible. That condition can be remedied only by a correction of the defect in our monetary system which allowed it to occur.

In describing the method which has been used by me and by a number of other commercial and industrial organizations for the adjustment of salaries to living costs, I am simply describing what can be done for the financial illness now that it exists. Fundamentally, the illness of radically rising prices never should have occurred; it should have been prevented, because it was entirely preventable. Our present monetary illness, this sudden freakish action of the distribution of profits in business, is due to a defect in our national monetary system. We were unmindful of and indifferent to the defect until, under a world cataclysm which brought rising prices, it suddenly hit us in our vitals. It was just as any one of us might have been unmindful of a bad spot in the lungs until we caught cold and were suddenly plunged, because of that spot, into a severe illness. We had no business to allow the spot to be there. It has now caused indescribable injustice to millions.

In my advocacy of this use of an index number for the adjustment of salaries to living costs, it is to be understood that—like surgery—the device is only a resort in time of trouble, it is only an expedient, in a situation already existing. It is not a true remedy; it is a patch on the tear. The true remedy lies in making tears impossible, in preventing rising prices and the injustices which they bring about.





This sign tells its own story in showing what the employees of a great corporation think of the way their employers treat them

“HUMANS—90% GOOD,” SAYS GEORGE F.

The principles of “The Valley of Fair Play” were told last month. Here is the actual story of how they work out in daily practice

By Ida M. Tarbell

IS it true that men and women are 90 per cent. good? Ask that question of any man in the management of “the biggest shoemakers in the world,” the Endicott Johnson Corporation of Johnson City and Endicott, New York, and he will say “Yes,” and you’ll be met with this proposition, “Since we believe this, why should we not run our business on the confidence we have in the 90 per cent., rather than on the suspicion we have of the 10 per cent.? Is it fair to penalize the first in order to get the second? We don’t think so.”

How does it work out, this policy of confidence? Does it alter the practices of shops and factories above whose doors it is written? Does it affect the earnings of the man at the bench, give him stimulus for the day and hope for the morrow? Does it make for homes and gardens and schools? For gaiety and health and temperance? What does it do to the communities where the workers gather? To the management that preach the thing? How about this pudding of confidence? Does it prove itself in the eating?

To satisfy curiosity on these points one must go to the two towns of John-

son City and Endicott stretched along the beautiful Susquehanna River, perhaps five miles apart at present, but rapidly running into one another’s arms; go to the towns and the factories which have given them birth, for Johnson City and Endicott are as much a part of the firm’s output as their sturdy and durable workers’ shoes.

You begin to see things you question as soon as you put foot inside the factory doors.

“Why are these two men dropping their work in the middle of the forenoon without asking permission or punching a clock and going off together?”

“They are going to lunch.”

“But the rest are at their machines. Don’t you have a lunch hour?”

“A man’s lunch hour here is when he is hungry. We don’t blow people out and in by a whistle. They go and come as they like. Those men probably went to work at 6:30 and are hungry. They ought to eat.”

It was a first glimpse of the policy

of confidence in action—the “broken-time” system on which “E. J.,” as people in those parts familiarly speak of the concern, conduct as much as possible of their work. It grew out of a revolt of the wise managers against the rigidity of the old and the usual practice. “It worked such injustice,” they say. “Time and time again workers were delayed mornings, by a late car—bad weather—something wrong at home. They lost time and we gave them no chance to make it up. That wasn’t a square deal. Then people are different in their working habits. We have men who naturally get up at daylight. They work best in the early hours. Why, men climb in the windows here sometimes to get at their machines. Best time of day for them. When it doesn’t interfere with other people, why not?”

“Then there are people who hate to eat in a crowd—go and come in a crowd. Why not accommodate them? It relieves congestion just that much.”

The habits of a lifetime rise up at this point. You can’t get away from that 10 per cent. that you are accustomed to seeing in control.

“Don’t they abuse the privilege?”

Ask the question and you will be

treated to as much of an explosion as men who are operating business on the principle of the Square Deal are capable of.

"Privilege! It isn't a privilege. It's a right. Why should you expect men to work freely without freedom? A man doesn't do his best every week. He's down in the mouth—wife sick—baby sick—things all wrong. He can't work. Next week everything's all right. Why not give him a chance to take up his slack? It's as much to the advantage of the firm as to his to do it. He'll do it, and his bad week will be better because he knows he'll have a chance to make up."

"Well, that's all right for piece work maybe," your doubting mind suggests, "but how about day workers?"

"Same thing," insist the managers. "They know how much they ought to do, so does everybody else. The work has to be done. They have too much satisfaction in being a bit free when they need to be to abuse it."

"Can you prove that; any figures?" One isn't long about "E. J." without discovering that any attempt to prove the value of decent human relations by figures is as little relished as questioning a practice because there is a possibility that 10 per cent. of the people will abuse it.

"Figures! Nothing lies like figures—results are what tell."

"But don't you measure results by figures?"

"No. We measure them by the health, the happiness, the satisfaction, the thrift of the people who are making

the business, by the way they play, marry, raise families, buy homes, stay in Johnson City and Endicott. If we get these results, the boots and shoes are sure to follow."

"It produces some queer doings, this attempt actually to practice trust in your fellow man. Take this eating when you are hungry. I sat one morning between 10 and 11 o'clock in the office of the head of the Sales Department of the Company. Through the window I could see a continual stream of men and women passing through a long, glass-enclosed corridor running over the road into a small building. "Where are they going?" "To lunch." Nobody was worried here by the irregularity of hours.

Go to the restaurants, and you run upon such a clean sweep of the ordinary practices in such undertakings that you are soon obliged to retire and think it out.

In the restaurants of the two towns some 10,000 meals are served daily, six days a week. They begin at 6 A. M. and run until 6 P. M., 15 cents is the price for a meal of such quality, quantity and balance that a visiting medical expert recently declared that a man could live forever on the food. The meal is served not only at a minimum price, but with a minimum of noise, confusion and dirt. It is a marvel of simple efficiency, but it is the crowd that holds you, for to the long tables come not merely the "E. J." workers, but their families and guests. A mother coming from her machine at noon is joined by her children from school. They eat, go out for a walk

and return to work. A young girl from the shop entertains her soldier sweetheart just returned, and you'll see them after lunch sitting apart on the broad veranda. She'll make up later the lost time, and nobody will interfere and jibe. Indeed at "E. J." lovers and marriage are as popular as shoes.

There are visiting friends at the table. Scores of school children whose mothers are over-busy at home, rush in. Women who don't want to eat alone come in to eat with their husbands. There is a sprinkling of school teachers—and, phenomenon that caps the climax, two hundred or more men and women from a nearby factory which does not provide a lunch room pour in.

"You take in anybody that comes?" is your amazed question. "Give it to them at the same price?"

"Yes, 15 cents to everybody. Why should we shut out people? If they are not actually in our factories, they are the friends or neighbors of our people. If we tried to do it, we would make mistakes, and spoil a lot of pleasure. Moreover, it is good for this community that everybody should be able to get at least one square meal a day. Isn't it part of our business to make this town as happy and healthful for our people to live in as we can? Maybe five hundred people do come here every day who, by strict interpretation, should not be fed, but think of the goodwill that that builds up in these towns where our 13,000 people must live."

"But the money you lose!" You see you can't really believe that money is not the first object of doing business.



There was a tumultuous celebration when the eight-hour day was instituted. This wasn't brought about by a strike but by the consultation and agreement of owners and workers

E.-J. Workers' Review

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE WORKERS AND IN THE INTEREST
OF THE "ENDICOTT-JOHNSON HAPPY FAMILY"

JOHN W. JOHNSON, Managing Editor

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At news stands, 15 cents per copy.
To all workers, Free.
We have placed the subscription price of our Magazine at \$1.50 a year. This means that it will be mailed to anyone anywhere for this amount. It has also been placed at \$1.00 a year to the workers who wish to have the Magazine sent through the mail to any of their family or relatives, the workers paying for the same.
Send All subscriptions to the Office of the Magazine at Endicott.

GEORGE F.'S OWN PAGE

GEORGE F. ON BOLSHEVISTS

While in the vicinity a striker named Polick, otherwise known as "Trotsky," said that all the near shoe factory apparently were satisfied with the conditions, and it was for the workers to gain no head-

men no matter how ambitious. And here we are, plugging away just as hard as ever, or a little harder—surrounded by many friends and some enemies—trying to help the largest number of people and to help the largest number of people meaning friends (?), as

He was a
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The Labor Day Parade. Above: "The E.-J. Workers' Review," "a medium for frank, candid and free discussion," to "tell us what is wrong with this business"

Sitting at the table watching the stream of busy men, women and children flowing in and out, you insist on figures.

"Of course, you lose. Yes, 7 cents a meal.

"Seven cents on 10,000 meals a day means \$700 a day, \$210,000 a year. How can you justify that as a business proposition?"

"We justify it as a human proposition and a community proposition. You couldn't buy for \$2,000,000 what we get here for \$200,000." If you look about long enough, you will find evidence of other unusual expenditures!

Personally I am of the opinion that the improvements not only pay for themselves, but that they will soon, if

they do not this year, increase the surplus which under a plan adopted early in 1919 is hereafter to be shared by workers. "E. J." has been a partnership until its conversion in April last into a corporation with a capital of \$15,000,000, 7 per cent. preferred, and \$34,000,000 (\$14,000,000 issued) of 10 per cent. cumulative common. After dividends are paid, the common stock and the workers are to share the surplus on a 50-50 basis. The half going to the workers is divided equally among all who have been in the concern continuously for a year.

At the present moment there is much eager anticipation of the amount of the coming plum, as well as equally eager

planning for its spending. I hope it is not true, though I am afraid it is, that more than one young girl has been tempted by a wily, unscrupulous shop keeper to mortgage her share in part payment of a \$500 fur coat.

The profit-sharing plan, as all the other unusual practices and experiments of the concern, stimulates criticism as well as satisfaction. If this can be done, why not more? If something of the curse can be lifted from labor, why not all? Out of progress towards good arises pressure for more good, and unless this pressure has a free outlet it may ruin the very progress made. "E. J." has realized this and provided a steam valve of excellent quality and

calibre, which if it is allowed in the future to blow off as freely and loudly as it has been doing the last year is going not only to take care of much discontent, but open the way to better co-operation than they have ever had.

THIS valve, called *The E. J. Workers' Review*, brings me to its founder, a man absent when I was satisfying my curiosity about the place, but so persistently and so insistently quoted, so built into the minds and habits of the establishment, that you don't need to see him to know him. His name is the first thing the eye falls on when you pass under a great arch which stands at the entrance of the first of the two shoe towns, an arch proclaiming them the "Home of the Square Deal." It is an inscription on a boulder at the side of the road. The inscription runs, "Erected by the E. J. workers in honor of George F. Johnson, in appreciation of His Square Deal Policy, May 1, A. D. 1919." You can't escape him after that.

For 21 years George F. Johnson has been practising and preaching the Square Deal, not according to any creed or system or blue print. His one rule has been the Golden Rule—to him the essence of all religion—his guide a warm heart and a mighty level head. Whatever trials may have strained his faith, and they must have been many, he has held on until gradually his spirit has become the spirit of the great concern.

The E. J. Workers' Review is one of the latest manifestations of George F.'s policy, and it is one of the wisest. He himself struck the keynote at the start by announcing: "This is your magazine. If it is to be any use in the world to either you or the company it must be a medium for frank, candid and free discussion of our mutual problems and mutual relations. Don't spend any time complimenting the company or any of its executives. This is a waste of time and energy. Tell us what is wrong with this business. Show us how to improve it." And later "we propose to furnish you with all the facts that affect your lives and working conditions so far as we are able. There are no secrets in this business, nor out of it, so far as I am concerned. There never will be. If you talk about the business, and the affairs which vitally interest you, we want you to have a basis of fact to talk about, instead of surmises, conjectures and guess work."

The opportunity to be candid has been used. The very first letter printed after the announcement of the profit-sharing plan was this:

"I do not think much of the new profit-sharing plan. Personally, I think there are apt to be several thousand disappointed people by next January.

"I hear a great many remarks among the 'E. J.' workers to the effect that they are led to believe they will receive a large amount of money without working for it.

"I, personally, think the plan is all right, for what it is intended, to induce the workers to stay with

the Company. It also helps to keep them contented and leads them to believe they will receive the profits of their labors. This may be all right, but when it comes to dollars and cents, we will have to work for the money we get during 1919, the same as other years, and work like h—— at that."

This letter brought out many replies from the workers themselves, warm defenses usually of the undertaking, a very general pride and hopefulness in the fact that they were to be recognized partners in the business.

They will never receive a dividend worth as much to them as the education they are getting through the *Review* in the first principles of capital and labor. Their communications suggest a variety of puzzles. And it is George F. himself who usually answers in entire frankness. How many capitalists today would be willing to tell their employees this:

"It is sometimes said that laboring people are more dependent upon capital than capital upon labor. This is a grave mistake. If there is any difference in the line of dependence, it is in favor of labor. Labor is less dependent upon capital than capital is upon labor. Labor can live, labor can produce, and reproduce. Labor can exist without capital, as it can, if necessary, get along with very little. But capital is a weak and helpless thing, without brains or muscle, perhaps the most useless thing in the world, until put to work by labor, and made useful—as a joint partner of labor—in producing those things which the world is ready to buy. Therefore capital is more dependent upon labor than labor upon capital. *Labor first.* Never take off your hats to 'capital' unless 'capital' has uncovered to you."

LABOR is first, therefore it must bestir itself. Nothing will happen unless it does, and his preachments against the sluggard are Biblical in their contempt!

It is not only Geo. F. who belabors the shirkers. A good part of the "90 Per Cent. Good" use the *Review* to show their disapproval of the 10 per cent. not good. The man who abuses "broken time," takes advantage of the system of self-inspection of output which they are trying to build up in certain rooms, "slides out to have a smoke," takes up the time of his fellows talking, they lecture him, argue with him, ridicule him in cartoons, call him a nuisance and a hindrance in the attempt to build up a "co-operative commonwealth."

A medium for discussion and a medium for homely preachment in which Geo. F. is also a leader—straight, blunt comments on all sorts of things that concern their lives, driven in by facts from the shop and town that they all are familiar with. What better sense than this from a letter to boys and girls on extravagance:

Things cost high, but there never was a better chance to "trade" and use one's brains than now. The higher things cost, the more "chance" there is to "trade." Many of you never thought of it that way, but that's exactly as it is.

Perhaps you have been formerly paying five dollars for a pair of boots. Now those same boots cost twelve or fifteen dollars, and I have heard of prices as high as twenty dollars, and have heard of girls paying that price. This is folly. You can get a good boot today for five or six dollars. (I am not advertising our shoes.)

HOW do you suppose we make a success of our business? How do you suppose we make and sell shoes for reasonable prices and pay good wages? Do you suppose we "follow the market?" Do you suppose we are paying "fifty or sixty cents a pound for hides (today's market) that we formerly bought for ten or fifteen cents a pound? "Not on your tintype." As the boys say in the football game. "Fight-fight-fight-fight." And we do fight. There is always a chance to resist these increasing prices. We find, somewhere in the world, a hide that is cheaper. It is not the same hide, but we make it do. You work harder to make it into good leather. And we "get by."

It is easy to follow the "lines of least resistance," but it is a bad habit. We are not obliged to follow these market advances. There is a chance to "trade." In other words, the higher living costs and the higher merchandise costs, the better chance to "trade" and save money. This does not, I am sorry to say, apply to rents (at present), but I am not talking to the "poor devil" who has to pay rent to some greedy landlord—but to the young people—the boys and girls who are making good wages and who are frittering it away.

This is going to people where they live.

As a matter of fact, there is little in the shoe towns that does not grow naturally out of the daily life. It is there the leaders go to learn what people need and want. I have never seen a more genuine inclination to find out what is wanted, not to impose what somebody else thinks ought to be wanted. A wide range of amusements have grown up because it was seen that different groups of workers liked different things. At "Ideal Park," the amusement center of the towns, a man can play baseball, football, trot a horse, swim, boat, dance, listen to music, go picnicking or ignore them all, and lie on the grass and watch the lovely Susquehanna flow by. "There are so many things," you say. "But people like different things," they tell you. "Why should you expect everybody to be happy watching a baseball game?"

The libraries have been worked out on this principle. There seems to have



George F. Johnson, the founder of the policy of fair play at the Endicott-Johnson works, is the idol of the 13,000 employees there, and last Labor Day they got up a mammoth pageant for the purpose of telling the world about it

been a doubt in the minds of the management when it was deciding to try the library whether people wanted books. It was not a reading population. What could they do to take away the fear of the stacks? Wisely enough they decided that it was a meeting place where you could visit and entertain in any fashion that suited you that was needed more than books and librarians. So, while they put in the books, many of them, and arranged in ship-shape fashion to be read either on the ground or at home, they put other things to the front.

They did not call them libraries. "Your Home" is on the handsome swinging sign over the sidewalk in front of a commodious house in Johnson City. A whole floor in these "homes" is devoted to parlors and dining rooms, where anybody that wants can go and entertain his friends. There are comfortable kitchens with pretty china and all sorts of conveniences. You bring your supper in a basket, prepare it, serve it. A party and a half a day is the record for the last year. Suppose you are a young woman without a home, forced to board. The chances are there would be no pleasant room in which to receive company, to give a little party. "Your Home" in the shoe town provides that. Rarely would there be a well-equipped bathroom, a place where you could shampoo or curl your hair. "Your Home" actually furnishes that!

All this may scandalize a well-bred librarian. They tell of a young woman who, installed in the early days of the undertaking, asked what the fines were to be. "But there are no fines." "But I never heard of a library that did not have fines." Then she was introduced to the principle that 90 per cent. of humans are to the good, and that they were running the library for that 90 per cent., and not for the 10 per cent. It is claimed that the percentage of books abducted is lower under this policy of confidence than under the highest developed system of suspicion and inspection.

The upshot of this novel experiment

has been that a girl who went to shampoo her hair, a girl who probably had not read a book since she left school at 14, sat down to look over one; and again and again fell into the habit of spending leisure evenings looking them over, of carrying them home to read in a dull hour. By the same natural system that a child learns to read in its home, she has learned to read in "Your Home." And it is curious to see how this name of "Your Home" becomes "My Home" in the mouths of the people. They tell of a soldier boy, whose sister was in the library, who directed all his letters during the time he was in France to "My Home," Johnson City, New York.

Use, familiarity, are written all over the places. Children swarm over them, reading, carrying away books, two or three hundred of them at a time for the story-telling hour. You will not enter in the afternoon that you do not meet somebody with basket and bottles, going upstairs to get ready for a party. And when the people themselves have not learned to go to the library, then the library goes to them. There is a traveling library jitney, containing books, but better than that, two or three sensible, warm-hearted young women with a knack of finding out what your heart's desire is—the simple desires of humans—the latest pattern for knitting a chemise yoke, how to get the new baby's picture in the *E. J. Workers' Review*, where to buy curtains like those that you have in "Your Home!" A family consultant, a friendly visitor and the greatest of mixers is the library jitney. It is a hard heart indeed that is not warmed by the working of the library idea in the shoe towns, cold eyes that do not melt!

Nothing but interested daily contact, a sense that this is their town, their children's town, that these are their neighbors, could ever enable these men to handle a problem like that of the library in an industrial town in such an effective and common-sense way. You live among people, and you know what

they need, what they like; and it is the only way you can really know. How in the world would the officials of a company living remote from a body of workers appreciate the meaning of the rising price of the moving pictures, for instance? They went up from 5 to 10, from 10 to 15, and threatened 25 cents in the shoe towns.

Then Geo. F. took hold of the situation. I don't know how it was done, but the fact is that today "E. J." workers are getting the best of the movies for 6 cents, and the movie man who is directing the shows is making a reasonable profit.

It is this being on the ground that has given an almost passionate interest in house-building in the valley. I do not know that I ever listened to a more interesting exposition of the relation of the home to the prosperity of America. They hold it so fundamental that there should be plenty of houses to be bought and rented at low rates that the corporation has decided to defer most ambitious plans for much needed factory development, a third town, in fact, until home-building catches up with the business.

Not only the corporation, but many of the leaders have fallen to building with a zeal and enthusiasm that makes one envy the fun they are getting out of it.

The houses in every case are to be sold at cost, that is, they are to be sold at cost if you have not been able before now to get a place to live!

"What we must realize" they tell you, "is the way people are kicked around in this country never a chance to stay anywhere, never a chance to have anything of their own. Is this right? How can we expect men to be happy if they can't have homes? How can you raise a family if you can't have a home?"

By superintending the building themselves, they learn many things. "Did you know that it took \$25 or \$30 to put shades in a house like this?" Harry L. Johnson asked me. "I didn't, until I found my buyer couldn't have shades,

that it had taken all the money he had to move, and to pay the first monthly payment, so I am putting shades in the houses. The same thing about screens. And that first month's payment, we just set that back. A man don't get settled in thirty days. There are so many little things that he needs. Take fuel. There is always a lot of waste wood left about a new house. Now we have that all picked up, and put into the cellar, so as to give them something to start off with. You only know about these things when you stay on the ground and watch the thing grow."

Properly enough one wonders how this policy of the Square Deal can be made to permeate an organization where there are 13,000 workers. It is certain that it cannot be imposed, that it demands time. It has had time in the Towns of the Square Deal. "I have heard this preached night and day for twenty-five years," the old ones will tell you, and a man would have to be made of stone who did not absorb some little part of it.

They have heard it preached, seen it applied, and from the least to the greatest of the directing force every man and woman is held responsible for practicing the Square Deal in the group which he directs. It is not by any one of the orthodox systems of collective bargaining that they proceed, but the spirit of peace and goodwill is there; and that is more than you can say for many a scheme of collective bargaining that has a high book value. You can't turn around in the factory that you do not see it at work. The boys in a certain room do not like the rate, think it should be higher. They go to their immediate director. He does not agree with them, so they say, "Let us go in and see Hal," or Charlie, or whom not, next higher up. Here the thing is thrashed out and ninety-nine times out of a hundred settled to everybody's satisfaction. And if it is not, there will be no doubt in anybody's mind that it will be taken still higher to the court of last appeal, their "Big Partner," Geo. F. himself.

Twenty-five years of daily practice of this system seems to have produced an almost universal confidence that it is both workable and satisfactory. Talking with a woman director and two or three operatives who left their machines to visit with me, one of the women voluntarily hazarded this remark. "Of course, we are satisfied, because if Maggie (the director present) doesn't do what we think is right, we can go to Mr. Charlie; and if he isn't square, why it is the easiest thing in the world to see Geo. F. He doesn't mind if you stop him in the street."

And Maggie confirmed the statement. She evidently was quite used to hearing the doctrine preached and commented on openly. "You see how it is, we directors have to do as near right as we can, because if we don't the girls know that they can go higher up, and they do it all the time."

Nothing is so contagious as a great and beautiful idea. People who, like this woman, have been long enough with "E. J." to be saturated with the spirit often will break out in emphatic enthusiastic comment.

"You have a nice town," I said to a young woman who has been with the company all her working life, and who has risen to what I conjecture is a very lucrative position as the director of a department.

"Nice!" she said reproachfully. "Elegant, that's what I call it. Anybody who can't be happy here ought to be six feet under the sod." Her particular cause for gladness at that moment was that a short time before she had been able to go and tell her room that hereafter they were to have pay on holidays. "How would it make you feel to be able to go to the girls and tell them that? And think of it, two weeks' vacation with pay, that is what they get. Wouldn't anybody want to put in their best licks for such a company?"

A further foundation for the confidence and good feeling that people like the men and women who have risen as high as these have is that they know the company is pledged to push them ahead as opportunity opens, and as they prove themselves fit. This pledge covers the whole 13,000.

Not only are positions filled from within, but odd jobs, new undertakings, are given to the workers. "We have found by experiment that a man can be found for anything we need done, and it is good for them to have a change." I spoke of a great sewer the firm was building, not being willing to wait for the action of the town. It is being put in by men who had been taken from the tannery and the shoe shops. "Men get stale," my guide told me, "if

you can give them a turn in the fresh air, it braces them up."

Their efficiency devices are mostly home grown. In the sales department there is a most ingenious system of tracks and switches which takes care of the boxes of shoes from the time they arrive in a car on one side of the building until they go out to the trade in a car on the other side. I was told that it had been worked out by their own people. It had all the nice feeling of a thing put together at home. The theory seems to be that if you are to get real efficiency it must be developed in the house from the workers. They have their rewards. A very young person in the great organization was not long ago given a thousand dollars for an arrangement not patentable, but highly profitable. Somebody might say, "Not enough." Possibly not, if there was nothing else to go with it. But his inventiveness has made him a man marked for promotion. Moreover, he and his fellows will have a share in the profits that his contrivance brings.

It is not wonderful that on all sides the directing force has yielded to the contagion of this very practical application of the Golden Rule. But how about the workers? After all that must be the final court of appeal. You cannot talk to 13,000 individuals in a few short days, nor is it necessary. There is no proof stronger in the working world of the satisfaction of workers than their continuing at their machine. "E. J." labor turn-over was 4 per cent. last year.

The shoe towns sent 1,692 men to the war. They lost 49 by death and almost to a man the rest are back, and for every wounded and mutilated man fit to work a position has been found. They took no vacations. The one thing they seemed to want was to get out of uniform and into overalls at the precious, steadying machine, after their experience in a mad and tottering world. Better workmen, steadier, soberer, wiser men, more ambitious, that is what I heard on all sides. These are good proofs of real contentment.

But I heard from many different lips, accidentally and by more or less skilful leading up, much hearty appreciation, confidence and often real gratitude. Again and again men and girls would tell me, "Oh, it is bully." "I think I stay always," a bright-eyed Italian woman, who had been there eleven years said. I ran across man after man and girl after girl who re-
(Cont. on Page 78)



The spirit of the community is implanted in the breasts of the younger generation. They know what fair play can mean

HOW TO KEEP IT
IF YOU HAVE IT

HOW TO GET IT
IF YOU HAVEN'T IT



Merritte W. Ireland



Wm. C. Braisted



Rupert Blue

H E A L T H

A Department Conducted by

Merritte W. Ireland, *Surgeon-General U. S. Army*; Wm. C. Braisted, *Surgeon-General U. S. Navy*; Rupert Blue, *Surgeon-General U. S. Public Health*

ALL ABOUT YOURSELF

THE SONG OF YOUR HEART

THE heart of man constantly sings a song. When the heart is healthy, and all is well with the rest of the body, it beats rhythmically one long, low-pitched sound followed by a shorter and clearer high-pitched beat, a cheery, optimistic little song of "Ubb-dup, Ubb-dup."

No two persons are ever quite alike, and even one person is not the same at different ages and under different conditions of exertion or emotion. In a newborn babe, the heart sings a rapid little "Tic-tac, tic-tac," like the ticking of a watch. In powerful, well-developed persons, the first sound, the "Ubb," is generally longer and greater in intensity than in feeble persons leading a sedentary life. The intensity of the "Ubb" is

also increased under strenuous exertion, or when a person becomes excited. The second sound, the "Dup," also varies in different people, according to the different energies of their heart action.

Sometimes the healthy heart sings a really different song, a gallop rhythm, which suggests the cadence of the footfall of a cantering horse—"Rat-ta-ta, Rat-ta-ta." Nobody knows just how this can occur in healthy people, because also it often occurs as one of the phenomena of a weak and rapidly acting heart at the height of a serious fever.

Still another form of gallop rhythm sometimes occurs in hearts that seem to be normal, but are placed under the stress of great physical effort or emotion. This is the song of "Trupp-tur-rup, Trupp-turrup." But if an individual is really healthy, this song is never a constant one.

In disease, how many woeful little variations does the heart sing, and tell the obscure story of the body's distress. In valvular heart troubles, in hardened arteries, in chronic kidney disease, aneurism, exophthalmic goitre, tuberculosis—in nearly all important ailments, the heart slightly varies its beat in some detail. There are all sorts

of heart "murmurs"—soft, blowing or bellows murmurs, or coarse, harsh, rasping sounds which in some instances are musical, or rumbling or blubbery murmurs that have been compared to the rolling of a drum. Each type conveys its own particular information.

What sort of song is your heart singing? Is it telling of health, or beating a story of distress? A physical examination once a year will record the messenger and get a warning in time. Many insurance companies offer you the privilege of an annual physical examination free of charge. Perhaps yours does. Don't miss the chance.

WAS THIS YOU?

"STOP talking," he said, "and let me sleep—I have to get up in the morning."



"I can't sleep," she told him, "I'm worrying about our children, so far away."
 "You don't worry at other times—go to sleep," he ordered.
 "I can't," she repeated petulantly.

"Go to sleep," he commanded, more loudly.

This angered her. He had no consideration for her feelings, he said.

"Go to sleep," he bellowed.

"I won't," she retorted, defiantly, "I'll talk all I please."

He bawled louder and threateningly. She replied in kind. The quarrel waxed fiercer. Soon there was the splash of water, and hysterical cries of, "Don't you throw water around my house!"—and much worse, and more of it.

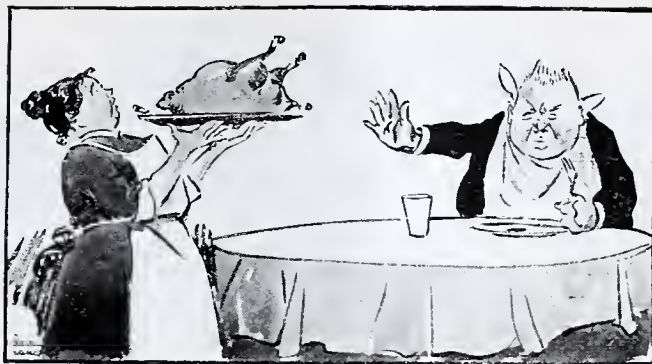
It actually happened, in a New York apartment, just as described. Sleeplessness, irritability and worry, though only the manifestations of dietetic errors, had launched the two people on a vulgar and irreparable quarrel. But the woman did not lay it to the food, and drink, and late hours, where the initial trouble belonged—she laid it to the man. And he said that his troubles, like Adam's, began with the woman.

In their primitive and exaggerated quarrel, they displayed a principle which operates just as truly with persons of much greater refinement—when the body is out of kilter, the mind and emotions tell the story. A serious family quarrel may be precipitated by a perfectly good cup of coffee, but drunk too late in the day, and thus causing sleeplessness, or by an overdose of meat and its putrefaction in the intestines, or by not enough outdoor exercise, or by constipation, or eyestrain, or too late hours.

FOOD FOR YOUR JOB

THERE are primitive races in which the men sometimes eat as much as ten pounds of flesh food in a day—but they die young! All amounts of food in excess of requirements increase your liability to all sorts of ailments. A noted English wit and divine, Sidney Smith, confesses to having taken forty-one cartloads of meat and drink beyond the requirements of health. It was to these excesses that he ascribed his affliction, in later life, with "seven distinct diseases."

On the other hand, just to keep the body processes going normally, even though you don't lift a finger, quite a lot of food is required. Even when you wink your eye, it takes energy, for which food is needed. The heart alone, in twenty-four hours, does an amount of work equal to that required to lift the average man 2,500 feet in the air. For that work nourishment must be taken. The chest is constantly moving in respiration and the digestive tract is ever busy, either with caring for one meal or preparing for the next. So that, even when lying quietly in bed, the



man of average weight and height needs in twenty-four hours an amount of food equal to a quart of milk and a whole loaf of bread. If he were very ill, he might not be able to digest this amount, and might be obliged, instead, to get it temporarily from reserves stored away in his system, or even to feed upon the body itself for a while. But starvation, even of a sick person, is dangerous.

For every muscular movement a man must add food. If, for instance, he lies quietly in bed sixteen hours, but sits in a chair for the remaining eight, he must add to his minimum diet an amount of food equal to a pat of butter and a quarter of a large potato.

If he lies in bed eight hours, sits eight hours, but stands the other eight,



he must add an amount equivalent to a large potato and two eggs.

If he lies eight hours, sits eight hours, stands four hours and walks or takes light exercise the other four hours, he needs an additional amount at least equal to another egg, or slice of lean meat as big as the palm of your hand, and half an apple. This total would represent minimum food requirements for a man of average height, weighing about 154 pounds, engaged in a "sedentary" occupation—for instance, a writer, or a draughtsman, a teacher, bookkeeper, shoemaker or a tailor.

If you do not take enough food, you weaken the body's defenses against illness, in particular, tuberculosis, pneumonia and other prevalent infectious diseases.



For any harder exertion, food must be added. Farmers generally require nearly half as much again as the above total in a day; men engaged in very heavy muscular work, such as lumbermen and excavators, may need twice as much. Men taller than the average require food according to their size, not counting fat. Women of equal physique and activity as men need the same.

The trouble is, many of us work like invalids, but eat like farmers!

YOUR BLOOD

THE red corpuscles of your blood act as little freight cars. They carry oxygen from the air (as it comes into the lungs) to the tissues of the body. Our tissues cannot live without oxygen. Deprived of it, acidosis sets in. That is the condition of our tissues after death.

The little red freight cars carry this oxygen by combining it with iron, which already exists in the cell. Most chemical combinations are rather hard and fast, and difficult to break up, but this combination of oxygen and iron is a very loose one, which makes it easy for the cell to discharge the oxygen when it comes to the hungry tissue. On the return trip these little freight cars carry waste products of the tissues back to the lungs where they are then thrown off.

Diminish the amount of iron in the red blood cell, and the load of oxygen is automatically diminished. The tissues must then suffer for oxygen, unless the rate at which the little freight cars come around with their load is increased. It is as if the milkman could leave only a pint of milk at a time instead of a quart, and therefore had to come twice as often. Roughly speaking, if there is only half the normal amount of iron in the cell, then the little freight cars must go over their route twice as often. The same is true if there are only half enough total cells. The blood is coursing at an increased rate to make up for its diminished content, and then we have the phenomenon of a rapid pulse.

With an insufficient oxygen supply to the tissues, the sensation of fatigue results and weakness. Generally the face and lips are pale. Dizziness may be a manifestation, also shortness of breath and mental depression. These are some of the common symptoms of simple "anemia," which is the term given to these conditions of the blood.

If a blood examination shows that the amount of (Continued on Page 76)

YOUR TOOTH DANGERS

A YOUNG dentist was called to a hospital to look at the teeth and gums of an old man who had been taken there with acute rheumatism. The dentist found the man's mouth fairly (Continued on Page 75)



Dr. Peter—under the S in "Pays"—in the midst of his exhibit, and some of his assistants

DOCTORING the YELLOW DRAGON

By Frank Ward O'Malley

WHEN one comes across Chinese mothers in advanced stages of tuberculosis softening rice by partly masticating it and then removing it from their mouths and feeding it to their babies; when Chinese workmen who are lepers are encountered making vermicelli and other foodstuffs—well, when a member of even the ultra-ethical profession of medicine finds himself face to face with these, and worse, conditions and begins to tackle the job of big germ hunting and extermination among a benighted people the exterminating huntsman cannot be blamed if he thinks of results first and professional ethics last.

Certainly the distinguished William Wesley Peter, A.B., M.D., C.P.H., medical missionary and father and mother and everything else of a mighty movement to apply American public health ideals practically in China, never has paused in his work to consider whether or not some doctors "back

home" would approve of the Peter methods of spreading the light. Sound the tocsin, bang the drum, wake 'em up any way, every way, so long as you wake 'em—there you have Dr. Peter's idea. Probably if it were not for the expense and other difficulties that stand in the way, Dr. Peter would take over the Ringling-Barnum circus intact and send the parade out each morning with crash of brass and trumpets' bray. He'd probably head the tumult with the most raucous voiced Chinese in captivity, standing in a snappy little runabout in the vanguard of the procession and intoning the Chinese equivalent of that warning line by which our own thrills of expectancy, in the good old days, were surcharged to the exploding point when the head of the circus parade turned into Main Street: "Hold yuah hawses see-cuahly, gen-tul-mun—the elephunts are approaching!"

Let it be thoroughly understood in the beginning that in all the profession

which Dr. Peter ornaments there is none more ethical and no one more super and hyper and ultra than he. But also he believes that in his campaign to impregnate China with Western ideals of health and sanitation and hygiene the first thing of importance in getting results is—to get results. It may be remarked in passing that Dr. Peter is of the opinion that in the practice of medicine here in America professional ethics too often become a smoke cloud that conceals good, scientific work. But that as it may, he has reason for faith in his belief that in the matter of cleaning up China one may waste time trying to awaken a sleeper by coughing politely behind one's polished and super ethical finger tips, or one may obtain instant wakefulness by standing close to the sleeper's ear and walloping loud-voiced dishpan with an equally vulgar rolling pin. Dr. Peter wallops dishpan only figuratively. Literally he makes practical use of his knowledge of

Chinese psychology by parading strings of health-advertising "sandwichmen" through the tortuous streets of Chinese communities, by banging gongs at opportune times in his health lectures and by dazzling his awe-stricken audiences with prettily colored electric lights, amazing them with cunningly devised "trick" apparatus—in a word, using all the spectacular stock in trade of the old-time long-haired Pain Killer charlatan invading an American village square on Saturday night. With this fundamental difference: Where the charlatan used tricks to trick his crowds, Dr. Peter's every assault upon the eyes and ears of the wondering throngs of Chinese who respond to his spectacular entrance to a community instantly conveys to the Chinese intelligence an elemental idea of health, sanitation or personal hygiene.

Almond eyes widen as rows of skulls are displayed in a way that show at a glance that the death rate is low in strong nations and high in weak ones; the garish lights draw instant attention to stage apparatus which drives home mighty health truths in a fraction of the time it would take to implant the same truth orally. His flaming banners bottled with ideographs pound eternally upon the theme that "national health" is indispensable to that "national strength" which plays so important a part in the musings of an awakening people.

THERE lay China sleeping when, in 1911, Dr. Peter first went to the Orient as a missionary surgeon. The special attention he had given to public health problems in his student days made him better acquainted, at least theoretically, than the average medical man with Oriental health conditions, but even Dr. Peter was shocked beyond measure when he came practically in touch with the menace itself. As he said to me recently when telling of the progress of his health campaign in the Orient, "China had, and has, all the diseases we have and then some more." He saw sights that made him rub his eyes. He tasted China. Above all, he smelled it—and his revolting senses told him that here was a field in which hurried results were of first importance, even if ultra-thetics had to be left at the post.

Whoop things up! Kick up all the fuss and folderol and fustian possible between earth and the firmament, so long as the racket achieved the great result of causing China to raise an eyelid or to cup up an ear to listen. Here was the opportunity (so he reasoned while laboring away at surgery in a humble little Chinese hospital during his first year in China) not only to help the Chinese but to make a beginning at the task which Dr. Simon Flexner and other eminent American scientists so steadily are championing—to deal a death blow to epidemics and pandemics by leaning out the endemic source. Three of the five great endemic foci of plagues," for instance, undoubtedly are in Asia, the two others being in the United States—one in an important Pacific port city of our western coast,

another in a gulf coast city of one of our Southern States. There the disease lies dormant until suddenly, and for no known reason, it starts out on a death-dealing trip which may circle the globe before the pandemic is checked. Perhaps infantile paralysis springs from an endemic focus in northwestern Europe. Possibly, probably, scientific investigators will uncover many other endemic foci in the western hemisphere and will scrub them off the map.

"Possibly" and "probably" have no place in a consideration of China as a plague spot, now or ever. The mediaeval "Black Death," with its ghastly toll of 20,000,000 European lives, came from China. The anthrax that scared Boston and vicinity about the time we entered the great war was traced to a tanyard in Hankow. China was the source of the epidemic of bubonic plague in California a few years ago—and as late as 1918 California was still making an annual expenditure of \$25,000 to chase and kill the rats and ground squirrels which had scattered through the State bearing the bacteria in their fur. China is a hotbed of smallpox, of tuberculosis, hookworm, leprosy, typhoid. Today a new China is less prone to stay contentedly at home, but has its eyes on world expansion, world commerce; and if "trade follows the flag," just so surely does disease follow trade.

Dr. Peter was filled with the desire to "do something," not simply because of the altruistic zeal of a medical missionary anxious to help a helpless people. He realized also how fatuous was the idea of always keeping our own house in order while ignoring the menacing filth in the house next door. And the native "medicine" which he found China practicing—which China still practices in vast stretches of territory where modern prophylaxis and pathology are unknown and therapeutics a joke—would be amusing if its effects were not so deplorable.

ANYBODY, everybody, may practice native "medicine" in China without legal restraint, wherefore anybody and everybody does. The result is a horde of cure-all quacks—dirty, sharp-witted, garbed in filthy robes supposed to be impressive and theoretically white. Their therapeutical equipment consists of little heaps of decayed human teeth, revolting bundles of dried snake flesh, worthless herbs and roots and grasses and mysterious and equally worthless pills and pellets. As against a Western school of medicine that feverishly seeks what is new and better, the Chinese doyens of native "medicine" go to the other extreme; not only is the Chinese "physician" unmoved by modern scientific discoveries, he is hotly antagonistic to pathological investigation. So great were the men who founded his ancient school, he argues, it were sacrilegious on the part of a mere modern to dare to add to the "knowledge" the ancients left behind them. His God of Medicine is a more or less apocryphal Emperor Shin Nung, who "made medicine" just a few (to the Chinese) years back in the period we know as B.C. 2737. Shin

Nung was particularly gifted as an observer of the effects of his medicines upon the human innards inasmuch as he had a transparent abdomen, stomach and intestines, and therefore could observe to a nicety the effects of a given concoction upon his inner mechanism. If you doubt this, ask any Chinese medical savant. But Shin Nung, despite his supernatural therapeutics, picked at the covers himself in time, leaving volumes of medical lore. Then but a few years ago, or in the "Three Kingdoms" period of A.D. 221-254, came and went the appallingly learned Hwa T'o, leaving more "learning" behind; and finally, only yesterday, or in a Sung Dynasty that began A.D. 960, lived and died one Sun, who completed the trilogy of writers whose anatomical and therapeutical dicta are the last word today in the native practice of "medicine."

TO seek anything new would be to question the holy omniscience of Old Doc Shin Nung himself! Wherefore out of this impeccable past the Chinese "physician" has learned many things undreamed of by the benighted Oslers and Flexners and those Mayo boys and William Wesley Peter—that the two chief causes of disease, for instance, are heat and cold; *ergo*, fevers are cured with cold dishes and subnormal temperatures made normal with hot; that the real way to dispel a fever is to eat quantities of a certain Chinese pear, uncooked, and that disease in general is routed by quaffing astoundingly big portions brewed from the sapless roots and herbs and grasses or cooked up from the dried flesh of serpents. Early in his Chinese work Dr. Peter had to perform amputations because the initial slight wounds of the sufferers had been infected by the vile poultices of chopped chicken or mud and dung applied to the hurts by native "doctors." Native dentistry and oral surgery are confined solely to submitting the toothache sufferer to the horrors of having a strong-armed "doctor" try to yank out a tooth with a pair of top-heavy pliers crudely imitative of the gas tongs which the great American plumber always has to return to his shop to fetch after diagnosing your bathroom or kitchen pipe lesions. Sometimes a particularly fancy tooth specialist will "beautify" toothless gums by wiring together a string of second-hand human teeth and fastening the yellowed and partly decayed set of "false" teeth into the patient's mouth by anchoring the ends of the wires through holes bored into the good teeth that are left. As for knowledge of bacteria, sanitation, preventive medicine, the health values of fresh air, light, personal cleanliness, nourishing foods, these are upstart notions of foreign devil doctors—supposing the native practitioner has heard of them at all.

Firm as was, and still is, the faith of millions of Chinese in their own "doctors" and native "medical" practices, they could not help but hear the racket around them, once Dr. Peter and his associates had walloped a passing welkin and made it ring and ring and ring. Paradoxically the Chinese have a

marked respect for modern science—always excepting the Chinese “doctor,” perhaps, or the appallingly ignorant coolie. But the unnumbered millions of more progressive Chinese of the cities and towns are awakening to the wonders of Western scientific progress. Fortunately, also, the advent of Dr. Peter’s medical missionary idea was contemporaneous with that national awakening which saw the birth of a new barred flag, tentative democracy and the rise of President Li Yuan Hung. China was beginning to echo Missouri’s shout to be “shown.”

Under the circumstances that were at once edifying and effective and amusing, Dr. Peter early had an accidental opportunity to “show” none other than the then future President Li himself, when, in 1912, Dr. Peter was a Red Cross surgeon in a small Chinese hospital and General Li was in command of the revolutionary army.

One night a soldier messenger came panting into Dr. Peter’s little hospital with the news that a whole company of Li’s soldiers had been poisoned in their barracks nearby. Dr. Peter filled two pitchers with foreign devil concoctions and hurried to the sufferers. One pitcher was brimming with an emphatic emetic, the other with a purgatorial purgative with a “punch.” Knowing the dosage capacity of the average Chinese patient, Dr. Peter lined the groaning company of Celestials up and gave to each man a teaspoonful of the emetic—and hasty, prognostic advice, the gist of which was the Chinese for, “Beat it! Meet the air! And come back here in ten minutes.” Then when something approaching calm had been attained again he administered to what was left of each given patient a cupful poured from the other or purgatorial pitcher. Nobody died; although there might have been a death list totaling one if the foreign devil doctor had not hastily faded into the night before his patients had recovered sufficiently from the second dose to get at him. A few days later General Li summoned Dr. Peter before him and ceremoniously gave him much thanks and a medal in the presence of a somewhat washed-out company of sullen yellow soldiers—who gave the doctor black and tan looks.

That was the year—1912—when Dr. Peter first began definite planning for the great series of health campaigns which were to mean so much to China and the rest of the world. For a year or more he contented himself chiefly with planning, in the meantime making



Dr. Peter again, and above him a Chinese class practicing some of the things he preaches. The younger Orientals are especially eager for Occidental enlightenment

an intensive study of the Chinese language so that, when the time should come, he could address his Chinese audiences in their own tongue. By 1914 he had acquainted himself with the needs of the work and had begun to draw into the campaign—which he now had started in a humble way—Western practitioners of the caliber of Dr. P. B. Cousland, President of the China Medical Missionary Association, who had practiced medicine in China for thirty years, and other scientists. Then in 1915 the Young Men’s Christian Association combined its forces and resources with the China Medical Mis-

sionary Association. This was followed by a further massing of strength when these two organizations amalgamated with the National Medical Association and the China Educational Association in forming a “Joint Council on Public Education,” with Dr. Peter as secretary and chief active propagandist and apostle of the new health ideas. The “Y,” having a somewhat more prosperous bank account than the other organizations, was chosen to take the directing lead in the movement. But first, last and always, the movement was and is free from all religious activities; it is concerned strictly and only with matters of health and national cleanliness.

Two years later Dr. Peter and General Li were destined to meet again, but by the time this second meeting had been brought about their positions in China had undergone a vast change. General Li had by now succeeded President Yuan Shih-kai as chief executive, and he was summoning to the “presence” not a humble hospital surgeon who had saved the lives of a company of soldiers by heroic measures, but a Dr. Peter who now might be said to be administering emetics and purgatives to a whole great nation and its body politic. By the thousands and tens of thousands the flower of the Flowery Kingdom was flocking to the lectures and health exhibitions which Dr. Peter had presented to them in the course of an itinerary of health propaganda which had carried him and his tons of equipment for health education more than 22,000 miles up and down and across an empire boasting only 6,000 miles of railway. Governors of provinces bigger and more populous than Illinois, civic dignitaries, detachments of the army and navy, learned Chinese savants, police officials and their aids, leading professional men, bankers and merchants, Chinese mothers, advanced college students and school children—all these were constantly crowding into the old temples, churches and halls to hear the lecture and see the exhibit, or into hastily constructed campaign “tabernacles.”

Even Billy Sunday himself, skilled as the evangelist is in arranging the preliminaries for a “devil drive,” might learn things from the efficient activity expended in a Chinese community as a preliminary to the appearance of Dr. Peter and his long string of wheelbarrows, weighted with thirty-eight big packing cases filled with almost three tons of equipment for health education. This paraphernalia, the intensive advance work of advertising the week’s

campaign, the preliminary organization and training of bands of local native volunteers—all this advance work is Dr. Peter's answer to his own accusations that too many American health propagandists and other uplifters give all their attention to perfecting their "product," and no attention at all to "putting up the product in selling form, doing it up in packages the people want."

"Sitting at a desk or laboratory," to quote Dr. Peter, "isn't going to help any one, no matter how excellent the scientific work accomplished, unless the lifter also arouses the mind and moves the emotions. It's a short step from the sublime to the ridiculous, but even the shortest step has a middle distance. And step as far as you like, so long as you put your stuff across. There are many organizations and individuals in America that have perfected ideas of great value, but nobody a block from their offices knows anything about their work. Put it up in packages the crowd wants. Put it over!"

To be sure that his own "stuff gets across" to the places it will do the most far-reaching good, he limits his lecture audiences to ticket holders. The members of a "Central Committee" of a given campaign, composed of leading citizens of a community and headed by the governor of the province, are instructed in advance to see to it that the tickets for the lecture one day go to the civic officials and their staffs, to the police for another lecture, the leading business men another day, and so on. The local schools are closed for half a day during the week so that the little scholars may be marched to the exhibition. The superintendent of schools turns over all his senior and junior classes to Dr. Peter, whose assistants form these older scholars in advance into a "Health Faculty," the members of which preside over the various booths and exhibits during the campaign and explain to the visiting thousands the details of Western health ideals. And when the brasses crash and the trumpets play and into town comes Doc Bill Peter and his Greatest Show on Any Earth.

Nineteen thousand Chinese stepped on one another while visiting the initial health exhibition during the first three days it was open in Shanghai. From five to thirty thousand natives, depending upon the size of the town or village visited, throng the temple, church or "tabernacle" in all communities. It is not an uncommon sight to see a queue waiting for three patient hours for the doors to open.

When Dr. Peter and his co-workers first began to consider the best way to "sell" health to the Chinese, five methods presented themselves. To distribute health "literature" was at first a hush an easy and obvious method, if it were not for the objection that ninety-five per cent. of the natives cannot read. Secondly, there was the lantern slide method, if (always if) it were not for the staggering im-

practicability of trying widely to disseminate the slides throughout a great territory so poor in transportation facilities. Thirdly, there was the method of personal visits and consultation, of going, seeing and smelling at first hand, which again was impracticable because of the limited results which thus might be accomplished. Fourthly, there was the health exhibit idea which had already been used in American cities in the fight against tuberculosis; and, finally, there was the untried and altogether unique idea advanced by Dr. Peter of conducting a nation-wide series of great health campaigns, with the health exhibit as one of the chief concrete assets of the big show.

And now the native mechanics began to pound and whack as they fashioned with nimble hands the cunning apparatus, "stage props," which Dr. Peter had conceived, planned and perfected to catch the eyes and ears and brains of his potential audiences all over the land. A keen and eagerly alert native lad, known as Dr. Peter's man "Friday," was engaged as property man and stage assistant. Early it was found that Friday's duties were too many even for him, wherefore an assistant assistant—naturally known as Saturday—was added to the traveling troupe. And in the meanwhile, Dr. Peter was completing and memorizing the main points of a lecture in the Chinese language that hammered everlastingly on the "national strength" idea so prevalent in modern Chinese thought. The very title of the lecture, "The Relation of National Health to National Strength" (he repeats the same lecture to each new and selected audience) was enough to "sell" it to the thinking Chinese.

Why was their own country, swarming with a race noted for perseverance, frugality, industry, thrift, rich in the great natural concomitants of national masterfulness—coal, metals and timber—standing still, even being pushed backward? Why? Perhaps this foreign devil wearing the shell-rimmed spectacles, whose advance agents were making so much pother round the town, had the answer.

So China flocked eagerly to the lectures.

Out in front of a pair of black curtains draping the stage steps Dr. Peter. Back of the curtains his stage is set with fascinating gimcracks that might have

been borrowed from Houdini's "act." Before he sets the stage "props" in action; however, Dr. Peter outlines to his auditors just why he has come into their community, while behind the curtains his ecstatically enthusiastic leading man Friday, or his second walking gentleman, Saturday, champ at their chewing gum in their eagerness to get into action.

Friday can be restrained no longer. On signal he comes forth from the parted curtains, garbed in native togs and wanting to gallop into the function but restraining his art to a slow walk. He walks so slowly, Dr. Peter explains, because he represents China—weighted down by the great pack he carries across his shoulders. And immediately out bounds Saturday in Friday's wake. Saturday being resplendent in a suit of American hand-me-downs and other sartorial scenery of the Western world. Saturday also carries a burden over his shoulders, but he bears his load more jauntily than Friday, or China, bears his.

"This second figure," Dr. Peter explains in Chinese as Saturday romps into view, "represents any of the great foreign nations you wish—England, America, France—Japan!"

'Snuff sed! If any aged Celestial in the audience had been finding trouble in fighting off senile drowsiness, that single mention of Nippon yanks him into wakefulness with a start.

And now slow-footed China and the fleet foreign devil are made to toe the scratch at one side of the stage. At a word from Starter Peter they race across the stage. Which wins? Oh, hush! Don't ask silly questions. And then victorious Japan retires behind the curtains while slow-going old China, or Friday, remains in view. Then after Dr. Peter has explained that although victorious Japan carried a burden, as all nations must, in her race nevertheless Japan had forged ahead of China while crossing the stage because her burden, unlike China's, contained no dead weight.

Dr. Peter opens the bag on the shoulders of tottering China. One by one he removes beams and blocks from the bag and as he hands the objects back through the curtain to the hidden Saturday, the doctor is careful to turn the beams and blocks toward the spectators in a way that permits them to see that one of the beams bears a big ideograph for "Plague"; another is marked "Typhoid" or "Leprosy" or "Smallpox," or some other of China's countless ills. And now would his audience like to see a China unhampered by these needless ills? Gravely the Chinese answer affirmatively. The curtains part. Piled high on the stage now are the disease beams and blocks. Posed on top of the heap, crushing the diseases beneath his feet, stands a partly nude and splendidly developed China (Saturday rigged out as an athlete or, when possible, the physical director of the local Y. M. C. A.)—another Ajax (Continued on Page 72)

THERE LAY CHINA SLEEPING

THE 400,000,000 were, in the main, still devoted to the medical theories of the Emperor Shin Nung, who left his vale of shadows in B.C. 2737, when Dr. Peter—two-fisted American M. D.—arrived in their midst. He has taught them American medicine and American ideals and his work is among the most important jobs in the world today.

*It's mighty good as it is
but it ought to be a*

B E T T E R

Some true tales of folks and

See announcement of prize story contest



*Miss Mary O'Donnell, who successfully
teaches aliens that this is their country*

SHE MAKES ALIENS INTO CITIZENS

By Irene B. Hare

DETROIT we think of as an American city, yet in its population of one million 33 per cent. are foreign born and 67 per cent. are either foreign born or of foreign parentage. But Detroit is not content to give this goodly part of its people just jobs and pay envelopes and let them live in quarters of their own, speaking only their own language, reading, if they can read, only their foreign newspapers, unable to understand their adopted country and its people and its customs, unable to grasp the big meaning behind that big word—America. Detroit wants all Detroiters to be Americans, and in the

peoples. In the library also she came into everyday contact with people and got practical experience for the work she is now doing.

"I am glad that I seized the opportunity of reading and studying general topics in those days," said Miss O'Donnell, "for I more or less prepared myself for this work. My reading has now to be restricted to the subject of Americanization."

After she had been with the library for several years Miss O'Donnell's family moved to Detroit. One of their friends, a member of the Board of Commerce, who had done settlement work

Americanization Committee of the Board of Commerce it has one of the liveliest organizations of its kind in the country.

It is little wonder that on this city has been bestowed the honor of having the secretary of its Committee chosen as secretary of the National Committee which met recently in Washington, and which will carry on Americanization work all over America. It is possible, however, that quite a few people will be surprised to learn that this secretary under whose auspices Detroit is extending a helping hand to foreigners, is a woman, a young woman at that, who has been just one year at her work—Miss Mary O'Donnell.

Miss O'Donnell might be said to have started her career at sixteen when, just graduated from high school and eager to enter into college life, she was offered a post in the public library of her home town of Erie, Pennsylvania. She was the youngest person who had ever held that position.

Miss O'Donnell speaks of her work there as a liberal education. It was an exceptionally fine library with a well-selected collection of books. She read everything she could find of general knowledge, being particularly interested in the study of foreign

in New York, just then started the Executive Club for the promotion of scientific management of factories and the principles of industrial welfare. At his request, she came to Detroit as librarian of this club, and in her work gathered together the finest collection of books on these subjects to be found in America. When war was declared on Germany, owing to the fact that seven of the ten experts who composed the club were taken into government service, it passed out of existence.

The library collection was turned over to the Board of Commerce as the foundation for the Business Men's Library.

At the first of January, 1918, Miss O'Donnell resigned from the Board of Commerce to go into government work, being stationed at the McCook Aviation Field at Dayton, Ohio, the most important air station from an experimental standpoint. She started their aeronautical library, which was planned to be one of the largest and most complete in the country. She also, with five assistants, had charge of all confidential documents. The work was enjoyable, the interest keen, but the secretary found a stronger call in the work of the Detroit Board of Commerce. When, in July, 1918, the vacancy occurred, the Board suggested that she should take charge of the Americanization Committee, and she consented.

The work of the Committee is varied and interesting. It acts as a public force through the employers of labor, spreading its propaganda through the newspapers, the factory house organs and through the pay envelopes. The work is carried on also through the medium of noonday talks not only by those on the staff but by others suggested by the Committee. Twice a year, when the night schools open in September and January, the Committee puts on an intensive campaign, using various agencies, such as the foreign press, foreign ministers and various prominent leaders among the foreign peoples. Some thirty thousand handbills are published in seven languages, attractively made up, and distributed through the factories to those men who would benefit by this night school instruction.

One of the biggest things to the credit of the Committee, and one which Miss O'Donnell inaugurated shortly before taking office, in September last year, is the Information Bureau for Foreigners, the first

(Continued on Page 79)

If you love your country
you'll want to help it

A M E R I C A

things that show a people's heart

on page seventy of this issue

CONCERNING CALLAHAN

By Herbert Asbury

HIS name is Callahan, and for fifteen years he was a bartender in saloons on the East Side and on the waterfront of New York City. He is not a handsome man, but he has that rare quality of personality that makes people want to talk to him, and tell him things, and get his opinion on everything from the weather to finance.

Callahan quit the liquor business when the big crash came. He is now running a lunch wagon in a little New Jersey town not thirty miles from New York, one of those little restaurants on wheels that move from place to place with the trade, and with a menu consisting principally of rolls and ham and eggs and coffee. But Callahan has never found it necessary to move, because, just as Callahan is more than merely Callahan, so is his lunch wagon more than a lunch wagon.

Callahan's lunch wagon is the com-

munity center of the town, in fact, at least so far as the men and boys are concerned. Everybody goes there, because everybody wants to talk to Callahan and learn what Callahan thinks about things. Callahan is a mixer and invites confidences, and Callahan's lunch wagon is a place to sit and gossip, so that Callahan is doing almost exactly the thing that made him a bartender—listening and talking, and doing both sympathetically and with infinite understanding—and his lunch wagon has taken the place of the saloon in that town, and has established a unique but certain place of its own besides.

And Callahan is making money, too. He has shown that men learn things by being bartenders; they acquire knowledge about men that they couldn't get, perhaps, in any other business, and he has shown that this knowledge can be applied in other and infinitely better ways than by promoting sales of whiskey. Every former bartender, of course, cannot run a lunch wagon, but if he was a good bartender he was a good mixer, and there is nothing in the world to prevent him, in whatever business he may

engage, from putting to good use the sympathy and understanding and the knowledge of human nature that he acquired while selling booze.

THE SINGER OF CINCINNATI

By Frazier Hunt

IT was the first rally of the American Legion of Cincinnati. A tall rather slender young fellow jumped on the platform and started to lead the singing.

"Where does this bird get this stuff?" some hard-boiled doughboy with three gold V's on the lapel of his coat, bawled out. "Who is this singin' guy, anyway?"

It was Soldiers' Day and these boys who had brought back the bacon from France didn't have so very much time for people who couldn't understand a little trench French.

"Give 'em a chance," another soldier shouted back. And this was all our tall young man wanted.

"Say, you girls," he shouted, "what



*The Singer of Cincinnati talking fair play
and team work to a playground gathering*

do you want to say to these boys? How's this? 'We-like-you.' Now, all together, 'WE-LIKE-YOU.'"

The roof of the great hall quivered. "All right now—what do you fellows say? Come on—'WE-LOVE-YOU.'"

That was all there was to it. Young Reeves, the singer of Cincinnati, took those hard-boiled fighting guys and their best girls right by their hands and sang them for an hour. He sang them until their hearts were pounding joyously to the music, and he sang them until they were back in France again with their own Buddies trudging along some white-ribboned road towards the front and humming the songs that had helped them win the war.

He's a great sort, this chap Reeves. He'll go right into a State convention of bankers and before five minutes have sung by he'll have all these up-stage old guys, with the double chins and the hairless brows that run clear back to their necks, singing their hearts out—lit up with song, just like in the old days some of them used to be lit up with something else.

Then he'll go out to an Old Soldiers' Day at the County Fair and these ancient fighters with their cracked voices will tear into "Annie Rooney" and "Sweet Rosie O'Grady" in straight competition with the 1919 soldier singing his "Me and My Gal." Or maybe it's a Sunday afternoon over at Eden Park where he'll have 20,000—count 'em, twenty thousand—singing new songs and old songs and love songs and joy songs and going home feeling just like the sun was shining in their hearts.

Nobody can escape Reeves. Factories and department stores take a half hour off and all the boys and girls and men and women lift themselves right out of their shoes with their songs.

The thousands of kids in Cincinnati's great system of playgrounds look forward to his weekly visits as they do to Santa Claus.

"All right, let's have a little baseball," this big-hearted song leader will shout. "Who was lead-off man for the Reds?"

"Rath!" three or four hundred shrill voices shout back.

"Fine! Rath cracks out a single and gets to first. Who's the second man up?"

"Daubert!"

"Right! He cracks out another and advances Rath to second. Who's the third man up?"

"Heine Groh!"

"Heine lays down a bunt, advances Rath and Daubert, but is put out at first. What do you call that?"

"Sacrifice!" the shrill-voiced fans shout back.

"Right! Who benefits?"

"Daubert!" a dozen voices answer.

"No," our Singer shakes his head.

"Rath!" a half hundred others about this time.

"No! No!"

"The team," some boy shouts.

"Sure—it's the team that really benefits. And we're all just one big team in this world. Every once in a while you and I have to sacrifice so that our team can win. We have to help each other

out; we have to give things and do things for each other. We have to work together—that's the reason the Reds won the World Series. . . . All right; now what do you boys want to sing?"

Opening hearts to the sunshine—breaking crusts and giving friendliness a chance; establishing old-fashioned community spirit through neighborhood sing-fests; just making plain people happier and finer. That's what Reeves, the Singer of Cincinnati, is doing. And Cincinnati pays him for doing it. He's the only real paid city song leader in the world—but there'll be a lot more when other cities find out what he is doing for Cincinnati.

Reeves, whose whole name is Will R. Reeves, hails from Yonkers, N. Y., and came into Cincinnati during the war days in the rôle of a song leader of the War Camp Community Service. Forty-eight hours after he had hit the Cream City the town belonged to him. He jumped into the Liberty Loan Campaign and organized great singing receptions for the returned soldiers and in a hundred and one ways made his influence felt.

With the soldiers home and his official duties ended, the men of Cincinnati concluded it would be a municipal tragedy to let Reeves go. So fifty-one of the leaders, under the chairmanship of J. J. Rowe, formed the Fifty-one Club, and financing the scheme themselves, signed up Reeves as Cincinnati Song Leader for the next two years.

They simply gave him to the people of Cincinnati. Any group, club, society or anybody can call on him at any time. He's Old Doc Cheerfulness and goes around prescribing courses of songs for whatever ails his patients.

And the funny thing is that he's leading the League of Doctors with his new medicine; he's batting 400 per cent. in Permanent Grouch, Loneliness, Caloused Heart and Thoughtlessness cures.

THE ONLY COAT THAT JOSEPH HAD

By Angelo Patri

JOSEPH and the north wind rushed around the corner together. Once safe in the shelter of the row of shops, Joseph stopped to catch his breath, and the north wind flew on to blow the next loose scrap of humanity about, shake out his coat tails, and snatch off his hat and tear away with it and toss it high and low and then go off laughing through the telegraph wires and set them to shivering and chattering.

Joseph rested in the warmth of the sunshine that was reflected from the big window. He lost some of the chill that had found its way through the thin places of his worn jacket. It was much behind time in covering him and many washings short of his long arms. As the boy grew longer the coat grew shorter, but as one does not see the

ravages time makes on the face of his friend, so Joseph did not heed the signs of age in his jacket.

He had stopped before the window labelled "Presents for Him" and the place of honor was given to a sumptuous brown sweater of such bulky proportions of collar and cuffs, such profusion of buttons and pockets as to make the youngster's eyes pop with respectful admiration.

There was neither envy nor wistfulness in the gaze that he directed toward the royal garment. Possession of such things lay in the realm of dreams with automobile trips and circus parties—to be taken out and furbished up to pass a dull hour—but of no use in the work-a-day world.

Dancing from one foot to the other and swinging a couple of dog-eared books from the end of a frayed strap, he whistled and gazed intently until a plumber's helper, urged on by the busy north wind, halted breathless beside him.

"Some sweater, hey?" Joseph gloated in the camaraderie of the street.

"You said it, kid," and the helper hitched his trousers, humped his kit to a more comfortable angle and went on his way.

Joseph ran off swiftly in the direction of the school.

He pushed open the playground door and a whiff of warm pine-scented air greeted him.

"Smells good in here, doesn't it? Nice and warm, too. Going to have a party for the Belgians or is it just our Christmas?" he asked the teacher who was pushing thumb tacks into the poster that said, "Give."

"Right both times. Belgians and Christmas. Big meeting here to-night to raise a Christmas fund for the Belgians."

A bell rang in the distance and Joseph and the others filed off to their lessons.

Just at the end of the literature lesson the teacher called Joseph.

"Read the last of the page, Joseph, and tell us what you think it means."

"Not what we give, but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare.
Who gives himself with his alms,
feeds three,
Himself, his hungering neighbor,
and Me.

"That means that if I want to give something to somebody, it must be something that I want myself—or it won't be any good."

"Right you are, Joseph. Who gives self—You must feel that the other fellow is the one that counts. You don't think of yourself. Give in the spirit of Christmas. Give yourself. Then it is you find God.

"This Belgian Drive means that. Don't give things that you can't use yourself. They are generally of no use to other people either."

The class went down to the auditorium. The auditorium teacher told them of the gallant little country that had thrown her life in (Continued on Page 74)



“INQUIRE WITHIN”

IS there a spirit of malingering and irresponsibility in the world, or are these little evidences that a good many of us see every day only sporadic and occasional? People are constantly speaking of exhibits of neglect of work, of indifference to results—a sort of general, though perhaps not acute, recklessness as to conduct, expenditures and duties. Some friends of ours, in talking of similar observations, have mentioned the fact that they felt a certain let-down in themselves. Even men of energy and conscience confess that they have to fight against the contagion of these phenomena, that seem to produce an atmosphere in which the old standards of loyalty and rectitude are kept up only with special exertion and attention.

It is generally observed in the large cities that the unusual and higher payments for all forms of work do not seem to carry with them any special stimulus to interest, energy or efficiency. Indeed, it would appear as if there were a loosening or a lowering of the moral understanding as to the implied contract entered into when work is undertaken.

From a wide reading of newspapers from all parts of the country, from conversation with many people of scattered interests, and representing many communities, it is our judgment that these phenomena are not isolated and local. It isn't simply that untrained office boys, suddenly receiving such payment as formerly was received in the skilled trades, are indifferent and careless. It isn't simply that the truck drivers and porters, in handling goods, do not seem to care whether the boxes break or damaging delays occur from inefficiency or inactivity. It isn't simply that the undoubtedly needy men who are this minute working on our street, making pavements, dilly dally and drop their tools, even in cold weather, unless the boss cracks the whip of his tongue over them. It isn't simply that the janitor doesn't keep up to his job of stoking and cleaning, or that the gatherers of waste in the city put one-third of the can's contents on the sidewalk and another third over in the street, with a disregard of how much gets into the cart.

The indifference penetrates the highest forms of work. I know of a great factory, employ-

ing thousands and thousands of men, in which the output, man for man, and machine for machine, of the higher form of highly paid, skilled, brainy labor, is 25 per cent. less than it was five years ago.

All this goes on, in spite of the fact that apparently we learned to speed up during the war, in our work and in our personal lives. We thought that we had found new reservoirs of energy, a new capacity for self-direction. And, Heaven save the mark, we thought we had found a new conscience.

We complain of what we call social unrest. We condemn the Bolshevik wildly and cruelly seeking something by mass action, which can only be secured by individually decent and human deeds welded into a collective force. We talk of “Reds” and “Revolution,” but are we seriously trying to root out the Bolshevism in our own hearts and in our own work? Are we quite up to our responsibility in destroying the personal seeds of revolt against our own old better standards of life and work?

There are, in these hesitating, tentative observations and questions some kernels of truth at least. They may start in some of you, as the accumulation of them has in the writer, a revival of trains of thought, a stirring of determinations, a quickening of the sense of responsibility for contributing to the unsettled conditions of the larger world through the smaller regard for right-doing and right-thinking in personal lives and in daily personal duties. It is our own share that we are responsible for. It is the sum of the individual acts that counts. When we correct ourselves, we contribute to the correction of the world. When we think rightly, sensibly and honorably, we contribute to the right thought of the world. We are apparently convalescing, and that is a period which requires patience and self-restraint.

If your observation corroborates what has been set down in this sincere but inadequate presentation, think on these things; search your own heart; examine with un pitying frankness your own works and find out, if possible, what you can do there to help revive the needed, wholesome standards of life and service!

J. S. P.



*"As the Dean went in and out among them
quality of it, and she caught too the attitude of*

THE passengers looked up and lifted a bit out of their lethargy as the big, bronzed plainsman, enveloped in whitey-yellow dust and an odor of sagebrush, broke breezily into the car and looked about welcomingly, as one who carried the keys of the West.

The Dean, sitting rigidly in the end section, square-headed, compact-bodied, snapping black-eyed, middle-aged efficiency fairly bristling generalship, whispered to the pencil-figured young woman beside her, "There, my dear, is a typical Western character"—as one might say, "Observe the desert lizard, how it crawls." The young woman looked, if listlessly, for one did as the Dean commanded. But the man was coming their way; he was stopping.

"You're the new Dean of the Agricultural College from Boston," he said, offering his hand.

"I am," admitted the Dean, drawing up.

"I'm mighty glad to meet you, Dean; and this is the new Household Arts teacher who's to show Oregon wives how to make biscuit." He chuckled as he took the limp fingers of the younger woman.

"Are you officially connected with the college?" the Dean stiffly inquired.

He chuckled again, a maddening sort of chuckle, amused, good humored, unenlightening. "Not exactly," he said.

TWO WIVES AND A

By Anne

Illustrated by

"Better come on outside now, for we're getting to where it's interesting."

The Dean found herself following the big plainsman to the rear platform, unbending, listening, regardless of the fact that he brought no letter of introduction and did not give his name. The flat, yellow outlook of the past two days was rapidly giving way to moist, hilly greenery, while on ahead were towering mountains; they had entered the Columbia River Gorge through which the wide, smooth-flowing river goes fretlessly to the sea along a way of silvery waterfalls, weirdly beautiful peaks and cones, and smaller tributary gorges all verdure-hung and veiled with mist from their own tumbling waters. The sky now played changing colors over the whole, picking out the emerald islands and the

"It seems to me," said the Dean, looking contemplatively into the ruddy lane, "that you have every problem in the world in here: isolation, everything in the raw, no artificial aids, few amusements, terrific labor—and yet—and yet—"
The big plainsman waited.



she caught the thrill of the thing, the epic these people of the West towards the school"

QUART of SEED WHEAT

Shannon Monroe

Angus MacDonall

She threw back her shoulders with a gesture that might have belonged to a New England pioneer. "And yet how puny seems all that life back in the cities. This is living—out here in the wilderness—this is creating, making a real mark on the earth." The Dean was won over.

mysterious desert-type ones—those burying grounds of a dying race where Nature permits no green thing to root—throwing searchlights down narrow canyons, bringing into high relief the lichen-etched, many-hued rocks and sumptuous, air-scenting shrubs and trees.

"And so this is the old Oregon country," said the Dean, dreamily wooed. "The country Great Britain and the United States played battledore and shuttlecock with for so long; the country—"

"—saved to the United States," interrupted the big plainsman, "by two wives and a quart of seed wheat."

The Dean was suddenly attentive.

"It was the wives of Whitman and Spalding—the first actual settlers—with their quart of seed wheat that fastened

the old Oregon country firmly to the United States; these women proved that women could cross the Rockies by crossin' 'em, and that the country could be settled by settlin' it, and that wheat could grow by growin' it; it was up to the women in those days, and I dunno but the biggest problem in the world today—its food—is up to 'em right now."

"As farmerettes—" the Dean began, but the big plainsman again interrupted.

"The Columbia Gorge is a great old courtier, a great old lover; he wins everybody, but—" he paused and eyed the Dean keenly, "you ain't truly won unless you're ready to do something for 'im, somethin' for the country he introduces you to, somethin' big. Do you know what's over on the other side of these high mountains that wall in the gorge? On the other side and goin' clear through the state to California? It's a big country over in there; you could set down several of your eastern states in it; well, what's in there?"

"I haven't the faintest idea," admitted the Dean.

"Then I'll tell you. Over in there is the last kick of the old-time West, the last of the sort of thing your ancestors came over in the *Mayflower* to find; they tacked a religious reason on to it in those days, because it wasn't popular then to follow any human impulse without a religious reason; but what they was actually looking for was just plain

Two Wives and a Quart of Seed Wheat

wild virgin land and a free life like you'll find over on the other side of the mountains. There's enormous hay fields in there that Nature plants and tends, and fishin' streams that's never been fished out, and millions of game birds, and range cattle—and some sheep, and some humans, mostly cattle men and buckaroos; mostly, I say—for a settlin' sort of life is forever tryin' to edge in, a soil-hungry, work-mad sort of life that Nature breeds enough of to insure food for the world if the world takes up the job where she leaves it and gives 'em a helpin' hand. They filter in from the corn belt and the cotton belt and from city desks and from towns round the edges, and they get a piece of ground that just suits 'em—a soil-hungry man always knows what piece he wants—and he starts in to farm it; naturally, knowin' nothin' about the soil but that it lays nice, and nothin' about the climate, and havin' no neighbors to give him a hint—and there bein' almost no real farmin' in the whole country any way—everything's cattle—and takin' a whole season to demonstrate his mistakes, he fails and is starved out in a few years and leaves the country cussin' it, to become a soured city wage earner—for one of these soil-hungry men won't never work happy for wages—an I. W. W. or what not; his hope's gone, and that's the biggest loss; a food producer is gone, and that's hard on a starvin' world; and others are discouraged from tryin' where he failed, and that's mutiplyin' the thing; I want to correct all this."

The Dean was aroused; here was a thing that needed handling, that must be handled. "The Government—" she began.

BUT the big plainsman leaned closer and looked steadily into her eyes: "Dean, I'm putting it up to you as another woman come out of Boston. You're on your way over to the coast where the country's railroaded and settled up as nice and slick as anywhere in the East, and you'll soon be teachin' students from our prosperous apple and prune orchards and wheat fields and cattle ranches; but you'll find that they lose the appetite for real work with four years off it in college, and they turn mostly into professors and lecturers and teachers—anything but actual food producers; physical idleness and the lure of the town and takin' 'em away from the soil in the heart of their youth and formin' 'em to other habits all does for 'em, and the soil is just drained of its labor, and there's no one to take their place; you can't never educate people back to the soil—the only way is to take him that Nature gave the soil-love to, and help him *right on the soil*, right where he's tryin' to work the thing out.

"Dean, what I want you to do is to organize a school and bring it in to us over in our wilderness this winter during your Christmas holidays, when the settlers 'll have time to attend. Bring along your best professors to instruct 'em in the soil and what to plant and when and where—just as definite as the Government gave the women recipes for

making bread when they had to use strange ingredients—that's what virgin soil is—strange ingredients; bring along this little teacher to show the wives how to make ham and potatoes and prunes and beans interesting when you eat 'em every day of your life. Dean—" he stood on his feet and thrust out a massive arm, "the great school bells will be ringin' all over America's last wilderness; will you come?"

The Dean, too, was on her feet. "Of course I will come!" she exclaimed.

"This is my station," said the big plainsman, and shaking hands he left them.

FOUR months later, at daybreak, the Dean with her staff, two unenthusiastic professors, one of agronomy and the other of animal husbandry, and the pencil-figured young teacher of Household Arts who had a slight cough, stepped sleepily off the train at the railway terminal of Bend into a world all sheeted white under a cold, blue sky. There were a few hunched-up, fur-coated loungers and from these one presented himself as the driver of the big touring car that was to carry them to the interior. He had a motley array of clumsy fur coats for them, and he tucked them into the car under still heavier fur rugs, adjusted foot warmers, and they were speedily off on the 200-mile journey across the open plains.

The talk was dangerously near the fussy line. The young teacher was sure she would contract pneumonia; the two professors hadn't any idea they were being let in for anything like this; but as they bored steadily deeper into the desert stillness the talk quieted down. Not a thing came in sight to break the level monotony of the great white world, not a fence or a building of any kind. They might have been on a treadmill, for nothing marked progress. An occasional half-starved jack rabbit scampers out of the way, and now and then a coyote swung into a trot back of them, but soon loped away to other haunts.

Toward noon the driver stopped the car and offered them a box of sandwiches and a thermos bottle of hot coffee, but they were too anxious to arrive somewhere out of space to stop long for food. The wheels rolled on into the afternoon and still there was no sign of human habitation. The lowering sun began to play fantastic colors over the great, white world; the snow caught up the tints—pink, amber, lavender. The Dean dropped her head against the cushion of furs and let herself go in the rhythm of motion and color.

"In the heart of a great king opal," she repeated softly to herself. The Dean had taught much poetry, but it had perhaps been a long time since she had felt poetic.

Night settled over the plains long before they rolled into the main street of the sprawling cattle town of Burns. The Dean was awakened by the cessation of the car's motion and a booming voice that she remembered.

"Pile out, pile out," the big plainsman was commanding them. "You'll feel fine when you've stretched your legs and et a bite."

They were at their journey's end; oh, and it was good to be warm, to eat, to be just a comfortable animal.

Early the next morning the big plainsman was in from his ranch near town to breakfast with them and make plans, for the school was to begin at once. The moving picture hall was set apart for the men, and the schoolhouse for the women. Immediately after breakfast they set out on a trip of inspection and final preparation. The town was swarming with ranch people picturesque in heavy furs. The invitation had gone out to every settler within a radius of 150 miles to come to school and be the guest of Burns, and all had apparently accepted. There were bachelors from far-off hill pockets and buckaroos from cattle ranches; there were young women homesteaders not taking their ranching very seriously, and there were entire families that had been on the road three days, many of them sleeping in their wagon beds at night, the wives taking turns driving with their husbands. As the Dean went in and out among them she caught the thrill of the thing, the epic quality of it, and she caught, too, the attitude of these people toward the school. There were hungry eyes, curious eyes, hopeful eyes, doubting eyes, trouble-making eyes; her throat tightened: Weren't they after all just a lot of children on the first day of school, not a bit older, not a bit more leveled up, just as restive, just as credulous, just as immature and just as human? They had been summoned to come to school and learn of their own daily problems. No wonder they doubted even while they came.

She caught the amused swagger of the buckaroos, cynical, unbelieving, swinging about in their heavy sheepskin chaps and wide hats, smoking their endless cigarettes and knowing the thing could not be done. "Guess the Creator knowed what side o' the soil he wanted up; if he'd a wanted it turned over, he'd a turned it over; don't take no stock in all this interferin' with nature myself." Such was their attitude, but they were looking on, and would attend school, and no doubt be the bad big boys that always discomfited "teacher" in rural districts; she suddenly wished she were teaching the men; she might take a hand if it came right down to it—the Dean's generalship was in full swing.

WHEN she entered her classroom she found it packed. The women had thrown coats and caps and robes onto tables and in the corners and had put their babies to sleep in the pile, while older children played outside in the snow. It was a tense moment for the Dean; she had talked before every kind of a food-producing audience in the East, including kitchen gardeners and farmerettes, but never had she stood before an audience of women partners of men bent on conquering virgin soil, women of the wilderness who were throwing their strong, vibrant lives into the herculean task of growing food where only wild cattle had roamed before. Results—that would be the test; their keen minds would pierce through



"She didn't get farther for the women were excitedly waving their hands and by the time all the questions were answered, it was noon and time to nurse the baby"

theories to facts. It suddenly flashed over her, what if the ovens refuse to bake?

She began with potatoes, the commonest food in their lives, putting the young assistant to paring while she talked. The Dean was an inspiring talker with the happy knack of anecdote and humor and a bit of philosophy tucked in. She quickly got their attention, and the assistant's swift-working little parer and slicer interested them. What on earth would she do with a peck of potatoes? They were speedily to find out. First, she half filled a large brown baking dish with thin slices, poured in a pitcher of thick cream, adding seasoning and squares of butter and placed it in the oven. The assistant meanwhile had a kettle of fat boiling up good and hot, and the Dean now dropped in other thin slices of potatoes, which were lifted out in a few minutes, and they sampled—many of them—their first deliciously crisp Saratoga chips; followed golden-brown French fries, and they were scarcely through sampling these when the creamed ones were done and exhibited, all rich and brown in their buttery, creamy gravy. These were served in small sauce dishes as far as they would go.

She could cook; their interest was not only secure, but firmly hitched. Now they would listen to anything she had to say, and she had much to say, especially on the health necessity of attractiveness and variety in food. She told them how many a man contracted dyspepsia because when his eyes lighted on the same sizzled-out ham and fried potatoes and stewed prunes that he'd eaten the day before and the day before that, and on back through all the days, his glands just locked up tight; while with varied and attractive food they opened and let the juices pour into his stomach, and you had a happy, normal man sitting opposite you instead of a cross, grumpy old dyspeptic.

She didn't get farther, for the women were excitedly waving their hands, and one said she'd just like to see her cook prunes different, and another wanted to know what under the sun you could do to ham but fry it, and others insisted that she stop and tell them exactly how she made the creamed potatoes and the other kinds so they could write the recipes down, and what did the parer and slicer cost, and where could you get them, and by the time the questions were all answered, goodness gracious, if it wasn't twelve o'clock and time to nurse the baby!

The afternoon session was even more packed and everyone now had a notebook and pencil; they learned how delicious were stuffed prunes—steamed and seeded and stuffed with nuts and fondant and rolled in powdered sugar; and prune soufflé, and prune whip—and how different stewed prunes tasted with a stick of cinnamon or a slice of lemon dropped in. And the next day there were lessons on bread making, most of the wives confessing to bread troubles: "You just can't

make good bread with this flour." Only the Dean demonstrated that you could when you knew how to handle it, the same as the soil of a new country—you had to understand it first; and there was a wonderful lesson on roasting ham—an ordinary ham such as they chunked up every week of their lives for frying, only the Dean did it differently; she thrust it through and through with a sharp knife and stuck in bay leaves and cloves and slices of onion, and put it in the oven to bake with the assistant on the job of basting occasionally; and there was a lesson on making coffee—using a bag so as to lift it out when the coffee had to stand, thus keeping it from going stale; and eggs came in for a share of doctoring and dressing up, and beans, good old substantial beans—she taught them to make the Boston baked kind. And then there were all sorts of first aid lessons, and talks on sluggish livers which accounted for most of the grumpiness dyspepsia didn't account for, and the care of mother and child in childbirth, for many of these women gave birth to children without other care than their husbands were able to give them, so far were they from neighbors, doctors and nurses.

In the meantime things had not gone quite so well over in the men's school: Tests to find the contents of soil and determine in advance of planting what it would best grow might be all very well in a college, but the practical farmer didn't take it very seriously. They had always worked blindly in soil and many of them likely always would. The professors were at a disadvantage; the Dean could produce the result of her advocated method and prove its virtue right on the spot, but a whole season must pass to prove the professor's theories. At a critical moment an unobtrusive stranger got to his feet and voiced a challenge. "I've got ten thousand dollars to invest in a ranch," he said. "If, when this school is over, that chinook wind you folks are always talking about comes along and rips off the snow and ice, and if the professor here will help me select a piece of ground and tell me by his tests what to plant on it, I will agree to follow his instructions to the letter; will any one match me with a similar investment to

follow the plan of our friend over here who admits he's failed two seasons but means to try the same method over again because it always worked in the corn belt?"

No one would; it was a silencer. After that the demonstrations went on with less friction, and the men became steadily more attentive to plans for pulverizing, fallowing, ditching, seeding and harvesting. They began to see what scientifically directed work might produce from soil that had so far made a few men rich by its free offering of wild grass and sweet water. And the talk on the street between sessions began to turn on what they'd plant next year, how they'd plant it, and the prospect of making the mid-winter school a regular institution for reports of progress or failure, for discussions and suggestion, perhaps for solving the problem of marketing, that eternal bugbear to the producer, and even of roads, practical roads over which crops could be hauled. So far, roads had not interested the taxpayers unless they wound past waterfalls and over mountains rich in scenery. Perhaps they could generally educate the taste of the public to appreciate producing ranches as a fine bit of scenery worth driving past. There were all sorts of wild speculations.

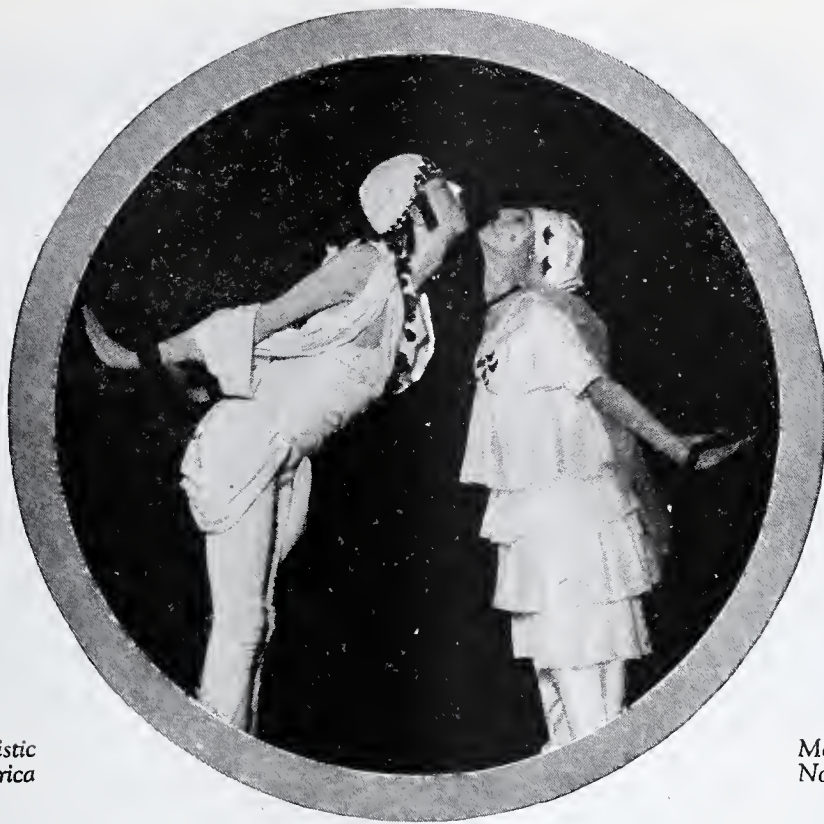
A banquet followed by a dance was to wind up the school, the distinctive feature of the former being that only the dishes which the women had learned to cook would be served, and each was invited to contribute the offering which most interested her. The men had done a good deal of good-natured scoffing at the idea of their wives going to school to learn to cook, and now these gentlemen were to be shown!

All through the last day there was a great boiling and baking and steaming and beating and creaming in the many borrowed kitchens, while a couple of village doctors with the whole town down with scarlet fever couldn't have been busier than were the Dean and her assistant with consultations and testings and samplings and seasonings. By six o'clock every dish had been delivered at the schoolhouse, long tables were spread with white cloths, cups, plates and silver, and a dozen young townswomen—who were to do the serving—together with the Dean and the young teacher in snowy caps and aprons, awaited the guests. And they came, the rangy, rugged men of the ranches filing shyly in with their wives, the laughing-eyed girl homesteaders, the bachelors well aware of the girls and trying to appear unconscious, the grinning buckaroos, all mixed up together in the first big community bread-breaking of these soil-tamers.

And then the dinner came on, great, brown, juicy hams resting in beds of parsley which the Dean made the men carve correctly, as she carved, an operation that broke the ice and set everyone free with merriment; and baking dishes full of creamed potatoes of a rich lushness not even remotely akin to the (Continued on Page 73)

KEEP HIM CONTENTED!

YOU can do it, you wives—all other things being equal—if you give him good food, well cooked. And you know a cheerful husband makes for a happy home, happier children, a happy YOU—and thus a better America. For the more happy homes there are in this country, the better off all of us shall be and, after all, WE are the country.



Showing that the creative, artistic instinct is alive all over America

Mordkin? Lopokowa? Diaghileff? No! Community Players at play

Community players prove Shakespeare was right—

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE

The Drama Becomes Common Property

By Constance D'Arcy Mackay

CAN it be that the American Shakespeare is soon going to be born? In England, before the birth of the Bard of Avon, all the people in towns and villages were acting plays and pageants. Every guild had its group of players, whether fishmongers, or shepherds or merchants or dyers. The same holds true of America today. From east to west, miners and farmers, teachers and mechanics, are acting or staging some form of community drama, are finding in it an answer to the question of the hour: what is constructive leisure?

There are little theaters, bands of strolling players, pageants and masques. Saloons, town halls, churches and country stores are being converted into community theaters.

People have discovered that there are many fine plays which have no financial value, and which therefore are not possible for the professional theater; and they have banded together to produce them. Country folk in districts where professional plays never come have discovered that they can be their own playmakers. And deeper than all this, back of it all, is the knowledge that nothing gives such joy and savor to life as to *work together toward a desired goal.*

"And no one shall work for money
And no one shall work for fame,
But each for the joy of the working—"

might be taken for the motto of the whole community drama movement, for imaginative recreation is *re-creation*.

These pageants and plays are not only giving delight to the people who take part in them—they are affording young and unknown dramatists scope for their powers.

The extraordinary one-act sea plays of Eugene O'Neill and the subtle plays of Susan Glaspell were first given in the Provincetown players' tiny theater in New York, where a group of artists, authors and editors produce plays that have lovely imaginative scenery costing less than \$14.00 a set!

Among little amateur theaters this is by far the most significant group. They began in Provincetown, Mass., fitted up a theater in a fish house at the end of a wharf and sold their seats by subscription. They were so immediately successful that they transferred their efforts to New York, where most of the members live in the winter time. They remodeled an old bottling establishment

near Washington Square, arranged an auditorium with rows of quaint benches seating about one hundred and fifty; built a stage; and at less than a dollar a seat have given some of the finest programs in New York on a subscription basis! They play two weeks out of every month. This leaves their members free to follow their vocations; to the theater they devote their leisure time. It is an open secret that the equipping and remodeling of the defunct bottling establishment cost only \$2,000. These players need never fear a loss, since their subscription list covers their expenses in advance. The theater is run on a club basis, and no tickets are sold at the door. This does away with the theater tax.

Next in importance is a gifted group of amateurs called The Vagabond Players of Baltimore, who have been appearing in a tiny playhouse seating sixty, a playhouse which was remodeled from an old saloon. So successful have they been that they are now building a new theater which will seat three hundred people. They produce one-act plays only. Each month an original play by a Baltimore author is given. They make their own scenery and costumes and their theater charmingly suggests the days of François Villon.

At Chapel Hill, North Carolina, are

Folk-lore and superstition furnish the material upon which the players of the people often erect dramatic structures that serve to entertain and enlighten even if they are never celebrated in high lights on the Great White Way. A performance in The Play-House, Chapel Hill, N. C.



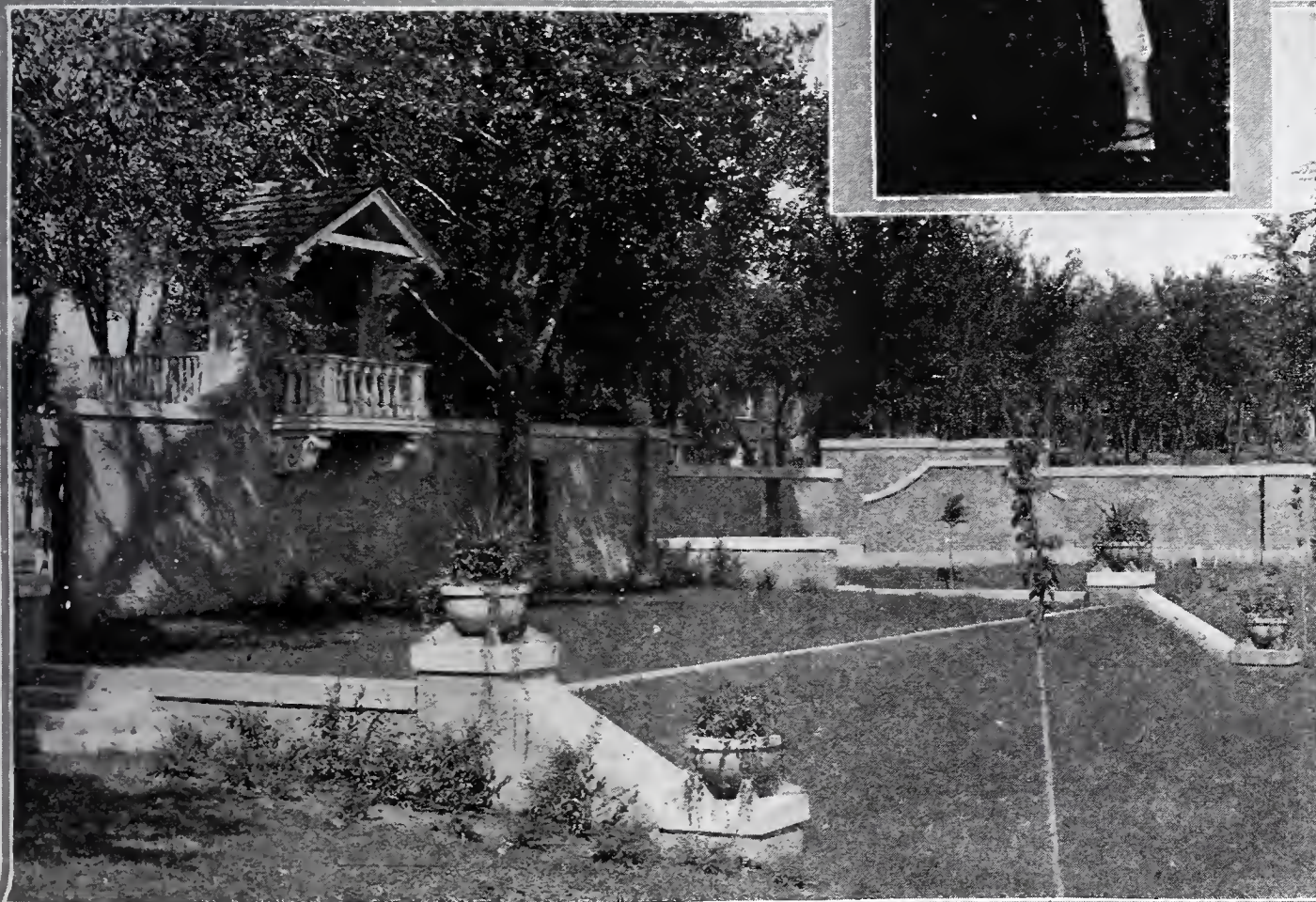
Ah, see the Poet! What is the Poet doing? He is captivating the Lady Fair with the sound of his own voice and verse. Does the Lady Fair like it? One would asseverate that it seems to be getting to her. Note the Soulful Stare as the honeyed words drip from the lips of the young man! When the Practical Lover appears won't he be mad? He will. Won't he want to assassinate the Budding Genius? Doubtless. Now aren't you interested and could professional actors do this any better than these Community Thespians?

There's a serious and uplifting theme in many of these home-grown dramas too. Here for instance is a scene from a play of which the hopeless condition of the children born to the serfdom of the soil, is the motive. One fine feature of this growing love for the play all over America is that, in addition to providing clean, wholesome, unusual diversitement to loads of people who have never seen a real box-office, it is encouraging the young authors of the country. Who knows—the author of this article raises an interesting question—how soon our own Shakespeare may not be brought to light as a result of this movement. Just one Shakespeare would make aeons of effort worth while.





The Vagabond Players of Baltimore determined to have a theatre, come what might. A defunct saloon looked promising and they went to it. Above is a scene from a play in the one-time home of the late Mr. Bacchus which shows how they succeeded. Is there anything significant in the fact that the name of this play is "Ryland?" One of the most beautiful of these community theatres is the out-door auditorium at Yankton, South Dakota, which is shown below. Works by authors whom Broadway never saw—and who, perhaps, never saw Broadway—make these places the center of local activity. At the right a Community Pan is piping away like a real professional and just as musically.



All the World's a Stage

the Carolina Playmakers who, under the direction of Frederick H. Koch, have a community theater remarkable for the original folk plays it produces—folk plays woven from the lore of the North Carolina mountains, just as Lady Gregory wove folk plays of the Irish from the wild west coast of Ireland. "When Witches Ride," a play of North Carolina superstition, has been one of the most remarkable productions of the new development in American folk art.

Duluth, Minnesota, has a theater remodeled from an old church. The people of Duluth declare that the productions in this theater are better than any of the professional offerings which reach this far-away town.

ALLENDALE, New Jersey, has a tiny Peter Pan Playhouse ingeniously contrived from a parish house, which uses the coupon ticket system and sells seats for twenty five cents.

Mr. Alfred Arvold's little North Dakota theater not only produces the best one-act plays of American, English, Irish and Norwegian dramatists, but teaches how these plays may be taken back to the farm and produced in town halls so that the people in lonely agricultural districts may have the joy of drama.

"This show has got the movies skun a mile," declared a farmer at this little country theater after witnessing a play by Lady Gregory. This autumn Mr. Arvold took a company of community players and gave one-act plays before enthusiastic audiences at the State Fair.

The New York State Commissioner of Agriculture has recently experimented in this direction. He gave the dramatic work into the hands of some Cornell students who put on "Neighbors" by Zona Gale; a "Pot o' Broth" by Yeats; the "Workhouse Ward" by Lady Gregory and "The Bracelet" by Alfred Sutro, at the New York State Fair. They played in a barn on the Fair Grounds, and drew such an attendance that they had to give four performances a day. Their rough whitewashed theater seated four hundred people. During their week at the Fair they played to six thousand people. They were just as much an exhibition as the Midway; but the people forsook the Midway to come to them. The purpose of this exhibit, in the words of a State document, was to "indicate how easily a community may bring to itself plays that it will enjoy seeing, enjoy working on and be glad to have its people brought up with."

The community houses of Eveleth, Minnesota; of Russell, Kansas; of Chatham, New York; of Oceanic, New Jersey; and of Kentfield, California; make community drama a part of their program for getting people together. Kentfield makes a special point of its scenery and costumes, which are made by the people themselves. They alternate Shakespearean plays with light modern comedies. The Peoples' Theater of La Jolla, California, is also very much alive. Its players give four productions a year, all of them of a high order, including "The Maker of

Dreams," "Hyacinth Halevey," "The Doll's House" and "The Twelve Pound Look."

With the new movement for community houses equipped with auditoriums, there will soon be one hundred and fifty possible country theaters to reckon with. In time to come there may almost be a country circuit for players and plays.

The acting of Christmas miracle plays out of doors has become part of the Christmas celebration in many communities. Only this last Christmas, Mill Valley, California, used an old Spanish mission as a setting for one of these plays. Light streaming through a doorway and a glimmering star showed where the manger stood; to this came the shepherds, the Magi on camels, with tinkling camel bells, the children of Bethlehem with toys in their hands, and last of all, in great numbers, angels, costumed like the glowing pictures of Fra Angelico. This community plans to give an outdoor Christmas play or pageant every season.

The great war, descending like a huge black drop curtain, ended for the time being many of the activities of this movement as conducted by communities. Now that the war is over, communities are again taking up the work where they left off.

IN sheer constructive planning, in what may be called *rotation of recreation*, Bennington, Vermont, a town that is situated in the heart of the New England farming country, easily leads all villages.

The Public Welfare Association of Bennington exists, as is said in a preamble to their constitution, "to make leisure hours constructive and recreation wholesome." Membership dues of the league at one dollar, and entertainments with admittance fees at a moderate rate finance the whole undertaking. Bennington's programs of imaginative recreation are never allowed to become monotonous. Take an example covering four years of work:

FIRST YEAR—

May Day Festival of the Folk Dances of all Nations.

SECOND YEAR—

Washington's Birthday, *The Pageant of Patriots* (with all the schools participating).

Public Ceremonial of Camp Fire Girls in Opera House.

Community Festival in April, given indoors: Folk Dancing. Chorus. Play. Tableaux.

Peace Pageant produced on July 4th. Labor Day. Program of the Folk Songs of All Nations (outdoor).

Halloween. Procession of Headless Horsemen, Witches, Spooks, Indians.

Community Christmas Tree and Band Concert.

Community Christmas Cotillion.

THIRD YEAR—

"The Little Princess" by Frances Hodgson Burnett, produced in April by

School Players trained by the Educational Dramatic Method.

In May, the Anniversary of the Admission of Vermont to the Union, celebrated by the production of "In Old Vermont" by Dorothy Canfield Fisher, given in Library Hall. Later this was repeated and taken "on tour" to some of the surrounding towns by the Community Players.

4th of July: Fireworks. The sending off of many lighted balloons. A big community bonfire.

In mid-August an outdoor community production of *Julius Caesar*.

For Christmas, Dickens' "Christmas Carol" and "The Birds' Christmas Carol" by Kate Douglas Wiggin, produced by amateurs, indoors. Outdoors—festoons of light, lighted mottoes which adorn the streets at night for a whole week.

On Christmas afternoon the village was divided into sections, and bands of Christmas waits from the churches went through the sections assigned to them, and sang to all the shut-ins. The waits then met in Library Hall where hot chocolate and sandwiches were served. Later they assembled in Putnam House Square, where they led a crowd of two thousand singing Christmas carols which were illustrated, as they sang, by outdoor stereopticons of great masterpieces.

FOURTH YEAR—

Old Time Community Dance on St. Valentine's Day.

Later in February, Camp Fire Girls gave Play of "Every Girl."

May time festival idea started, with old English customs and dances.

4th of July Parade of Historic Floats.

On Labor Day, a Children's Festival.

On Halloween, a procession of boys and girls in Mother Goose, Goblinsque, and Pumpkinesque costumes.

It may be added in connection with this that the Labor Day festival was staged for eighteen dollars. The 4th of July parade cost only fifty-four dollars.

The success of this whole venture was made possible because Bennington was far-sighted enough to engage a recreational leader, combining organizing ability and artistic acumen.

THE famous Peterboro Pageant of Peterboro, New Hampshire, was repeated this summer. It served to unite Peterboro and all the surrounding villages in a creative effort, the beauty of which had become a tradition. Written by Prof. George P. Baker, of Harvard, with lyrics by Herman Hagedorn and music by Edward MacDowell, this pageant is one of the finest that America has had. Its first production made it the foreunner of all the delightful community festivals given in Peterboro during subsequent years on the pine-shadowed outdoor stage that has Mount Monadnock for a background.

Pageants have the power to stimulate community life enormously. The whole art-industry of Old Deerfield, Massachusetts, weaving, dyeing, pottery, received its

(Continued on Page 76)

BLOCK MOTHERS AND A NEW DEMOCRACY

By Frazier Hunt

"FOR one whole glorious day
I trailed this old-fashioned,
back-home woman who's turning
a cold, suspicious city tenement
into a warm, little community
that welcomes the newcomers."



The Block Mother lives up to her name. She mothers the block, especially the children, and they are all strong for her. The grown-ups have proved it by the ballot

I WENT adventuring to find the heart of America: I found it in the great, kindly, warm heart of a "block-mother" in Cincinnati. They're doing things over in Cincinnati these days—setting styles in Americanism and in making people happier and healthier and wiser and wealthier. They're turning thirty-one resident blocks in the center of the city into a great national experimental laboratory, and there under the inspection

of the experts of the social bodies of the country they're trying out the Social Unit plan of community life; bringing all the people of all classes into active touch with community and municipal affairs, awakening a real political consciousness, securing actual self-expression and at the same time building up the health and happiness of the individuals of the district.

It's a tremendous experiment in sociology that on paper may sound a bit

highbrow and academic, but when you go into the laboratory itself and touch hands with it you see how warm and fine it is. Back of it all is the basic idea of putting into the hands of the people—all of the people, men and women, poor and rich—the real power and direct responsibility of citizenship and government. Many believe that one of the great causes of the present unrest of the world, and particularly of Europe, is that the millions are con-

Block Mothers and a New Democracy

scious that they have had very little to say directly as to how they are governed—and they point, as an example, to the great war which a few determined European rulers were able to start.

So, slowly and cautiously, these workers and dreamers in Cincinnati are trying to develop a system that will improve even our own generous democracy. Little by little they are building up, in the people living in these thirty-one experimental city blocks, a new and priceless political consciousness and at the same time putting into their hands a direct and simple method of finding out what they want in political and community affairs and then showing them how to get it.

That's the foundation of the great movement, but heavy, stodgy foundations never are thrilling, wonder things; it's the daring structural steel workers balanced twenty stories above the earth who are the picturesque workers. Just so it isn't the whole plan of experimenting in democracy that appeals so much as the finding of the soul of the working scheme in the heart of a fine, simple, courageous "block-mother."

But again let's go back and gather up the threads of the story before telling about this thrilling heart adventure. Three years ago a little group of social workers and philanthropists in New York, interested in forward movements for public betterment, decided to try out this Social Unit plan on a large scale. As sponsor to the idea stood a young man by the name of Wilbur C. Phillips, who had dedicated his life to trying to make the world a better place to live in. More than a hundred thousand dollars was raised, and finally Cincinnati's invitation to use part of her city for a laboratory accepted.

Thirty-one blocks, mostly in the rather poorer resident section, comprising parts of four city wards, were marked off for the experiment. The first object was to interest the people in their own little local community and then work out the most direct and simplest way of finding what these folks wanted and needed and then develop a plain workable organization that would give them what they wanted.

Each of the thirty-one blocks made a separate community or unit and representing each of these communities was the block-mother, whose job it was to look after all the physical and spiritual needs of the hundred or so families in her little district. The first step in choosing these block-mothers was for each

block to elect a group of seven who in turn chose by secret ballot the official block representative.

These thirty-one block representatives or mothers form the Citizen's Council, which meets every Tuesday evening and reports on what is needed in the districts. Their recommendations are then taken up by the second body—the doers. This group is called the Occupational Council, meeting once a week, comprising representatives of eight groups—physicians, nurses, social workers, teachers, clergymen, business men, laboring people and landlords. Their job is to put into effect the recommendations of the Citizen's Council. A General Council or joint assembly of the two meets whenever a special occasion warrants it. There is also a Social Workers' Council that includes representatives from each of the social welfare bodies of the city and all the six visiting nurses within the Social Unit Organization.

This is the basic foundation of the whole scheme, but it is through the single proposition of looking after the health of the children that the appeal is made. First, there is a free clinic urging a free monthly examination of all children; this is backed up by six visiting nurses who are directed by the thirty-one block-mothers. These block-mothers must spend at least eight hours

a week visiting the different people in their own blocks, helping them in the hundred ways that kindly, friendly women can help folks, with the nurses and the Occupational Council and all the social organizations of the city to assist them.

"The heart of the whole working plan lies in these block-mothers," I was told.

Block-mothers! There was something in the words themselves that made them catch in your throat. I knew that here I would find what I wanted, so I looked up one smiling, kindly, middle-aged block-mother and asked her to let me go with her on her next day's rounds. For one whole glorious day I trailed this old-fashioned, back-home woman who's turning a cold, suspicious city tenement district into a warm, little town community that welcomes newcomers and helps out when children are sick and babies come and there's no money to pay the rent.

My block-mother wasn't worrying any about the deep sociological angles of this great experiment or bothering about whether it was a bit socialistic or new fangled—she was just doing plain good, and that was plenty enough for her. She was seeing better, happier, healthier folks in her own block.

I saw them with her. I hefted babies and praised mothers and played with the kids and told about my own five-year-old — and looked on with all humility at this little drama of Kindly Deeds. Some of the homes we went in were very poor, but they were all very human and very grateful at what was being done for them. After all, there isn't so awful much difference in homes, except the things you can see with your naked eye. When you get under the rugs and the wall paper and the furniture and the closed doors you find pretty much the same things. Mothers don't vary two per cent.—their kiddies are what they're thinking about, and if you've got something that will help babies through flu and pneumonia time and over the teething and scarlet fever hurdles, then all mothers and all fathers will welcome you.

That was the ace of my block-mother's game—kiddies—but she had trump cards of kindness up her sleeve. I remember we called at one flat occupied by a family named Russell. The man was a day laborer and the family had moved in from Kentucky only a few weeks before. They had no relatives or friends in the city—that is, they had none until Mrs. Reinhardt started working her magic. The



THE STARCH POT

It Belongs to You Now

SINCE the beginning Americans have been called a stiff-backed, stiff-kneed, stiff-necked people. We have earned the compliment.

It began with the Pilgrims. They called it having a sense of duty. To them duty was the command of God, not to be questioned, not to be discussed. When a question arose there was but one way of solving it. What was the duty concerned? Having decided that point, the rest was simple.

There is a story told of a Puritan mother who feared that the men gathered at the town meeting might weaken on the subject of church service. There were those among them who thought the services too long and too frequent. She went to the meeting carrying a little covered pot.

"What have you there, Johanna?"

"Starch," said she, "starch for the backbones of the backsliders." Starched were their clothes, starched were their manners, their deeds. Very starchy and very clean.

The day of the starch pot has not passed. It is still here. The heart behind the soft shirt is as firm, as brave, as steadfast as ever.

We must keep the old starch pot and take it out and look at it every once in a while. It belonged to our grandfathers and now it is ours.

A. P.



These youngsters are neighbors; so are their fathers and mothers. Think of that: real neighborly neighbors in a big city!

new family of strangers hadn't been in their flat three days before my block-mother called and welcomed them to the community; and the spirit of neighborliness and friendliness that Mrs. Reinhardt brought to this lonely mother laying out her few household treasures in this strange flat was absolutely priceless.

There were two small children in the family at the time and another was expected soon. It was a golden chance for a block-mother and this real mother told me with tears of gratitude shining in her eyes how this great-souled block-mother took this chance for kindness to her heart.

"Every three or four days Mrs. Reinhardt here would come over and see us," the mother said. "One or two of the other neighbors dropped in with her and they made me feel just like I was home here. Then when the baby was born she brought me a doctor and a nurse. We didn't have money enough to hire anyone to come in and help us, so my man had to stay home while I was in bed. But every single day the nurse would come and stay two or three hours and get me and the baby all fixed up and then look after the children and the house. And Mrs. Reinhardt would come over and see me and help around. I never had anybody help me like that before. . . . And the other day I took all three children over to the headquarters and had them examined free. Little Martin there was almost a 100 per cent. baby; here, I'll show you the certificate that proves how fine he was."

She dug around in a table drawer a half minute and then brought out a big envelope. It had a number of health pamphlets and directions in it and a big card of examination given out at the medical clinic of the Social Unit.

"So you believe in this whole thing, do you?" I questioned.

"I should say I do," she answered. "I'll never forget what they did for me when I needed it. And they're doing more things all the time. Every week or so the nurse comes around to see how the children are and find out if there's anything that she can do. I'll tell you it means a lot to poor people like us."

That was the way they talked all through the block. One mother told me about the time early last spring when the flu epidemic was running wild over the city. Her husband and a brother and the two children were all sick. For some days she kept going and was able to play nurse to the four; then she was taken down. There was no money to hire a nurse or help of any kind.

That day a neighbor woman dropped in and the mother asked this neighbor if she'd send word to Mrs. Reinhardt, the block-mother, of their plight. This neighbor sent a child to the Reinhardt house reporting the news. My block-mother was in bed with the flu at the time, but she wrote a note asking that help be sent to this stricken home and dispatched her boy with it to the Social Unit headquarters. One hour later a nurse was in the house and for the next two weeks spent most of her time there.

"Of course, we believe in the Unit," this mother told me. "What do you suppose we care what the Mayor says about it?"

I'd been waiting for this to come out in order to find, without asking, what the people of the community really thought about the attack made some months before by the Mayor on the Social Unit idea. He had been reported to me as saying: "I regard the National Social Unit Organization as a dangerous insti-

tution in our city, and but one step away from Bolshevism. It is playing directly into the hands of the Socialists." I wanted to know what the ordinary people who were part of the plan and experiment thought of this. So I questioned this mother about it.

"I don't know what's the matter with him," she answered. "They're doing us a lot of good, and that's what counts with us. They helped me when I needed help, and every month they examine my two babies, and we have block parties and get-togethers and all sorts of things; I don't see where there's anything very dangerous about all that. Anyway I know when we had the referendum about whether we wanted the Unit to continue or not, my husband and I were glad to go down to the mattress factory where we had our ballot box and vote to have the Unit go on."

There'd been a meeting to talk over the affair at that time, too; a sort of old-fashioned New England town meeting where all the people of the community attended and had their say. They held this mass meeting in the Bloom Junior High School and the auditorium was crowded. Mr. Phillips called the meeting and explained all about his experiment and what he was proposing to do. Later there was an open discussion, and all over the house men and women rose and very directly and simply told what the Unit had meant to them. One man stood up and with tears in his eyes told how it had saved the lives of his children. One little haberdasher in the district got to his feet and said that for months the Unit had been doing things for him and that now he wanted to do something for it.

Two weeks later a referendum by secret ballot (Continued on Page 77)

"DO YOU REMEMBER WHEN—?"

By Clare A. Briggs

Drawings by the Author

WHEN friends tell me that I have never grown up I am complimented. Naturally. I have never grown up and I never intend to. And according to present prospects, I never shall.

I am barely five feet six inches in height and weigh about 145 pounds. These vital (to me) statistics are not presented with the belief that they are of particular interest to the public. But I want to bring out the point that Ma Nature has materially assisted me in realizing my wish, viz.: that I shall never grow up. Perhaps she carried the joke too far, but I must say that she has done her part in keeping my physical proportions in harmony with that period of boyhood that most grown-ups delight to recall. I refer to the 14 to 16 years of age period. It is that period when boys wish they were men with all the privileges that go with man's estate. The "privilege" is nothing more or less than a desire to be freed from the shackles of school books.

As boys came and went, I was no different from the others and for that I am indeed grateful. I indulged in the same thoughts, the same pleasures, the same tragedies and sorrows, the same games as the average youth. I hated school with all the cordial hatred that could be contained in one little soul.

But now as I look back to those days, and for commercial reasons I must, I



Those were the days of football hair. Briggs looked like this

realize that my associations were really pleasant, my companions and general surroundings pretty much ideal. I was enjoying life and didn't know it. No wonder men wish for the return of those happy days. It is only when one is grown up and has reached those "privileges" that one can get the proper perspective of those days, when one appreciates and only then is fully capable of appreciating "those days."

There is no finer heart-to-heart conversation than that line of chatter that begins with this query, "Do you remember when—?" We all dote on "remembering when." It is one of the secrets of keeping young, this "remembering when." So I shall indulge in a few "remember whens" in order that I may keep in practice and that I may not forget. It has helped me and it may help you to win back a few years that you have regarded as lost.

Once upon a time I had a passionate longing for pie, as all real boys had. And for that matter, I still possess that longing, only in greater moderation. My favorite blend was of the custard variety and, like all boys, I never expected to see the day when I should cry "enough." (Just because custard was my early favorite, it was not necessarily indicative of an early leaning toward the moving-picture game with which I have since become identified.)

Anyway, my mother was a pie-maker from Pieville on the Pie River. She certainly was. For that matter, all regular mothers were, and I presume still are, though we have wandered away from the pie-makers and Pieville. That is our own fault. But to proceed. I re-

call the thrill of joy that o'ercame me when I was twenty years of age and earning my very first weekly wage on a newspaper (it was in St. Louis) and I could go out and buy and eat all the custard pie that my appetite craved. My digestive organs eventually recovered from the shock, though it was only twenty-three years ago. It merely shows my sterling recuperative powers.

Mother never could make as much pie as we boys could eat (I had and still have three other pie-eating brothers). One or two wedges at the most was my allotment, and when the quota was eaten that was the end of the pie so far as I was concerned. There *was* no more pie. It was a closed event and I could suffer for pie until mother elected to bake again, which was usually on a Saturday.

So arriving at the age of twenty, it was a thrilling event when I could walk right into a restaurant and for a nickel buy a quarter section of custard pie and when that was consumed, come right back with another nickel and demand more pie, and so on until my appetite was satiated. Nobody to guide me and nobody to warn me. Out in the big world making my own decisions. The connecting link between my boyhood and

"I spent hours before the mirror"



"All regular mothers were, and I presume still are, among the Piemakers from Pieville"

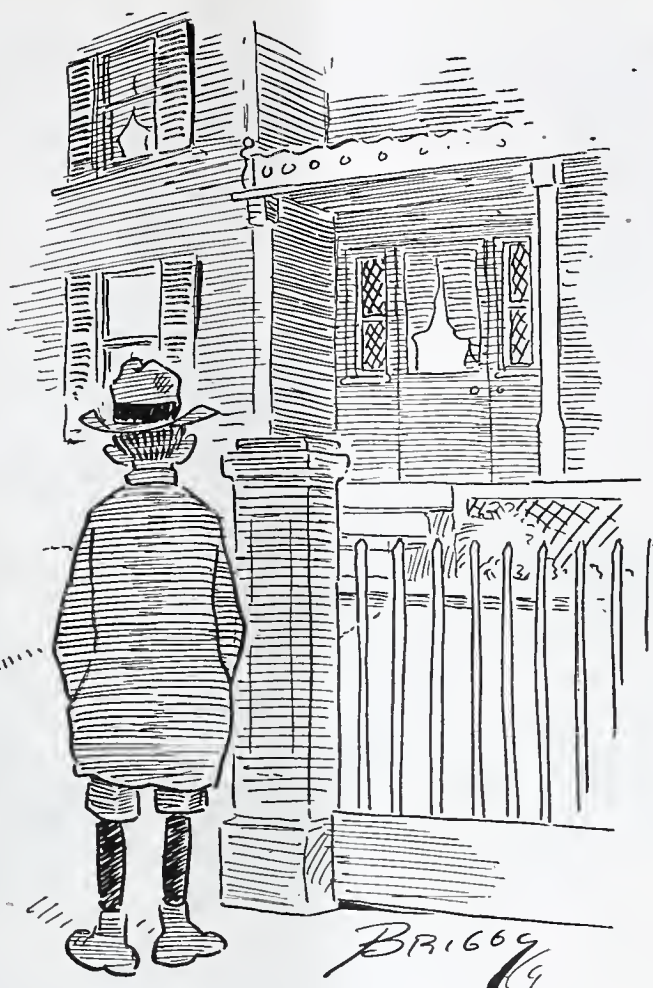
my manhood. At last I had arrived at that delicious station of life where I was my own boss and could eat all the pie I wanted. The Lord knows I needed a mother then.

Remember your first sweetie? I do. I recall her well. And my mother remembers, too, because it was when I first got fussy about my hair. Mother had pleaded time and again with me to brush my hair. Up to the time I realized the pangs of love my hair gave me no concern whatsoever, but love did the trick. When I got "stuck" on Her I spent hours before the mirror and instead of a stubble growth I developed a long and glossy thatch neatly parted in the middle. Those were the days of "football hair" and when I developed this extreme style of coiffure, the blow nearly killed father. Prior to this time father had blown himself to a pair of barber's clippers. He was a traveling salesman and would often be "out on the road" for two or three weeks at a time. His first duty on his return would be to all but scalp his boys with those clippers. He must have had a secret joy in wielding them. Nobody ever thought that any of us would ever get past the scalping period. But we had no particular pride of appearance and so long as father was having a good time with his pretty clippers we cared not a whit one way or the other. Our heads were just baked beans upon which to hang a hat and our protruding ears a contrivance to hold it up.

Anyway I rebelled finally. I became aware of a rival in my sweetie's affections and I decided to "spruce up." When I decided to let my hair have a chance and denied my father his one amusement of clipping me to the bone (I said bone) it was an indication that I was out to win, and that I had the same natural advantage on top of my head as my rival. Father let me have my way chiefly because mother was glad to see me exhibit a trace of pride in my make up. But father allowed that the next thing would be a red necktie and so on till a disgraceful end.

And we used to have parties. We have parties now, but the kind that are to be avoided as one would avoid a headache. I used to take Her to parties and, believe me, it took oodles of courage to go to Her home and take Her out right before Her parents. At first I didn't go to that extreme, but would stand outside the house and whistle until I would be rewarded by seeing Her emerge from the front doorway with a parting, "Yes, I'll be home early" to Her parents. Gosh, it was exciting!

There may be finer thrills in this world awaiting me than the



Whistling to let "Her" know he was without

thrill I got when I took my sweetie out for a buggy ride for the very first time. I was very young and not to be completely entrusted with our horse and canopy top phaeton. But I know that I shall never have so thrilling a ride as the first time I was allowed to take Her out in that phaeton. I wish I had a verbatim copy of the line of conversation that took place. I do not think, in fact, I am sure that I would not laugh.

Do you remember the candies we used to buy? I recall a little fluted pan about an inch and a half in diameter that contained a mushy sort of sweet that we called ice cream. A little tin spoon to match with which we dug the

"She would take the daintiest kind of a little sip"



stuff out and the whole thing for a penny. And then there was the long black "lickrish" shoe-strings. I do not believe I could eat it now as the taste comes back to me. But how we did love the licorice flavor. At the drug store we would buy "lickrish root," and in school we would gnaw and twist and pull with our teeth at this most succulent piece of wood. But I don't believe I could do it now.

And do you remember the candy hearts with sayings on them? Some of the more daring mottoes that were never censored by the sponsor of public morals ran like this: "Remember me," "I love you," "May I C U home?" "Ah, there," "You beauty," "Be mine," "Forever thine," etc., etc. We passed these in school to the particular little girlie that chanced to be first in our affections. And if She was the kind of a sport you hoped She was She would reciprocate in kind. But if She spurned your love your candy heart of white with pink letters would read something like this: "I hate you," "You naughty boy, behave," "Touch me not," "Tra-la-la," "Indifference," etc.

Those were the days when public morals were allowed to go hang and boys and girls might pass the candy hearts without fear of public censor. Neither was there fear of germs from drinking out of the same dipper. It really was a dipper, a tin one in a wooden bucket, and it sat in cool repose of a hot day in the cloak room. And you came running in out of breath, hung your hat or cap on a hook and, grabbing the dipper, you slopped all over the floor in order to take a drink on the run. A wet and oozy place was this floor upon which rested the bench that held the pail of drinking water.

And we all drank out of the same dipper, our enemy, our sweetie, our pal and our darn ol' teacher.

And if it was an especially hot afternoon the teacher, taking pity, would allow one of us to be "monitor" and pass the bucket and dipper. Gee, it was great if you were the one to go up one aisle and down the other like a good samaritan. How the old heart beat as you came to Her and She took the daintiest kind of a little sip and you realized that She drank much nicer than anyone else.

There are so many things to remember. One thing just leads to another. There is no end to them, and if I was a great doctor I think I should dose my patient with a few "remember whens." It is bound to revive the aging one, to be quieting to the nerves and a surcease from grown-up worries.

And besides it's a lot of fun.



"It was thus I came back to America to stay"

WHEN I WALKED THE STREETS A STRANGER

By Harriet Mayo

Etchings by J. C. Vondrous

WHEN Yaroslav reads in the newspapers that great numbers of aliens are besieging the government offices for passports to leave this country and return to their native villages in Italy, Greece, Portugal, Czechoslovakia—especially when he reads as far as this, he pauses, and smiles.

For he was an alien, a Czechoslovak, and he, too, caught the home fever, and left this country for his native land. Thereby hangs the tale!

His experience—the story of which I am about to repeat—is not, I might say at once, peculiar only to immigrants and aliens, or to Czechoslovaks. It is, rather, peculiar to human nature in

general. I have no doubt that many who read this will recognize, as I have done, the reflection of an experience of their own.

There are perhaps no immigrants of whom so little is known as the Czechs. The word "Czech" is so strange to most of us that when we see it in print we do not know how to pronounce it and when we hear it spoken we do not recognize it as, for instance, when I say to an editor, "I want to tell you about the Czech——" and he looks up with quick disgust to say, "Don't tell me that

your check has been lost in the mail again!"

Call the Czech by another name—not half so sweet to him let it be said—by the misnomer of "Austrian," and we recognize him as a more familiar figure in our midst. The Czech (or Bohemian, as we used to call him) has generally found it hopeless attempting to explain to Americans that he is not a Teuton at all, and not an "Austrian"; that his country is Czechoslovakia, or Bohemia; that it was once a free and independent Slavic nation (the same folkstock as the Russians), and fell under Austrian government domination only by military force.

To a Czech it is a crime against his

nate reserve to air his personal experiences and emotions. It was only after a long session that Yaroslav, who was a typical Czechoslovak—tall, blond, wearing glasses and distinctly educated, joking, proud, sensitive, musical, artistic—related to me his adventures employed as a laborer (a fall in the economic tide so common in the experience of immigrants), as a common laborer in a New York button factory.

"I was born in a small village," he said, "in the northwestern part of what was Austria. My father was a farmer. Our cottage, made of stone, consisted mainly of one room. In that room generations had been born." A high stone wall, on which a vine was growing, ran even with the front of the house. Directly against it was the narrow winding road, the only street in the village.

LIFE was very hard. The winters were severe and long; we were practically snowbound until April. Every farmer raised his own flax for spinning cloth. In the village there were no regular shoe shops, or clothing stores, or mill shops. When a farmer needed shoes or clothes, he called the tailor or cobbler into the house, where he stayed until the family was fitted out.

"There was no school in our own village, and I had to go to the school of a neighboring town. Running, I could get there in half an hour. In the very rough weather my mother—who was determined that I should be educated—carried me on her back, twice a day, through some of the greatest blizzards. "When I was twelve years old I was sent to a higher school. Then I began to get notions in my head. The village tailor did not come up to the mark any more. My mother had always made my shirts; she sewed them by hand, and there was no such thing as a sewing machine. She could not see very well. At my new school I became dissatisfied with the looks of my home-made shirt, and complained to my mother that the stitches on the collar were long and uneven. Also, I wanted to see the great city of Prague, for I heard of it as 'the Rome of the North,' whose every stone has a history." My mother had a saying with which she pacified me: 'Wait until Prague passes, and then you will see it!'

"Suddenly my father died, our estate was divided and our home broken up. The farm went to my older brother. He had to give so much money to me and to each of the sisters to reimburse us for our share. As a boy I did not get very much. The sisters got more; they had to have their dowry.

"With the little money thus falling to me, and with an additional sum which came from my grandfather, who was the largest farmer in the village, I finally went to Prague, and in due time I entered the University. There the relation between the German and the Czech students was very strained. One day a number of German students who were drunk threw stones at Czechs. The latter retaliated, really in defense of their lives, whereupon the police,

who were, of course, German, as were most governmental officers, arrested the Czechs for making a riot! Most of the professors at that time were German, the kind who cared for nothing so much in the world as their little job and desk and to worship the Kaiser's eagle. We were not allowed to be taught anything about the history of our subjugation. We were obliged to use German in school. All Czech people were patriotic towards their cause for freedom, but the young students were fiery and outspoken.

"To the Czech education is a passion. Give him books, music and mental work, and he will have resources of pleasure and entertainment within himself. At this time I myself was living with all the advantages of the city of Prague and its many sources of special enjoyment. There were three operas, playing every day and twice on Sunday, besides a Symphony orchestra which gave an equal number of concerts—all at prices for students of only fifty cents for the best seats. I could even go for ten cents in very good space standing. I went almost every evening. Altogether, I was supremely happy. Then came the calamity.

"My enthusiasm for the cause of my nation's freedom from German rule went further than pleased some of the special German bureaucrats. My case was summarily considered, and I was expelled.

"In my bitter disappointment over the termination of my educational possibilities, and with my heart boiling against our national and individual injustices, it was natural that I should turn my eyes to that 'refuge of the oppressed,' the 'land of freedom and of opportunity,' the United States of America.

"WITH big ideas of the love and welcome which I should find here, and the opportunities for education and success which awaited me, I arrived at Ellis Island an immigrant.

"I do not like to tell you with how little money I came. I remember the shock it was to me when I discovered how much more expensive than in Prague was the board and room, and how high the price of tuition at any university. Urged by the horror of my vanishing funds, and by the equal horror of the thought of attempting to borrow, I went to work in the only way that I saw open at the time—as a laborer. I was not even a skilled laborer. I swept the floor of a button factory.

"What I suffered during this period, my peculiar feeling of hurt pride, of bafflement and impotence, would be difficult to describe. I gradually sank into a morbid mental condition, and somehow blamed America for all my woes. Where was all that famous opportunity for foreigners by which I had been lured to America, where was that boasted cordiality, that helpful spirit? A common laborer's job was all they had to offer me! It was not alone my distaste for the labor, nor my disappointment over my education, nor yet

my poverty—and at first I earned only \$9.00 a week and had to live in one of those terrible little attic rooms that you have seen as you passed on the elevated trains—it was not these conditions that I blamed for my unhappiness, but the fact that I was not taken into the heart of the Americans.

"Even the opera, which had been such an important part of my life, was barred to me on account of its high cost. This seemed to me typical, symbolic, of my whole welcome in America—I was shut out.

"I worked on at the unaccustomed toil, hungry often for food, hungry also for the society of people of my own education (and it was among the Americans that I wanted it)—but, most of all, yearning, starving for friendship. This was the outstanding feature of my whole experience—I felt that I was given the cold shoulder. What is commonly known as the cruelty of any big city, I ascribed as special to American character in general. Americans, I thought, were cruelly neglectful of me, a stranger in their country.

"My feeling of being a stranger, of its being impossible ever to matriculate into American life, was confirmed by meeting on the street one day an old friend from Prague. He greeted me eagerly, and we fell at once to talking about our position in America. 'Ah, Yaroslav,' he said, 'in this country ever we shall walk the streets as strangers.'

"I kept on at the button factory, but soon I bettered my position. From a common laborer I became a skilled workman. I learned to bore holes and to 'finish.' My salary increased and, thanks to the habits of economy that I had been forced to learn, I saved a good part of my earnings. Meantime I went every night to the special American library for Czech people and studied English. A great event came about—my country threw off the German yoke; she became free again. The papers spoke often of the opportunities for cheap land in Europe. My mother wrote that my oldest brother had died, and she urged that I come back and take possession of the old place. The rate of exchange on money was such that, by transferring my savings to a foreign bank, I could almost double my capital, I could become comparatively rich.

"IN my fancied aloneness in America, I dwelt upon the lost pleasures of Czechoslovakia. I sentimentalized over the beauties of my old home, and over the health and happiness which awaited me there. Evidently to that old home itself I ascribed all the lost joys which are simply common to childhood anywhere. Then word came that my mother had died. My loneliness and melancholy were greatly intensified. My fancy dwelt upon that stone cottage and its big living room, that great historic room where generations had been born. I enthused over the beauties of the high wall with its picturesque vine. Even the village road became, in my homesick fancies, glorified into the historic avenue of an ancient stronghold.

Thus I dreamed, until out of it all there formed an impelling resolution to go back.

"During this period my attitude toward America became one of criticism. I was in the position of a rejected lover. All the virtues of my beloved, since my rejection, had become faults. When I walked down the street I compared everything with something which I fancied superior in my own country. I deplored the fact that the great city of New York had only one opera, which—in a country boasting of democracy—was at a price only for the rich. Fellow workmen who were Americans seemed to be more ignorant than Czechoslovaks in similar positions. One evening I was invited into an American home—a very rare experience for me. To show me special honor and hospitality (it was before America got into the war), they played to me—a Czech—the Austrian national anthem!

"It is a saying among all the foreigners that American college professors 'are very quickly baked.' Even the American women I disapproved of. They seemed to me extravagant, lacking in domestic skill and a proper sense of the true feminine sphere, thinking only of the expensive adornment of their bodies and unmindful of the cultural adornment of their minds!

"It was in this attitude that I left America to return to my beloved native land.

"I finally arrived in the city of Prague. While there I met a business man who had lived long in America. I remember the funny gesture that he made—I recognized it as so typically American—when he said, 'Good night—I would not stay here if you paid me!' I questioned him. I was vitally interested. He said, 'In business here the atmosphere of great enterprise is missing. Everything seems individual, primitive, small; one misses the presence of great organization, great affairs.' He told me further that he had planned to go into some office and apply his new American-learned methods for pushing the business ahead fast, but that he found himself up against a wall of old traditions. He was returning to America where he need not stand behind anybody, he said, where the opportunities were a great wide field with plenty of room for everybody, so that you could shoot out in any direction and as fast as you pleased.

"This conversation gave me something of a shock. Still, I thought, as I turned it over in my mind, he had gone to the city; that was a different proposition from mine. I was going back to the soil; I was doing a more fundamental thing. On the land I would be free as he in America, without the disadvantages of living among a people who were selfish and cold.

"I shall never forget my surprise



"I sentimentalized over the beauties of my old home, and

at my own attitude that day when I went to the Prague public library to get a book. How many times before had I gone through that familiar performance of standing in a long line before a tiny window waiting my turn. I newly perceived that the attitude of the librarian, behind his little window, was one of zealously guarding the life of the books, rather than of service to his customers. I compared this with the system in that library in America, where I had spent so many lonely evenings with great numbers of splendid volumes freely accessible on the shelves. Also, I was amazed at my own wrath when I ordered a parcel from one of the larger stores and it was not delivered—quite as a matter of course—at the specified time. In America, I said, they would have got to me when they promised.

"If I was still enthusiastic over settling again in my own country, I was somewhat sobered. Keeping my courage up, however, I journeyed out into the country and arrived at the village where I had gone to school. I started at once on foot for my own town. I was surprised to notice how familiar was every stick and stone along the way. Soon, from a hill, I saw the cluster of roofs which was my own

village. It was Sunday morning. The church bells were ringing. How well I remembered their sound. A real thrill of joy went through my breast.

"I went on eagerly, and came to my own village. That village road, as familiar as my own face, now seemed strangely smaller, narrower, no longer filling me with pride and romance, but appearing sordid, dingy. The muddy gutters ran close to the doorsteps, in

MR. VONDROUS, whose etchings illustrate this article, is himself an interesting example of a Czechoslovak who has become Americanized.

He was born in Czechoslovakia in 1884, and came to this country when he was nine years old. He studied art in New York, and later returned to Prague, in his native country, to further his studies and to take advantage of the architectural beauties of that ancient city. His etchings were awarded a medal at the Panama-Pacific Ex-



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er the health and happiness which awaited me there"

the yards the conspicuous manure piles often drained close to the drinking wells. Something caught my eye—a street sign, a mark of progress indeed, for the street had never before boasted a name. I smiled to myself as I read it—'Boulevard President Wilson!' Several neighbors came running out to greet me. How curiously familiar were those old faces, as if I had left but the day before, and yet as I looked at them with

position, and have received various prizes from other art exhibits.

In spite of the fact that Mr. Vondrous is a Czech through and through, with an ardent love for the country of his birth (which he says makes him no less an American), his work is thoroughly Anglo-American. Art critics say that it displays a special ability to seize and present the character of a locality, and that therefore it possesses high potentialities for reflecting American life in its best light.

some new far-away thoughts in my head, they seemed to have fallen in my estimation—how old-fashioned they appeared, how out of the world. They crowded around me eagerly, and I found myself quite a lion and hero because I had been to that great country, America; there was a glamour about me for the distance I had traveled and the sights that I had seen. It was rather sweet to be so admired and looked up to; I confess that I was willing to prolong it a little. A new realization came upon me—it was that these people, when they found that I had come to settle in their midst again, even those simple people would lose their special admiration; they would have a reaction—the thought became suddenly disagreeable to me—they would think, 'Pooh, he is no better than ourselves!'

"I hurried on to my own cottage. I came to the stone wall—that wall so high in my fancy. I stood for a moment in astonishment—how it had shrunk!

"I went on, through the yard, and into the house. I entered the doorway into that room. I cannot describe my amazement—its smallness and the lowness of its ceilings—that room where 'generations had been born!'

"How primitive and backward seemed it all. I suddenly realized that the glorification of my home had been a malady—not real grievance toward America, but simple homesickness. I was cured in a flash!

"Suffice it to say that I stayed only one night—sleeping on one of those famous featherbeds! I returned the next day to Prague. There I joined friends and soon returned to America. With what a different feeling than when I left did I approach the shores. My friends were newcomers, and when we landed it fell to me to show them around. I was amused at my own enthusiasm. I found it a pleasant sensation to be possessed of so much familiarity with so splendid a country, and to be able to speak English freely—thanks to having been left alone many evenings to spend them at the public library! I felt a pride in everything, a new proprietorship. With indignation I answered all criticisms. Always my attitude was one of love and admiration—it was 'My America!'

"It was thus I came back to America to stay, and this time as to a familiar room, where I was no longer 'afraid of the dark.' With the money that I had left I entered a university and took up studies where I had left them in Prague. I am still at the university. The kindly and democratic attitude of my teachers is a constant source of inspiration and encouragement. I am soon to receive my degree. Then I shall enter business in this wonderful country where everybody is given a free opportunity to 'help themselves!'

I am going to get along.

"Really there isn't anything like America in the world—certainly not for those who have come here from other countries. Take, for example, this idea of 'help yourself.' When I had first arrived I had the idea of going into a little business for myself. I spoke to an American gentleman about it and he took the attitude of 'Help yourself—go as far as you like.' This I did not then understand. I misconstrued it. I was awed by the great American hustle and activity, by the intricate organization of labor, by the speed of New World business methods. I did not feel confident that I could keep up the pace. 'Help yourself' held out to my sick spirit no cordial invitation; it sounded to me like 'Shift for yourself.' I felt that someone should hold out a hand and help me. Now I understand what this American meant when he gave me that advice. I can see he was really inviting me to seize America's opportunities. My failure to understand him was due to my failure to understand America.

"Just one thing more—it has to do with my former criticisms of America and all things American. I just want to say—about the American women—well, you see it was like this—I am engaged to one!"



THE MARCH OF THE RED CROSS

IN the dawn of history, when Adam was encountering new animals and scenes, it is probable that once he had hit upon a name for a thing he thereupon lost interest. He had done his part. He had other things to think of.

* * *

The failing has descended down the centuries to the present. For instance, a business man of fairly wide interests was asked the other day what the Red Cross was doing in his town—a small industrial city in New Jersey—and he replied: "Why, I don't know. Waiting for the next war, I suppose."

He had named the Red Cross in his own mind: it was an organization to relieve suffering in war; and he was no longer interested in wars. He had done his part. He had other things to think of.

What was particularly striking about this instance, however, was not the fresh proof of the single-track mind. It was that within a thousand yards of where he spoke—in the foreign section—the Red Cross was not only proving conclusively at that moment that it was not merely an organization to relieve suffering in war; but it was proving also that it was not waiting for anything at all, and that you could no more compress its aims within the limits of a phrase than you could tag with a word all the efforts of humanity.

The proof was very plainly named, too; "Red Cross Community House," it said in small letters over the doorway of an ordinary house in this poor quarter. Inside, at the moment, were about

A continued story of accomplishments in many parts of the world; the roll-call and its results; how the chapters are succeeding under the peace-time plan

forty little girls, daughters of foreigners, engaged in constructing in cardboard a model room for a doll's house, each child making her own rug, curtains and furniture and choosing her own pictures—all learning unconsciously American principles of good housekeeping, the beauty of harmonious color schemes, the necessity of good furniture and the reasons for selecting good pictures.

In another room some of the mothers of these children were learning from the housekeeper how to cook the baby foods which the doctor in the baby clinic downstairs had shown them to be best for infants not yet interested in dolls' houses and greatly interested in nourishing meals. An office, a kitchen, a baby clinic and milk station, classrooms and a clubroom, furnished on a simple scale—all were in full operation under the direction of a Red Cross secretary.

A short conversation with this secretary might have run something like this:

"Oh, yes, the thing seems quite a success. There are about twelve hundred children using the house now, and we have been going only four months. We have a hundred and fifty babies at the clinics, and perhaps seventy-five mothers attending cooking. Let's say fifteen hundred people, men, women and children, all told. That's not so bad, is it?

the kind. So we got the consent of headquarters and rented this house and bought the equipment and got all the other welfare organizations in town to go in on it with us, so that now I simply plan the activities, with the help of a few volunteer workers, and the welfare organizations furnish all the expert assistance.

"Our Charity society furnishes the housekeeper, who teaches the cooking, for instance; and the doctor and the nurse come from our visiting nurse association, and so on. Our local Red Cross chapter simply extends the funds and keeps me here to direct the general activities.

"The goal for which we are working is obvious, of course. We want to make some community houses like these strong factors in Americanizing our foreign population. We are planning a course in English next for these mothers, and want to fix up club rooms for men as soon as we can get a place for our little mothers' league work and the home care of the sick equipment.

"We think—and our visitors are positive—that we can see a distinct improvement in the neighborhood already, and we are looking forward now to doing something similar in the other poorer parts of the town where the need exists.

The March of the Red Cross

"It's mighty well worth while, isn't it?"

* * * * *

That is what our business man had almost under his nose as he spoke—a thing, you will admit, quite far removed from wars and Balkans and foreign relief.

And yet this idea was quite excusable. Under the circumstances most people perhaps might have given the same answer as he. A reputation is not made or lost over night. If he had said that the Red Cross was running a community house he would not have been stating more than a tenth of the facts! And even if he had known all the facts about the new Red Cross, he might have found it difficult to give any answer that would have been comprehensive. For, aside from foreign relief, it is becoming increasingly difficult, day by day, to characterize promptly or sweepingly the work of the Red Cross. The opportunities for service cannot all be visualized and catalogued ahead of time at National Headquarters. They are bound to be as varied as are the needs of the thousands of diverse communities scattered throughout the United States. Considered either in its health aspect or its social aspect, a view of the Red Cross in a New Jersey industrial city is bound to be radically different from a view of it in a Colorado beet-sugar county. During the war it broke all conceptions of the word organization. It became such a universal medium of holding out the helping hand that it ended by being simply a concrete expression of the spirit of America, guided so far as possible by a group of men and women into effective channels. Today, that spirit is being applied to local American conditions in accordance with the broad powers granted to the organization in its Congressional Charter.

In One Ohio City

In one Ohio City, for instance, the local chapter has become aroused to the health needs of its community, and is conducting a health crusade with such success that it has already prevailed upon the Chamber of Commerce to supplant a part-time health officer by a competent, full-time, experienced doctor brought in from Illinois. In Kentucky trachoma clinics have been organized, and during the summer and fall hundreds of operations have been performed which have permanently saved the eyesight of afflicted people, young and old. In Weld County, Colorado, one of the largest agricultural counties in the State, an active chapter with forty-nine branches has extended its endeavors to child labor, to

Americanization, sanitation and housing in the beet-sugar region—all pressing local problems.

At first sight there may seem nothing national, nothing magnificently dramatic about these isolated instances. Which is true, in a measure. There is nothing comparable to the concentration to defeat Germany. And yet all these endeavors, although apparently isolated, are in reality tied up into long lines of achievement, uniting a community here to another one there, jumping state lines and neighborhoods, joining a Maine village with an Oregon town, a Delaware city with a Missouri town—and all are gathered up in the marble Red Cross building in Washington into a national effort towards health, towards child welfare and social service. In that marble building these isolated instances represent the beginning of a movement for conservation of national strength and upbuilding of human resources—a movement vitally necessary in a nation whose debt has risen to over two hundred and sixty-five dollars per inhabitant, of whose citizens over two hundred thousand a year die of tuberculosis, of whose babies three hundred thousand die in their first year, and out of whose inhabitants a full seven million are so absolutely illiterate as to be unable to sign their own names.

There is something decidedly dramatic and national, indeed, about these isolated instances from this point of view!

* * * * *

Leadership in the Red Cross today realizes the extent of the struggle it has entered. As a result, it is looking forward to sound, sensible, well-balanced growth. At no time has there been any idea of forcing upon a reluctant com-

munity any programme from the outside. The chapters themselves are originating their programmes, based on their own problems and necessities, and aided by the expert advice of Washington.

The social service peace programme is a case in point. So far, some eight hundred chapters have applied for authority to extend their efforts in this direction. Washington has granted permission to but three hundred.

Why?

In the first place, because a vast amount of war work remains to be done—and not in Europe, but at home—for the disabled and the families of soldiers. There must be a guarantee that this will be finished to the last case before the future can be considered. Second, the Red Cross must not duplicate any existing organization merely for the sake of going ahead. The Red Cross will unquestionably find its best field of usefulness as a great backer and helper of all progressive agencies for good citizenship and health, and not in competing with some of them. This must be considered. Third, both the necessity of the projected service and the soundness of the plan for meeting the necessity must be established beyond a doubt, so that the future of the organization as a whole will not be affected by ill-advised activities undertaken in its name.

On the other hand, it is already clear that in thousands of places the Red Cross will have to go into business itself. Before the war only three hundred cities of the United States had, for instance, any family work agencies; and these were the result of years of development. Today, the Red Cross finds itself the only organization prepared for that sort of work in over three thousand communities, most of them around eight thousand in population. In addition, the social spirit aroused by the war in these smaller communities will not permit the neglect of conditions and neighbors which once characterized American life.

This spirit and energy the Red Cross is being depended upon to harness and guide. Applications for extension of peace work are pouring into Washington, containing a wide variety of plans. The very enthusiasm of these chapters, nevertheless, is the reason why the Red Cross organization must go slowly. It is dealing with no war emergency today; nor is it counting on a war emotion to see it through. On the contrary, it is building for



The Prince of Wales belongs to us. He's a citizen of New York City and a member of the American Red Cross

The March of the Red Cross

the future, and its foundation must be secure. It must be sure that it is right before it goes ahead.

The Roll Call Results

That it will go ahead, the Roll Call for 1920 settled once and for all. It is, indeed, almost impossible to overestimate the meaning of that nation-wide response. That the amazing thing had happened, and that the Red Cross had come to stay, was apparent almost from the beginning of the drive. The first response held all the romance and thrill of the incredible campaigns for 1918 and 1919.

From the distant Rhine and the American Army of Occupation came the first one! A hundred per cent.! The cable was fairly redolent of the valley of the Moselle and the Rhine, the damp of Chalons, the mud of St. Menhould and the red roads to Wittlich! No, the army did not forget!

From Siberia came the next one. From Vladivostok to the Urals, Russians, Americans and Czecho-Slovaks answered the Roll Call!

Then Guam. The tiny island pledged three hundred and fifty dollars and full membership!

AND then came the American Chapters' responses, from Maine, from California, from Mississippi, from towns and villages and cities in every State; in every division. "Membership doubled," more than a dozen rural communities flashed triumphantly to Washington headquarters! General Pershing opened the campaign in the capital, while in Boston, New York and a dozen other places the American Legion came forward and put its shoulder to the wheel, a veritable host in itself. By the third day, despite elections in many States, innumerable telegrams told of quotas equaled, exceeded.

In western cities block after block of the business section was given over to arches, floral displays and advertisements, although war display and methods were not in vogue, and no attempt was made at parades and such accompaniments of the war-time drives. By the time Armistice Day was reached, although thousands of chapters had not been able to make final reports, although dozens of big cities had not been able to complete their canvass and announce their intention of continuing the cam-

paign until every business house, residence and factory had been at least solicited—by that time, nevertheless, the amazing fact had become part of America's new civilization—a permanent membership of huge proportions had inscribed its name and given its backing to the banner of the Red Cross, and the future was assured.

ITS meaning for those suffering countries overseas can scarcely be measured. For thousands of refugees in Poland, released from Russia by the steady advance of the Polish armies, for thousands of orphans, too, it meant life instead of death, health instead of disease, while to dozens of Polish hospitals it meant the continuance of those medical supplies and assistance, without which they could no longer have operated. It meant food for the children and clothes for the peasants. Above all, it meant the strong, healthy arm of America until the Polish Red Cross could get on its feet and come to the aid of the hard-pressed authorities.

For Serbian school children it meant chocolate and bread at noon. It meant hospital dispensaries and field units. In the town of Sarajevo, in Bosnia, alone, it meant three thousand children in school with food enough for existence, and not dried crusts and water, with some carrot pie at noon!

For Rumania it meant trainload after trainload of supplies from Paris; it meant soup to the hungry and the torch of enlightenment on health matters to all. It meant eight hospitals for Montenegro alone. All over the Balkans, indeed, it meant the continuance of that work of relief, and education and disease prevention, which can now go on until the people themselves can take up the work where the Red Cross lays it down.

For France it meant that the warehouses that serve the devastated regions would not close down. It meant that for the French poilus and their neighbors, the widows and orphans trying to start life anew, there would still be available the endless variety of Red Cross supplies. It meant that everywhere the French committees would not lose their Red Cross delegate and his aid in the schools and sewing-rooms and playrooms where over two hundred thousand French children have received aid in the last six months alone.

For all Europe, indeed, it meant that the Red Cross with its approximately twelve hundred workers, its army supplies and camions, its doctors and nurses, its thousands of tons of clothing going to Dantzig, to Finland, to Poland, to Constantinople and beyond to Armenia, its trains of relief, its docks at Brest, its invaluable medical knowledge and supplies—the Roll Call meant that all these would still "carry on" until America's obligation was at last discharged and ruined Europe was on the way to recovery.

For Siberia, with the campaign which the Red Cross is waging valiantly against the dread diseases of cholera and typhus, its meaning was scarcely less.

The Meaning for America

For America, of course, its meaning does not lie in terms of medical supplies or emergency relief. It is almost impossible, indeed, to estimate how much it does mean. A glimpse of the nineteen twenty membership flag in New England valleys, in the windows of Pennsylvania miners' cabins, along the railways in our great industrial cities—this is only to see the surface. Ten million senior members—not fewer and probably more, according to latest reports—and not less than twelve million juniors, banded together into one organization of mercy, one organization standing for ideals of service, self-sacrifice and love! And this is peace time!

HISTORY records no such fact until nineteen seventeen—this organization of democracy's idealism into a practical force. That fact has become a permanent reality with the Roll Call of nineteen nineteen.

* * * * *

In our generation, to ask an American citizen to join the Red Cross will be to secure a member. No explanation and no urging will be necessary. It is an immeasurable stride in education. To the next generation which sits at the school desks where we once sat a universal, world-wide Red Cross will be as natural a part of the social consciousness as electricity and gasoline motors of industrial consciousness.

If progress is the forwarding of liberal ideas, this is progress indeed.

"THINE IS THE GLORY"

IN the next number we shall give the first reproduction of F. Luis Mora's wonderful new painting, "Thine Is the Glory." It is a poetic glorification of the Red Cross woman. It might serve as an American Madonna. We shall tell the story of it; how the Red Cross gathered hundreds of photos of workers; how these were combined by Major Kitchell for the use of the painter. It is a beautiful picture and an interesting story.

More than Something Good to Eat

Grape=Nuts

—full of the energy-producing nourishment that keeps the “human machine” on the go.

—a rebuilder of tissues torn down by the daily grind.



A Thousand Partners

(Continued from Page 9)

we did not lose the business altogether. We could pass on our costs in the price of our product to a certain degree, but every increase in price meant that we would lose business to our competitors. It was a new idea to most of them; for the first time they began to see their individual jobs in relation to the welfare of the whole group.

The meeting had begun at ten o'clock, and at noon the discussion was still going full blast. One point, at least, had been gained. The men understood that unless we found some way to cut our costs and increase our production we were all of us going to have less money, if indeed we did not lose the business altogether. We could pass on our costs in the price of our product to a certain degree, but every increase in price meant that we would lose business to our competitors. It was a new idea to most of them; for the first time they began to see their individual jobs in relation to the welfare of the whole group.

I asked them to continue their meeting through the afternoon, and to elect one representative from each department who could meet with the superintendent and myself through the week and work out recommendations to be submitted to them at another conference a week later.

They came to the first session obviously on their guard. My talk had sounded fair enough, but they were suspicious of talk. Henry Moran put the first challenge; and it was evident from the embarrassed moment of silence which followed that they had agreed in advance upon the question and counted it a test of my sincerity.

"You know the income of every man in this room," he said. "We don't know yours. How much have you been getting out of this business?"

"That's a fair question," I answered, though I admit it almost swept me off my feet. "I have the figures here and will be very glad to go over them with you."

So I showed them the statements of our profits over a five-year period. I explained to them that while our capitalization was small, it represented only a fraction of the money that had gone into the plant. "Every cent of that money was the fruit of sacrifice on the part of my grandfather or my father or myself," I said. "It meant that we were foregoing the right to spend it on ourselves in order to make the business bigger, and of course that money is entitled to a return in the form of interest."

"Now after that interest is paid, and after all our expenses are met, including your salaries and mine, there ought to be a good big fund to divide between us. How big it will be depends upon how much we can cut our costs and increase our output. The first thing, it seems to me, is to work out a plan by which every department and man will share in accordance with what he contributes."

It was wonderful to see the change that came over those men as they pored over the figures. Unconsciously, they took on the managerial type of mind. It dawned on them that if they could figure ways to put more into the pot, they could take a lot more out. Little by little they began to devise ways of making themselves players in the game; and the thrill of the contest stirred them.

It was agreed first that we should have enlargements of the production charts hung in every department of the plant, bringing them up to date every Monday morning. As a second step we worked out together a minimum unit output and cost for each department, based on the reasonable average of the five-years period, taking into consideration the increase in material and living expenses, of course. Then we planned that the men of each department should receive bonuses every week based on any improvement they should show over and above the minimum average.

To explain the plan to the men required pretty nearly a week. There were all kinds of questions, and the spirit of doubt still prevailed, in spite of the enthusiasm of their own committee members. But the plan itself was its own best apologist, once it got fairly started. At the end of the second week our output charts, in every department, showed a substantial improvement. And the pay envelope of every man was a little bulkier in proportion.

Our committee continued to meet once a week just like a board of directors, and as I turn back over the minutes of those meetings I am even now surprised at the number and variety of the subjects we have discussed and disposed of. Gradually we worked out a system of self-government in each department. New employees were to be admitted to the departments only on probation. After two weeks they were either to be voted into full standing by the older employees, or dropped out. Inasmuch as the department was responsible for its own output and earnings, we felt it only fair that the men should not be loaded with any worker who proved incompetent.

At every single committee session we were in receipt of recommendations sent up from the men. The firemen recommended the installation of an automatic stoker, and proved by the experience of one of the other factories in town how much it would save in cost of coal. In the finishing room a new machine was invented by one of the men that increased the output and the quality at the same time. In the shipping room we cut two new windows and added an electric truck, and so on. Some of these improvements meant that the work could be done with fewer hands; and in each case we found a place for the extra men in other parts of the plant. We discussed the housing situation in town, and have under way a building and loan association. We discharged a foreman in whose depart-

ment there were constant bickerings, and promoted the best workman in the department to his place. All this on recommendation of the men themselves, acted on by their own representatives. And week by week the record of the charts improved, and the pay envelopes grew fatter.

It will be eight months at New Year's time that our plant has been operated, not as a benovolent autocracy, but as a big partnership, in which I am only one of a thousand partners; and while we have still a good many problems to solve, there is a spirit of comradeship and an individual initiative throughout the organization such as I have never seen anywhere else.

I was simply amazed to see how men develop under the load of real responsibility. No group of bankers was ever more inflexible when it came to a question affecting the company's earnings than these workmen are. We had always experienced trouble in getting started promptly in the morning. They saw quickly enough that a half hour lost at the beginning of the day meant just that much less production. The same was true of unnecessary absences. The man who took an extra day off was not hurting a big, impersonal thing known as the company. He was robbing the pay envelopes of his own associates.

The labor unions have continued in the plant, but their influence is purely formal. It has become perfectly clear to everybody that the real oppressor of the workingman is not myself—the capitalist—but waste and inefficiency and lack of interest which cut the earnings of all. The men and I, who a year ago were contending with each other, are now united in our struggle with these common enemies of all of us.

Our cost of production is today appreciably lower than that of our most important competitors in spite of the fact that all our men are earning much more. Every worker in the plant is better paid than he was a year ago; every worker, that is, except myself.

And the question that I have not yet settled to my own satisfaction is whether I ever can or ought to be any better recompensed than I am. How much have I, the owner, a moral right to take out of this business? That I am entitled to eight per cent. on the capital invested, and a generous salary in return for my work and managing ability is perfectly clear. There isn't a man in the plant who would question it. But that I should take, in addition, a sixty per cent. dividend as I did in 1914, or seventy-one per cent., as I did in 1915, while wages were advanced only fifteen per cent.—that, I think, is quite a different matter. With that question I still am working, and the time has just about arrived when I mean to put it up to the committee and get them to help me settle it.

Little by little we are making our bit of the world not merely a formal but an actual democracy. We've done some interesting things with the Central



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REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Church. It used to be known locally as "Snobs' Heaven" (and it still merits the name far too well). But I've managed to get a carpenter on the board of trustees and a stone mason elected deacon, and gradually folks in ready-made clothes are beginning to discover that the sign "Everybody Welcome," which is painted on our bulletin board in front, is not intended as a joke.

All of this has not been accomplished, of course, without involving my friends in a lot of humor at my expense. Opinion is divided between those who think I am suffering from shell shock, and those who seriously believe that I am overturning the social order. The announcement that Henry Moran and his wife were to be my New Year's guests created a small riot. But I am convinced that if we are going to have democracy we have got to come clean and play the game straight through.

There are men and women who are more mentally stimulating to me than Mr. and Mrs. Henry Moran. But Henry is an actual, not a pretended, partner in our plant. That I should count him a partner eight hours of the day and six days a week, and insist on putting him

into a different category in the evening and on Sundays is all wrong. We will not succeed on that basis.

The experience of the last year has stirred up a lot of questions inside my own mind. We talk about business often as though Almighty God had set this universe going for the sole purpose of making it possible for factories to earn dividends. As a matter of fact, the record seems to show that He had quite a different notion—that His thought was to start a great experiment in the development of better men and women. Shoe factories and furniture factories and railroads and coal mines were to be not an end in themselves, but a means to this greater end.

What would happen, I wonder, if we were all to take that idea seriously and rearrange our business philosophy in accordance with it? If instead of asking, "How much more profit can I make by giving my people a little more?" we were to ask, "How can I give every man and woman in my plant a chance to be the biggest, finest, most splendid human being possible?" He, whose birthday we celebrate on Christmas,

used a startling phrase. He told the workers of that day that they were "sons of God." Of course we have always regarded it as a bit of poetry, but if you think of it seriously it almost staggers you. Imagine a factory run by sons of God. Imagine a place where every man and woman worked with more than human skill and enthusiasm and happiness, because every incentive was offered for that sort of working and thinking. Wouldn't the profits take care of themselves? Could any other organization possibly compete, no matter how high the wages might be?

I don't know; it's all too new in my mind for definite conclusions. But I have a pretty clear notion that while we have been increasing the productivity of our machines in this country, we have altogether neglected the marvelous possibilities of men. "Men are nothing," said Montaigne, "until they become excited."

One thousand partners, all "excited" about their work; all happy; all growing; all trusting each other.

A thousand "sons of God." It's a big thought for this holiday time.

Standing Guard!

(Continued from Page 12)

welfare, tuberculosis, nursing, vital statistics, sanitation and 'other communicable diseases,' will see to it that the painfully gained facts of prevention and cure shall not be permitted to slip back into the limbo of forgetfulness. Heads for these sections have been appointed and the work is well forward. Through these sections the League will collect all information in existence, sift it and transmit it to all the Red Cross societies against the day of need of any one of them. This means that every society, wherever located, will be up to date regarding everything that has been learned and done about the preservation of health and prevention of disease.

"Let us estimate the likely benefit to a particular nation. Here in the United States the most deadly plague the world knows sends yearly to their graves probably 150,000 persons, one every three minutes, nearly 500 a day. I have heard it stated that 1,000,000 persons in America have active cases of consumption. And it is curable if taken in time and sanely treated. The League will endeavor to supply the American Red Cross with such fresh and valuable research knowledge in tuberculosis as may conceivably in time check and vastly reduce the extent of the plague and mortality resulting from it. Switzerland, the work of Swiss doctors and scientists, is the world's greatest storehouse of tuberculosis knowledge. From that storehouse, through the Swiss Red Cross Society, we shall be able to make requisitions for American benefit. Many countries desire the fruits of knowledge about child welfare, one of mankind's most pressing problems.

From the store of Great Britain's knowledge on that subject we propose through the British Red Cross to make sight drafts for the benefit of every Red Cross society applicant the world over. Perhaps more is known in Italy about malaria than is known in any other country. The Italian Red Cross will supply the League with special knowledge which can be delivered by the League to the Red Cross agencies of every country where malaria is a dangerous factor.

"The League is in touch with research experts everywhere and these devoted men will benefit as depositors in the League's bank of knowledge. Sometimes a research scientist in his seclusion goes on and on, pursuing a thread of discovery long after some other scientist has found and traced the thread. The League will keep research men informed of what has been accomplished, thereby conserving energy and time of incalculable value to humanity. At the same time, the League will either establish a demonstration laboratory at Geneva or will arrange for delegates to go to where actual research work is being carried on in public or private hospitals and sanatoria and to familiarize themselves with the results of government legislation.

"As in the theoretical problem of a plague in Borneo, the League will arrange for joint action by Red Cross societies able and willing to attack grave distress or disaster which would be beyond the resources of local authorities. Before we were even properly organized the League was asked to help in the grave emergency in Eastern Europe, typhus

aggravated by shocking destitution and hunger and reinforced by tuberculosis and a distant threat of cholera. In this emergency the League has directed the battle, evolving with the local Red Cross societies the sanitary, surgical, medical, nursing and relief aid that was imperative and immeasurably aided and strengthened by the contributed knowledge of great scientists and doctors.

"The central agency at Geneva is obviously much more than a support for weak Red Cross societies because, from any one of the small, weak societies in little countries might flow a tiny streamlet of knowledge which would prevent a world catastrophe and repay the cost of the League a hundred times over. We are organized, therefore, for humanitarian publicity on a great scale, the first organization of the kind the world has ever had. We embrace the effort of the Red Cross of twenty-seven nations, and the participation of every society is wholly voluntary and without any obligation except to keep eyes and ears open for humanity's general welfare. The success of the League depends upon the results accomplished and upon the good opinion and co-operation of governments, local societies and peoples. It is thoroughly independent and is attached by no sort of tie or bond to any government or group of governments.

"As a last word, I should like to say that the idea of standing guard upon the world's health and of practical organization to keep the Book of Health and to plan in advance and to direct the incessant campaigns against plagues and pestilences sprang from the brain of



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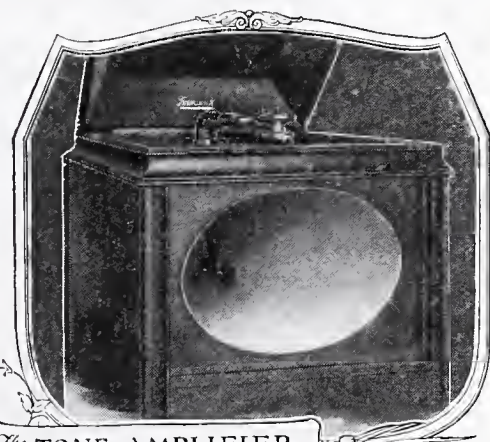
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For instance, the story of how Ridgewood, New Jersey, cleaned up its "front door" and got a \$300,000 railway station—or how Pete, the sea dog, nursed to health the babies in an Alaskan village swept by influenza—or how George Dunham of Utica, New York, makes over aliens into loyal, patriotic Americans.

The newsboy who helps a blind rival, the farmer who organizes a good-roads club, the woman who teaches her neighbors how to cook, the minister who helps poor children with their studies—there are many, many kinds of human, helpful, true stories. These are only a few indications of what we want for the "Better America" department.

To encourage contributions, *The Red Cross Magazine* offers \$100.00 in cash prizes for the best "Better America" stories sent in before March 1, 1920. The three best stories received will be awarded prizes of \$50.00, \$30.00 and \$20.00 each, and the prize-winning stories will be published in the "Better America" department. All stories must be fact stories. We reserve the right to purchase at regular rates any stories submitted that do not win a prize.

Look around you, on the things doing or done in your own town and countryside. There are fine "Better America" stories everywhere, perhaps some of them are right under your eyes. Write them with enthusiasm and appreciation of people and achievement. Do it for yourself and your neighborhood—you may have something, too, that will be good for other people. Contribute your helpful example that will make a Better America.

Tell your story in 300 to 1,000 words, typewrite it if convenient, and mail to

Editor, "Better America" Department
The Red Cross Magazine

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an American, Henry P. Davison. At Cannes, in April of this year, before an international conference of scientists and medical experts, Mr. Davison, who had been head of the War Council of the American Red Cross, outlined the project to make the combined Red Cross societies of the civilized world the greatest of all peace organizations, and I believe that no one has stated better than Mr. Davison the great peace ideals we shall strive for:

"To develop everywhere a greater sense of responsibility toward mankind; to distribute throughout the world scientific knowledge on the same basis to all; to provide a sure method of co-operation and co-ordination in combating distress and disaster."

"And I recall, also, a striking remark of Mr. Davison's, an expression which, after all, is the heart of the world's problem in the aftermath of the war:

"I would not give a damn for all the peace treaties in the world if something was not done to relieve the incredible, the unbelievable, distress that exists in the world today!"

The Most Worthwhile Thing in Life

(Continued from Page 22)

to increase the usefulness of these giant facilities, but the hue and cry then raging against "trusts" moved the Department of Justice to ask him to break up the telephone-telegraph wedding by divorce.

If you want to know some of the very biggest things which Mr. Vail and his organization have accomplished, ask the War Department, or the Navy Department. A whole volume could be written, and some day doubtless will be written, on the miracles wrought by the speaking wires at home and on the battlefronts. The amazing tale will one day be unfolded. The signaling achievements of America's crusaders in France were even more wondrous and mystifying than the comparatively recent announcement by Mr. Vail that science had been so harnessed to telephone and telegraph instruments that ten persons could carry on conversations a once over two telephone wires and no fewer than forty telegraph messages could likewise be sent and received over one pair of copper strands.

"The important thing then is to choose a congenial line of occupation one that you can throw your whole self into?" I asked.

"No, the line of occupation doesn't matter very much," was Mr. Vail's unexpected reply. "Any line of business in which you take an interest becomes congenial. There is scarcely any business, any industry, any line of endeavor today which does not embrace a variety of distinctive characteristics, so that an bent of mind will find a line of interest and there is room within almost an

business for a man to apply himself particularly to one angle of it and become an expert. In the old times industry meant merely buying raw material, manufacturing something in a small way, and then selling the goods. Nowadays industry is so complex, so many-sided and calls for such a diversity of talent that a man has really a wide variety of fields to choose from right in his own line. For example, success in modern industry is largely from the application of industrial science to production; it calls for the development of new processes, the perfection of old lines, methods of saving material and time, the selection of the right kind of employes, the training of men, the teaching of salesmanship, cost accounting, business getting, taxation problems, publicity or public relations, questions of finance—in short, there are today as many specialists in an industry as there are in medicine. Long ago, you know, the doctor simply diagnosed your fever or cold or lumbago and gave you a dose. Perhaps you do not know that there is now a specialist for about every nerve contained in the human body. And there are usually two or three kinds of treatment for every species of sickness. So that the man who takes up medicine has an enormously wider field than is to be found in any industry.

"So I say that anyone can find in his own line something that suits his peculiar temperament and capacity.

"Having found his sphere, the willing, industrious, wide-awake man or woman can easily derive satisfaction from accomplishing things in it. Running an elevator might not strike you as a particularly attractive occupation, yet the capable operator takes intense pride in being able to stop the car 99 times out of 100 almost exactly level with the floor without having to do any jerking up or down. Many of our telephone operators are justly proud of the speed and accuracy with which they can make connections. The locomotive engineer very properly takes pride in being able to get his train in on time day after day and week after week. You will see teamsters whose horses are beautifully groomed and their harness polished like a mirror, and you can depend upon it that that teamster finds joy in his work. The bookkeeper who has the reputation of being able to have his or her books balance accurately every time, likewise knows the satisfaction that comes from creditable accomplishment.

"No man or woman who does not find happiness in accomplishment will ever find it in the possession or the spending of money. Money, of course, can add very greatly to one's happiness if it be used for accomplishing things either for the benefit of one's own family or others. But the human being who doesn't find joy in the daily round of work is imagining a vain thing in believing that joy could be found through spending money on self or self-indulgence.

"No, it is accomplishing things that counts. Doing, not spending, brings satisfaction. In short, the whole answer to your question as to what is the most worth-while thing in life can be given as I gave it in the first two words: 'Accomplish things.'"

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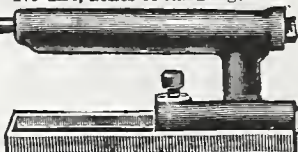
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Doctoring the Yellow Dragon

(Continued from Page 39)

making a monkey out of the lightning and getting away with it.

Before the lecturer has completed his talk of more than an hour's duration he has told them—has *shown* them—all the main principles of health education they should know. A great dial on the stage records the deaths in the community since the campaign was begun, the hands moving on ominously as successive audiences gather to hear the lecture throughout the week. Then there is the great wheel the sectors of which are labeled "Progress," "Freedom," "National Health," "National Strength," and moved mechanically by many cranks manned by tiny manikins. The wheel itself is, of course, China. A word from Dr. Peter and the manikins begin to turn the cranks. The big wheel fails to move. Why? Because the manikins who represent China's merchants are turning one way, the laborer manikins are turning another, the mother manikins are turning too slowly, the teacher manikins too fast. Impatiently Dr. Peter halts their futile efforts. He gives a brief word on the beauties of united action to his audience and a secret sign to Friday, and now the manikins all begin to pull at the cranks in rhythmic synchronization. Slowly and surely China begins to move, gains momentum, continues to revolve with the fateful certainty of the cosmic planets.

When Dr. Peter first started out he did not know the Chinese heckler and therefore was not prepared for him. But let the heckler rise during the lecture now!—as he almost always does, always with the same objection to the main idea of Dr. Peter's discourse.

"True, all that you say, Doctor," begins the heckler ceremoniously, "but the object of your whole mission here is to salvage and increase the man power of China, whereas the truth is that China is overpopulated now. What China needs, Doctor, is not more men but a weeding out of the surplus population which now is strangling us."

Eeeeeeyip! *That's* the kick Dr. Peter has been waiting to hear—and welcomes. Friday and Saturday fall over themselves to trundle into view a table which they tilt slightly toward the audience so that the crowd can see a table top that is lined with little slots. Dr. Peter asks the heckler to name a powerful foreign nation. England? Very well; what is the population per square *li* (a Chinese fraction of our mile) in England? The heckler suggests that England perhaps has about ten persons to the square *li*. Wrong! Up from the table top jump four rows of manikins with ten little men in each row, or a population of forty Britishers to the square *li*. Germany? The heckler, who usually knows something about the population of China, now begins to admit that European countries are fairly well peopled; reluctantly he guesses that Germany has about twenty men per square *li*. Up jump thirty-six manikins, supposedly German citizens, to prove

that the heckler "doesn't know the half of it." The crowd becomes impatient to know about Asia. How many Japanese in a square *li*? Twenty-eight little Japs spring up from the table. India? Twenty.

Now Dr. Peter warms up to the guessing contest and takes the initiative. How many Chinese are there, he asks, per square *li* in China—not counting the big desert stretches, either? The lecturer's air of victory causes the hecklers to hesitate about surmises. While they gaze in silence at the table nine, only nine, lonesome Chinese manikins appear. Grouping the most populous provinces of China separately, what is their population per square *li*? Only twenty-three, or five less than Japan. And which is the most populous Chinese province of all? he asks. "Shan-tung!" they cry, in a confident way that shows they now "have" the lecturer. Up from the table leap fifty-nine manikins for Shan-tung. The audience begins to smile a bit victoriously.

But wait. How many per square *li* in Holland? Fifty-three. And how many in Belgium when the Hohenzollern boys began to try to cut cross-lots through it? Seventy-eight Belgians per square *li*! And did populous Belgium bend the knee cravenly to those Hohenzollern lads or wallop them in the slats? There is no more heckling.

When Dr. Peter has finally persuaded his audience to help him build upon the stage a pyramid of blocks labeled "Law," "Education," and other forces that go to make the foundations of a structure the capstone of which is "Public Health," he explains to them that the light will not shine from the capstone until someone in the audience has suggested one great uplifting urge which so far has been forgotten. "Public Opinion," cries someone at last. A block for "Public Opinion" is inserted beneath the pile of "health stones," and instantly the capstone of "Public Health" blazes forth in all its glories of electricity. And when the applause has subsided Dr. Peter orally conducts his selected audience for more than an hour through the health exhibit on view.

Dr. Peter does not overestimate the results his campaign so far has achieved. A crust of filth and ignorance that has been hardening for centuries is not to be cracked off at the first tap of the hammer. The filth is beginning to fly, however, and the cleansing campaigns will be continued until even the Herculean task that Dr. Peter has set for himself has been finished.

As an instance of concrete results, where ninety natives were vaccinated each day in a certain hospital before Dr. Peter lectured in the city, an average of eight hundred a day eagerly came to the same hospital following Dr. Peter's campaign in the community. While Dr. Peter is spreading the light among the military, civic and commercial leaders of the people, a native woman physician, a graduate of the University of Michi-

and skilled in Western medical science, lectures on and demonstrates to the mothers of the community modern health methods in the care of babies and children. A learned Chinese physician of Western training, Dr. S. M. Woo, now gives virtually all his time to the Peter campaigns, assisting Dr. Peter in the work when the American physician is in China and ably directing the campaigns during Dr. Peter's occasional brief but necessary trips home. As these lines are being read Dr. Peter himself is back in China, his sleeves rolled up, on the job. He is tackling a phase of the "yellow peril" in a noble fashion, altruistically, constructively; for he is helping the Chinese to help themselves, with no thought of personal reward. And in helping China he is rendering inestimable service not only to one-quarter of the earth's oldest people, but quite as directly he is giving aid at service to America and all the world.

Two Wives and a Quart of Seed Wheat

(Continued from Page 48)

ual potato service; and Boston baked beans, and Saratoga chips; and there were great quarter sections of prune pie incrimbly brown crusts topped off with thick whipped cream, and stacks stuffed with sugared prunes and blanched nuts and delicious home-made candies; and for all—coffee! Some of the men had been signaling for coffee from the first mouthful, being in the habit of washing down all their food with it, so the Dean took advantage of the little lull in the service to implore them for their stomachs' sake to quit drinking coffee with their meals, and to drink it black, if they would avoid the bilious effect.

The next morning, having danced all night, the settlers were loading up their wagons preparatory to setting out on the long trail back to their ranches—which many of them would not leave for another year—and new-made lovers were repeating their parting promises, and Burns was getting back into its usual routine, and the Dean sat before the roaring fire in the big plainsman's home on the outskirts of the town with her stiff, talking it all over with the big pinsman before starting on the long trip out to the railroad.

"It seems to me," said the Dean, looking contemplatively into the ruddy flame, "that you have every problem in the world in here—isolation, everything in the raw, no artificial aids, few amusements, terrific labor—and yet—and yet—"

The big plainsman waited. She threw back her shoulders with a gesture that might have belonged to a New England pioneer. "And yet how dry seems all that life back in the cities. This is living—out here in the wilderness—this is creating, making a real mark on the earth."

"I was wondering," said the agronomy



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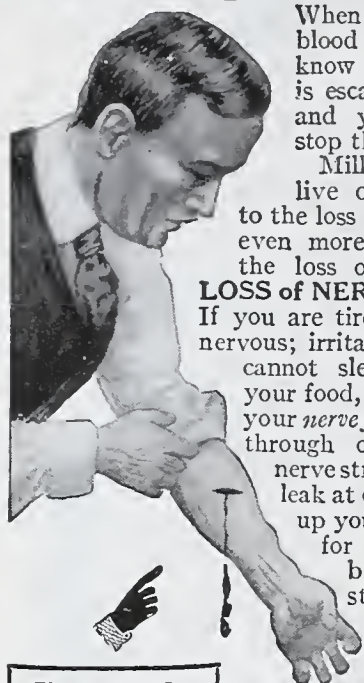
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professor, "if in looking up suitable land for my man I should find a piece I could afford to buy, perhaps adjoining him, if I could then raise sufficient capital on it to put the whole into alfalfa. I'd like to try the real thing—in farming."

"You could!" exclaimed the big plainsman with such positiveness that the professor's eyes were drawn instantly to the other's and left with understanding.

"I was wondering," said the pencil figured little teacher who had come with a cough, "if there are any home steads left; those girls all seem so well and strong—and jolly."

"There are!" the big plainsman again exclaimed with one of his mysterious chuckles. Just then the Chinese cook announced breakfast, but each was so intent on his thoughts that no one heard

"None So Old"

(Continued from Page 19)

she repeated as though it were too much to realize. "No hurry," she looked to the sands and at her dress, "won't it hurt the dress?" she questioned.

He laughed, took an evening paper from his pocket and spread it on the sand.

"Sit down there, Martha," he directed and she obeyed. He dropped to the sand beside her and they sat there motionless, speechless, gazing out upon the purple passion of the dying day. Something of the vast stillness flooded into Martha.

"Oh, Henry," she ran her fingers playfully through the sand, "oh, Henry!"

Quickly she turned to look at his face, care-marked, kind, tender, dear—oh! so dear!

Great relief came to Martha, the longing changed to a strong, sweet gladness.

Just to love him—that was enough—just to love him—that was enough. She needed no return love, needed no return. The joy of loving—the joy—the joy—

The waves lapped ceaselessly on the sand, and the cry of it was strong, sure, eternal. Out, far out, blended in purple the water and the sky—the world and the heaven blended. And love was like that, ceaseless, boundless, forever—the world and the heaven blended.

Martha breathed deep of happiness. "Happy?" Henry asked.

"Yes, Henry," the quality was rich in her voice, "it was so good of you to think about coming, to plan it for so long."

"I didn't," he confessed, "I didn't only just peeling the peaches on Sunday."

"Why, Henry!"

"Martha," the words came slowly, "Martha—it was Sunday—you came and kissed me—Martha—I was on the lounge—"

"I know—Henry."

"It seemed a dream, Martha—a dream—your doing that—you hadn't for so long. It seemed you hadn't needed—hadn't needed—my love—not so much—with the children grown—and the house. Always there was something between us—something—an ironing board—a meal—a church supper—something I never could reach you, Martha—never."

"Oh, Henry," she sobbed softly, "Henry!"

"Sunday showed me—maybe—you yearned too—needed me—most. wasn't sure—I wasn't. I brought you here, Martha—" Long silence—to say again—I love you."

Out, far out, the water, ceaseless, boundless, forever—the world and the heaven blended. And love was like that—like that—

"None so old," Martha murmured. "None so old—like love. Oh, Henry—Henry—dear one."

Better America

(Continued from Page 42)

THE ONLY COAT THAT JOSEPH HAD

the balance that the liberty of the world might be saved. In glowing words he described the distress of the fatherless, homeless children.

"Now go home and tell your fathers and mothers about this. Be sure that each of you does his part toward helping one little Belgian child to have a happier Christmas. None of us is too poor to think of the other folk who are poorer. They need clothes and toys and

candy. It is for you to see that they get them."

Down in the yard Joseph took his skimpy little jacket.

"Here," he said to one of the boys near him, "take this coat to the auditorium teacher and tell him to send it to the Belgians. And you don't know who gave it to you, understand?"

The boy ran off and soon found the teacher standing in the middle of what looked like a pile of baggage, and gave him the coat. The auditorium teacher was about to throw it on the pile when the literature man caught his arm.

"That's Joseph's coat. I'd know that coat anywhere. He has worn that coat for the last two years and I don't believe he has any other."

Fixing stern eyes on the little fellow, he demanded, "Did Del Vecchio give you that coat?"

"He told me I didn't know who gave it to me."

Left alone, the two teachers silently surveyed the coat and then each other.

"We did that. You with the literature lesson and I with the speech," said the auditorium teacher at last. "Now what's to be done? He can't do without coat."

Nothing suggesting itself, the two went to the principal.

"I see," said the principal. "He must have a coat and he must have the joy of the sacrifice. Here, lend him this sweater," and he took from his closet a thick brown sweater, with enormous collar and rolled cuffs, rows of buttons and plenteous pockets. "And please give me the coat."

That night when the auditorium, gay with greens and glowing with posters and signs, was filled with men and women, the principal told them the story of the Belgians and asked them to give for their relief. Then he held up the little gray jacket with the outlines of a child's figure still in its folds, and told them the story.

"This is the spirit of the gift I would have you make. It was the only coat Joseph had and he gave it." There was an instant's quiet, and then all over the room the pocketbooks clicked and the bill folders rustled.

The next morning Joseph carried the brown sweater tenderly to the office. My teacher made me wear it home yesterday, but I didn't wear it back today. It's just like the one in the window, isn't it?"

"That's your sweater, Joseph. I have another one. I really don't need that one. You keep that one and I'll keep the other."

Joseph opened and closed his mouth, but no sound came. One dream had become true.

And that night the principal's wife handed his old sweater and shook her head at the improvident man across the table.

Health

(Continued from Page 35)

YOUR TOOTH DANGERS

Swimming with pus, which came from infected gums and tooth sockets about neglected teeth. Right then and there I extracted the man's loose teeth and treated the gums to cure them of their infection.

A week went by. At the end of that week the dentist received a telephone call, and was told it concerned the old man afflicted with rheumatism. The dentist himself will tell the rest.



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traordinary rush of work, I had not had time again to visit the patient.

"When the voice came from the other end of the line, I was surprised to notice that it was cheery. 'Do you remember the old man?' it said. 'Well, after you extracted his bad teeth and treated his infected gums'—by this time I was quite cold with dread—'his rheumatism of the joints got well so rapidly that we have had to discharge him from the hospital, and so you needn't come again!'"

Old or young, the dangers from mouth infection are the same. Examinations of the teeth of children show that a high percentage of them are defective. The condition described above was simply one of defective teeth of long standing. Early examination and early treatment are important safeguards to health, for neglected teeth and gums may be the breeding places of deadly maladies.

Your Blood

(Continued from Page 35)

iron in the red cells is below normal, or if the blood pressure indicates that the total blood supply is diminished, the first thing to do is to find out the cause. Hemorrhoids or bleeding within the intestines, or parasites in the intestines, may diminish the number of red corpuscles of the blood. Even small losses of blood, if they occur often, may cause an anemic condition. In internal cancer a progressive anemia usually occurs, as also a number of other chronic wasting diseases.

If the condition is a diminished supply of iron, lack of sufficient sunlight and outdoor exercise may be the only thing the matter. Prisoners are pale and

anemic because of such a condition. The trouble is sometimes due to an insufficient glandular secretion—which is needed to help the red blood cell to make its combination of oxygen and iron.

A very simple medical test determines the blood condition, and very simple medical and hygienic remedies may relieve it. Don't let such a condition continue without consulting a reputable doctor, because your own prescription may be exactly opposite to the thing required. Beware of advertising quacks and of self-doctoring with patent medicines.

All the World's a Stage

(Continued from Page 52)

stimulus from the old Deerfield historical pageant, and the several festivals following it, including a rural production of Jeanne d' Arc.

While Percy Mackaye's "Bird Masque," given at Meriden, New Hampshire, was essentially the work of summer people, the community of that now-famous bird village are planning to produce a simple play or masque every year on their outdoor "sanctuary stage." This year they produced "The Forest Princess."

Kate Douglas Wiggin's barn theater at Hollis, Maine, is a veritable little lighthouse to the surrounding country. Here poetic one-act plays are given; community "sings" held; delightful "readings" staged; here was rehearsed that production which has now become a yearly summer event—

the play called "The Old Peabody Play." This is given by the women of Hollis, Maine, in the church at Hollis. The players, in delicious poke bonnets and voluminous dresses, with scarfs and cameos, and all the quaint regalia of simpler times than ours, move up and down the aisles as they act their part, cleaning the doors of the old-fashioned pews, whisking the church carpet, and startling and delighting the assembled audience that suddenly finds itself part of the play!

Plainfield, New Hampshire, has a town Hall remodeled into a little theater that is the gathering place of the surrounding country. It shows what can be done with what people already have. The scenery is especially fine in that it teaches a lesson of beauty and simplicity. It shows the loveliness

cluttered wall space, of windows that equately frame the poetic New Hampshire landscape. Thus in those country places and in crowded cities community drama is creating an appreciative art-loving public that will be ready to welcome the American Shakespeare when he at last arrives.

Block Mothers and a New Democracy

(Continued from Page 55)

held so that the people living within the district should themselves decide whether the Unit should carry on its work. The Unit was distinctly under the and on trial. Some of the directing hands were people from out of the district and city—outsiders who had come to try out pet theories—but that didn't make any difference with these people when the test came. After it was their home organization that was under fire—the one that had been giving care of their babies and helping them when they were sick. So 4,154 of them out of a possible 6,000 walked their block ballot boxes and 4,034 of these 4,154 voted that the Unit should remain and continue its work. I went pretty generally over the district and talked with whomever I met about the Unit and its work. What they all said was really the same; that it was helping them over the rough places and binding them all together with the heart cords of children. They didn't know they were being experimented with in this great laboratory of democracy, and they didn't care. What they did know was that they were being helped in fine, friendly ways that counted. Learned highbrows and college professors could be as interested as they wanted to be in how they were improving in their political consciousness and opinion; the thing these fathers and mothers were interested in was that their babies were improving in health. If anybody got any psychological, sociological twaddle about that these parents were willing they should have it. I had a great time wandering around myself finding what the thirty-one blocks thought of their Unit. I talked to the kids and the mothers on the street and even the fathers. I remember I saw one mother standing in a cement house doorway with a baby in her arms. Well, have you taken your baby to the Social Unit headquarters to be examined yet?" I asked cheerfully. She looked up at me and her eyes were a bit wistful. "No," she answered. "I'm not in the district—it ends across the street. . . . But I'd like to go over there so that I could take him." She wanted the better chance for her baby, too. Maybe one of these fine days they'll extend the district so that Cincinnati will be included and then I'll get it, and maybe even some day all children of all America will have the better chance. Surely there isn't anything very terrible about helping babies.

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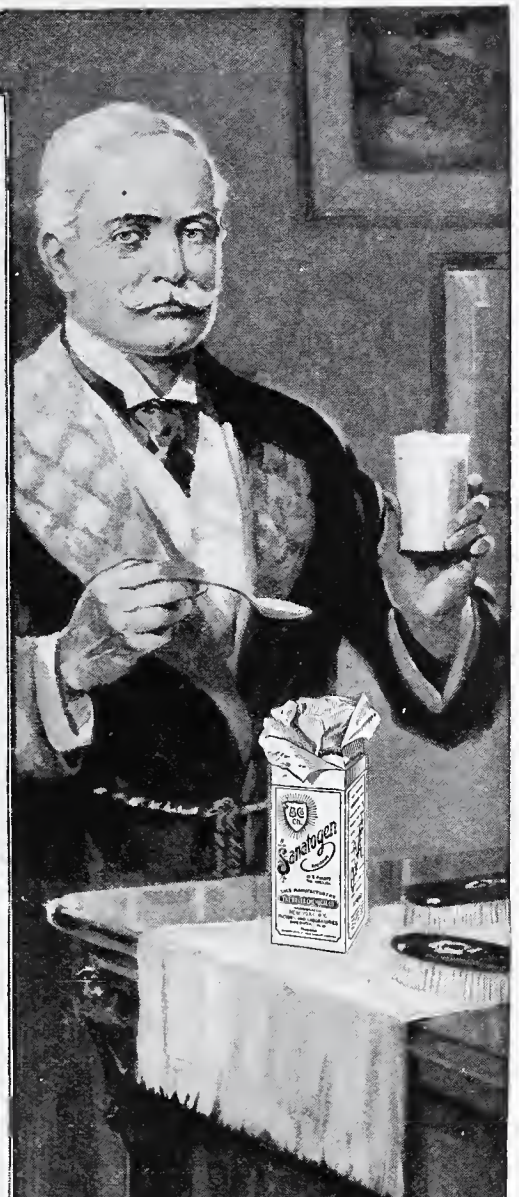
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Don't wait for that eczema or similar affection to get well-established and stubborn. Nip it in the bud with a little Resinol. Is so nearly flesh color that it hardly shows at all. Aided by Resinol Soap, Resinol is most effective in removing pimples and clearing unattractive complexions. Sold by all druggists.

Weigh what you Should

If thin, build up. If burdened with excess flesh, reduce! Have an attractive figure. You CAN—as sure as sunrise. Let me explain how 92,000 refined women have done this; how you can do it. Simple, sure, effective. All in your own room—in a surprisingly short time.

Be Well Why Not?

I build your vitality so that all sorts of physical ailments are relieved by Nature's methods—no drugs nor medicines. I strengthen your heart, teach you how to stand, to walk and breathe correctly. I have spent 16 years at this work—leading physicians endorse me. My booklet telling how to stand and walk correctly is free. Shall I mail it to you NOW? If later you desire my services you will find the cost most reasonable. Write me.

Susanna Cocroft
624 S. Michigan Av., Dept. 12, Chicago

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11

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Also capsules

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

Instant Bunion Relief Prove It At My Expense



Don't send me one cent—just let me prove it to you as I have done for over 72,500 others in the last six months. I claim to have the most successful remedy for bunions ever made and I want you to let me send you my Fairyfoot treatment FREE. I don't care how many so-called cures, or shields or pads you ever tried without success—I don't care how disgusted you are with them all—you have not tried my remedy and I have such absolute confidence in it that I am going to send it to you absolutely FREE. It is a wonderful y.t simple home remedy which relieves you almost instantly of the pain; it removes the cause of the bunion and thus the ugly deformity disappears—all this while you are wearing tighter shoes than ever. Just send your name and address and Fairyfoot will be sent you promptly in plain sealed envelope.

FOOT REMEDY CO., 3561 Ogden Ave., Dept. 16, Chicago

"Humans—90% Good," Says George F.

(Continued from Page 33)

ported that, seized with discontent and desire to better themselves, they had left at one time or another and tried factory life in other places, only to come back. One man had spent two years in different parts of the country. "I shall never leave here," he said emphatically. "E. J." gives a fairer deal than any place that I have been able to find."

There is no doubt that for many people the place has been a first experience in human friendliness and helpfulness. A woman of perhaps thirty-five, evidently well-educated, interested in things in general, left her machine to talk with me. "You ought to know about this place," she said. "I came here three years ago. All my life I had always been a little cold, a little hungry. I never had known what it was to, have anybody smile at me. The first morning I came here Miss A. — (the director) smiled; and then her assistant came around and smiled; and I have never had anything else. You don't have any nagging from the women at the machines, no scolding, and people are willing to do things that are hard and disagreeable, because everybody seems to be trying to help out everybody else. I never knew before that there was such a place in the world, or that people tried to do as these people try to do."

It is not to be supposed that all or even the majority of the 90 per cent. have the depth of feeling of this woman. There are no doubt many men and women who, if I had happened to find them, would not have answered my query, "Do you like 'E. J.'?" as so many did, "You bet, who wouldn't like it?" but that is neither to be expected nor desired. "E. J." will slowly dry up if it ever reaches a point of universal satisfaction.

That is not what this observer at least sought. The point of inquiry is whether we have here an honest and intelligent effort to provide opportunities for men and women to work together in health and comfort, to insure to each as nearly as human justice has yet learned to measure it, his share of the fruits of the labor of all and no more; to give each a chance to develop his particular talent and to stimulate and lead all to understand that it is only through willing co-operation that successful factories in which to work and desirable towns in which to live are possible.

These legitimate ambitions of the laboring world are honestly attempted in the shoe towns. This even the labor leader who comes on a mission of showing the oppressed a way out of their troubles has usually recognized. "I think I will pass on to where I am more needed," a labor leader, who had spent a few days in the town, told the management. And a group who came recently for a day—and spent three days—to

Better than a mustard plaste

Once when Grandma's joints commenced to ache and twinge, she used to go to the mustard pot and make a mustard plaster. Now she goes to Musterole and gets relief, but does without the blister and the plaster, too!

My, how good that Musterole feels when you rub it in gently over that lame back and those sore muscles. First you feel the gentle tingle, then the delightful, soothing coolness that reaches in the twinging joints or stiff, sore muscles.

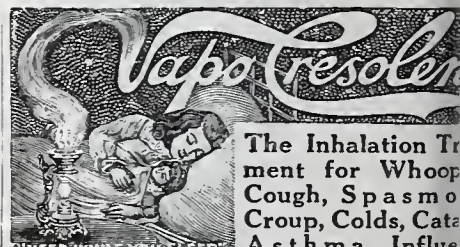
It penetrates to the heart of the congestion. This is because it is made of oil of Mustard and other home simples. And the heat generated by Musterole will not blister.

On the contrary the peculiarity of Musterole lies in the fact that shortly it gives you such a cool relieved feeling all about the twingey part.

And Musterole usually brings the relief while you are rubbing it on. Always keep a jar handy. Many doctors and nurses recommend Musterole.

30c and 60c jars—\$2.50 hospital size. The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio

BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER



The Inhalation Treatment for Whoop Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Colds, Catarrh, Asthma, Influenza, Coughs, Bronchitis.

Established 1879

Simple, safe and effective, avoiding internal drugs. Vaporized Cresolene relieves the paroxysms of Whoop Cough and Spasmodic Croup at once; it nips the commo before it has a chance of developing into something and experience shows that a neglected cold is a dangerous Mrs. Ballington Booth says: "No family, where there are children, should be without this lamp."

The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inhaled with breath, makes breathing easy and relieves the congested restful nights.

It is called a boon by Asthma sufferers. Cresolene relieves the bronchial complications of Fever and Measles and is a valuable aid in the treatment of Diphtheria.

It is a protection to those exposed.

Cresolene's best recommendation is its 40 years of successful use.

Sold by Druggists. Send for descriptive booklet. Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the Irritated Throat composed of slippery elm bark, licorice, sugar and Glycerine. They can't harm you. Of your druggist or from us, 10c. in a

THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 62 Cortlandt St., New York or Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada

what it was that sent organizers back to the boosters of "E. J.'s" policy, went to write in their labor journal two columns, ending: Co-operation has won the day at Detroit and Johnson City. It has not been a word—it has been an idea and an ideal—it has been something with a principle behind it—CO-OPERATION HAS WON THE DAY!"

It looks very much as if Geo. F. had succeeded in realizing his theory that every employer should be his own laborer! Will it endure? So long as it endures

the wisdom at the top which insists that if you would lead them into ways of peaceful labor you must be one of them. No longer. Understanding of the Square Deal is not vouchsafed to the absent capitalist. It is the precious knowledge of him who has learned the joy and the value of neighborliness and lives with those whom he would lead. But let the light fade in these shoe towns, and the spirit dwindle, yet hundreds upon hundreds of men and women will go away to spread it elsewhere, to say, "The Square Deal is possible. I've seen it at work."

Better America

(Continued from Page 40)

SHE MAKES ALIENS INTO CITIZENS

ts kind ever attempted in Detroit. of among its activities during war was the interpretation of the draft to many foreigners who were called to register and give information to Uncle Sam, but who could neither read nor write English, nor even speak the majority of cases. These men were in constant danger of arrest, through their inability to locate their draft boards and their ignorance of what was required. The necessary information was freely handed out by the secretary and her assistants through two interpreters, one of whom, a Rumanian, speaks and writes ten languages, and the other, seven languages. Her work did not stop with the war, as rather intensified, bringing to the attention the need for the Americanization of the foreign element. The Bureau stands ready to protect the foreigners against exploitation. It furnishes him free legal aid through the report and assistance of the Bar Association. And in many other ways, by directing him to various organizations for special work, the Bureau leads him to a better understanding of conditions around him.

The use of the poster forms an important part of the Bureau's work. The posters have been printed attractively in colors in all the different languages and have been displayed prominently in the factories in all the social, civic and educational agencies, including public schools, churches, union halls, societies, banks and small stores in foreign settlements, public libraries, charity buildings, draft boards, municipal court buildings, Federal buildings and on signboards through all the foreign sections of the city. They have been a splendid means of drawing the foreign element closer to the work of the Bureau.

Miss O'Donnell's Committee has no objection of overlapping other organizations. All such agencies such as the Welfare Bureau, the Home Housekeeping Mission, the Better Business Bureau, are assisted to intensify their work and standardize it.

Information on the subject of becoming an American citizen is also freely distributed by the Bureau, and as far as possible the immigrant coming to Detroit is given a real welcome into the citizenship of this country.

Miss O'Donnell has not forgotten the foreign-born woman. An effort is being made to combine the Americanization Committee with a group of representatives of leading women's organizations in order to enlist enthusiastic and resourceful women in a definite programme of work to reach the immigrant mothers in their homes. To this end, Miss O'Donnell has spoken before all the different women's organizations of Detroit.

Recreation is considered by the secretary to be one of the most important factors in Americanization. That all may have the benefit of the arts and crafts, songs and folk dances, which these different peoples have brought with them from their homes over the water, the Committee has been co-operating with the recreation commission in a series of "International Nights" during the past year. All the channels of settlement centers, playgrounds and schools are used as weapons in the great work.

Miss O'Donnell has organized Racial Groups, which meet on different nights. For instance, on one evening the Bureau is thrown open to Polish immigrants, and a cordial invitation is printed in their own language and spread broadcast. On another evening it is Greek night, on another Hungarian, and so on. Each group will later on help to handle the Americanization problem among their own people. It is a big problem to consider when one realizes that in 1910 Detroit only had a population of 465,766. Now the population is close to a million, with 150,000 Polish, 28,000 Rumanians, 40,000 Italians, and other nationalities in proportion.

In the eyes of Miss O'Donnell and her Committee, the passport question looms very large just now, as many of the foreigners are hungering to see what has become of their families in the devastated lands. The Bureau is doing very valuable work along these lines in bring-



"\$1,000 Saved!"

"Last night I came home with great news. Our savings account had passed the thousand dollar mark!"

"A few years ago I was making \$15 a week and it took every cent to keep us going. Then one day I realized why I wasn't being advanced—I couldn't do anything in particular. I decided right then to invest an hour after supper each night in my own future, so I wrote to Scranton and arranged for a course of special training.

"Why, in a few months I had a whole new vision of my work! An opening came and I was promoted—with an increase. A little later another raise came—I could save \$25 a month. Then another—I could save \$50 each pay day. So it went.

"Today I am manager of my department. We have a thousand dollars saved—and there is a real future ahead!"

For 28 years the International Correspondence Schools have been helping men and women everywhere to win promotion, to earn more money, to have happy prosperous homes, to know the joy of getting ahead in business and in life.

You, too, can prepare right at home in spare time for the position you want in the work you like best. All we ask is the chance to prove it. Choose your career from this coupon and mark and mail it now.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS BOX 4549, SCRANTON, PA.

Explain, without obligating me, how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject, before which I mark X.

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| ☐ Mechanical Draftsman | ☐ ILLUSTRATING |
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| ☐ Toolmaker | ☐ BUSINESS MANAGEMENT |
| ☐ Gas Engine Operating | ☐ Private Secretary |
| ☐ CIVIL ENGINEER | ☐ BOOKKEEPER |
| ☐ Surveying and Mapping | ☐ Stenographer and Typist |
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| ☐ STATIONARY ENGINEER | ☐ TRAFFIC MANAGER |
| ☐ Marine Engineer | ☐ Railway Accountant |
| ☐ Ship Draftsman | ☐ Commercial Law |
| ☐ ARCHITECT | ☐ GOOD ENGLISH |
| ☐ Contractor and Builder | ☐ Teacher |
| ☐ Architectural Draftsman | ☐ Common School Subjects |
| ☐ Concrete Builder | ☐ Mathematics |
| ☐ Structural Engineer | ☐ CIVIL SERVICE |
| ☐ PLUMBING AND HEATING | ☐ Railway Mail Clerk |
| ☐ Sheet Metal Worker | ☐ AUTOMOBILE OPERATING |
| ☐ Textile Overseer or Supt. | ☐ Auto Repairing |
| ☐ JEWELRY | ☐ AGRICULTURE |
| ☐ Navigation | ☐ Poultry Raising |

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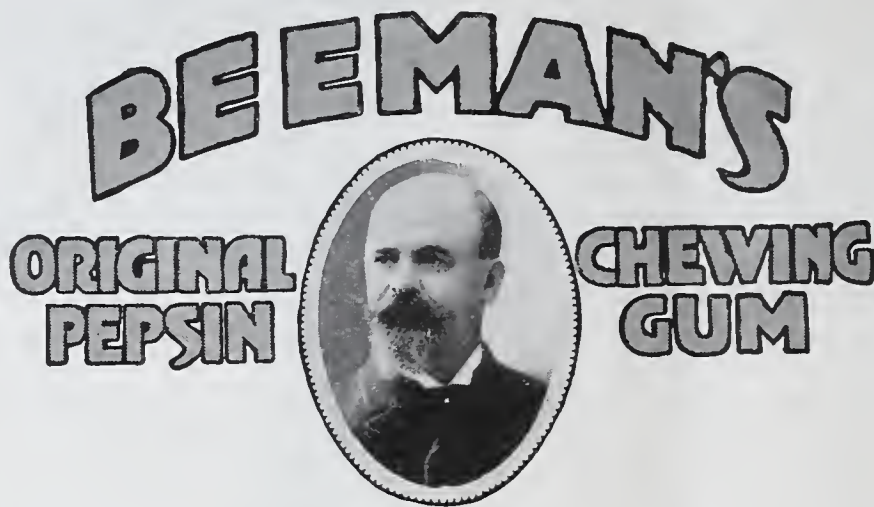
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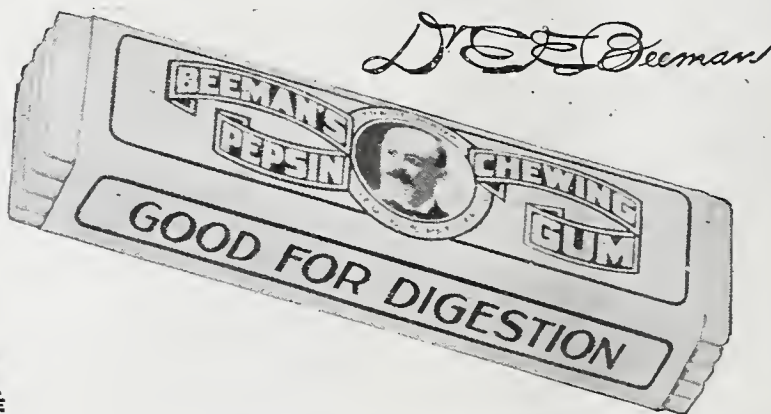
Business efficiency and good digestion

MANY a man in a position of authority is a failure because of his petulant, fault-finding manner to those under him. To his assistants his faults are attributable to a bad disposition. In reality his trouble may be wholly due to a bad digestion.

A man whose digestion is impaired, even slightly, is prone to be irritable, cross and annoyed by trifles. Under these conditions, he is unable to do his best work or obtain coöperation and the best work from those around him.

The whole efficiency of many an organization is often lowered by the digestive troubles of the "man at the top"—troubles due in many an instance to a fidelity to the business that has led him to eat his meals hastily, without proper mastication, or the slightest mental relaxation.

If such a man will pay strict attention to his diet, eat rationally and chew a stick of my original pepsin gum for ten minutes after each meal his digestive troubles will disappear and there will be a noticeable increase in efficiency which will extend to the whole staff.



AMERICAN CHICLE COMPANY

New York Cleveland Chicago . Kansas City San Francisco

ing the foreigner and the governn
together.

"In the Washington Conference," Miss O'Donnell, "one of the most portant points brought out was contact with Americans is one of greatest Americanization forces.

"We must get over our idea of segrating the foreigner and leaving him ignorance of our language, our man and our customs. We must teach men to become good American citiza the women to dress, take care of the little ones and conduct their homes according to our best ideas, and teach children to become future good Amcans, or we have failed in our duty these people. I understand that Cgress proposes to shut down on all imgration for the next four years. I h not studied the right or wrong of question, but I do think that we m in those four years, make good Amcans of those foreigners already on soil that they in turn may be able help the new arrivals.

"Another thing that we must mak factor in Americanization," went on Miss O'Donnell, "is Officialdom. From officials at the ports of entry the eigner gets his first glimpse of Am can life, and from the official he get good or a bad impression of our coun We cannot expect all our officials speak eight or ten languages, but a sr is cosmopolitan, and a kindly look ne no interpreter."

It is just this spirit of energy, o mism and kindness which has peculi fitted Miss O'Donnell for the posit she holds. In the Bureau, for which is so largely responsible, the alien derstands that he has a friendly sourc which he may bring his troubles, wh he will receive kindly and reliable adv In all his trials, real or imaginary, h made to feel that he has something give America, and that America something to give him—and is ready willing to give it.

A Correction in the November Number

In an advertisement of the Bruck-Balke-Collender Company the November 1919 issue of Red Cross Magazine, there appe an illustration of a talking machi Through a mistake due to the wr engraving having been furnished Red Cross Magazine by anot publisher, the machine illustrat one made by the Sonora Phot graph Corporation, instead of machine made by the adverti

This mistake is much regret by all concerned.

February 1920

The

Twenty Cents

Red Cross Magazine



BILLY BRAD'S
BANK BOOK"

By
Ellis Parker

r

"IN LINCOLN'S
CHAIR"

Ida M. Tarbell's
Story of Lincoln's
Religion

Aladdin

AN ALADDIN
BUNGALOW
THE PLAZA



**Readi-
Cut
Homes**

Reduce Present High Building Costs

A DELIGHTFUL HOME

THE ALADDIN
LAMBERTON



AVOID LUMBER SHORTAGE—BUILD NOW

Lumber shortage—a virtual famine of lumber—exists in many parts of the country. Reports indicate it is impossible even now to get material for certain needs. Stocks were never as low as they are now. The demand was never as great as it is now. **THIS MEANS STILL HIGHER LUMBER PRICES.** It means that prices will go upward rapidly—that it will possibly take \$150 in six months or a year to buy \$100 worth of lumber at present prices.

COMPLETE MATERIAL FOR IMMEDIATE SHIPMENT

Aladdin taps the four greatest forests of the United States. Each one has sufficient standing timber to take care of the needs of the country for many years. The probable lumber famine predicted in all parts of the country will not affect the Aladdin Co.



Every Aladdin house ordered in 1920 will be shipped quickly and **completely.** Sufficient lath and plaster for lining the interior of the home. Nails in necessary sizes and quantities. Beautiful grain, perfect quality interior trim. Doors of high quality material and excellent workmanship. Every item of the complete home will be promptly shipped to every Aladdin purchaser in 1920, regardless of shortages of lumber and other building materials in the general markets.

NATIONAL HOMEBUILDING SERVICE

Shipments of Aladdin Readi-cut Homes are made from the four greatest timber-producing sections in the United States. From the Atlantic to the Pacific—from Canada to the Gulf—Aladdin can serve you wherever you live. Aladdin houses are manufactured and shipped direct from the Aladdin Company's own mills in Michigan, Mississippi, North Carolina and Oregon. Aladdin houses come to you in a straight line from the nearest timber region. Complete Sales and Business Offices are maintained in connection with each mill. Fully 24 hours' time is saved in your mail reaching our offices.

DOLLAR-A-KNOT QUALITY

Aladdin's Dollar-a-Knot Guaranty is proof of high quality. Knotless lumber, the purest and clearest that ever came out of the forest, is the kind that Aladdin houses are made of. This is evidenced by our famous Dollar-a-Knot guaranty, which has now been in effect for over four years. Better quality lumber does not grow. The highest grade paints, hardware, doors, windows, millwork, etc., are all included with every Aladdin house.

20 ft. of LUMBER from a 16-ft. BOARD

The Aladdin System of Homebuilding has been practicing for 14 years the principle the world only learned during the war—elimination of waste of lumber and labor. The Aladdin Book explains this system thoroughly, shows how 20 feet of lumber is cut from a 16-ft. board. The great Aladdin Organization, composed of experts in every branch of homebuilding, stands ready to help you build your home at a saving. Put this group of experts to work on your problem.

SEND FOR 100-PAGE BOOK—"ALADDIN HOMES"

The Aladdin Book of Homes has a message for you. Amongst its pages, profusely illustrated in colors, leading home designs are represented to you. Aladdin houses are cut-to-fit as follows: Lumber, millwork, flooring, outside and inside finish, doors, windows, shingles, lath and plaster, hardware, locks, nails, paints, *arnishes. The material is shipped to you in a sealed box-car, complete, ready to erect. Safe arrival of the complete material in perfect condition is guaranteed. Send today for a copy of the book, "Aladdin Homes," No. 1017.



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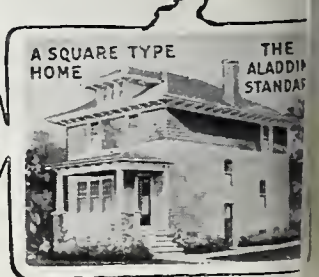
THE SUNSHINE

THE ALADDIN BUNGALOW



A SQUARE TYPE HOME

THE ALADDIN
STANDARD



The Aladdin Company Enclosed find stamps for the book "Aladdin Homes" No. 1017

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State.....



A package of WRIGLEY'S certainly helps people to be genial and sociable.

"Faint heart" will stand a much better chance of winning "fair lady" if the evening is made joyous with WRIGLEY'S.

Not that we seek to be match-makers, but just on general principles—WRIGLEY'S is good for you.

A76





The Red Cross Magazine

Owned and published exclusively
by the American Red Cross



THIS MAGAZINE is late. By this time we had hoped to have forgotten all about the printer's strike, but the aftermath of the strike still continues. Picking up on the dates of the MAGAZINE is a difficult task. We are gaining, but we are gaining slowly. We hope very soon to catch up with time

and get the MAGAZINE to you at the accustomed date. In the meanwhile, if you don't get your next MAGAZINE on time and feel tempted to sit down and write us about it, just postpone the letter a few days, and the MAGAZINE will drop in on you. We haven't forgotten you, and the MAGAZINE is coming.

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THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE FEBRUARY, 1920 VOL. XV, No. 2

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How I Improved My Memory In One Evening

The Amazing Experience of Victor Jones

OF course I place you Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle.

"If I remember correctly—and I do remember correctly—Mr. Burroughs, the lumberman, introduced me to you at the luncheon of the Seattle Rotary Club three years ago in May. This is a pleasure indeed. I haven't laid eyes on you since that day. How is the grain business? And how did that amalgamation work out?"

The assurance of this speaker—in the crowded corridor of the Hotel McAlpin—compelled me to turn and look at him, though I must say it is not my usual habit to "listen in" even in hotel lobby.

"He is David M. Roth, the most famous memory expert in the United States," said my friend Kennedy, answering my question before I could get it out. "He will show you a lot more wonderful things than that, before the evening is over."

And he did. As we went into the banquet room the master was introducing a long line of the guests to Mr. Roth. I got in line and when it came my turn Mr. Roth asked, "What are your initials, Mr. Jones, and our business connection and telephone number?" Why he asked this I learned later, when he picked out from the crowd the men he had met two hours before and called each by name without a mistake. What is more, he named each man's business and telephone number, for good measure. I won't tell you all the other amazing things this man did except to tell how he called back, without a minute's hesitation, long lists of numbers, bank clearings, prices, lot numbers, freight post rates and anything else the guests gave him in rapid order.

When I met Mr. Roth—which you may believe I did the first chance I got—he rather bowled me over by saying, in his quiet, modest way:

"There is nothing miraculous about my remembering anything I want to remember, whether it be names, faces, figures, facts or anything I have read in a magazine."

"You can do this just as easy as I do. Any man with an average mind can learn quickly to do exactly the same things which seem so miraculous when I do them."

"My own memory," continued Mr. Roth, "was originally very faulty. Yes, it was—actually poor memory. On meeting a man I could lose his name in thirty seconds, while now there are probably 10,000 men and women in the United States, many of whom I have met at once, whose names I can call instantly on meeting them."

"That is all right for you, Mr. Roth," I interrupted, "you have given years to it. But how about me?"

"Mr. Jones," he replied, "I can teach you the secret of a good memory in one evening. This is not a guess, because I have done it with thousands of pupils. In the first of seven simple lessons which I have prepared for home study, I show you the basic principle of my whole system and you will find it—not hard work as you might fear—but just like playing a fascinating game. I will prove it to you."

He didn't have to prove it. His course did; I got it the very next day from his publishers, the Independent Corporation.

When I tackled the first lesson, I suppose I was the most surprised man in forty-eight states to find that I had learned in about one hour, how, to remember a list of one hundred

Now I can call up like a flash of lightning most any fact I want right at the instant I need it most. I used to think a "hair trigger" memory belonged only to the prodigy and genius. Now I see that every man of us has that kind of a memory if he only knows how to make it work right.

I tell you it is a wonderful thing, after groping around in the dark for so many years to be able to switch the big searchlight on your mind and see instantly everything you want to remember.

This Roth course will do wonders in your office.

Since we took it up you never hear anyone in our office say "I guess" or "I think it was about so much" or "I forgot that right now" or "I forget that right now" or "I can't remember," or "I must look up his name."

Now they are right there with the answer—like a shot.

Have you ever heard of "Multigraph Smith?" Real name H. Q. Smith, Division Manager of the Multigraph Sales Company, Ltd., in Montreal. Here is just a bit from a letter of his that I saw last week:

"Here is the whole thing in a nutshell: Mr. Roth has a most remarkable Memory Course. It is simple, and easy as falling off a log. Yet with one hour a day of practice, anyone—I don't care who he is—can improve his memory 100% in a week and 1,000% in 6 months."



"Of Course I Place You! Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle."

word, so that I could call them off forward and back without a single mistake.

That first lesson stuck. And so did the other six.

Read this letter from Terence J. McManus, of the firm of Oleott, Bonyuge, McManus & Ernst, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, 170 Broadway, and one of the most famous trial lawyers in New York:

"May I take occasion to state that I regard your service in giving this system to the world as a public benefaction. The wonderful simplicity of the method, and the ease with which its principles may be acquired, especially appeal to me. I may add that I already had occasion to test the effectiveness of the first two lessons in the preparation for trial of an important action in which I am about to engage."

Mr. McManus didn't put it a bit too strong.

The Roth course is priceless. I can absolutely count on my memory now. I can call the name of most any man I have met before—and I am getting better all the time. I can remember any figures I wish to remember. Telephone numbers come to mind instantly, once I have filed them by Mr. Roth's easy method. Street addresses are just as easy.

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Now I am sure of myself, and confident, and "easy as an old shoe" when I get on my feet at the club, or at a banquet, or in a business meeting, or in any social gathering.

Perhaps the most enjoyable part of it all is that I have become a good conversationalist—and I used to be as silent as a sphinx when I got into a crowd of people who knew things.

My advice to you is don't wait another minute. Send to Independent Corporation for Mr. Roth's amazing course and see what a wonderful memory you have got. Your dividends in increased power will be enormous.

VICTOR JONES.

While Mr. Jones has chosen the story form for this account of his experience and that of others with the Roth Memory Course, he has used only facts that are known personally to the President of the Independent Corporation, who hereby verifies the accuracy of Mr. Jones' story in all its particulars.

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The Red Cross Magazine

THE HOUSE IN ORDER

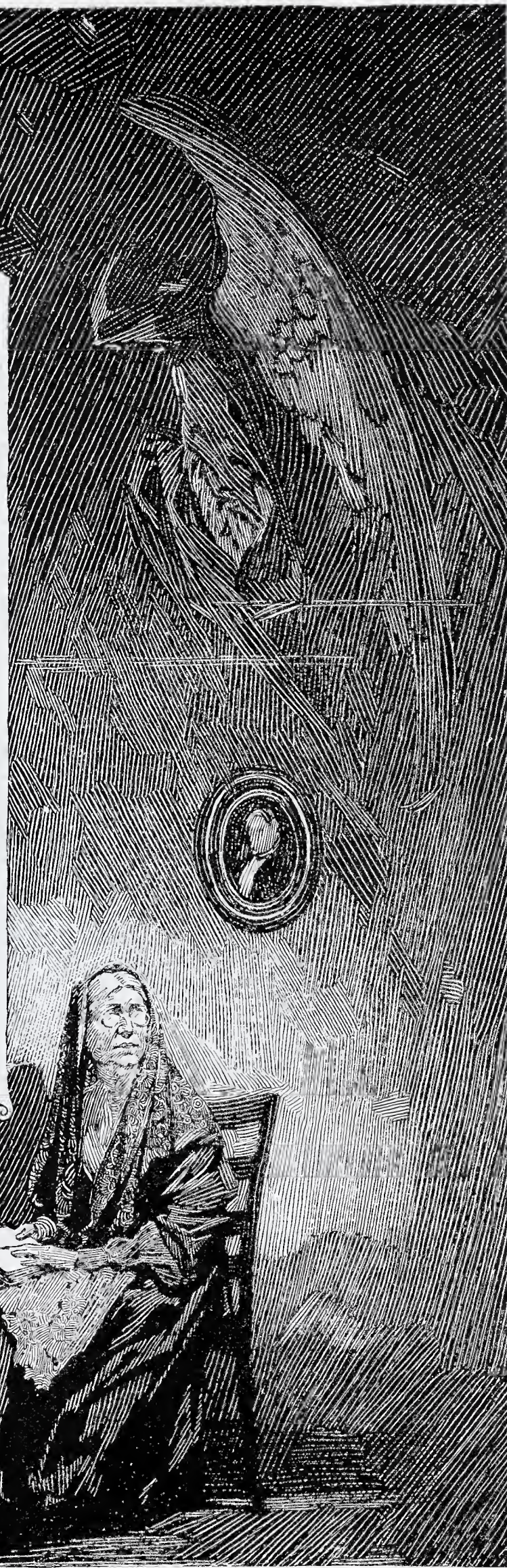
By Theodosia Garrison
Decoration by Franklin Booth

I HAVE been so untidy all my days.

I only thought to make my House of Life
A place of happiness—a dwelling bright
With mirth, and gay with hearth and la
light—

A banquet hall wherein the board was set
For many mates. But now the time has come
To set my house in order—to prepare
For that last guest. About me everywhere
Are soiled, unlovely things. My floors are marked
With many footsteps and my table stained
With wine-rings. There are broken things to mend
Pushed back upon the shelves—old faith, old hopes
And dingy ornaments. Once cherished things
That youth outgrew, old friendships and old
loves—

These to be mended, these to be made bright.
O, there is much to do before the night!
Brings my last guest. I will throw wide the door
And all my windows to the sun and wind;
I will wipe out these footprints on the floor.
Surely I shall have time before he comes
To set my house in order—to arrange
The fair, white linen ready to his hands,
To lay my table in a quiet room
With cleanliness and peaceful candle light.
I will work very hard the live long day,
For when the sun is setting he will come—
That guest who cries no greeting at my gate,
Who casts no slanting shadow on the lawn.
I do not know what face he may disclose
Beneath his mantle. Who may say, indeed,
It is not God's? One should not be ashamed
To bid him in. My house at close of day
Must be in order. There is much to do.





"All I can do is to follow what I think is right.
Whatever shall appear to be God's will, I'll do."

IN LINCOLN'S

CHAIR

By Ida M. Tarbell

Author of "Life of Lincoln", "Father Abraham", etc.

Illustrated by Blenden Campbell

YES SIR; he was what I call a godly man. Fact is, I never knew anybody I felt so sure would walk straight into Heaven, everybody welcomin' him, nobody fussin' or fumin' about his bein' let in as Abraham Lincoln."

It was Billy Brown talking. We were seated by his stove in his drug store on the public square of Springfield, Illinois, he tilted back in a worn high-back Windsor, I seated properly in his famous "Lincoln's chair," a seat too revered for anybody to stand on two legs. It was a snowy blustery day and the talk had run on uninterruptedly from the weather to the campaign. (The year was 1896, and Billy, being a gold Democrat, was gloomy over politics.) We had finally arrived, as we always did when we met to when Mr. Lincoln was alive, and Billy had been dwelling lovingly on his great friend's gentleness, goodness, honesty.

"You know I never knew anybody," he went on, "who seemed to me more interested in God, more curious about Him, more anxious to find out what He was drivin' at in the world than Mr. Lincoln. I reckon he was allus that way. There ain't any doubt that from the time he was a little shaver he grabbed on to everything that came his way—wouldn't let it go till he had it worked out, fixed it in his mind so he understood it, and could tell it the way he saw it. Same about religion as everything else. Of course he didn't get no religious teachin' like youngsters have now-a-days—Sunday Schools and church regular every Sunday—lessons all worked out, and all kinds of books to explain 'em. Still I ain't sure but what they give so many helps now, the Bible don't get much show.

"It won't so when Mr. Lincoln was a boy. No, sir. Bible was the whole thing, and there ain't any doubt he knew it pretty near by heart, knew it

WAS Abraham Lincoln what might be called a devoutly religious man? For many years this has been a much discussed question and has been the subject of endless study on the part of those who have written about the great Emancipator ever since his death. Up to now, however, we believe that no one has spoken with the authority of the author of this article.

Ida M. Tarbell knows more about Abraham Lincoln than any other living person. Her books "Life of Lincoln," "He Knew Lincoln," and "Father Abraham" are evidence of the intense interest and conscientious mind with which she has always studied the life of our own man of sorrows. It is a subject on which she has a feeling that transcends even the enthusiasm which usually inspires her writings.

Here for the first time she writes upon the absorbing topic of Lincoln's religious convictions, and the result is an appealingly unconventional presentation of the man himself. The "Billy Brown" of the monologue is not a character in fiction but a real man with whom Miss Tarbell has had various talks during the course of her study of Lincoln. Out of her notes she has published other stories around this "Billy Brown" and his intimate talks with his great friend, but none more interesting—to us anyway—than this.

well before he ever could read, for Lincoln had a good mother, that's sure, the kind that wanted more than anything else in the world to have her boy grow up to be a good man, and she did all she knew how to teach him right.

"I remember hearin' him say once how she used to tell him Bible stories, teach him verses—always quotin' 'em. I can see him now sprawlin' on the floor in front of the fire listenin' to Nancy Hanks tellin' him about Moses and Jacob and Noah and all those old fellows, tellin' him about Jesus and his dyin' on the cross. I tell you that took hold of a little shaver, livin' like he did, remote and not havin' many books or places to go. Filled you chuck full of

wonder and mystery, made you lie awake nights, and sometimes swelled you all up, wantin' to be good.

"Must have come mighty hard on him havin' her die. Think of a little codger like him seein' his mother lyin' dead in that shack of theirs, secin' Tom Lincoln holdin' his head and wonderin' what he'd do now. Poor little tad! He must have crept up and looked at her, and gone out and throwned himself on the ground and cried himself out. Hard thing for a boy of 9 to lose his mother, specially in such a place as they lived in.

"I don't see how he could get much comfort out of what they taught about her dyin', sayin' it was God's will, and hintin' that if you'd been what you ought to be it wouldn't have happened, never told a man that if he let a woman work herself to death it was his doin's she died—not God's will at all. God's will she should live and be happy and make him happy.

"But I must say Mr. Lincoln had luck in the step-mother he got. If there ever was a good woman, it was Sarah Johnston, and she certain did her duty by Tom Lincoln's children. 'Twan't so easy kind; poor as he was, the kinder that never really got

a hold in anything, Sarah Johnston did her part—teachin' Mr. Lincoln just as his own mother would, and just as anxious as she'd been to have him grow up a good man. I tell you she was proud of him when he got to be President. I remember seein' her back in '62 or '63 on the farm Mr. Lincoln gave her, little ways out of Charleston. One of the last things Mr. Lincoln did before he went to Washington was to go down there and see his step-mother. He knew better than anybody what she'd done for him.

"Yes, sir, the best religious teachin' Mr. Lincoln ever got was from Tom Lincoln's two wives. It was the kind that went deep and stuck, because he

In Lincoln's Chair

saw 'em livin' it every day, practicin' it on him and his sister and his father and the neighbors. Whatever else he might have seen and learnt, when he was a boy he knew what his two mothers thought religion meant, and he never got away from that.

"Of course he had other teachin', principally what he got from the preachers that came around, now and then. Ramblin' lot they was, men all het up over the sins of the world, and bent on doin' their part towards headin' off people from hell-fire. They traveled around alone, sometimes on horse back, sometimes afoot—poor as Job, not too much to wear or to eat, never thinkin' of themselves, only about savin' souls; and it was natural that bein' alone so much, seein' so much misery and so much wickedness, for there was lots that was bad in that part of the world in those times—natural enough meditat-in' as they did that they preached pretty strong doctrine. Didn't have a chance often at a congregation, and felt they must scare it to repentance if they couldn't do no other way. They'd work up people till they got 'em to shoutin' for mercy.

"I DON'T suppose they ever had anybody that listened better to 'em than Mr. Lincoln. I can just see him watchin' 'em and tryin' to understand what they meant. He was curious, rolled things over, kept at 'em and no amount of excitement they stirred up would ever have upset him. No, he wan't that kind.

"But he remembered what they said, and the way they said it. Used to get the youngsters together and try it on them. I heard him talkin' in here one day about the early preachin' and I remember his sayin': 'I got to be quite a preacher myself in those days. You know how those old fellows felt they hadn't done their duty if they didn't get everybody in church weepin' for their sins. We never set much store by a preacher that didn't draw tears and groans. Pretty strong doctrine, mostly hell-fire. There was a time when I preached myself to the children every week we didn't have a minister. I didn't think much of my sermon if I didn't make 'em cry. I reckon there was more oratory than religion in what I had to say.'

"I reckon he was right about that, allus tryin' to see if he could do what other folks did, sort of measurin' himself.

"Yes sir, so far as preachin' was concerned it was a God of wrath that Abraham Lincoln was brought up on, and there ain't any denyin' that he had to go through a lot that carried out that idea. A boy can't grow up in a backwoods settlement like Gentryville, Indiana, without seein' a lot that's puzzlin', sort of scares you and makes you miserable. Things was harsh and things was skimpy. There wa'n't so much to eat. Sometimes there was fever and ague and rheumatiz and milk sick. Women died from too much work. No medicine—no care, like his mother did. I expect there wan't any human crime

or sorrow he didn't know about, didn't wonder about. Thing couldn't be so terrible he would keep away from it. Why I heard him tell once how a boy he knew went mad, never got over it, use to sing to himself all night long, and Mr. Lincoln said that he couldn't keep away, but used to slip out nights and listen to that poor idiot croonin' to himself. He was like that, interested in strange things he didn't understand, in signs and dreams and mysteries.

"Still things have to be worse than they generally are anywhere to keep a boy down-hearted right along—specially a boy like Mr. Lincoln, with an investigatin' turn of mind like his, so many new things comin' along to surprise you. Why it was almost like Robinson Crusoe out there—wild land, havin' to make everything for yourself—hunt your meat and grow your cotton, mighty excitin' life for a boy—lots to do—lots of fun too, winter and summer. Somehow when you grow up in the country you can't make out that God ain't kind, if he is severe. I reckon that was the way Mr. Lincoln sized it up early, world might be a vale of tears, like they taught, but he saw it was mighty interestin' too, and a good deal of fun to be got along with the tears.

"Trouble was later to keep things balanced. The older he grew, the more he read, and he begun to run up against a kind of thinkin' along about the time he was twenty-one or twenty-two that was a good deal different from that he'd been used to, books that made out the Bible wa'n't so, that even said there wan't any God. We all took a turn at readin' Tom Paine and Voltaire out here, and there was another book—somebody's 'Ruins'—I forget the name."

"Volney?"

"Yes, that's it. 'Volney's Ruins.'"

"Do you know I think that book took an awful grip on Mr. Lincoln. I reckon it was the first time he ever realized how long the world's been runnin'; how many lots of men have lived and settled countries and built cities and how time and time again they've all been wiped out. Mr. Lincoln couldn't get over that. I've heard him talk about how old the world was time and time again, how nothing lasted—men—cities—nations. One set on top of another—men comin' along just as interested and busy as we are, in doin' things, and then little by little all they done passin' away.

"HE was always speculatin' about that kind of thing. I remember in '49 when he came back from Congress he stopped to see Niagara Falls. Well, sir, when he got home he couldn't talk about anything else for days, seemed to knock politics clean out of his mind. He'd sit there that winter in that chair you're in and talk and talk about it. Talk just like it's printed in those books his secretary got up. I never cared myself for all those articles they wrote. Wrong, am I? Mebbe so, but there wa'n't enough of Mr. Lincoln in 'em to suit me. I wanted to know what he

said about everything in his own words. But I tell you when I saw the books with the things he had said and wrote all brought together nice and neat and one after another I just took to that. I've got 'em here in my desk, often read 'em and lots of it sounds just as natural, almost hear him sayin' it, just as if he was settin' here by the stove.

"Now what he tells about Niagara in the book is like that—just as if he was here. I can hear him sayin': 'Why Billy, when Columbus first landed here, when Christ suffered on the Cross, when Moses crossed dry-shod through the Red Sea, even when Adam was first made, Niagara was roarin' away.' He'd talk in here just as it is printed there; how the big beasts whose bones they've found in mounds must have seen the falls, how it's older than them and older than the first race of men. They're all dead and gone, not even bones of many of 'em left, and yet there's Niagara boomin' away fresh as ever.

"HE used to prove by the way the water had worn away the rocks that the world was at least fourteen thousand years old. A long spell, but folks tell me it ain't nothin' to what is bein' estimated now.

"Makes men seem pretty small, don't it? God seems to wipe 'em out as careless like as if he were cleanin' a slate. How could He care and do that? It made such a mite of a man no better'n a fly. That's what bothered Mr. Lincoln. I know how he felt. That's the way it hit me when I first began to understand all the stars were worlds like ours. What I couldn't see and can't now is how we can be so blame sure ours is the only world with men on. And if they're others and they're wiped out regular like ours, well, it knocked me all of a heap at first, 'peared to me mighty unlikely that God knew anything about me.

"I expect Mr. Lincoln felt something like that when he studied how old the world was and how one set of ruins was piled on top of another.

"Then there was another thing. Lots of those old cities and old nations weren't Christian at all, and yet accordin' to the ruins it looked as if the people was just as happy, knew just as much, had just as good laws as any Christian nation now, some of them a blamed sight better. Now how was a boy like Lincoln going to handle a problem like that? Well I guess for a time he handled it like the man who wrote about the 'Ruins.' Never seemed queer to me he should have written a free-thinkin' book after that kind of readin'. I reckon he had to write something to get his head clear. Allus had to have things clear.

"You know that story, of course, about that book. First time I ever heard it was back in 1846 when him and Elder Cartwright was runnin' for Congress. You know about Cartwright? Well, sir, he made his campaign against Lincoln in '46, not on politics at all—made it on chargin' him with bein' an



"'Where be you going? Mr. Lincoln?' he shouted.—Mr. Lincoln rose up and said quiet like 'I'm goin' to Congress'."

infidel because he wa'n't a church member and because he said Mr. Lincoln had written a free thought book when he was a boy. He kept it up, until along in the winter Mr. Lincoln shut him up good. He'd gone down to where Cartwright lived to make a political speech and some of us went along. Cartwright was runnin' a revival, and long in the evening before startin' home we went in and set in the back of the church. When it came time to ask sinners to come forward, the elder got pretty excited. 'Where be you goin'?' he shouted. 'To Hell if you don't repent and come to this altar.' At last he began to call on Mr. Lincoln to come forward. Well, you know nobody likes to be called out like that right in meetin'. Mr. Lincoln didn't budge, just set there. The elder he kept it up. Finally he shouted, 'If Mr. Lincoln ain't goin' to repent and

go to Heaven, where is he goin'?' Intimatin' I suppose, that he was headed for Hell. 'Where be you goin', Mr. Lincoln?' he shouted.

"Well, sir, at that Mr. Lincoln rose up and said quiet like—

"'I'm goin' to Congress.'"

"For a minute you could have heard a pin drop and then—well, I just snorted—couldn't help it. Ma was awful ashamed when I told her, said I oughtin' to done it—right in meetin', but I couldn't help it—just set there and shook and shook. The elder didn't made any more observations to Mr. Lincoln that trip.

"Goin' home I said, 'Mr. Lincoln, you just served the elder right, shut him up, and I guess you're right; you be goin' to Congress.'"

"Well Billy," he said, smiling and lookin' serious, 'I've made up my mind that Brother Cartwright isn't goin' to

make the religion of Jesus Christ a political issue in this district if I can help it.'

"Some of the elder's friends pretended to think Mr. Lincoln was mockin' at the Christian religion when he answered back like that. Not a bit. He was protectin' it according to my way of thinkin'.

"I reckon I understand him a little because I'm more or less that way myself—can't help seein' things funny. I've done a lot of things Ma says people misunderstand. A while back comin' back from New York I did somethin' I expect some people would have called mockin' at religion. Mr. Lincoln wouldn't.

"You see I'd been down to buy drugs and comin' home I was readin' the Bible in the morning in my seat in the sleepin' car. Allus read a chapter every mornin'. Ma got me in the way of it,



Wrestling to find the truth. He couldn't let a thing alone until he tounded it North, South, East and West

and I like it—does me good—keeps me from burstin' out at somebody when I get mad, that is, it does for the most part.

"Well, as I was sayin', I was readin' my chapter, and I reckon mebbe I was readin' out loud when I looked up and see the porter lookin' at me and kinda snickerin'.

"See here, boy," I says, "you smilin' at the Bible? Well you set down there." "Set down," I says. I'm a pretty stout man as you can see, weigh 200, and I reckon I can throw most men my size. Why I've wrestled with Mr. Lincoln, yes sir, wrestled with Abraham

Lincoln, right out there in that alley. You see I ain't used to bein' disobeyed. And that negro knew it, and he just dropped.

"Boy," I says, "I'm goin' to read you a chapter out of this Bible, and you're goin' to listen." And I did it. "Now," I says, "down with you on your knees, we're goin' to have prayers." Well, sir, you never seen such a scared darky. Down he went, and down I went, and I prayed out loud for that porter's soul and before I was through he was sayin' 'Amen.'

"Of course, the passengers began to take notice, and about the time I was

done along came the conductor, and he lit into me and said he wasn't goin' to have any such performances in his car.

"Well, you can better guess that gave me a text. He'd a man in that car fillin' himself up with liquor half the night, just plain drunk and disorderly. 'I ain't heard you makin' any loud objections to the drinkin' goin' on in this car,' I says. 'If that don't disturb the peace, prayin' won't.' And two or three passengers just chimed right in and said, 'That's so. Do us all good if we had more prayin' and less drinkin'.' Fact was, I was quite pop'lar the rest of that trip.

"Now I reckon some would a' been shocked by what I done. 'Ma' said when I told her, 'Now you know, William, it wasn't that porter's soul you was interested in half as much as gettin' a little fun out of him.' Well, mebber so. I won't deny there was some mischief in it. But it wouldn't have shocked Mr. Lincoln. He'd understood. Seems a pity I can't tell him about that. He'd enjoyed it.

"Well to go back to Cartwright and the free thought book he said Lincoln wrote when he was a boy. The elder didn't pretend he'd seen the book, said the reason he hadn't was that it was never printed, only written, and that not many people ever did see it because Sam Hill the storekeeper down to New Salem thinkin' it might hurt Lincoln had snatched it away and thrown it into the stove and burnt it up. Now what do you think of that?

"Well, Cartwright didn't get elected—got beaten—beaten bad and nobody around here ever talked about that book when Mr. Lincoln was runnin' for President that I heard of. It was after he was dead that somebody raked up that story again and printed it. It never made much difference to me. I allus thought it likely he did write something along the lines he'd been readin' after. But sakes alive, you ought to seen the fur fly out here. All the church people riz right up and proved it wa'n't so; and those that didn't profess lit in and proved it was so. They got all the old inhabitants of Sangamon County who knew Mr. Lincoln to writin' letters. Lot of them published in the papers.

ONE of the most interestin' accordin' to my way of thinkin' was a letter that came out from Mentor Graham, Lincoln's old schoolmaster. I don't remember it exact, but near as I can recall he said Lincoln asked him one day when he was livin' at his house going to school what he thought about the anger of the Lord, and then he went on to say that he had written something along that line and wished Mr. Graham would read it. Well sir, Mr. Graham wrote in that letter that this thing Lincoln wrote proved God was too good to destroy the people he'd made, and that all the misery Adam brought on us by his sin had been wiped out by the atonement of Christ. Now mind, that was a honest man writin' that letter, a man who'd been Lincoln's friend from the start. To be sure it was some time after the event—pretty near 40 years and I must say I always suspicion a man's remembering anything very exact after 40 years. But one thing is sure, Mentor Graham knew Lincoln in those days, and that's more than most of them that was arguin' this thing did.

"Always seemed to me about as reliable testimony as anybody offered. I contended that most likely Lincoln did write just what Mentor Graham said he did, and that the brethern thought it was dangerous doctrine to make out God was that good, and so they called him an infidel. Nothin' riled those old fellows religiously like

tryin' to make out God didn't damn everybody that didn't believe according to the way they read the Scriptures. Seemed to hate to think about Mr. Lincoln's God. I almost felt sometimes as if they'd rather a man would say there wa'n't no God than to make him out a God of Mercy.

"But sakes alive, Mentor Graham's letter didn't settle it. The boys used to get to rowin' about it in here sometimes around the stove until I could hardly keep track of my prescriptions. The funniest thing you ever heard was one night when they were at it and an old fellow who used to live in New Salem dropped in, so they put it up to him, said he lived in New Salem in '33, said he knew Lincoln. Wanted to know if he ever heard of his writin' a book that Sam Hill burned up in the stove in his store. The old fellow listened all through without sayin' a word, and when they was finished he said, solemn like, 'Wa'n't no stove. Sam Hill never had one. Couldn't have happened.'

"Well, sir, you ought to seen their jaws drop. Just set starin' at him and I thought I die a laffin' to see 'em collapse. I wish Mr. Lincoln could have heard that old fellow, 'Wan't no stove.' How he'd enjoyed that—'Wa'n't no stove.'

"But for all that I never regarded that witness over high. Of course Sam Hill must have had a stove, otherwise there wouldn't have been a place for folks to set around.

"It ain't important to my mind what was in that book. What's important is that Abraham Lincoln was wrestlin' in those days to find out the truth, wa'n't content like I was to settle down smotherin' any reservations that I might a' had. He never did that, grappled hard with everything touchin' religion that came up no matter which side it was. He never shirked the church if he wa'n't a member, went regular, used to go to revivals and camp meetings too in those days when he was readin' the 'Ruins.' Most of the boys who didn't profess went to camp meetings for deviltry—hang around on the edges—playin' tricks—teasin' the girls—sometimes gettin' into regular fights. Mr. Lincoln never joined into any horse play like that. He took it solemn. I reckon he wouldn't ever hesitated a minute to go forward and ask prayers if he'd really believed that was the way for him to find God. He knew it wa'n't. The God he was searchin' for wa'n't the kind they was preaching. He was tryin' to find one that he could reconcile with what he was findin' out about the world—its ruins—its misery. Clear as day to me that that was what he was after from the start—some kind of plan in things that he could agree to.

HE certainly did have a lot to discourage him—worst was when he lost his sweetheart. I've allus figured it out that if Ann Rutledge had lived and married him he'd been a different man—leastwise he'd been happier. We might have even got converted and jined the church, like I did after I courted Ma.

A good woman sort of carries a man along when he loves her. It's a mighty sight easier to believe in the goodness of the Lord and the happiness of man when you're in love like I've allus been, and like he was with that girl.

"There was no doubt she was a fine girl—no doubt he loved her. When she died he was all broke up for days. I've heard his old friends tell how he give up workin' and readin'—wandered off into the fields talkin' to himself. Seemed as if he couldn't bear to think of her covered over with snow—beatin' on by rain—wastin' away—eatin' by worms. I tell you he was the kind that saw it all as it was. That's the hard part of bein' so honest you see things just as they are—don't pretend things are different—just as they are. He couldn't get over it. I believe it's the Lord's mercy he didn't kill himself those days. Everybody thought he was goin' crazy, but I rather think myself he was wrestlin' with himself, tryin' to make himself live. Men like him want to die pretty often. I reckon he must have cried out many a night like Job did. 'What is mine end that I should prolong my life? My soul chooseth strangling and death rather than life. I loathe it. I would not live away'.

HE pulled out, of course, but he never got over havin' spells of terrible gloom. I expect there was always a good many nights up to the end when he wondered if life was worth keepin'. Black moods'd take him and he'd go days not hardly speakin' to people—come in here—set by the stove—not sayin' a word—get up—go out—hardly noticin' you. Boys understood, used to say 'Mr. Lincoln's got the blues.'

"Curious how quick things changed with him. He'd be settin' here, laffin' and jokin' tellin' stories and somebody drop some little thing, nobody else would think about, and suddent his eyes would go sad and his face broodin' and he'd stop talkin' or like as not get up and go out. I don't mean to say this happened often. Of course that wa'n't so, as I've told you no end of times, he was the best company that ever was—the fullest of stories and jokes, and nobody could talk serious like him. You could listen forever when he'd get to arguin', but spite of all that you knew somehow he was a lonely man who had to fight hard to keep up his feelin' that life was worth goin' on with. Gave you queer feelin' about him—you knew he was different from the others, and it kept you from bein' over-familiar.

"There was a man in here the other day I hadn't seen for years—used to be a conductor between here and Chicago—knew Lincoln well. It tickled him to death to have me set him in that chair you're in—looked it all over, said it seemed as if he could just see Mr. Lincoln settin' there. Well he got to talkin' about all the big bugs that used to travel with him, Little Dug, Judge Davis, Logan, Sweet, Welden, and all the rest; and he said something about Mr. Lincoln (Continued on Page 66)



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THINE IS THE GLORY
From the Painting by F. Luis Mora

THINE IS THE GLORY

By Herbert S. Gorman

WITH face lifted and devout eyes refracting the glittering light of sunlit skies she appears like a slender poised flame. Sulphurous clouds, smitten into a smouldering glow by the diminishing blaze of battle, are the background from which she emerges. Behind her head exquisitely suggesting a halo, is a rift of dark turquoise-blue sky.

Half concealed by the luminosity of her garment kneels the soldier, a typification of gratitude, of adoration for what she has accomplished. He, most of all, knows the dark ways wherein she has travelled. He, most of all, is aware of the immortal radiancy that lightens her face. She is American womanhood rarefied by the travail she has suffered. The Madonna of the ages, she stands poised above the battle, appearing almost to soar from the darkness beneath her.

The source of the artist's inspiration for this figure is unique, for it is a curious mingling of science and art. The face of the woman in the painting, which is to be presented by the War Department to the Red Cross Headquarters in Washington, is not the sheer vision

of F. Luis Mora, who set it down in pigments. It is the face of more than a thousand American women who served in France during the war with various Red Cross units, or else devoted their time on this side of the ocean to strenuous labor for the country. It is an approximation as close as science will permit of the typical face of the American woman. Here the art of photography indubitably assisted the great art of painting. From the composite photographs taken and developed by Major Joseph Gray Kitchell, formerly of the General Staff, F. Luis Mora found his ideal face.

There is no suggestion of science in the canvas, however. It is all art. Behind the more obvious attractiveness of the painting as a symphony in deliciously co-ordinated colors, an exquisite

WHY DOES he kneel and pray
Here at my weary side?
Surely I knew the way
Over the world descried,
Where I should take my path
Through all the grief and wrath.

Rising at dawn I went
Steadfast beside my men
Into the banishment
Of darkened days and then—
Left not my very own
Struggling alone, alone.

Wounded hands lifted high
Clutched at the peace I brought;
They who were proud to die
Live in my lightest thought.
Out of the darkness rise
Always their laughing eyes.

Single the path I trod,
Knowing it for my own;
Thine is the glory, God!
Calling me to Thy Throne . . .
Why does he kneel and pray?
Always I knew the way.

HERBERT S. GORMAN.

affirmation of American womanhood and an unobtrusive declaration of all that she stands for in the hearts of the men who knew her, is a deeper note, a subjective message that steadily grows on the beholder.

This woman in luminous white standing with uplifted eyes is plainly the eternal womanhood of the world traveling her starry way through the smoky clouds of the earth to the heaven of victory. She is love incarnate, a love beyond the mere power of words, a love of service and sacrifice.

In the glorified figure there is a sense of power and resolution and at the same time a suggestion of the weary journey she has made on her uncompromising way. The face of the soldier kneeling so humbly beside her is raised in thankful devotion but she seems not to ob-

serve this tribute of what to her is the undeserved need of praise. Her fervent face is turned upward with the desire to return all thanks to God who has made the victory, wherein she played no small part, a thing of reality. It is as if she did not understand the praise of the soldier. Her path has been plain to her from the first, a path of duty inexorably calling to her. She could travel no other; no other was possible. The power that carried her on has been part of her, blood of her blood and heart of her heart. She gives her thanks simply to God who lost not sight of her in the smoke of battle or suffered her mighty cause to be trampled down by the iron-clad hosts of darkness. As the Aphrodite Anadyomene of Apelles stood for all that was best or most beautiful in Grecian womanhood, so she unconsciously stands for America. Spiritually complete, cognizant of Life's greater meaning, she raises her face to heaven.

It is absorbing to observe the methods by which the artist received his inspiration for this face. The scheme of an idealistic painting which should receive its inspiration and at-

tributes from a composite photograph was originally the conception of Major Joseph Gray Kitchell. As long ago as 1900 he had worked out the idea to a successful conclusion in the Kitchell-Daingerfield Composite Madonna. The face of this Madonna was painted by the late Eliot Daingerfield directly from a composite photograph of 271 paintings of the Madonna by various famous artists of all periods and all nations. Major Kitchell, who is an expert photographer and the inventor of a new method of reproducing pictures known as Sub-Chromatic Art, evolved the motif of "Thine is the Glory" while in the Morale Branch of the General Staff and developed it more fully immediately after his discharge from America's fighting forces. At lunch one day in his club he communicated the idea to F.



to division managers over the country, who, in turn, wrote to all chapter chairmen. The pictures began to pour in, big and little, gray-toned, sepia-toned and in black and white. With the receipt of the first groups Major Kitchell started on his long task. First of all a special studio was built in New Jersey which was thoroughly adapted to the work. This studio was laid out on the most absolute mathematical lines and equipped with all sorts of levels, perpendiculars, scientific instruments, lenses of all qualities, various styles of cameras ranging from the largest to the smallest. A number of instruments for the enlarging and diminishing of portraits were installed. Hair lines were carefully drawn on ground glass plates through which the faces could be centered. With the aid of orthochromatized plates, and plane platforms on which, with the help of the ground glass, orbital, nasal and labial lines were

All photographs copyright, 1919, by Joseph Gray Kitchell.

Luis Mora, the artist, and revealed his inner vision so clearly that Mr. Mora caught the enthusiasm and idealistic values of the proposed painting completely. Major Kitchell also enlisted the co-operation of the Red Cross Headquarters and the War Department. It was the united efforts of all these agencies that culminated in the complete realization of the idea.

Extremely interesting also, are the methods by which Major Kitchell secured the composite photograph that represented so perfectly the type of American womanhood engaged in war work. But it is also difficult to describe this method without allowing peculiar scientific terms, that might obscure the meaning to the general reader, to creep in. The effort naturally required the combined labors of both scientist and artist. It would seem on a superficial examination to be almost impossible to accurately and satisfactorily blend into one comprehensible image the varying facial characteristics of a thousand or more different women ranging from maidenhood to ripe age. Not that it might not be done after a semi-satisfactory fashion by any master-photographer by merely piling up on one

plate the successive registrations of photographs reduced or enlarged to a uniform scale. But when the salts of silver, which coat the surface of the registering plate had been decomposed by development, the resulting image, if indeed, it were an image at all, would probably be meaningless. The chances are that its outline and features would be extremely vague and uncertain. Major Kitchell, who was one of the first to experiment and specialize in this branch of scientific photography, had ideas of his own, however, on new methods of exposing the sensitized plates and the result proves him eminently successful.

It was in the first days of September, 1919, that he began active work on making his plate. After being assured of the co-operation of the Red Cross headquarters at Washington his first problem was to secure photographs. Dr. Stockton Axson, National Secretary of the Red Cross, issued a circular letter



The composite photograph above was composed of about one hundred representatives in the canteen, camp and hospital service of the Red Cross organization. The lower photograph is made up of ambulance, motor corps and volunteer workers

forced into correct registration. Major Kitchell was prepared to photograph. A special meter was even installed in order to test the light so that exposures could be made absolutely the same throughout the varying hues of the day. Major Kitchell then began to classify

his pictures into groups. There were four major groups and the faces classified under them were oval, round, hollow-cheeked and irregular. Long study of physiognomy made it a simple matter for him to judge the various pictures and assign each one to its proper group. After the portraits had been sorted he selected one group and ranged up the proper lens through which to photograph them. Merely as an example of his method let us arbitrarily take the number twenty-five as a unit. It takes twenty-five seconds for a full and adequate exposure under a certain light. If there were twenty-five pictures in the group being treated Major Kitchell would take them and allow a one-second exposure on each photograph. Carefully centering the first one he would expose the plate to it for just one second. Then taking a second picture he would see to it that it was carefully placed so that it would register absolutely the same on the plate, nose, ears, eyes and chin being meticulously centered. Then the plate would be exposed to that picture for one second. And so on through the twenty-five pictures until the twenty-five seconds, the time for a complete exposure, had been approximated. So the image would pile up and pile up, imperceptibly at first, until a complete face had been registered on the plate. The negative of this plate would be put away and another group of pictures put through the same process. After all the individual pictures had been photographed a number of integral negatives was the result. These in turn were sorted into groups of similar characteristics and registered in the same way. After months of this laborious work, in which Major Kitchell candidly states that he was completely fagged out, he had four or five composite pictures, each one the combination of hundreds of women's faces. Negatives from these four or five plates were photographed on one plate and the result was the completed face, a composite that expressed most poignantly American womanhood, a face that is to be remembered for long by those who see

It was when Major Kitchell was in the final stages of his experiment that the work of F. Luis Mora entered. The result has shown that no better selection than Mr. Mora could have been made. He was afire with the idea from the start and bent all his endeavors toward a careful portrayal of the characteristics of the ideal face. Time after time he had to change the features of his painting when new composite negatives reached him. An imperceptible touch here, the

slightest lifting of a cheekbone, the subtlest touch about the eyes—he was indefatigable in his search for the supremely representative American face.

It is an interesting fact to note that the faces of hundreds of women are included in this typical face unknown to themselves. There is also there, idealized for all time, the features of women who died in France while on the great adventure. Jane A. Delano is there. So is Clara Barton, out of whose dream was fashioned the Red Cross organization. Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Mrs. August Belmont, the wife of Vice-President Marshall, all are there, combined with the unheralded nurses, the canteen-workers, the drivers of motor cars. Youth and age, the living and the dead, mingle in this face that is upturned to heaven.

The work that went into this painting was enormous but the fact that we know how it was obtained does not lessen the spiritual values that it possesses. Rather does it strengthen them. There could be no better message to America from the womanhood of this country than to have this painting sent to all the principal cities. It bears its own eloquent message; it leaves us rather silent with certain realizations that, perhaps, have not touched us so nearly and so acutely heretofore.

The words of a woman who stood for a long time before the painting while it was on exhibition give some measure of its appeal. She was not a young woman. The tears were falling down her cheeks. Putting her hand to her breast she

exclaimed, "It impresses me so here! I see myself in it. I see the mothers of soldiers. I worked for two years in France and I know so well, so well."

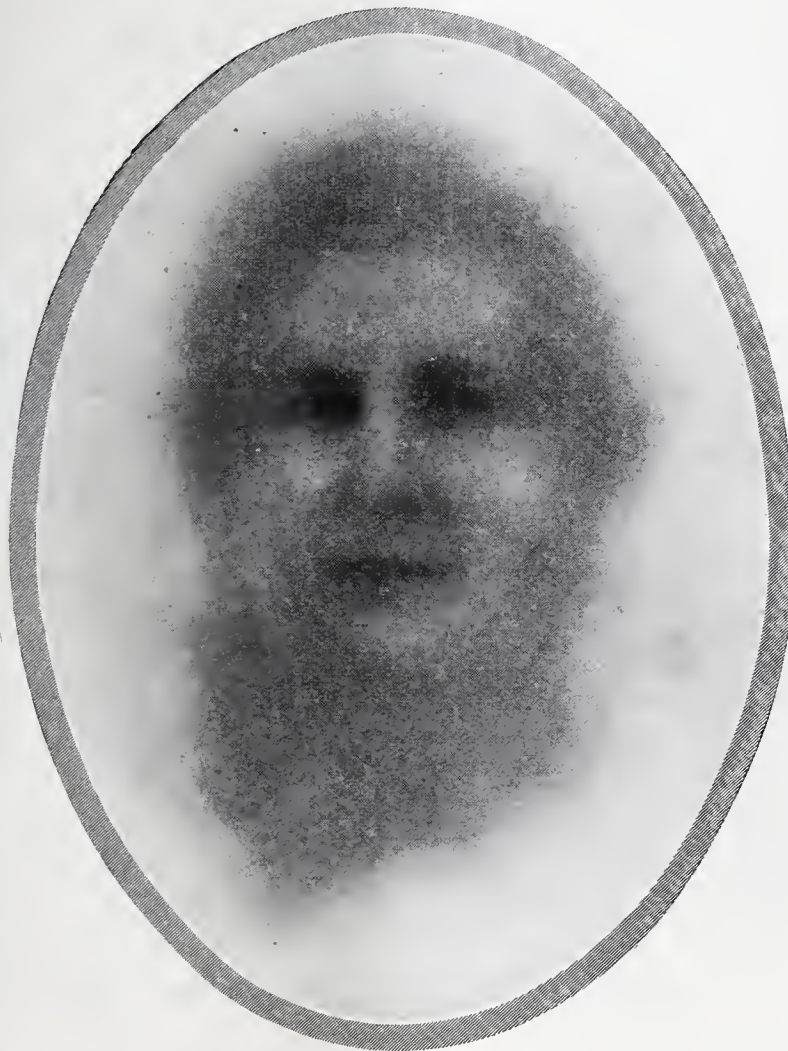
Perhaps, however, its appeal will be forever greatest with those men who went to France. For them, the face will hold the magic power of awakened memories. The mud of Clermont and St. Mennehoult, the canteen resthouse with its steaming chocolate, its roaring fire and, behind the rough boards, the face of an American girl! The bombed railway station at Chalons, the emergency hospital below Chateau Thierry, the long wards in the big building at Auteuil—and the faces of American girls!

All the blessed sweetness of those faces from home encountered in Paris streets, or small French towns, along the docks at Brest or by the blue swept shore of the Mediterranean at Cannes or Nice, the bands playing, the children staring and, along the promenades, an army playing at being home.

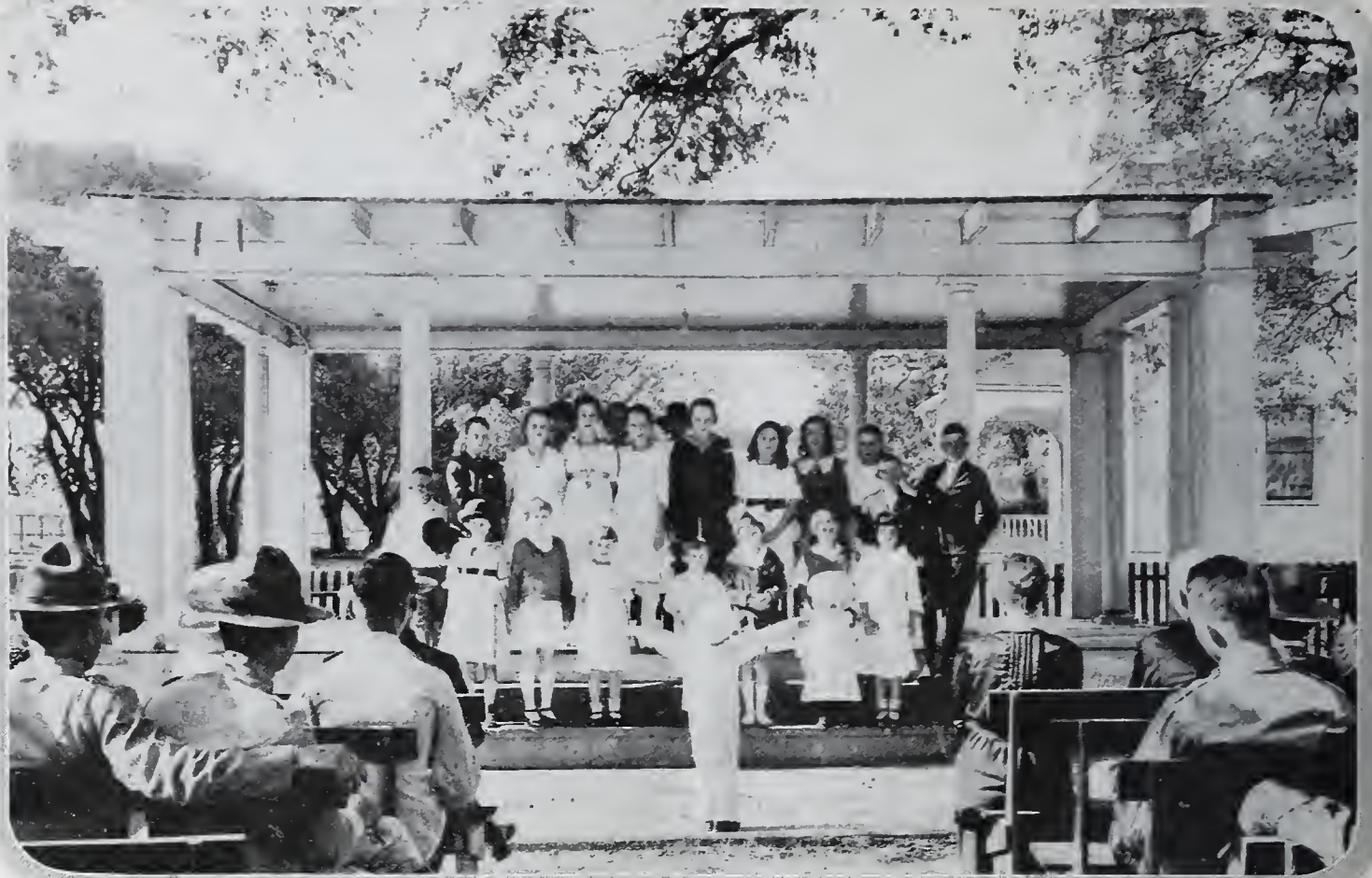
The spirit and brave kindness of women, sitting at home in workrooms, putting their heart and soul into the bandages before them, lest one boy in agony might suffer needlessly; the faces of smiling girls in the railway canteens from Oregon to New York, unshed tears mingling with the cheerful goodbyes as the train pulls out; the patient, endless kindness of hollow-eyed nurses in stretching canvas wards in the autumn nights of France; all this, and more, will lie in the appeal of this painting to those men who have already graven on their hearts its meaning and need only to glimpse it to catch the vision.

There are few people in America, indeed, to whom this face will not bring a message which words may never express, but the realization of which will persist as long as life itself lasts—the vision and glory of the war captured in the face of a woman and placed upon the canvas by the artistic genius of man.

As a mere painting, it represents art of a very high order, and it is to be hoped that every community in America will have an opportunity in time, to see the painting itself and realize the delicacy and power of its coloring—a thing no words can convey. Its recent exhibition at the home of Vincent Astor in New York City, and the interest displayed in such a project holds out a fair promise that the hope will materialize.



Photographs of about 200 chairwomen, organizers, secretaries and other executives with a few from the field nursing service were used to make up this composite photograph



A Children's Chorus in Southport, North Carolina, led by a boy. Daily the band stand and Choral House ring with song

HAPPY, THOUGH THE FAMILY NUMBERS 1500

By John R. Colter

"SHE must be a cousin of mine, I reckon. But there's *slews* of folks in this town I don't know."

The speaker was Susan Bray, nineteen, lovely and intelligent; the town had been her home all her life. Some one had told her that there was *another* Susan Bray in town—a girl of exactly the same name. The population of the town was fifteen hundred, two-thirds white.

You might think that a community so isolated as to be visited by a single train a day would have learned in the course of its century and a half existence to become socially self-nourishing. But this town had not. Though sixty per cent. of its white citizens were members of some five or six families which had been there for generations, there were not a few Susan Brays who did not know their own relatives living a few rods off. Religious denominations did not mingle. There were social circles whose members never met. There was no neighborliness to the town—no spirit to get together.

The town is Southport, North Carolina; the time, two years ago. Legally

Southport is a city, but actually it is a fine old town typical of the South. It lies on the Atlantic coast thirty miles south of Wilmington, on a beautiful elevated point of land overlooking the Cape Fear River's wedding with the sea. There are lovely grassy lanes (called streets) running between mighty live-oaks and merging in a magnificent commons or public lawn which is itself hemmed in by the giants which show green the year around. At dusk, when Southport is at supper, when the commons and its great sentinels are alone in their beauty, you would not marvel at all to see a Druid of old step forth from the heart of one of the great trees and lift his bearded face to worship. For it is the calmest, most reverent spot in the world. Folks sit on the porches of their old colonial homes and listen to sounds no more disturbing than the low of cattle grazing in a nearby yard and the gentle moan of the whistling buoy far out in the river channel. "God did a lot for the town," every one tells you.

The trouble was that the people of Southport did little to keep the town and the town life beautiful as was intended. It is a fault of a good many thousand towns of its size in the South—yes, and also in the North and West. Before the war there was no community spirit in Southport. The perfect plaza of green lawn and shade trees, which would have inspired the Ben Greet Players to the highest mounts of art, was put to no use. The people even tore up their letters at the post-office and crumpled their cracker bags at the grocery and let the sea-breeze speckle the community's great asset with waste. Moreover, they said "Good enough!" to the old schoolhouse in the center of the town, though its bottom showed an ugly gap where it was propped from earth—and it never occurred to them to beautify their town by putting a hedge around this scar. Nor yellow jessamine round the telegraph poles, which would have been a fine touch. Nor a great mast-like Carolina pine for a flagstaff to float the flag over the commons. Nor Chautauquas. These things and public dances, amateur theatricals, community sings, adequate

library facilities and general public sociables, for instance, never came to pass in Southport. Therefore the town did not know itself, and incidentally its children did not know how to play games and get fun out of them—which boded ill for the next generation.

It was the war that galvanized Southport to action. Through serving others the town found itself. Emerging from its experience as a war camp community it stands to-day a dramatic example of contrast to its former social bankruptcy—stands, I might even venture, an inspiring model of social progress for our thousand other American towns of like size which know not the community spirit, know not neighborliness.

Soon after the fort near Southport began to bristle new guns and extra complements of men, the town had partially awakened to its new responsibilities. The Masons gave their splendid clubhouse and started a fund. The fathers of the town scraped, managed and struggled until a large purse had been raised. The

women joined hands in a hundred ways and established a marvelous system of hospitality to the visiting soldiers. In brief, this small town—by no means well-to-do, for there is not, for instance, a man there worth fifty thousand dollars—took up its burden as every other American town would have done. During the war there was a royal welcome and home-like cheer for every service man who set foot in Southport. When you consider that the number of soldiers at the fort was almost twice the population of the town, and that there was no other city within three hours ride, you may realize the size of Southport's task. Indeed, it finally got to be so large that the aid of the War Camp Community Service, operating nationally under War Department supervision, was called in. More money was thus supplied and trained direction experts sent to serve the town and soldiers.

Observe the proverbial truth of happiness attained through making others happy. Southport's splendid Army & Navy Club became, overnight, the most attractive spot in

town. The canteen, the library, the huge fireplace, the bandstand, the phonographs—all are community trysting-places. From the start the club was the center of the town's life. It seemed as if folks were just then beginning to be able to satisfy a great social hunger which had been gnawing at them for years. And so they came "to entertain the soldiers"—in rompers, on canes, and all ages between—but they remained *to know each other*.

What a shame, you say, that it had to stop with the signing of the Armistice! Did the Masons take back their building? Club sell its phonographs? Southport slump back—

Farthest from the truth. Southport's story is just beginning. The clubhouse is to-day a community house so dear to the town that I wager they would rather give up electricity and go back to oil lamps than abandon this institution which has brought such riches to its social coffers.

I saw this town seven months after

the signing of the Armistice. As I entered the colonial-pillared portico of the community house a group of boys were borrowing tennis nets and baseball gloves from the director's office. Somehow or other tennis courts had sprung up in this town which had never known them before. Inside the hallway, huddled around a gleaming new drinking fountain, was another crowd of boys—younger ones, who seemed to like to drink out of it, as from a novelty, for they had run over from school to do it. In the main hall young girls were playing the big phonograph—opera as much as one-steps. From the auditorium a chorus of children's voices were coming through the rye, very sweetly too, as they rehearsed "for the first time on a real stage, sir!" And upstairs in the public library room, where they have every good magazine in the country, if you please, a dozen older boys and girls were reading. The whole of young Southport must have walked bodily to the community house straight from school,

I thought; and so it proved. For several hours we sat and watched the continued drift of young people playing, singing, borrowing boxing gloves, rackets, basketballs—all of which novelties were dispensed free by the director.

The point, of course, is that those boys never boxed two years ago—nor played tennis nor even the more common games which your city boy is brought up on. It is true, and it is true of hundreds of small communities. The point is that as sportsmanship will come from the use of community athletic equipment so the appreciation of music will result from the big phonograph in the community house, which *anybody* can go in and start going at any time. The point is that the community house is a great social and educational force in the town, the like of which was never dreamed of by Southport parents.

And the parents themselves—what it has meant to them! Whereas people traveled in cliques before, they now mingle at community house affairs without regard to denomination, lodge affiliation,
(Cont'd on Page 73)

GEORGE WASHINGTON

GEORGE WASHINGTON is the Father of His Country, the founder of this Republic. On his birthday we will hang out our flag. He gave us that flag. We will cheer for ourselves as a free and independent people. He made us a free and independent people.

We will make merry. We will sing songs and make patriotic speeches. We will proclaim that we are a bigger and a better America than ever before. We will mean every word of it.

And then we will forget George Washington and see only the America that is confused and noisy and restless. We will feel discouraged because the workers and the political agitators, the slackers and the patriots, the reformers and the stubborn sinners are struggling against each other, marching up and down the land, beating their drums and bellowing their discontent.

The calm, serene face of the Father of His Country looks down upon us. Years of stress and strife passed over that noble countenance and left it bearing the expression of a fine dignity, a sure strength, a sense of peace.

It seems to say, "All this I have seen. All this I have survived. It is as nothing. Put your trust in God. Face the truth. Do your duty."

In the old days we faced dissension among ourselves; we struggled with the hosts of labor; the creeds of the doctors, the selfishness of the oppressor and the weakness of the oppressed.

We accepted the truth. We did our duty. On that basis we built the United States of America. Then came strength and peace. We wrote it large upon the face of the Nation lest you lose your way: "In Union is Strength."

We will remember. We will sing our songs and make our speeches and renew our faith. We will give a little, each to each, and stand shoulder to shoulder, Americans, brothers, before all the world.

A. P.

"NONE SO YOUNG"

By Theodocia Pearce

Illustrated by

James Montgomery Flagg

HAVE YOU in your family a daughter or a sister who loves movies and dances and party dresses and beaus, who hates cooking and mending and ironing, who wants above all things to be "free," and yet who somehow is so pretty and sweet and lovable that you all adore her? In this story, Alma Knight, just such a girl, prinks and plays, dines and dashes, until she discovers what she wants to do with life. Last month you had a glimpse of Alma in "None So Old," but here she has a leading part.

MARTHA KNIGHT returned from three happy restful weeks at the beach, a new woman, ready to go back to the old duties and the regular routine of her days, with a zest and joy unknown before her departure. She and her husband, Henry, had found love again.

Their children were a glad and noisy crew when they met them at the station the night they returned home; Bruce, unbridled and unconscious of his hilarity; Bertha, sweet and womanly, as Bertha always was—and Alma. She gave Martha an impulsive generous kiss, and turned without word, to her father.

"Bless me, if you aren't the sight," she exclaimed. "Burnt to a crisp almost. Honest, Dad, you remind me—at least your face does—of some sort of toasted breakfast food."

Martha did not hear Henry's reply, her mind was upon Alma. There was something in that laugh of Alma's, something forced and artificial. Bruce was tugging at her arm.

"Say, Mom, give us pancakes for breakfast to-morrow, will you? I'm just sick for a decent plate of pancakes."

"The way Bruce eats is just terrible, Mamma," Bertha put in, patting out the cover of the baby carriage.

"And the way she feeds us is 'just terrible, Mamma,'" Bruce imitated her to perfection. "Golly! what do you think I had for luncheon yesterday?—that's Bertha's word, not mine. Well, two silver forks, two knives, half a dozen spoons, some awfully swell plates and a lettuce leaf with some juice on it."

"The Rileys were in," Bertha explained.

Bruce ignored her explanation.

"Say, Mom, do I get those pancakes?"

Martha laughed. She could have hugged Bruce tight but she knew that was against boy *morale*. The others were moving on; she followed, Bruce hanging on her arm, his face uplifted, inquiring, whimsical. Swiftly she kissed him—the others did not see. A little swell of happiness surged through her heart. Bruce had not resisted. Almost she expected him to raise his hand and brush the tiny kiss from his cheek. He squeezed her arm—

"Say, Mom, do I get those pancakes?"

"You sure do," Martha's tone was emphatic. Bruce, dear, boyish, irresistible Bruce—always he was the same to Martha. There was nothing about him unknown, elusive. Martha understood Bruce. Simultaneously she thought of Alma and that laugh. Almost an empty echo it was to Martha.

"Wish we had a car to ride home in," Bruce said, then—"Hi there, you Kid!" he darted away after Tots, Bertha's older child, who was veering straight for a mud puddle.

Martha called softly after Alma.

"Want me, Mamma?" she waited until Martha came up and took her arm. "I was just asking Dad all about the time you had."

"It was lovely," Martha's voice was modulated in memory, "Lovely—and how did you get on, Alma?"

"Oh, fine, simply fine. Bertha was awfully dear to us."

"And Bruce—"

"Bruce was just great, Mamma. Honest, I had the surprise of my life over Bruce. He never contradicted me once."

Martha smiled and said nothing. She had the wisdom to let it go at that.

"Anything happen?" Martha asked next.

"Well, no—" Alma considered. "Nothing in particular."

Martha wondered just what had happened to Alma.

They stopped on the curbing of Chester Street waiting for a small stream of autos to pass.

"We really should have a car," Alma insinuated. "Hilda says it makes life worth while."

"Isn't life worth while anyway?" Bertha asked, looking down at the baby. Alma followed her gaze.

"Don't be too serious always, Bertha," she warned. "Of course it is—and an auto helps."

"Glad to be back, Martha?" Henry questioned.

"Oh! yes," Martha smiled into the eyes of Henry—she was not afraid to smile into Henry's eyes now, "Oh! yes, where we are needed is best." She thought of Alma; lovely, radiant Alma, herself re-born.

They walked home through the early evening of September, along the wide tree-bordered streets of the city, Henry and Bertha and her baby, Bruce and Tots on ahead, running and jumping and walking by turns, Martha and Alma in the rear.

"So you have your Fall hat," Martha said approvingly.

Alma tilted her head. "Yes, isn't it the cutest thing, Mamma? All the girls at the office are just crazy about it—and only ten-fifty at Weatherby's."

"Ten-fifty," Martha exclaimed. A funny contortion of velvet, a silk tassel—no more. "Ten-fifty! That was frightfully expensive for an every day hat."

"I'll use it for best for a time," Alma was lenient to Martha's economical inclinations. "It really isn't so much, Mamma. It is new and chic. I really must look nice, you know."

Yes, Martha knew. It was her pride to have Alma "look nice," to see herself as she might have been and had never dared to be. Alma was so exultant, so girlish.

To Martha, Alma had always been a child, such a gay young creature, with Life ready to give her all she asked. Martha could not picture Life denying anything to Alma.

But that night, after the mild confusion of home coming, the arrival of Buster Middleton, the departure of Bertha and Ed and the babies, Martha came to a startling discovery.

Alma was no longer a child—a gay girl. She was at last—a young woman.

Bruce and Henry had gone for a stroll.

"Just a couple of blocks, Pop," Bruce had pleaded, and Martha watching them off smiled happily. The father and son combination—how it pleased her.

She left Alma and Buster chatting on the veranda and went up stairs to put clean sheets on Henry's bed. She stepped out on the balcony to shake out the comforter. How chilly the nights were getting, almost too chilly for pleasure on the veranda. Alma and Buster down below, talking—the voices came up to her—Alma, with her dainty, sheer Georgette blouse—Martha must tell her to get a sweater. She went to the rail and leaned over, the voices coming up to her.

"But I thought, Alma," Buster was speaking. Buster, the fine every-day sort of a boy—the Knights had known and liked him always. "I did hope that you might really care about me some day, care a whole lot, Alma. And now—"

"And now—" Alma repeated, "You are acting terribly foolish, don't you think? You are acting like a little boy who has been slapped and doesn't like it."

"But I hoped you would care some day."

Long silence—then the low tone of Alma.

"I don't care—yet. I can't help that, Buster. Why, we are young and I want to be free—oh! for years yet. I want to have a good time first, lots of real fun before I decide to settle down. I can't understand why some girls marry so early, take the first chance that comes along. Why, we can have heaps of fun together, visits and dances and movies and things."

"So now—"

"I don't care—yet."

"Some day, perhaps?"

"Oh! I don't know," Alma's voice came up to Martha, annoyed, impatient. "Don't be stupid, Buster. Tell me more about your Harold McCoy."

Martha went back to the bedroom and softly shut the door leading out to the balcony. Then she sat down on Henry's bed, sat down on the clean folded sheets, the comforter held in her arms and reflected.

So it was coming—a time when someone would want Alma, claim her, take her away. She could not belong to them always. And then Martha realized that Alma did not belong to her now.



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

So it was coming—a time when someone would want Alma, claim her, take her away

She belonged to herself. Alma belonged to herself! Convulsively Martha caught the comforter close.

"Oh! it comes so quickly," it was a half sob—"It comes so quickly—they grow up. One day so little and needful—the next—they go away."

The memory of her three weeks came back to her and stopped a bleeding wound.

She had Henry.

And Buster—a smile came—why not Buster for Alma? Martha loved Buster, ever since the day as a tiny boy he had upset the ink on their carpet and had come to tell her about it. She had caught him close and wiped his tear stained face, and sent him back to play. She did not mind cleaning the ugly black stain because he had told her. And

she had loved him for it.

So why not Buster?

"I don't care—yet—" Martha smiled to herself in the dark—"No, Alma, you don't care—yet. It is so sure, so sure when it comes—that great caring—but one day—"

Why not Buster, clean, strong, splendid?

"Hi, there Mom—you there?" Bruce called out from the hall. "Come on downstairs—Pop's down there—ice-cream for the crowd."

Martha followed him down, went to the kitchen for plates and spoons. Alma and Buster came in from the veranda.

"Where's your sweater?" Martha asked. "That thin blouse—"

"Oh! I wasn't chilly—honest, Mama. I am used to thin things."

"Thin ice—" Bruce suggested and Buster laughed with him. Henry's laugh echoed from the pantry.

"Martha, any cakes left from supper?" he called.

Martha went into the pantry.

"Now, Mamma's drudgery begins anew," Alma said reaching for the paper pail of ice-cream and removing the wrappings.

The fragrance of coffee awakened Martha the next morning. She got up quickly, surprised and amused. How like Henry to hurry down before her to have breakfast ready. She dressed hurriedly and went down to the kitchen.

Alma, her lithe young body wrapped in a pink kimona, was bending above the stove. Martha stood immobile upon the threshold. She had not expected to find Alma—Alma who usually came down late, ate a hasty breakfast and hurried away.

"Why, Alma!" Martha gasped.

Alma turned quickly: "Oh, Mamma, you are just fifteen minutes too early. I am not quite ready for you yet."

"But—why?"

Alma shrugged her shoulders—"Don't be surprised, Mamma. I guess I can get breakfast if I want to."

But Martha was surprised. Somehow Alma doing this was the unexpected thing. Had it been Bertha, Martha would have understood. But Alma—Alma made for music and laughter and gay parlors—Alma bending over a cook stove.

"You don't have to do this," Martha moved near, "You don't have to do this, Alma," it was almost a reproof.

"Of course, I don't," the girl turned from the stove to her mother. "Of course, I don't, *but I want to*. Don't you suppose I understand a little about vacations? I know what it is like going back to the office after mine. I'd give a great deal to have someone type the first few letters for me. So why can't I get breakfast the first morning if I want to?"

Martha was filled with a glad gratitude. She tried always to understand Alma and never really could.

"That's—that's dear of you," she said and her voice quivered. Almost she wanted to cry.

"Oh, for pity sakes don't be grateful." Alma took a peek into the coffee pot. "This is nothing, and besides—I want to."

That was Alma. When she wanted to—she usually did.

"The toast made?" Martha asked.

"No, it isn't, not yet. You can do that if you really want to help some, Mamma."

Martha laughed.

"It's quite funny being allowed to make toast if I want to."

Henry came in, made straight for Martha and kissed her.

"Up early!" he conceded. "How does it feel being home and getting breakfast again?"

"Alma's doing this," Martha whispered close to his ear and, under his breath, he whistled softly, "She is setting the table in the dining-room."

"Any mail?" It was Henry's regular

morning question.

"I haven't looked yet—you do that."

Martha carried the plate of bread over to the dining-room door and paused to lay a finger on her lips, "Don't say anything about Alma."

Henry smiled wryly.

"Not much—I won't, Martha."

Martha went on into the dining-room with the bread, sat down at her place at the head of the table beside the electric toaster.

"Bruce up yet?" Alma asked.

Martha half started from her chair.

"I promised him pancakes," she said, "Bless his heart."

"Well, he can just take omelette."

"But I promised."

"Mamma, you promise Bruce far too much," Alma scolded.

"Why can't you make some promises to yourself for a change? You ought to, you know."

"I'd never keep them." Martha slid another slice of bread into the toaster, and reached across for the butter. "I'm a great promise breaker."

"You are *not*!"

Alma trounced out to the kitchen as Henry came in with the mail. Martha loved the movement and the stir of her family. Henry laid a letter at Alma's place and tossed a blue envelope over to Martha. She paused in her toast-making to tear it open.

"Good gracious," she gasped presently. "Saturday is the afternoon I promised to give the talk to the Mother's Club of the North Street Mission, and I'd clean forgotten." There was shocked dismay in her voice. Henry laughed.

"Plenty of time between now and Saturday."

"Two days," Martha turned quickly at the smell of burning toast. "Two days!"

"What's the trouble?" Alma returned with the coffee.

"That Mothers' meeting on Saturday."

"Oh!" with indifference, "I didn't hear about it."

"We promised three months ago." Martha put another slice into the toaster.



Martha's heart filled with pride, bordering on envy, when Alma

"We promised?" Alma puzzled.

"You said you would give them a piano solo."

"I said that? But I can't—not Saturday. I am going to the Belmont for dinner with Buster."

"But Alma—"

"Oh, well," the girl pushed back the large kimona sleeves, "If you really want me to, I will. I can leave early, surely."

"About five," Martha considered.

"Oh, those frowsy slouching women and squalling babies," Alma made a little gesture of despair, "They drive me crazy. But if you want me, Mamma."

"I want you," Martha said.

"That's settled," Alma went around to her place at the table. "Dad, bring in the omelette, will you?" She saw the letter on her plate and sat down.



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

"Guess we'll have to hurry, Alma—after eight now."

"Gracious!" Alma lifted her coffee cup and gulped the contents. "And I'm not dressed yet."

Martha went to the front door with Henry when he left a few minutes later for the shop.

"Mind going back?" she inquired.

"Mind being home?" he asked and they both laughed.

Back in the hall she encountered Alma coming down the stairs. Martha's heart swelled with its wonted pride. How trim and sweet and refreshing she was in her dark suit and the ten-fifty head-gear, that sparkle of pleasure in her eyes, that sense of Youth about hersprightly carriage.

She paused at the foot of the stairs pulling on her gloves.

"I am sorry about that dress, Mamma—I didn't really want to pay for a new one, you know, but I must look nice. What color shall it be, Mamma?—I thought a rose one with black trimming perhaps.

And Martha, remembering the funny calico gown of her youth with its rows of black braid, smiled.

"That sounds very well but—not too expensive, Alma."

"I just can't pay much and I just must hustle." She gave Martha a pert little

kiss. "I won't be home for lunch to-day," she called back from the veranda, "I'll be shopping."

Martha, from the little hall window, watched Youth depart, then holding Love to her heart, she went back into the dining-room. Bruce was munching the last piece of toast; Martha sat down at Henry's place.

"Bruce—" he started at the directness of her tone, "Just between ourselves—what do you think of Alma?"

"Just between ourselves," Bruce tilted back in his chair, "just between ourselves, Mom, I think she is some looker!"

Martha laughed at his frankness, got up and began to clear away the dishes.

Then she went upstairs to make the beds. Alone in Alma's chintz-hung room with the ivory toilet pieces on the dresser, its rose-shaded light and tiny desk, Martha seemed looking into the

came down dressed for the dance. She searched Buster's face, heard his exclamation of approval: "Great Scott! Alma! where did you come from?"

The sudden flushed smile was not lost to Martha.

She wondered—but Bruce came bounding in.

"Pancakes?"

"Sorry, Bruce! To-morrow, sure. Alma got breakfast this morning."

"Golly! She did!" Bruce sat down hard. "What next? Leadin' a prayer meeting, I betcha."

Alma looked up from her reading. "Don't be funny," she warned.

They settled down to breakfast.

Alma slipped her letter into the envelope with a nicety.

"I've just got to get a new dress now, Mamma. The Canoe Club Dance is to-morrow—Friday night. I am going with Buster. I thought at first my pink one would do," Alma smiled across at Martha. At times Alma had economical tact. "But it won't now. This is

a note from Harry McCoy—he's staying over for it—and wants me to save him the supper."

"Who's Harry McCoy?" Henry asked.

"Another Slippery Slim!" This from Bruce.

"Bruce, you've got to keep out of this." Alma turned to her father, "He's a friend of Buster's, Dad. I've only seen him twice, at Lake Carling in July and last Sunday. He's awfully clever, simply stunning. All the girls——"

"Bah!" Bruce cut in. "All the girls—say, they gimme a pain. All the girls!"

Martha laughed silently as she remembered Alma's remark. "I had the surprise of my life over Bruce. He never contradicted me once." And here he was at the old game, making up for lost time.

Henry took out his watch.

heart of Alma. She stooped to straighten the cover on the dresser—how hurried Alma had been that morning—how thoughtful it had been of her to get breakfast—the cover was crooked, jerked in haste, and Martha, bending over to adjust it, looked straight into the eyes of a strange young man.

She picked the photograph up in hands that trembled a little and stared at it intently. It was a clever, handsome face, with a sharp cynical chin and eyes like deep places—the eyes were like deep places to Martha. Across the bottom in a sure bold hand was written—"To Alma,

"Always
"Harry."

SHE put the photograph back and stood staring at herself in the mirror, her brow wrinkled, her mouth drawn.

"I've only met him twice, Dad," Alma had said at breakfast.

"I must have a new dress now!" Alma had said that too, and later, "Harry wants me to save him the supper."

The sudden flushed smile when she had picked up the letter, the light joyousness of her voice, the little thoughtful way she had slipped the note back into the envelope, all these things came back to Martha. The duster hung limp in her hands.

Harry McCoy—who was this Harry McCoy? Had he come into the life of Alma to take her away, to claim her love, to leave Martha alone, hopelessly alone, for it came to her, like a shot arrow—how could she go on living without Alma?

And Buster—how could he go on living without Alma? He cared. But Alma did not care; there was this Harry McCoy.

It was hard for Martha to understand, hard because she had never loved anyone but Henry, hard because she had cared so surely right at the first. Here was Alma—that part of herself she had never known, because she had never dared to be all that she was in her dreamings. Alma lived hers—Alma so daring, so defiant, so sure of her individuality. Martha turned from the mirror to the bed. Well, she must work, the common tasks crowded in upon her; lunch to get for Bruce and Henry, more dishes to wash, then dinner—on and on—the common tasks.

And Alma, shopping, buying dancing dresses—laughing, happy Alma!

Early in the afternoon, shortly after four, Alma returned, her eyes sparkling, her mouth—her red, red mouth—so pert and smiling. She carried a pasteboard box.

"Mr. Boyd let me off for the afternoon," she offered somewhat breathlessly, "and I got it." She placed the box on the kitchen table with a decided thud—"And Oh, Mamma! it's a dream! Just wait," she pulled off her gloves with quick, nervous jerks and fumbled at the string. A rustle of tissue paper, a soft rose mist, then—a gown shimmering before Martha's eyes. She saw first Alma's beaming face.

"Why, it's beautiful," she whispered almost in a reverence.

Alma gave her plenty of time for inspection, turning the dress slowly from side to side.

"A bargain?" Martha asked and hated herself inwardly for the question.

"Well, no," Alma folded the dress and laid it carefully in the box. "Well—no, Mamma, but I couldn't get a decent thing without paying high—you can't these days, you know. This was fifty dollars."

"Fifty dollars!" Martha exclaimed. "Why, Alma!"

"But, Mamma," Alma protested, "I couldn't get anything decent for less. You know how it was when we bought your things."

Martha knew. But Martha had bought them for Henry. Fifty dollars for Harry McCoy was the cause of Martha's resentment. Fifty dollars for Buster—that would not have mattered. She looked at Alma—the young, happy face—

"It's all right," she replied, "if you want it, Alma."

The girl caught up the box.

"Mamma, you're a darling," she cried, "not to mind so much money. You won't be sorry one bit when you see me in it."

And Martha wasn't. Her heart filled with pride, bordering on envy, when Alma came down dressed for the dance. She searched Buster's pleased face, heard his exclamation of approval.

"Great Scott! Alma! Where did you come from?"

"Boyd's real estate office at five o'clock," Alma answered promptly, and laughed. "Glad you like it, Buster."

"Fifty dollars for Harry McCoy!" Martha thought as she watched them off.

IT WAS early morning when Alma returned. Martha was awakened by the banging of the front door. She got up, slipped into her dressing gown and went into Alma's room. Alma was standing before the mirror in feminine adoration of the rose dress.

"Oh, Mamma," she whispered, "Did that pesky front door waken you? The wind banged it so sudden. I am awfully sorry."

"You needn't be," Martha sat down on the bed. "Tell me all about it now."

Alma came and sat down beside her, spreading out the rose mist skirt with adroit fingers.

"Oh! it was glorious, Mamma—the orchestra was simply splendid and the floor was dandy and the supper—" she paused.

"The supper," Martha suggested and waited.

"I had it with Harry McCoy," she began, "that clever chap, Mamma," she pointed to the dresser. "There's his picture—he gave me that. Isn't he handsome? And talk—say, Mamma, you should just hear him—why, he knows—everything. And dance—oh! he is a wonder. We had four dances together," she ended happily.

"What about Buster?"

"Oh, Buster was nice—as usual." Alma tilted her head. "Awfully decent

really. You see Harry is staying until Saturday night now, and he wants to take me out to dinner to-morrow night, so I asked Buster if I could break my engagement with him——"

"Why, Alma——"

"Oh, don't interrupt," Alma went on, "he was perfectly all right about it, just thought a minute and then said as quietly as you please—'Why, yes—if you want to'—so I told him I would go any other night and he didn't even care when Harry asked him for the honor—for the honor, mind you, Mamma—of bringing me home."

"BE careful, Alma," Martha warned, her fingers caressing the rose mist.

"Oh, don't worry about me," there was assurance in the tone. "Buster and I are old pals. And as for Harry—well, I like him. But don't you see, Mamma? I am just having a good time being free, free and happy."

Martha considered a moment.

"Yes," she admitted, "I do see. But get to bed now."

"Get to bed yourself," Alma teased. There was no denying the gaiety of Alma.

Alma was late for breakfast in the morning. She came down peevish and yawning.

"Oh, the morning after the night before," she pouted, "isn't much fun if you work in an office."

"Hump!" Bruce was almost caustic. "What did you go for, any how?"

Alma was silent.

"You remember this afternoon, don't you, Alma?" Martha handed a slice of toast across to Henry.

"How's the two-day lecture, Martha?" he asked.

"Ready," Martha tapped her forehead. "In here. It isn't much really. They are such poor simple souls, like myself. We'll get along all right. You'll be ready at three, won't you, Alma?"

"Oh! those frowsy women and the babies!" Alma shuddered. "I don't see any difference my playing is going to make. They don't know any more about music than——"

"Than you do about cooking," Bruce was exultant.

"I don't see why I have to go, Mamma. Such a waste of time——"

"You don't really have to go, Alma," Martha considered, "but I said——"

"Said I'd go, so now I will have to!" Alma turned defiantly to Martha, turned and saw the pained expression on the face she loved. "Oh! Mamma!" she cried, "I didn't mean to hurt you, really. I am an old crab this morning. Why, of course I'll go if you wish it."

Henry looked at them inquiringly. What was the matter with Alma? He asked Martha on the veranda steps ere his departure.

"She is just tired from last night, Henry. Girls will be girls."

Alma went with Martha promptly at three o'clock to the Mothers' Meeting at the North Street Mission. Martha was proud and happy with Alma walking the streets at her side, chic in the neat suit and the stylish hat.

Suddenly Martha remembered Harry McCoy and some of the happiness departed. Alma was dressed for Harry McCoy not for the Mothers' Meeting.

"I'll go after you give your talk, Mamma," Alma said as they came in sight of the Mission. "I'll play for them first. But I want to hear you talk. What is it about?"

"Courage in the home," Martha said simply.

And Martha spoke simply to those frowsy women with the fretful babies, those souls struggling against the odds of ignorance and poverty, without chance or encouragement in their sordid lives—spoke simply and truly and directly, because she felt herself to be

"I am writing Buster now," her fingers went out to her pen. "I hurt him, Mamma. Oh, I know I hurt him!"



one with them. And Alma listening from the back of the tiny hall felt a glowing wonder in her heart and a lump came into her throat. Near by, a baby cried plaintively. She reached over and took it from the weary-eyed mother, quieting it with the silver shaking of her purse chain. Thus Martha found her with a baby in her arms, the face above the baby one, intent, beautiful.

"Why, Alma!" she gasped, "I thought you had left."

"Isn't she sweet?" Alma chuckled the tiny chin playfully. "Just look at the cute dimple, Mamma. The poor mother looked tired and she wanted to listen to you so badly but the baby cried. It was great, Mamma. I felt awfully proud of you."

Alma lingered till after five, talking to the mothers, admiring babies, serving tea. Martha followed her out to the vestibule when she left.

"What made you stay?" she asked.

"Oh, I wanted to." Alma tucked in a stray lock. "Is my hat on nicely Mamma? Oh, I wanted to stay, and besides one funny old woman said to me, 'Mees, we all loff dot Mudder you haf got,' so I just *had* to stay for that." She laughed, kissed Martha and started down the steps. "I'll be back about eight for sure," she called back. "Harry is leaving at nine."

Martha went home happy, to get dinner for Henry and Bruce. Con-

stantly during the preparations she thought of Alma at the Belmont with that Harry McCoy. Still she was happy.

"Alma must have pleasure," she mused. "All the pleasure she desires. She must be free."

At nine o'clock Martha became uneasy. Alma had not yet returned.

"She said she'd be back at eight," she told Henry.

"Don't you worry about Alma," Henry replied. "She knows pretty well how to take care of herself."

Martha picked up the evening paper and settled down to read but her eyes saw pages of printing blurred together. How slowly the hands of the clock moved—how slow. Every little sound—possibly a step—possibly Alma. Every little sound—she started—

"At ten, Henry went up to bed.

"Kinda tired, Martha," he said and patted her shoulder, "Don't you worry about Alma. She's all right."

"Oh, I'm not worried," Martha forced a laugh, and lifted her face for his good-night kiss. "Oh, I am not worried. Did you get the animal crackers for Tots, Henry?"

"Sure—put 'em in the pantry."

MARTHA listened to Henry's footsteps on the stairs, listened with a silent sob.

Again she looked to the clock—ten-fifteen. The right hand went to her eyes.

"Don't let me doubt her, God!" she pleaded. "Don't let me doubt her—don't—let—me—Alma—Alma——"

Bruce came in and found her.

"Sleep?" he jested. "Say, Mom, there's a bed upstairs."

More forced laughter on the part of Martha.

"Been over to Charley's?" she asked.

"Sure." Then came that hungry glare Martha knew so well. "Anything in the ice-box, Mom?"

"To-morrow's chicken."

"Anything else?"

"Ice."

He grinned. "Gettin' funny, Mom. Say, what do I get? You might as well hand over something sooner or later."

"You get—to bed—" Martha raised her eyes to the clock—ten-twenty-five. Bruce followed her gaze.

"It's a long time till breakfast, Mom! Come on—" he pulled lightly upon her arm, "Come on, now." She rose and followed him to the kitchen.

It was eleven when Martha went up to bed. The stairs—how—how high they were—how tired she was. She gripped the banister and ascended slowly. The railing—the next step—the pattern of the carpet—blurred together before her. A weakness overcame her. Almost she stumbled. She gripped the banister anew and went on—slowly, softly, surely. It would never do to wake Henry. He would see she was heart-sick.

She gained her room, shut herself in and sat down on the bed in the dark.

She wanted to go to Henry and tell him, plead with him to go out—some-

where—anywhere—to the Belmont perhaps—and look for Alma. But Henry would laugh, assure her Alma was all right, tell her not to worry. Henry believed in Alma.

"Don't let me doubt her, God?" in the dark the right hand went up to her eyes.

Alma free—free. Always Alma had wanted to be free, always Martha had given her that wish. But this night—this night—

She would tell Henry—she must tell Henry. Alma had said she would be back at eight. And Buster—Buster—she would 'phone him—ask him about Harry McCoy. He was Buster's friend—this Harry McCoy. Buster must know! Buster must have been sure about him—sure—sure—or never would he have let Alma go with him. Buster must be sure.

The tension lessened. She thought of Buster—Buster for Alma—

A step on the stairs—light, buoyant—Alma there in the hall—safe—in her room. Sobs choked Martha. She went to the door and opened it—stillness in the hall—restful hush—and a crack of light beneath Alma's door. She wanted to go to Alma—and cry—cry—

Instead she closed the door and began to undress. Unseen forces held her back, unseen forces kept them apart. Alma with youth and pleasure; Martha with naught but Love.

She left the door ajar and crept into bed. But suspense had stayed too long with her, sleep had passed her by. Wakeful, she heard Alma in the hall, saw her go slowly—kimona-clad down the stairs.

Martha sat up in bed waiting, listening. Was it a drink she wanted—something in the ice-box—a mislaid article? Martha strained to hear. No sound—that all pervading hush—long, slow moving minutes of silence.

It was too much. She got up, slipped into her dressing gown and went down the stairs to Alma.

Alma was in the living-room at the little desk and writing. The little desk lamp cast a subdued light upon the bowed head. The rest of the room was in darkness. Martha drew near, cautiously, almost afraid, as one who intruded. Alma looked up quickly, half frightened, dismayed.

"WHY, Mamma!" she exclaimed. "Why aren't you asleep?"

"I couldn't go to sleep. What are you doing?"

"Just a letter, Mamma. I hadn't any ink upstairs. Worried about me, Mamma?" Alma made little blotches of ink on the blotting paper with her poised pen. "You shouldn't really, Mamma."

"Yes," Martha admitted, "I was worried. You said eight, Alma—and that Harry McCoy——"

"He went away," Alma interrupted. "I went to Bertha's."

"Went to Bertha's? Oh, Alma, why didn't you 'phone?"

Alma looked into the face she loved and saw there the pain she had caused.

She reached out impulsively and caught Martha's hands.

"Mamma, you didn't think——"

Martha smiled her sudden relief into the shocked, uplifted face.

"No, I didn't think—it's all right," she patted the slim smooth hands in her own. "It's all right, Alma. I was foolish to worry—even a little."

"Sit down, Mamma." Alma motioned to a chair. "I think I want to talk to you—tell you things. I want you to understand me, Mamma. I want you to know something in me is different—since you went away. Sit there, Mamma, and don't turn the light on. It is easier for me to talk to you in the dark. I want to say things, Mamma—real things." Martha obeyed and waited.

"IT'S hard telling things sometimes, Mamma," Alma smiled shyly down at her hands, "even to you. But I want you to understand. It was so funny when you were away, so funny washing out my little things, getting breakfast in the morning, doing what you always did. It made me see just how hard you had to work for us—and I felt sorry for you. You didn't seem to have anything I had—Youth and Pleasure. When I met you at the station—somehow, I couldn't laugh—it didn't seem right for you not to have those things. And I was sorry for you and I think maybe I loved you more when you came back only I couldn't show it."

Something stirred in the depths of Martha—but she was dumb—something of song—of joy. Perhaps it was lost Youth.

"But I was selfish," Alma went on, "horribly selfish, Mamma. I made up my mind never—well, not for years—to give up my pleasures and my freedom. I wanted to keep them. It seemed as if movies and parties and visits were enough. But now——"

Martha waited immobile, voiceless.

"Harry McCoy," she thought.

"But now," Alma resumed, "it is different. I am changed—all in a day, Mamma. It seems strange the way Life can change for us—so sudden and so sure. It was at the meeting listening to you talk about courage to meet the common task, Mamma. Courage and the common task. One always felt courage was for the great things—but the common task—you said it. And that baby in my arms and the smile of its mother—she was so grateful, Mamma—so grateful—just because I held it. I was glad when Harry left—relieved you know. I didn't want to come home so I went to Bertha's."

"I've nothing to do," I told her—"you and Ed go out for a while to the movies—anywhere—I'll stay with the babies."

"They were so happy to go, Mamma, so happy to go—it made me ashamed—I should have done that before. And when they left—" A long silence. "And when they left, Mamma, why, it seemed—all at once—that their little home was my own—my little home—and the babies. It was something like a beautiful stained (Continued on Page 66)



I AMERICANIZE MYSELF

By A. P. Johnson

A. P. JOHNSON is the publisher and editor of the *Grand Rapid News*. He is forty-one years of age, having come here from Sweden as a boy of twelve. He worked at many occupations to get an education. His natural turn for writing won him a job as a reporter while still in school and settled his choice of a profession. After working on newspapers in Minneapolis, Milwaukee and Chicago, as a reporter, editorial writer and advertising man, Mr. Johnson, four or five years ago, realized his ambition and acquired a paper of his own.

His clear independent thinking and vigorous writing have aided many good causes in Grand Rapids and in Michigan. He is a thorough-going American, with a liberal, well-informed mind and a good heart.

THE Editor of the RED CROSS MAGAZINE has asked me to prove up on America. He has asked me to tell in this story what I have found here that is different—different from Europe, from Sweden, where I was born. I am making this explanation to take the curse off the ego, the "I". There is the first difference. Here the individual makes himself, his country. He is the captain of his own ship, the master of his own fate. In Sweden the individual is still the result of circumstances. He occupies a set relation to himself and his state. Here "I" can do anything, achieve, progress and win, so long as "I" remain a part of the American plan and so long as "I" don't forget to take America with me. It was on a cloudy April forenoon in 1889 that I sat with my parents on the deck of the Cunard liner *Servia*, staring at the outlines of Boston. I thought it was a wonderful city. Since I have been told it is an attitude of mind, a sort of ethical hypnosis, by which it is distinguished from other American cities. Whether it was this state of mind, or the clouds, or the swell of the tide, the cries of the sailors, the strange customs officers and health officials who climbed like squirrels up the rope ladder which had been thrown down the side of the

ship, one thing I knew—like Saul I felt a new birth coming on. I was twelve. Everything that had crowded itself into my plastic brain moved out as if to make room for America. Would I ever grasp it all? Was there in this strange and wonderful land a chance for me?

Inwardly I was glad we landed in Boston. I had an acquaintance there, the only one in America besides an uncle residing in Minneapolis. That acquaintance was Paul Revere. He was the only hero I had ever worshipped, including Hannibal, Caesar and Charlemagne, who I could not prove was a Swede either by birth or ancestry. I wanted to see his grave. He was my ideal American, the kind of an American I wanted to be if ever I got the chance.

Before I leave Boston, let me discharge a part of my debt to Paul Revere. The first poem I learned to memorize was Longfellow's immortal tribute to Revere. I recited it in school, much to the amusement of teacher and pupils. It so happened that I didn't see Boston again for twenty years. I was then manager of a Chicago daily newspaper. It was a cold February morning and I had an hour before I was due to fill an engagement. For years I had renewed my vow that the first thing I would do when I went to Boston would be to visit Paul Revere's grave. Here was my opportunity.

With a grip in one hand, a suitcase in the other and a business portfolio under my arm, I jumped into a cab and asked the driver to take me at once to Paul Revere's grave. He regarded me with a look that in newspaper parlance might be described as a cross between the Boston *Transcript* and the Denver *Post*. From the number of turns we made I concluded that he was deliberating whether to take me to the cemetery or the jail.

I don't know how long I stood, hat in hand, before the simple little stone that marked the resting place of Revere's mortal remains. I know I recited Longfellow's poem there. I know I thought of the first time I saw Boston, of the ship *Servia*, of the customs officials, the crowds and the clouds. I felt then, perhaps for the first time, the debt I owed to this country. Like a caravan, arriving at its destination, passes before its owner, the years sped through my mind, each with its peculiar significance, each with its lights and shadows, its ups and downs.

When I returned to the cab, the driver regarded me with an increased apprehension. I discovered I was still holding my hat in my hand. He leaned over, as if to speak to me confidentially, and said:

"I wonder, sir, if you know you have frozen both of your ears."

When we arrived in Minneapolis, we settled in the only block in the city where Scandinavians were not in the majority. There were more Swedes there in those days than in Stockholm.

YOUR JOB; MY JOB; OUR JOB.

TO CREATE a finer understanding among immigrants of American ideals, standards and aims; here is your big work, you men and women of the Red Cross and you who are engaged in Americanization work."

So saith an immigrant.

They were so thick that some of the retail stores had signs hung out which read "English spoken here." It happened, however, that the particular lumber yard to which my father was attracted was not convenient to the principal Swedish settlement, so we took up our abode in a sort of Rialto of all nations in which was represented, I believe, every race on earth and some which up to that time ethnologists had failed to classify.

I could stand for the ridicule which the children of these peoples showered upon me and could bear the odium of being a "green Swede." I could take the bluffs and blows with good nature, occasionally swinging on the whole crowd at once. What distressed me was my inability to understand the contents of the newspaper which every evening was laid on our porch for the family upstairs. I would sit for hours pouring over the newspaper trying to find the words I knew in Paul Revere's ride and I would go for days basking in the happiness of a kind word spoken in English. What gripped me more than anything else was when some one smiled or said something pleasant that I could not understand.

So, the first thing I found here, was a little of that kindness which strikes hope in the human heart. I found a little of that which the great Red Cross has given to Europe and of which the European in America stands in so great a need. I called it "the American way," and I have never changed the name. I did so much want to understand America.

The first money I earned in America was 50 cents given me for digging up five bushels of evergreens for a Bohemian family on the river flats. This 50 cents I promptly placed in the palm of the young man's hand who delivered the paper to the family upstairs. I couldn't make clear that I wanted to subscribe for it, so I followed him to a nearby grocer where the transaction was put into English. He was a University student and became, next to Paul Revere, my best bet. It was through him that I got a job carrying bundles of papers from a printing press, thus reaching what I believed to be the height of any sane youngster's ambition.

To quote a university professor I met later, "we now enter upon the second period of the metamorphosis."

In the American working world I found the most cordial welcome that ever was accorded human contrivance anywhere. By that I don't mean that I had a cinch on any one job. Quite to the contrary, I received a practical, if not a liberal, education in the variety of undertakings performed. My first job on the newspaper was of short duration. One day the owner came down into the press room. I didn't know who he was and didn't care. I had orders to keep out strangers. He got in my way several times. In a jargon of Swedish and English I requested him

as politely as I could, to get out. He didn't pay any attention to me and I put him out. After the rush was over I was told to go to the cashier where I received an envelope containing what little change I had coming. When I inquired as to the meaning of the munificent inheritance the cashier looked at me in a pathetic sort of way and replied:

"You're fired, you young fool."

Time and time again, it was the same story over. I had more jobs than Kansas, in its balmy days, ever had grasshoppers. In a single day I carried water to the workers in a sewer, sold lemonade at a circus and picked fiber in a brush factory. I was fired from each one and that evening I got another job keeping up the steam under a boiler in a stone-quarry.

All of these experiences were of inestimable value to me in later years as a reporter, as a manager and employer of men. I was so well acquainted from having been fired out of nearly every institution in Minneapolis that it served me as a stock introduction. But I must tell you how I became a reporter. My obsession for being around a newspaper never left me. I could never go by the newspaper where I was first employed without a feeling of respect for the intelligence of that cashier. I felt that he was right, and that I had been a fool. No matter where I worked or how much money I made, the newspaper always loomed up as a standard of comparison.

One day I made up my mind I would try again. I put up a plea to the foreman of the press room that would have moved the stoniest jury to tears. Upon a solemn promise that I would not attack or maim innocent spectators, more particularly the authorities, I was set to work cleaning rollers. I was happy. I was at home. I cleaned and polished those presses until they sparkled like a cluster of stars. Every week for months I held my breath when the pay envelopes were distributed and I was always polite and obsequious to the cashier. He was an American. Soon he began to smile at me. I learned to understand that wonderful something in the American character that wants to give everybody a chance. He gave me bits of advice, got me started going to an American church and helped me understand more fully American ways. A few years later it was my

great privilege to employ him in a more responsible position on a newspaper of which I was put in charge.

But my original attraction to a newspaper was not for its machinery, its presses or its ink. It was its contents, its influence and its wonderful educational force. I wanted to write. I hadn't been in America a year before I dusted out in the Swedish papers. So, one day I took a piece to the city editor and asked him if he could use it. It was a rather extended report of a Swedish picnic. He looked it over and looked at me and said:

"Yes, I'll use it. Can you write any more like this?"

IN THE overwhelming exhilaration which took possession of both soul and body I must have said yes. I wanted to say that I could furnish copy in any quantities and on any subject known to man. Visions of a job as a reporter were already a reality. I had looked forward to that day with the longing of a saint for paradise. I discovered that knowledge of English wasn't necessary to a reporter, for I was conscious of my limitations.

The piece appeared. I have always felt that the number of copies of that issue of the paper that I purloined for my own use was nothing short of theft. I sent one to every human being on this earth with whom I had had any dealings, including no small number to those of my employers who at some time or other had fired me.

The next day the city editor came down into the press room asking for more copy. No, I didn't throw him out. I felt an irresistible desire to embrace him. He impressed me with the importance of "early copy," the most repeated phrase of newspaper vernacular.

Everything I wrote appeared and I wrote a great deal. Night after night I would sit until the early morning hours grinding out copy for that editor. My stuff was featured. I had a column all to myself, over which the editor inserted the stock phrase "King Oscar in America." They had long called me "King Oscar," which inwardly I considered the highest compliment that could be paid to any one. But the first time it appeared it almost paralyzed me. What if His Majesty should ever see it? My reverence for the King was still something sublime. I mentioned it to the city editor who replied that I ought to write something about it. So I wrote about the King. I wrote anything they asked me to write. One day I left the press room and was given a regular desk among the regular reporters. I have a presentiment that my feelings were akin to those of Jacob when the heavens opened and a delegation of angels invited him in. With all my respect for things spiritual, I would not have swapped my chance for Jake's. Shortly after I had "moved up" I awakened to the sad truth that I wasn't a reporter at all. I was a joke. I had been writing a funny column and didn't know it. It began to dawn on me that my stuff was a little different. It

wasn't Swedish and when I compared it with what the other reporters wrote, it certainly wasn't English. It was an awful blow to my ambitions, my hopes and my pride. I wanted to quit and go back to the press room, where, for a brief moment I thought I belonged.

But here, again, I took the American way. The city editor said:

"No, you stay right here. You've got a good chance and I'll help you."

And he did. He put me on what he called a "simple diet" and made me read Washington Irving's history of the "Life of Columbus," the "Book of Job" and *The New York Sun*. I read and wrote and produced my hybrid column for a year. I obeyed his instructions so implicitly that I didn't even venture to read the Psalms, or the other newspapers or any other thing that Irving ever wrote.

I owe my first advancement in pay to *The New York Sun*. I read it so diligently and clipped from it so faithfully that I amassed a huge stack of articles pertaining to every conceivable subject that a reporter is ever called upon to discuss. These I classified according to needs, so that when I was sent out to cover an assignment, all I had to do was to refer to a similar story from my clippings using it with such changes as applied to local conditions.

One day a warehouse burned to the ground and I was sent to write the story. It happened that I had a splendid "ware-house fire" in my scrap book and for lack of time I copied it almost literally. The next morning the city editor called all the reporters together and read to them my account of the fire.

When he had finished he turned to me and said:

"Oscar, I simply wanted to tell these reporters that this is the best report of a fire that this newspaper has ever printed. I want to show them up."

THEN he went on to explain that the merit of the story was in its simplicity, in the use of short Anglo-Saxon words. He said that the reason I could write that way was because I followed the lines of least resistance and didn't try to go beyond my depth. It was not until years later that he knew how truthfully he spoke.

This incident didn't add to my popularity among the reporters. They ceased patronizing me and began competing. The only flaw in the ointment was that *The Sun* wasn't always on the job. On another occasion the city editor called me in and said:

"This is the worst thing I have ever read. Oscar, I can't understand your stuff. Sometimes you put it all over us and then you write things that are simply awful."

It was no time to give away my system, so I blamed it on the King Oscar column. I explained that no man could write three languages at once and hope to excel in any one of them. The city editor agreed to that and the hybrid jargon was discontinued. That gave me more time to follow *The Sun*, Washington Irving and the "Book of Job."

With the groundwork I had received in Sweden I soon had the opportunity to enter as a special at the state university. Night work made it possible for me to study in the day time, which would have been very convenient had it not been for an obsession of one of the teachers, in fact, the one I most needed, to teach English at sunrise. I was doing night police at the time, and my instructions were not to leave the police station before 3:30 a.m. The English class convened at eight in the morning, leaving me an average of four hours' sleep. But I had learned that everything in America was done at high speed, and I assured the managing editor, who was a little concerned over my health, that by sleeping a little faster than most people I could make the grade without injury to myself or to my work.

To pursue further this narrative of events would be to crowd the ego. Up until this time, it was the American spirit, plus a few hard licks and a little midnight oil that gave me the chance that awaits any one who comes to America and is willing to work. I know something of Europe and its people. I know something of its industries, its caste and class. I know that in no other country on this earth can things be done quite the way they are done in America. To me it has never ceased to be wonderful, because it seems to be the fulfilment of all that for which society has struggled for ages.

My life in America has been no different from that of millions who have come from other lands to enjoy that splendid gift we call opportunity. I didn't know enough to be discouraged! Discouragement! there's the rub with which America must contend in the handling, training and development of its alien people.

To create a finer understanding among immigrants of American ideals, standards and aims: here is your big work, you men and women of the Red Cross and you who are engaged in Americanization work. Here you will find fertile fields for your efforts and millions of hearts that will thank you for an introduction to America. We immigrants who come here from foreign lands find little to which we can tie until we understand that humanity is the same the world over. We find little in common with you who through no fault of yours were born into the beautiful heritage of American citizenship. We want to be shown. In our native land every street, every statue, every thing that meets the eye or responds to the touch had its significance, its traditions. In a park, near my first home in America stood a statue of Abraham Lincoln. It was three years before it dawned upon me what that statue meant to America, to the American people and to me.

WHAT is the obvious result for the immigrant? Not until his children bring into the family American thought and American contact does he really learn what America is. In the meantime he has (Continued on Page 75)

WHEN I was a boy of twelve or thirteen my father, who was a man of books, pointed one day to the ten volumes of "Gibbon's Rome" that stood on the library shelf, and told me I ought to read them. He had a way of suggesting a thing that made me want to do it. So I gaily tackled the monumental work with the cockiness of youth. The first result was what might have been expected. I was baffled, unhorsed, as Don Quixote when he attacked the windmill. I could understand it very little and liked it not at all. The mass of facts was appalling, the style was ponderous. I was a little lad trying to walk with a giant. I said to my father, "Dad, this is fierce!" I showed him one sentence that was a page and a half long. Before I got to the end of it I had forgotten the beginning. He answered only, "Keep on!" I kept on. It was hard, dull work.

And then, along about the thirteenth chapter, I think it was—it happened! Something took place inside of me. It was as if I had been "converted." I found myself suddenly liking what I read. The language, which had been tedious and involved, all at once grew beautiful. I had caught step with Gibbon's majestic style. I had followed him persistently, and at last he had rewarded me by casting his mantle upon me.

A similar instance happened in Munich, when I was over forty. I happened to be spending my summer vacation there. Looking about for amusement I found a "Wagnerfest," a series of Wagner operas given one after another for some weeks, advertised at the Prinz Regenten Theatre. Now I had made up my mind as to Wagner. I did not like him. I had gone to two or three performances of his operas in America, and had been bored to extinction. This music, so I had decided, is a fad, an art-form taken up by those who wish to pose as superior, liking what the commons can not understand. It is caterwauling. To say you like it, is affectation.

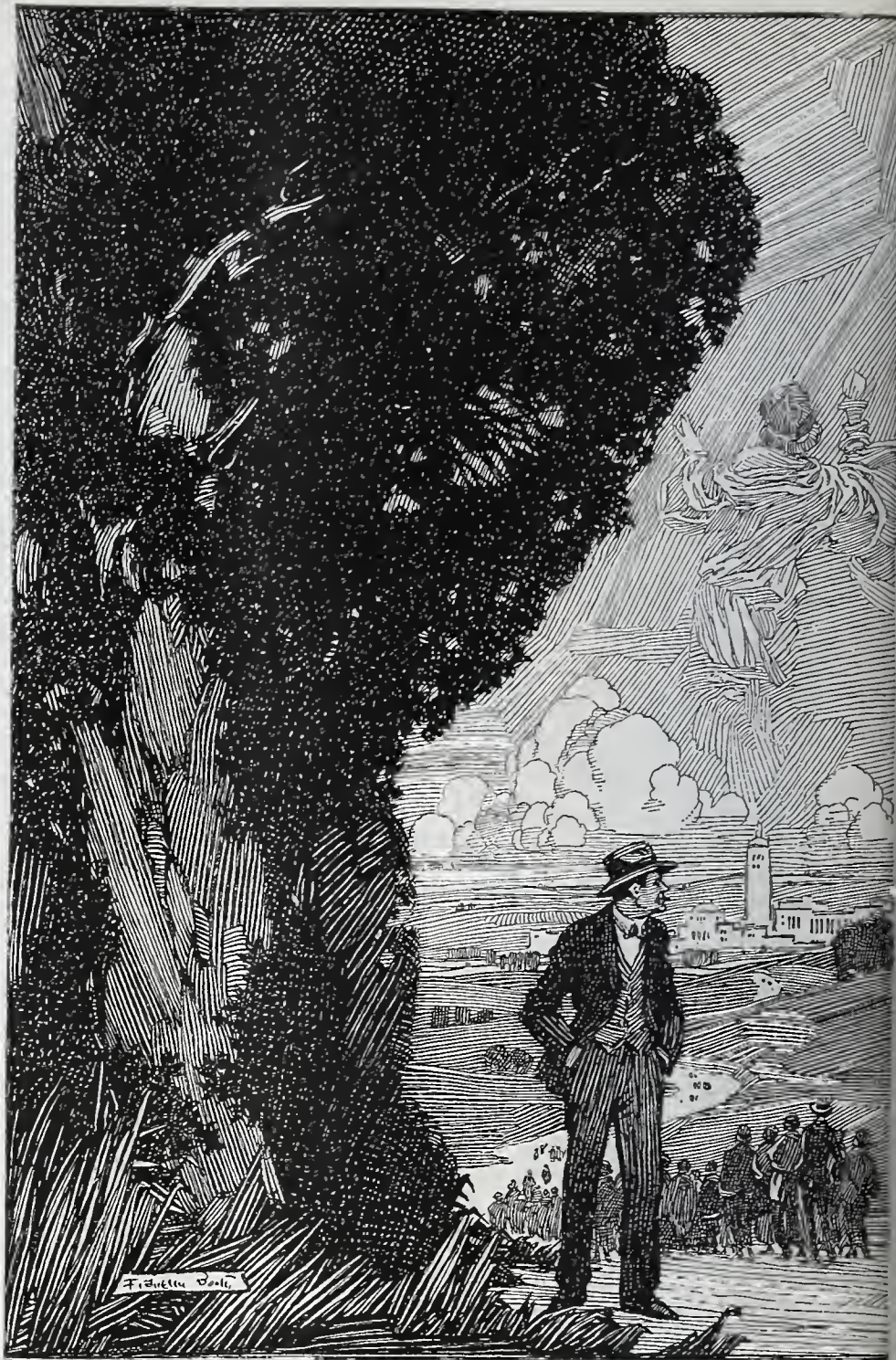
But here in Munich another thought occurred to me, to wit: This man has been dead some years; two theatres are devoted to his music alone, a distinction no other composer can claim; at almost every concert in Christendom a selection from Wagner is played; evidently the music-world has passed upon him and approved; and therefore the trouble may lie in *me*. So I went to a book store and bought an armload of books on Wagner and his music, mostly German and French books. I took them to my boarding house and studied them. I familiarized myself with the "motifs," got so I could whistle the ring motif, the grail motif, the sword motif and the rest. Tom Kelley, the Omaha musician, was in Munich at the time, and we worked together over the piano and text books. Then I attended the fest, went to one opera after another. The first two were puzzling.

And at the third, it was Die Meister-

singer—it happened! The walls of Jericho fell down. I understood. I loved. I was converted. I count that one of the great moments of my life, for then a whole area of enjoyment was added to my possessions. My life was permanently enlarged. Spiritually speaking, I had struck oil.

These two instances indicate the obstacle to education, culture, progress—whatever you have a mind to call the improvement of a human being.

For Obstacle A is not ignorance.



The first and greatest of all the hindrances

WHAT TO LIKE AND

Do you stand in

By Doctor

Decoration by

IS IT possible for you to get an education? Must you always be a low-brow? Are you content to "Like what you like" or are you



the human mind is Indifference

HOW TO LIKE IT

our own light?

Frank Crane

Franklin Booth

determined to "Like what
you ought to like?"

Why, if you are willing
the Best in the World"
yours for the asking.

Not at all. That may be First Assistant
and Introducer Extraordinary to wis-
dom. No. Not ignorance.

What, then, is the First and Greatest
of all Hindrances, Stoppers, Brick Walls
and Hindenburg Lines, that bar a mind's
Getting On?

It is—Indifference.

Coldness. Lack of Desire. Hell is
cold. When Dante got to the bottom
of the pit he found the Devil there,
frozen in the ice. He flapped his wings
and sent the frigid waves of impotency
throughout the universe.

It's not what you Don't Know that
makes you an Ignoramus; it's what you
Don't Like.

To Know Nothing is honorable.
Why, Socrates, the wisest man that
ever prowled the ways of cities, with the
cleverest brain ever housed in a human
skull, Socrates, who for two thousand
years has been teaching the human race
how to think, this same Socrates was
fond of saying, "I Don't Know. Me?
I Know Nothing!"

But, Oh! the *thirst* of the man to
know!

Why does Tom, at sixteen, when he
has finished High School, hate to go to
College, and want to quit study, and
go to work in the grocery, or devote his
time to loafing around the St. James
Hotel pool room, and accumulating
neckties and actress-photographs?

And why does Mamie—same age—
rebel at the prospect of Wellesley, and
insist on plunging at once into society,
stenography or matrimony?

Usually because Education, with
them, has missed the mark, teachers did
not know what teaching is, and parents,
school directors and all who managed
the youngsters did not realize what
schools are for.

All too commonly we suppose a school
to be a brick structure, where children
are herded, so that their keepers may
stuff them with Knowledge. We as-
sume that Education is the amassing
of Information, the storing up of Facts.

They test the degree to which the
pupil is "educated" by an absurd per-
formance called an Examination, a list
of questions devised to ascertain how
many quarts of facts and rules the child
contains.

Often the boy who "passes" the exam'
is the thirstiest of third raters, and the
boy who flunks becomes a most efficient
man. A good part of the foremost
orators, writers, business men, states-
men, explorers, discoverers, poets and
rulers of men, failed at school. And
they employ the hundred percenters as
clerks at \$50 a month.

Why?

Because the Education they were
supposed to get was not Education at
all. For Education is not cramming a
mind with facts, it is not ladling out
information. It is making the mind
want to learn.

It is not supplying food to the mind,
it is creating hunger in the mind. That
is true Education.

What a teacher knows, his training
equipment, the degrees he has acquired,
his experience and all that, are not at all
the main thing. For the main question
is, Can he set a pupil's soul on fire?
Can he make the young man fall in love
with wisdom? Can he bring it about
that the young miss shall be smitten
with the three high Gods, the Good,
the Beautiful and the True?

"The spirit of man is a candle of the
Lord," says the Scripture. It is the
teacher's business to light the candle.

I suppose I had a hundred teachers or more in my school years. Of all that number I can recall but two or three that knew how to teach. They made me want to learn. They had the power of electrical induction. They changed my likes. The others were more or less stupid, educated shepherd dogs.

For real teachers are like real poets: they are born, not made. They come from God, not from Normal Schools.

For Education is not the training of a child, as an educated pig; it is the new birth of the soul.

THE foolish person often lays this down as his ultimatum; he thinks it concludes the matter; he says: "I can't help it if I like what I like, can I?"

It is most unfortunate when one believes that settles it. For, as a matter of fact, all education begins with the realization that one can change his likes.

It is an invariable mark of ignorance to take it for granted that one's tastes are fixed. To propose to the low-brow that he change them is like asking him to be somebody else. And the last thing anybody on earth wants to be is somebody else; we are willing to suffer and to die, if need be, but not to become another person.

But that is the very first demand of Education. All Culture, all real Improvement, begins by saying, "You must be born again. For what you need, young man, is not to learn new facts, and what you need, young woman, is not to adorn yourself with new accomplishments, and to put on new manners and graces; what you need is to be disgusted with what you now like and to like something else. And what that something else is, it is the business of the school to show you."

But alas! the mass of folks, while they are perfectly willing to learn new things, read new books and papers, travel and see new sights, meet new people, and constantly change the upper layers of their personality, stubbornly refuse to go down into the bottom of their souls, and change their Desires. They resent it as a sort of indecency.

Yet that is the only change that can do anybody any good, the change in Desires.

Let us lay down this rule then. If you can obey it you are possible. You belong. You may become a Superior Person. If you cannot or will not, then go back to the livery stable. Advancement is not for you. You are, and always will be, a horse. For a horse can be taught all sorts of tricks, but he will always like hay.

But, if all this is true, how do I know what it is I ought to like? Tastes differ.

Tastes do differ, up to a certain point. Beyond that, all really cultured people like pretty much the same things.

How can I know what those things are?

You learn what those things are by sitting at the feet of Mankind.

Listen to the World. It's an old World, and has found out a lot of things, by infinite experiment.

Don't imagine you are the first man born. Millions have lived before you, tried and failed and succeeded. Look at their record.

Bees make the same kind of comb now they made in the Garden of Eden, and beavers build their dams now in the Mississippi precisely as they built them in the Euphrates five thousand years ago. For every brute animal begins just where his father began, and goes over the same ground—animal life is like a squirrel revolving his cage, he just turns around and gets nowhere. But the human animal begins where his father left off. So he progresses.

"The essential characteristic of man," said John Fisk, "is his improvable-ness."

There is no excuse for you making the same kind of a fool of yourself that Nebuchadnezzar did.

First, therefore, listen to Time. For Time is the authoritative critic. Whatever he has approved is worth nothing. He makes mistakes, but by and by he corrects them.

For instance, what books ought I to like? Emerson's pithy answer was, "Read no book that is not twenty years old."

Like most epigrams, of course, this one assumes that you have common sense enough to understand it. And its meaning is, that Time winnows out the good wheat. Time alone gives the Master's Degree.

You may or may not like Kipling and Anatole France and Wells and Shaw and Sudermann. This is your privilege. But among the elect you have no right to say you do not like Homer, Dante, Goethe and Shakespeare. To make such a statement automatically expels you from the chosen people and classes you among the Philistines.

Do you mean to say I have no choice in the matter of liking Shakespeare, that I must like him whether he appeals to me, whether he "finds" me, or not?

Exactly that. Sorry, my dear, but culture has its intolerances, its iron tests, and that is one of them. The world has passed on Shakespeare, not one man but millions of men, not one age but many ages. And if you do not like him, you may be as sure as we are sure of anything in this sublunary sphere, that there is something wrong with you.

UP in the Senior Class, son, there is no disputing about tastes. In the Primary Department, and Below Stairs, they are always disputing.

You must like Michel Angelo's paintings in the Sistine Chapel and you must like Beethoven's music, and the Venus de Milo, and the ideas of Plato and Jesus.

These may not be what you like, but they are what you Ought to like.

And if you believe this you shall be Saved (or call it Educated or Cultured), and he that believeth not shall be Damned (or call it Ignorant or Common).

But, how can I get to like these things I Ought to like?

Answer: Know them.

For we like what we Know.

A party of us were once visiting a picture gallery in Florence, and had stopped before Botticelli's "Spring," one of the world's masterpieces. A young lady said pertly, "Well, that may be grand, but I don't like it. I don't know anything about art, of course. But I know what I like." Whereupon an old man amongst us replied: "No, young lady, you are mistaken. You don't know what you like. You mean you like what you know, which is not much."

THAT was a rough stroke, but true and wholesome. Paddy loves his pig, and Molly loves her shining kitchen and the baby at her breast, and Lo, the poor Indian, loves roaming the plains and scalping his enemies, and we all love our nation and our home folks, because we know them.

We are cold to what we don't know, and if we are particularly ignorant we hate it. Two navvies were walking along the wharf in London. They saw a stranger approaching.

"Who is that feller?" asked one.

"I dunno," said the other. "Looks like a bloody furriner. Let's 'eave a 'arf a brick at 'im."

Which explains race prejudice. White people hate yellow, Arabs hate Christians; also Jews and Gentiles, Catholics and Protestants, English and French, East Siders and West Siders, despise each other for just one reason. They are not acquainted.

THE WAY YOU LOOK AT IT

By Dr. Frank Crane

SOMEWHERE I have heard this story.

A passer-by saw three workmen cutting stone where a cathedral was building. He stopped and spoke with them.

"What are you doing?" he asked one.

"I am cutting this stone," was the answer. "I work four hours in the morning and four in the afternoon. That's my job. I'm a stone-cutter."

"What are you doing?" inquired the bystander, turning to the second workman.

"Me? I'm getting six dollars a day," was the reply.

Then the man addressed the third workman with the same question.

"What are you doing?"

The stone-cutter looked up, and pointing to the rising walls of the edifice, replied:

"I am building this cathedral."

All of which goes to show that

"Don't introduce me to that man," said one. "I feel it my political duty to hate him, and you can't hate a fellow when you know him."

Hence, to Love the Masters of all time, all you have to do is to know them. You can easily put this in practice. Read Shakespeare every day for thirty days, and you will find yourself liking him. If not, keep on for a year. Then if you don't like him, why—back to the ivory stable! You don't belong.

Go and see the beautiful things Rafael made, and Benvenuto Cellini, look at the Cathedrals of Cologne and Milan and Notre Dame of Paris, or study pictures of them, if you cannot see the things themselves, and keep on looking—till your heart bursts into flame. For that new Taste will come, just as sure as you are human and are capable of culture.

It is very simple. The way to learn to like what you ought to like is to go where those things are. Listen to good music. Get the records of the classics or your phonograph or piano-player, and hear them over and over. Go to lectures and not cabarets. Read Victor Hugo and Wilhelm Meister and Carlyle and Ruskin, instead of the cheaper magazines. And *keep on*. After awhile the taste will come.

What's the good? Why should I go to all this trouble? I get along very well as it is. I have my automobile, and my bridge game, and golf and magazines and pipe and slippers. Why bother with all this high-brow stuff?

The biggest part of your job is how you look at it.

Everything has a lower and an upper meaning.

It is not what you have to do, it is your attitude toward what you have to do, that makes your work unbearable or delightful.

I asked a hard-working business man this summer why he did not take a vacation, why he sent his wife and family away to the seaside, while he remained at his desk.

With a whimsical smile he said, "To tell the honest truth, I don't go away on a vacation because I can't find anything anywhere else that is as much fun as my business."

And do you know that this is the secret of the wise?

Of the wise and happy.

The secret is that, while it is hard, sometimes impossible, to change your job, it is always possible, sometimes easy, to change the way you look at it.

A missionary was once urging a native naked Filipino to get an education.

"Why?" asked the native.

"Because you can make more money."

"Why make more money?"

"Then you can wear good clothes and mingle with better people."

"What do I want to do all that for?"

"So that you can be happy."

"But," concluded the Filipino, "I'm happy now!"

So, you see, culture is hardly a thing we can argue over. If you don't care for it, you don't, so good day!

But, if so be there stirs within you the longing for better things, listen! I will tell you what real culture does for you, and you will understand.

It increases your joy of living. Every new and higher taste you develop is an addition built to your House of Life, another acre annexed to your Garden of Delight.

YOU are richer. Not in money or furniture, or jewels, but in capacity to enjoy. I consider my conversion to Richard Wagner's music as worth more to me, in sheer enjoyment value, than a million dollars and seven automobiles.

Poverty, soul poverty, cheap and nasty thinking and liking—poverty is the one curse.

Second, to learn to love the Masters *adds to your Resources*. Your edifice of happiness is surer, not so liable to be blown down by the first hurricane of calamity. You may lose your money, you may have to sell your house, your position in society may be lowered, your friends may betray you, you may lose your health or your leg, but if you can still find enjoyment in your Books, and in all the higher forms of pleasure they stand for, you are not bankrupt.

Besides, *the Masters grow on you*. Beethoven's Ninth Symphony is richer in pleasure-giving quality when heard the twentieth time, than when first heard. After you hear "Good morning, Mr. Zip Zip Zip" three or four times you are tired of it. I have two prints of little angels by Bellini on my bedroom wall; they have hung there for years; I love them more now than when I first got them. Could you stand a cheap chromo or gaudy magazine cover on your wall for a year?

The good tastes last. They are eternal. In fact, eternal life itself is not a matter of duration but of quality. And the saving of your soul includes the acquisition of all the better tastes, in science, in art, in music, in letters, as well as in religion.

Whatever moves your pleasures over from your bodily appetites to your mental and spiritual desires, increases your eternal quality, makes you worthy to live forever. For the longer you live the more joy you have.

It is the acquisition of culture that *insures a happy old age*. All the peevish, petulant whine of those who dread growing old, arises from the fact that they have childish tastes and have never changed them for the enduring kind. Of course, if you don't know how to live, the longer you live the worse it gets.

And the Masters liberate you. Imitate Beethoven all you please, it will only make your own musical composition more fecund. But if you imitate the style of the latest jazz song writer you will be a slavish copyist. That is why all modern musical comedies sound alike. There is no freshness in them, no youth. They are smitten with senility. They are cheap. They are not of the Masters.

So the more closely you "follow Jesus," or follow Socrates or Shakespeare for that matter, the more you are set free. The Master makes you grow. The cheap and common leader binds you.

THE worst enemies to genuine culture are the counterfeiters. Always the vender of the cheap substitute does the most damage.

"The long-haired men and short-haired women" who prate of having souls above the common herd, the affected snobs and finicky "high-brows," who consider themselves a superior class, do the cause of high thinking infinite harm.

For culture is of no Class. It is human, and as broad as humanity. Its door is open to every human being, whether he lives in a log cabin in the backwoods, in an East Side tenement or in a palace. It is as near to the serving maid in the kitchen as to the lady in the boudoir.

Wisdom cries aloud in the streets, knocks at every man's door, and goes out into the highways imploring all men to come to her banquet.

Wisdom, culture, the whole higher life, with its exquisite richness of enjoyment, is utterly democratic. It is for YOU, no matter how poor you are, nor how lowly born, no matter what your environment.

The only one who cannot have it is the coward and the weakling, who will not. "For the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence and the violent take it by force."

RISE up, O son of woman, wherever you are, hired man on the farm, stoker on the engine, ditch-digger, waiter in the restaurant, boot-black, ticket chopper, store clerk! The best is yours if you want it. You may be one of the favored few, one of the privileged. Yours may be the seats of the mighty.

All you have to do is to learn to like what you ought to like, and leave the swinish herd of them that are content to like what they like.

Now as ever the royal road is open, the imperial feast is spread, the proclamation of the high gods has gone forth:

"Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.

"Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labour for that which satisfieth not? Harken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness."



They glory in a tractor which can pull a

They were looking for a little return

NINE GIRLS

By ReINETTE



In the lower picture—Anna, about to be given into the custody of the state. And above, Anna after two years of home education at High View Farm

"WE TRY to get them somewhere from twelve to sixteen years old—you know how girls are at that age! A lot of them stop school and start in at some kind of a job—anything they can find—clerking in a store, waiting on table in a restaurant, pasting labels in a factory—"

The owner of High View Farm was speaking. He stood on the piazza overlooking his two hundred acres—a tanned man with a fine red color under his brown cheeks. The strong light showed up a few grey hairs but there was an appealing boyishness about him, an impulsive way of talking, a trick of dashing up stairs three steps at a time; he bubbled with the enthusiasm of a man who gets a lot of fun out of the day's work. Beside him stood his wife, not very tall, plump, brown eyes—very much wife and mother.

"We've been so surprised ourselves that it would work out," he went on. "The whole place actually runs itself automatically now. We can go away a month at a time and leave the girls absolutely by themselves and there won't be a hitch anywhere. There isn't a finer lot of young women anywhere on earth.

THE woods are full of folks who will write out checks for a good cause. But how many people will take children into their

"They are," his wife endorsed. "We never dreamed, either of us, that it could turn out such a success! You see they came to us in such different ways, with such different stories."

The machine ran up a grade and halted at the door of a great white house.

"When you see them," my host said, "You'll get a better idea of what it means to us—our all living here together at High View. The girls themselves are the whole story!"

Twelve or thirteen years ago Mr. and Mrs. George Lemon were living by themselves in a house in Gardner, Massachusetts, which was too big for them. They had no children to provide for and a lot more money than they needed for food and fuel and clothing—enough for an automobile and things like that. There was plenty for any emergency which might arise—more



load of hay or plow an acre in three hours

on their money. They got it from

AND A FARM

L o v e w e l l

homes and work with them to widen their opportunities and to give them a bigger and a better chance for real happiness in life?

than enough to live on all their days. Making money just for the sake of making money did not appeal to either of them—it did not seem quite worth while to let what they did not use go on accumulating interest in banks, or in bonds.

Ever since he left college Mr. Lemon had worked with many sorts of organizations and societies for social betterment. In schools, in juvenile courts, and in divers institutions for mental treatment he had become aware of the awful expense of curative measures. "Case" after "case" he helped as an individual, with money and with study, but the results discouraged him. Particularly was he staggered by physical degeneracy—it seemed such a frightful waste of the nation's human resources. And it existed, it seemed to him, mostly because so many youngsters had nobody in particular to look after them—

because they stopped going to school. Prevention—that was the essential thing he deduced from the varied experiences. Gradually the conviction settled upon him that even a little prevention would go a long ways.

Talking things over between themselves at home the Lemons agreed they had rather spend their money—as far as it would go—helping—whenever they stumbled upon them—boys and girls for whom the coming years looked cloudy, but who were bright healthy youngsters with no need to be cured of anything—only to have their energies directed along wholesome lines.

Everywhere they found promising opportunities to spend their money and their optimism. There was a smart-looking young stenographer in an office where Mr. Lemon did business, working for a bit of a weekly wage and with little hope ahead for her. She went out West to study some more at the Lemons' suggestion—backed by their check book. Now she is secretary to the Dean of the same University where they sent her. There was a plumber's boy, just graduated in June from the high school, who came to tinker their water pipes. He didn't look to them like the sort of chap who

ought to quit books. Encouraged, he went away to a reasonable mid-western college. The other day he sent them his photograph—in the robes in which he had been ordained. There were many others, who needed a boost toward A-1 citizenship—and received it.

But sharing their money was not enough for the Lemons. They wanted to share their home. They found, one at a time, two girls, both fourteen years old, both with "unfortunate home surroundings," as card catalogues of institutions might classify them. They were headed straight for jobs in a chair factory—and what they might learn from chair factory associations, hearing constantly uncultivated—and worse—speech, no more study, rooming somewhere and eating somewhere else.

These girls, Mr. and Mrs. Lemon took into their large Gardner home and Mrs. Lemon started them in at house work to help pay for what she could teach them of books and music and how to cook and sew—education of a practical, wholesome sort.

These two girls were the beginning of what the Lemons call for want of a better name a School for the Conservation of American Girlhood, a school conducted entirely at their own expense—the pupils making return for what they receive by doing all the work about the place.

Mr. Lemon's hands had long itched to cultivate soil, to make things grow.

"If we had a farm," he argued, "we could take a lot more girls. There would be plenty of work—out in the fresh air, and I bet they'd like it, too! And with that sort of a scheme we could raise enough food to feed half a dozen of them."

To the Gardner house he added a two-hundred acre farm in Royalston, ten miles away, eleven hundred feet above sea level, with Mount Monadnock blue at the north, Mount Wachusett rising at the east—in between a sweep of rolling country full of pines and birches and wayside elms. The house which stood there when the place was purchased had been an old summer hotel, with large rooms and plenty of them, a house which perfectly suited their purposes. The very first winter it burned—to a yawning cellar hole and grim, stark chimneys.

Nine Girls and A Farm

"We'll put up another," the Lemons declared. "We've got the view left." They did. The new house is larger than the other, painted white, with wide piazzas covered with woodbine. It has an observatory and billiard room and at the top, an attic with a stage and properties sufficient to put on a first rate show.

Down stairs it is just plain home—with a little h, as far removed from the capital H kind as the sky from the sea. A great living room has a corner fireplace where two settees face each other, deep chairs, bookcases, a divan backed against a tableful of magazines, a grand piano. The dining-room is the same sort of a dining-room to be found in hundreds of homes where each meal is a bit of a ceremony—fine china and linen and silver, with a glimpse of a handy, well-equipped kitchen showing through the butler's pantry—where the girls take turns at butting.

With Mr. Lemon's help and his wife's co-operation, the seven girls they have added to their family do all the work outdoors and in—barring an occasional day's work by men they hire. But it is not the same sort of drudgery from which girls and boys of a generation ago were so eager to escape. There are porcelain bath tubs and plenty of hot water when they come in from the fields and shed their overalls. Every modern convenience to lighten labor has been provided. They glory in a tractor which does an astonishing amount of work mechanically. With it they can plow an acre in two or three hours. They hitch it to a load of hay and drive it across the "mowings." It will pull up rocks—pests of New England soil—and drag them away. In a neat white building is machinery for making butter—a barrel churn and a butter worker. Butter has been known to "come" in five minutes; even in its most stubborn moods the cream thickens quickly.

They have a canning factory out back of the house with a steam evaporator, a sink of running water, a capable stove. The hundreds of jars of fruit and vegetables they can each year supply the table all winter long. In the spring they tap maples on the farm and boil the sap into syrup and sugar. A big motor truck is used for all kinds of hauling—including transportation of the whole family on picnic expeditions. There is a smoker where the girls home-cure hams, and a refrigerator big enough to hold beef in halves and quarters.

The girls cultivate four acres and hurry summer visitors out to see their tall corn, the twenty-five rows of beans, the potatoes and onions, beets and turnips. A flock of turkeys, ducks and chickens give food they especially like. Strawberry beds in summer compensate for the spring tussle with weeds. Wild blueberries grow on the place—the Jersey cows contribute cream that is cream. What's a hard morning's farming when noon brings a meal of turkey, and mashed potatoes and summer squash—home-made butter on hot biscuits, often as not ice cream made on the premises!

In his box stall across the street a horse paws at feeding time. There is a brown and white Shetland pony and a collie dog—a contented family of very fat cats.

As far as rules go—there are no more set regulations than in an ordinary large family where mother lays down the law once in a while about certain things. The work is sensibly divided—the whole scheme of education is to develop responsibility. Two of them do the cooking and serving one week, another two the next, and so on in rotation. The girls on kitchen police duty look over all the supplies, plan the meals, watch out for any sign of waste. They make the greater part of their clothes—the hand that runs the tractor is capable

of fine embroidery and a skilled touch of the piano keys.

By right of seniority the two elder girls—now twenty-three years old, for they have lived with Mr. and Mrs. Lemon nine years—are Captain and Lieutenant, assuming authority to make decisions in the absence of the owners of the farm, or in their presence. From the ranks a younger girl has developed into a first-class top-sergeant.

Barring the summer months the have lessons the year round—history and geography and mathematics—ordinary high school subjects. They go to Gardner and the surrounding villages by themselves—to movies—to church affairs—the "school" is entirely undenominational—there are many guests for them to meet at the farm—they are invited out to parties and picnics.

"Trust them?" says Mrs. Lemon. "I should say we do. Anywhere they want to go. They have the most wonderful sense of loyalty."

"People say to us," Mr. Lemon interrupts, "How are they going to earn a living when they leave you?" In the first place we don't want them to leave us—till they marry. We need them for teachers now that they have our ideas and we expect to pay them salaries and have an even larger family as the years go on. But if they were all of them dumped right out into the cold world to-morrow don't you think with the way things are now girls who can take hold and manage any sort of an establishment out doors and in—could earn a pretty decent living?"

In their watch for girls from twelve to sixteen years they found one who was only two. She was about to be given into the care of the State where her parents were born. She did not in the least fit into the scheme of a school where the girls worked their way.

(Continued on Page 73)



Barring the summer months, they have lessons the year round—typewriting, history and geography—ordinary High School subjects



The dismal feeling of having a child come home with a poor mark"

MAGINEL WRIGHT ENRIGHT

THE CHILD WHO FAILS

By Angelo Patri

Illustrated by Maginel Wright Enright

EVERY family knows the dismal feeling of having a child come home with a poor mark on his report card, or with the awful announcement that he has failed and been "left back."

All children fail sometime, somewhere. Since the beginning of the schools this failure of children to measure up to the standard set for them has worried teachers and parents and children. Teachers the world over have given their best thought to it, yet queerly enough, generally to one side, the school side. Few, very few, of them have thought of the child's side. Any adjustments that were made were made with the idea of perfecting the school machinery. The idea that the school was already too perfect a mechanism did not often occur to them. It was so in our school.

The Fourth Grade stood sedately in line, books under left arm, caps in right hand, waiting for the dismissal signal. Miss Harriet walked swiftly along the line and handed each child what appeared to be a sealed letter. The last one given out she gave the order. "Class, Forward, March!" with more than usual sharpness.

As their shouts of liberation reached us from the street below, she turned to me and said, "You are wondering what I was doing. Well, I'll tell you. I've just given out the monthly report cards.

THESE articles of Angelo Patri are out of a long experience as teacher and principal; the illustrative stories are based on actual incidents and happenings of school life.

They were due on Wednesday and this is Friday afternoon, but never while I live will I give out report cards on any but Friday afternoons."

"What is the idea?"

"The idea is that I must live with them after I have given them their reports and if every one of those children do not get an 'A' or close to it they make a fuss.

"Last month Michael kicked his feet and banged his elbows; Kitty cried all afternoon; Marie sulked; Charlie tore his card up and informed me that I needn't send home any such card if nobody would sign it for me. O, I had a lovely time. Never again.

"After this I gave them their cards in

sealed envelopes the last thing on Friday afternoon. They have from Friday until Monday to get over it."

I went downstairs to think it over. I pictured the children snatching their report cards and eagerly scanning them for the record of the past month's work. Some of the faces would be wreathed in smiles, others would be darkened with disappointment and some would show grief and tears.

This always happened at the end of each month and at the end of each term. There was always the group that failed. They went home deadly unhappy and some of them afraid. There are parents that beat children who fail.

Whose fault was it? Here we were dreading to give the children the school's measurement of their work. In self defense we sealed it up and hurried them out of the building with it. It was all very unpleasant—very distasteful—and nothing about a school should be either.

Whose failure was it that the children were carrying home—theirs or ours?

They had come to school and sat in an attitude of learning; they had followed our directions; nobody had interfered with the workings of the school; we had it all our own way. Yet we allowed the children to fail and accepted the failures as the usual and to-be-ex-

The Child Who Fails

pected thing. The children suffered. I did not like the picture.

The next Monday morning I went up to see Miss Harriet. She was nervous and the class was restless.

"It's the report cards. It isn't as bad as it was last month but it is bad enough. Those that got poor marks are fussy. I got the usual notes from the parents. They think I am to blame for the children's failures.

"We haven't done good work this morning but it will pass over. It always does."

"But it will happen again next month."

"O, surely!"

"We must do something to prevent it. Let's examine one or two of the children who failed and try to find out what is the reason. Then do what we can to help them over the difficulty. I would like to feel that a child's failure was a signal for help and not a badge of disgrace."

WE went to work. The further we probed into the reasons for the children's deficiencies the deeper we delved into the fundamental life of the school.

The school is a perfectly adjusted, scientifically constructed, conscientiously administered machine. It would work perfectly if only the children were evenly graded, evenly endowed, evenly conscious; if they were dead things that could be fed to the machine without friction or loss.

But they are live, imperfect, growing, vital things. They refuse to be bunched and tied and trimmed like a lot of radishes for the morning's market. And that is where all the trouble lies. That is why the children cry and the teachers fret and the parents storm every time a report is sent out.

Something must be done for the children. We tried grading them. All the slow ones were put in one class; all the quick ones in another, all the medium ones in another.

The school heaved a sigh of relief. Now we had it. The class would move along together and come out even at the end of the term. But they didn't. At the end of the first month they came out uneven. There was a group of failures in each class. Again the tears of the forlorn deficient. Grading had failed to help.

We had made the mistake that the schools have made for the past hundred years. Something wrong with the schools? Tighten up the machinery; adjust the machinery until it takes care of the weak spot.

Now we were forced to accept the fact that no two children respond alike to any machinery; no two of them grow at the same rate, no two of them will stay on an even line of growth for any length of time.

Now came the thought: suppose we loosen the school machinery? What would happen if we stopped considering the children as a class and began to consider them as individuals? Watch the growth of each child as carefully as the gardener does his plants and stock-breeder his calves.

"But that would take a teacher for every child," protested Miss Harriet. "It seems to me that all of them fail sometime, somewhere."

"It seems so to me too. Only, they do not all fail on the same things at the same times and that saves our lives."

"Maybe," said Miss Harriet. "I'd try anything to do away with the heart-break of the failures at report time."

"We'll work it on the college idea of the Special Program. If a child fails in any subject send him to the class where he can get the help he needs. Pick out the class and teacher that will help him the most. Don't wait until the end of the month or the end of the term either. Catch the failure as soon as possible and fix it up promptly. It will save lots of these children I'm sure."

"My goodness, you'll have these children running all over the place. It will be worse than shunting cars in the freight yard."

"We can try it and see. Nothing will happen to the school if the children are in earnest and I am sure that when the failure is considered as a signal for help and not as a mark of disgrace, the children will welcome the idea. They will feel that the school is a place where children grow—where they are helped to grow."

"Once they get that notion they will help themselves intelligently. It won't do the school any harm to have the children use it freely. It will do us all good."

"We'll begin with your Martha."

The teacher groaned. "I wish somebody could teach that child to read. I can't. I asked the teachers why they promoted her and they said that reading was the only thing that she failed in and they didn't think it was right to keep her back for one subject. But she cannot read at all, and she cannot write a story. She can go no further in school until she learns."

"How far down the school would she have to go to find the place where she could read?"

"Clear down to the Second Grade, and this is the Fourth. Poor reading is a serious deficiency."

"Send her to the Second Grade for reading. Fit her into the classes all along the line where she can get what she needs regardless of the grades."

"THAT will send her up and down the grades and lengthen her day."

"We will try it and see what happens."

Martha began. The teacher added a couple more children. They made the points they needed and the teachers to whom they went for the extra lessons thought that perhaps this plan might work for some of their children.

In time there was a great group of children going from room to room, from grade to grade. The month end was losing its terrors for children and teachers. The dropped stitches were caught before the hole got too big.

But it was soon plain that somebody must follow and check up these children. The class teacher had too much

to do as it was. First, the principal did it but the group grew too big and he had to have help. Then the Program teacher came.

The Program teacher examined the group that failed. She tried to find the reason and adjust the child's program to meet the need. Hers was a busy day. The children soon discovered that she was the one to take troubles to. She could help.

"I'm failing in arithmetic. Could I drop sewing for awhile and double my arithmetic? I have had maximum in sewing for two terms."

"Please could I have an extra period in grammar? Miss Smith gave me a poor rating this week."

DO I have to take wood-work? I think my geography is weak."

The Program teacher must know children. They are very clever about having things fixed to suit themselves, and one must be on the alert to see that the fixing is as it should be.

When a boy presents a request for a program change it is the duty of the Program teacher to consult with the nurse and the doctor, the class teacher and the parents. Sometimes the boy is not in condition to do any more than he is doing, and the school must wait until the child is ready again for instruction. Sometimes he asks for the change for the sake of variety, or because he does not like the teacher he happens to have.

All this the Program teacher must know and guard against. Once having assigned the child she does not consider his case closed. That would make the school as static as before. She follows him up and checks his progress.

Following up Martha she found that the child was making no progress toward reading. No amount of class instruction seemed to help.

"It is more than the usual deficiency in reading," said the Program teacher. "I'll try a special method with her. She certainly cannot learn by the usual ones. I'll try her on the sandpapered letters. I'll let her 'feel' her way to reading and writing."

Then Martha balked. "No, no. I don't want to learn to read all by myself. I don't want to learn like a blind child."

But the Program teacher held on and finally taught Martha to read so that she could go on with her class. The child's joy was pathetic.

"I knew that I could read just like the other children only they wouldn't let me," she confided to me. But the Program teacher smiled and said nothing. There was one deficient child less and that was what mainly concerned the Program teacher.

It was best for Martha to travel with her class—the sooner the better. We all thrive best in groups. We live in groups, work in groups, vote in groups, go to church in groups, play in groups. The group spirit is best for the children. They hate to be set apart as in any way unfit. If the failures were treated as the normal way of living and as a sign of growth when detected and corrected

there would be no fear of the isolation and disgrace.

"Anthony fails daily in his arithmetic lesson. We are doing long division and he cannot seem to get it. I wish you would take him aside and see what is the matter. He gets along fairly well in the other subjects, but every time he tries long division he falls down hard."

The Program teacher took Anthony aside and watched him work. Soon it was apparent that he made mistakes only in the subtraction. He would divide, subtract, look, bring down, begin all over again in the most approved style in long division.

"Do it out loud, Anthony. I'll listen carefully to find what it is you do that makes it come wrong."

"I don't do anything" wrong, said Anthony. "I do everything that the teacher tells me and it never comes right for me. It comes right for everybody else but it never comes right for me."

Anthony sniffed a couple of times, winked back the tears and started again. When he got to the subtraction the teacher said, "Repeat that, Anthony. Do it out loud. I want to see how you get that answer."

"O, I do it all right," groaned Anthony. "Only it won't come right. I've even said prayers to St. Anthony and they don't come right. If the bottom number is little enough I take it from the top number. If it isn't, I add it to the top number."

"But you shouldn't. That is what made it come wrong. You do it this way." And the Program teacher explained subtraction to Anthony. It took only a few weeks in the Second Grade number period, supplemented by the work in his own grade, to put Anthony right.

What would have happened to Anthony if the teacher had not singled him out for the Program teacher? He would have been marked deficient in a major subject month after month, and at the end of the term he would have been left back.

He would have cried bitterly and been afraid to go home. The teacher would have said sadly, "I'm sorry, Anthony, but you know that you cannot do the arithmetic of this grade and so you cannot go ahead."

The children, cruel little magpies, would call after him, "Anthony, the dumb-ox. Left back with the don't knows."

His parents would have been shamed and angry. Perhaps they would have beaten the little fellow.

The taxpayers would have been obliged to pay once more for Anthony's tuition in the same grade. Repeaters are very expensive.

And Anthony—stunned and wonder-

ing—feeling that he had done everything that he had been asked to do and yet had failed—failed so that even the saints would not help him! He would have lost faith in the things that childhood should hold fast. He would have sat in the same classroom day after day, doing again the things that he had done before, while his heart grew heavier and his brain grew more numb, deader, hour by hour.

Worse than all else, he would have established the notion that a failure is a final thing. That there is no lift to that cloud when it falls upon one. The foundation for the habit of failure would have been laid. Than that—there is no worse thing to befall a child.

There are many Anthonys. Many children fail without any stronger reason. They lose a lesson, the teacher does not notice in the hurry and rush of the day's work, the deficiency grows and piles up.

The Program teacher saves the taxpayer money by cutting down the number of repeaters, but better still she saves the minds of the children. Nothing is more deadly to a growing intelligence than to check it and hold it up to mark time while the low spots in it catch up to the high spots. It is such a futile thing to do. Children do not grow that way. They are always jagged minded.

One of the instructors called the Program teacher's attention to the record card of a child that had recently entered the school.

"This chap has been kept in the same class for three terms. Always with the same deficiency 'oral English.' He seems to be an intelligent boy but he does not talk. He will not try to read in class. It is a bad deficiency and unless we can overcome it he will have to repeat the grade again."

"You say he is an intelligent boy?"

"Nothing the matter with him as far as I can see. He takes the class work as well as the other children until it comes to speech. He does not speak at all in class. The children say that he talks in the playground but they cannot understand him very well."

Soon the Program teacher reported. "The trouble with your boy is that he talks nothing but French. He hears only that language at home. He has no brothers and sisters. Nobody talks to him but his parents. He avoids speaking in school because he is afraid he will make mistakes. He is very timid."

"I find that he knows the work of the grade and is in fact far ahead of it. We will send him up a grade and put him in the English Class half of each day for special instruction. The teachers will work together to see that he makes his grade."

"We will have to do something to get him to talk to us and let us talk to him."

Then began a lively time for the boy who was failing in English. The Program teacher made it a point to get him out of his room and send him on errands through the school. At first the errand was very simple—taking a paper to the teacher in 203; handing a book to the teacher in 409; taking a note to the principal.

Everybody he went to made a point of speaking to him in a short clear sentence. Soon he went about the building smiling and unafraid. He began to answer the people who spoke to him. His work in the classroom picked up. The time came when the Program teacher took him off the rolls of the Special English Class and he went along with his grade.

The combination of English teacher, the grade teacher, the intercourse with the teaching staff and the children had bridged the gap.

If he had not been studied and planned for on the basis of his needs he might have plodded along in the English to Foreigners Class for a couple of terms and then dropped out of school just as soon as the Compulsory Law permitted. He needed more than the classroom routine. He needed the personal touch of the school.

The school has a personality. Some people call it the school spirit; some call it the school ideal; I like to call it the personality of the school. I like

to think that the school is a live, human thing, that thinks and feels and laughs and cries with its teachers and children.

Otherwise how could the school know when its children were failing, were falling behind, when they were sick, or in trouble?

I think often of one little fellow who was marked deficient and listed as a child who would have to be failed at promotion time. The Program teacher knitted her brows over the record.

"I can't make it out," she said. "I am at a loss to know why this child is fail-

SET THE STAGE FOR SUCCESS

CHILDREN must never be left with the idea of failure. Scolding a child for a failure is fatal. He is already hurt and discouraged by the sense of failure. His heart beats slower, his mind is duller, his ambition is smothered. Why do further damage? Sometimes I wonder if most of the failures of the adult world didn't start in the school-rooms in some such way as that.

Clap him on the shoulder and smile at him. Tell him you made just the same mistake yourself and got over it. Tell him the road to victory has ever led through the sloughs of defeat, and a failure is but the bugle call to rise up and press forward.

Set the stage for success.



Select the best opportunities the school affords and let the child try them one after another until he finds one that meets his need.

That is what education means in the long run—exposing a child to all sorts of valuable experiences and permitting him to get all the education possible out of them, remembering that

ing. He is an intelligent, lovable child. He simply does not learn. We have had the doctor and the nurse go over him. His mother has been in to talk to us about him but we get nowhere. The boy fails steadily. I wish you would go and look at him."

I went and saw a sweet-faced child who seemed to be uncomfortable. He wiggled about in his seat, but came to order at once when the teacher signalled.

I looked at his seat. It was properly adjusted. I looked at the light. It fell over the child's shoulder as light is supposed to do in a well regulated classroom. There was plainly something wrong but I could not tell what it was.

The Program teacher asked his mother to take him to a child specialist who had done much for our children. She willingly agreed. "I'd take him anywhere so that he can learn and be promoted," she said.

She came back from the doctor crying and laughing. "I'm so glad I went. The doctor examined him and found—you can't imagine. He had an operation when he was a little boy and the doctor found a piece of packing and a thread that should have been taken out at that time. All this time it has been there bothering the child and we did not know it.

"He will be back in school next week."

The child, comfortable and happy, took his place in class and went "swimming along" as the Program teacher put it. He did not lose his grade and probably never will.

Occasionally a child has a blind spot. I mean that there will be something in the Course of Study that he cannot get. No amount of teaching will put in a capacity that Nature omitted. We had

a girl who could not spell. She wrote fine stories, stories that fairly lilted with joy, but she had to translate them. They were so badly spelled that no one could make them out but herself.

"What shall I do?" said the grade teacher. "She cannot spell. If I nag about the spelling she will become discouraged and lose interest in the things she can do well."

The Program teacher went over the child's spelling carefully. After testing it out to her satisfaction she said, "Send the child ahead. I do not believe that she will ever learn to spell with any degree of accuracy. It would take the whole of her school time to get the spelling list.

"Give her a dictionary that she can carry about with her. Teach her to use it. Do the best you can with her grade spelling and let it go at that."

The little girl went on her way happily. Had she been held back in the grades to spell she would have been obliged to have stayed there so long that she would have become saturated with the sense of failure and got nowhere in the end.

We must make up our minds that there are some children who cannot do some things, and let them do the things they can do. This does not mean that the school can excuse itself for not educating any of its children.

There is no excuse for this at all. Dr. John Dewey tells us that while the child's accomplishments are to be limited by his capacities the school has never yet succeeded in developing any child, even the slowest and stupidest, to its fullest capacity.

But if one door is closed to a child we can open another. Education is not limited. All experiences are educative.

it is the child that is valuable and not the process.

Supervisors are likely to be the worst offenders on this point. There are supervisors who create deficient children. I heard of one that insisted upon identifying the children with the curriculum. He would enter the classroom in his icy way and seating himself would demand of the first child that his eye fell upon, "Grade yourself."

He expected the child to rise and say, "I am grade seven. My geography is Europe and Asia with special attention to Europe. My arithmetic is Interest. My grammar, etc., etc.," to the bitter end of the course of study.

Few children ever attained to the standard of this lesson. How could they? They were not a grade. They were not a continent. They knew perfectly well they were not. Children cannot stand up and chant anything that they know in their hearts is silly, if not untrue, and appear intelligent.

Stunned by their failure to meet the supervisor's requirements as to grading, they lost their heads and could not tell him anything they did know. He pronounced them unfit and left them silenced and shocked.

It would take weeks to get them back to the place where they could have any faith in themselves or their school.

Sometimes, not often, the child's failure is the fault of the teacher. Perhaps he does not prepare the lesson carefully, does not measure the steps to be taken against the ability of the child to take them. Sometimes he forgets to watch for the little signals of distress that the failing child sends out; the child loses the point of the lesson, the loss grows into a deficiency unless it is caught in time.

"I pictured the children with their report cards; some faces wreathed in smiles, others darkened with disappointment; some in grief and tears"



Parents are often the cause of their children's failures in school. The Program teacher has to have many long talks with them to persuade them to send the children to bed on time, to get them up at the same time each morning, to watch their diet, to insist upon their obedience to routine.

One little girl was referred to the Program teacher as likely to lose her grade because she was late daily. Her lateness made her lose lessons and the loss was piling up.

The mother smiled at the anxious teacher.

"What do you expect from a baby? My dear, if she wants to sleep late shall I waken her? Is she to come to school without her breakfast? Often she will not eat her breakfast for me. Shall I force her to eat? No. She will eat when she is ready. Then she can go to school."

"I know sometimes she does not mind me. Shall I slap a baby? When she is older she will have more sense. You would have her have sense like her mother. By and by she will know more and she will pay attention to school."

"But she is seven years old and she is not ready to leave the first grade."

"Yes, I know. But there is no hurry. I do not want her to be promoted. She has plenty of time."

Another parent speaks disrespectfully of the teacher in the child's hearing and makes it impossible for the teacher to reach that child.

"My mother says you do not teach me right. She says that she went to school with you and you were not so smart."

What chance has the teacher to get this child to follow her? The sad part of it is the mothers think they are very good to the children. They are giving them a happy childhood. They are saving them from the oppression of the school and the teacher.

They are laying the foundation of failure for their children. They are pitching the child's life toward a habit of failure. A child should never be allowed to hold fail. The clever teacher knows the bad effect that failure has on the children and sets the stage for success. She measures the steps of the lesson and fits each task to the ability of the worker.

If a child slips and makes a mistake the real teacher takes it as a matter of course. "To be sure we make mistakes. Everybody makes them, but the right kind of people clean them up and get rid of them," and she smiles down on the troubled child.

"So glad you showed me the error. That is what is wrong. That is the way I can tell you are growing, you know; just by the way you make mistakes and correct them."

The children must never be left with the idea of failure. They must be made to feel that "to err is human" and to correct that error and go ahead is the royal road to success.

Scolding a child for a failure is fatal. He is already hurt and discouraged by the sense of failure. His heart beats slower, his mind is duller, his ambition is smothered. Why do further damage?

Sometimes I wonder if most of the failures of the adult world did not start in the schoolrooms in some such way as that. Once give a child the notion that a failure is in any way final—is the badge of the down-and-out, and I have a suspicion that he carries it through his life. He has lain down under punishment and it is likely to become his habit.

Clap him on the shoulder and smile at him. Tell him you made just the same mistake yourself and got over it. Tell him there is more real fun in pulling success out of a threatened failure than in following the smooth and easy way to the goal.

Teach him that youth is the time allowed us for mistakes and finding our way out. Tell him that only the dead are perfect and they have ceased to grow.

Tell him the road to victory has ever led through the sloughs of defeat, and a failure is but the bugle call to rise up and press forward.

Set the stage for success.

Loosen up the school machinery.

Open the school out wide. Take a mistake as a challenge to your power to help; and report card day and promotion day will be but white mile stones measuring the road to success.

The next article by Prof. Angelo Patri for the RED CROSS MAGAZINE will appear in the March number. It is entitled "The Gifted Child," and, like the present article, is based upon actual experience with, and critical observation of, children in the public schools.

The mission of the gifted child is well understood by Prof. Patri, who says:

"The American Public School guarantees to all its children equal opportunity for education and growth. It should do more than that. It must guarantee the right of the children to be as different as they wish to be. It should protect those differences, those gifts, as the sacred heritage of the race."

"The gifted ones blaze the trail for the progress of the race. It is they who carry the race forward."

"They make the music that cheers the world."

"They tell the stories that lead it to forget the sadness of to-day in the hope of to-morrow."

"They build the bridges between the Past and the Future."

"They search out the secrets of the hidden things of the earth and behold a new world is born."

"They paint the pictures of the beautiful things that were, and the memory of the world holds sweet."

"They preach the gospel of faith and good works, and the world gains strength to hold on."

"Cherish then, those who come among us bearing gifts."

HOW TO KEEP IT
IF YOU HAVE IT

HOW TO GET IT
IF YOU HAVEN'T IT

HEALTH

A Department Conducted by

Merritte W. Ireland
*Surgeon-General
of the U. S. Army*

Wm. C. Braisted
*Surgeon-General
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Rupert Blue
*Surgeon-General, U. S.
Public Health Service*



HOW THEY FIGHT FOR US

THEY'VE GOT HIM

WHAT he did was to steal a recipe for some patent medicine—he did not even acquire it honestly in the first place. Then he set about manufacturing the concoction. He claimed, on the label of the bottle, that it was beneficial for—and implied that it was curative of—consumption.

He did a perfectly wonderful business—showing that a large number of Americans still believe in magic potions. Reading the extravagant claims made by the manufacturer for his “discovery,” that it would bring marvellous good health to people afflicted with almost any disease in general, and one of the worst of diseases in particular, they accepted it as true. Furthermore, many who took the medicine believed they actually were benefited, and wrote “testimonials” to this effect. The manufacturer received so many of these letters that he almost got to believe in the stuff himself.

A Field Investigator of the Bureau of Chemistry of the United States Department of Agriculture heard of this “marvellous remedy.” It got to his attention through the case of an Italian woman who had a consumptive daughter. Rather than send her to a reputable sanatorium, the mother had chosen to believe in the superstitions of this bottled magic, until the consump-

SIX human stories of how six different agencies fight to protect us from disease—with six personal suggestions, which may be valuable to you.

tion had become so far advanced that the daughter's life could not be saved. The Investigator took a sample of the medicine to his local laboratory—laboratories of the Bureau are scattered all over the United States—and there had the ingredients examined. It was found that the “fat” which the medicine claimed to contain—and which was supposed to be so important in the building up of the system—was mineral oil, impossible of human digestion; that otherwise the patent medicine was some simple combination of minor ingredients. The laxative oil, which people

were thus buying in disguise at a fabulous figure, had, in some cases, brought about a temporary feeling of increased health. (The death certificates which the uncured diseases had created were not on record!)

The manufacturer had become rich—in one of the meanest ways on earth, by the exploitation of illness and ignorance. He was given a hearing before local officials, as a result of which—after the necessary further investigations—the Department of Justice prosecuted the man. It won the case against him.

Sometimes it is a “teething syrup”—the making of soothing syrups is a favorite way of preying upon ignorant and helpless babies—or it may be an adulteration of gelatine with glue, or the canning of rotten tomatoes, or a misbranded “soft” drink, or a “female regulator,” or a “Bilious Man's Friend”—but sooner or later the Bureau of Chemistry gets after the rascal.

The public must be protected from

its own credulity. As an official of the Bureau says, “Cures for consumption, cancer, and all sorts of important diseases, are not to be found through newspaper advertisements of patent medicines, nor in bottles turned out by wily and unscrupulous money-getters.

The agents of Uncle Sam are on guard, but you must help too.



MEN REBUILT

ANY physical disability disqualifying lumbermen for work in the great forests of the Northwest, when the Allies in the making of airplanes were calling for spruce and more spruce, was of supreme importance. Every possible man was needed. Mile after mile of the most virulent jungle in North America had to be cleared, and railroads built over difficult canyons and through deep cuts with hardly more than bare hands to do it with.

As an example of the way the Spruce Production Division men worked out there, take the case of two brothers. They were "huge men like the demigods of legend," so the account runs. "They were fallers and expert axmen, and they were sent out to cut piling and other timber for the bridge construction. They could not grasp the idea of military precision, and were always late for evening retreat; they regularly made their day from 11 to 13 hours long. Finally the officer asked them why. "Well," said one of them, "we finished the work in that section. We thought we'd better cut the last few trees so no one need waste time going back—an hour or so doesn't matter to us." Good woodsmen said that no two men could do what these claimed to have done. So their cuttings were officially checked. It was found that they had cut every tree they said they had; that is, they had done five or six good men's work!"

In the "topping" of the trees, for the huge blocks and tackle through which the long cables passed on their way from the drum of the donkey engine out into the woods, one climber went up 180 feet, trimming the fir branches as he went, and finally harnessing himself to the tree body which at that point was 22 inches in diameter, deftly chopped off the green top. When the top went off, the tree snapped back and vibrated to and fro, with the little wood chopper clinging on for dear life!

Among such hard-working men, overstrain and hernia were frequent. Furthermore, a good many of those assigned to the Spruce Production Division were "limited service" men, unable to qualify physically for Overseas service. These men were anxious to be put in shape to go across. So the doctors went to work. As a sample, in one three-month period alone, they performed 323 operations for hernia, with excellent results. The men were given ample time to recover and not put on strenuous work at once—and never of course allowed to wrestle with logs—but in time they became very strong and practically as good as new; that is, pre-

viously invalidated men were made permanently well.

Among civilians, it depends upon each individual's own wisdom and initiative as to whether he shall go through life semi-invalided and constantly endangered from hernia, or whether by a very safe and simple operation, he shall be made—like the Spruce Division men—strong and whole.



A NAVAL OFFICER'S STORY

WE WERE cruising along the Mississippi, and had put in at one of the ports on the river. I was a medical officer, and happened to be on recruiting duty at the time. I remember the occasion very distinctly, for the reason that I recruited a young fellow on whom I took a particularly big chance.

He was from the swamps of Mississippi—washed out, pallid, languid. His speech was drawling and lacking in force. In the Sick Bay (the room for medical examination) he leaned against my desk, in a manner showing a

able one. I decided to use my own personal judgment on the case, and to obtain for him a "waiver," so that he might enter the service in spite of his condition.

On account of the fact that he was a striking case, and because I had recruited him, I took a special interest in following up the boy's history. Three months later I saw him.

He was hardly recognizable. He had gained twenty-five pounds, there was a pink in his cheeks, and he had an energy that was astounding. He was jumping all over the deck, wanting to handle every line he saw, full of pep and ginger—and as I learned, not only wanting to handle everything on his round of duties in the morning, but eager to handle men with the gloves in the afternoon bouts.

As soon as it had been possible to make a full bacteriological examination, his case had been diagnosed as hookworm, and measures taken at once to get the parasites out of his system—a more or less simple procedure. Other than that, he had had no special medical attention. His health had built up from regular hours, fresh air, prescribed exercises, wholesome food and enough of it—and food prepared under sanitary conditions, which is not always true of the cooking in the South—and plenty of sleep.

This is the story of just one boy, whom we happened to recruit from the swamps of Mississippi, but through it (and if I have seen one case of this sort I have seen thousands), the Navy makes a demonstration to all civilians. It is a silent plea to men and women who are underweight and lacking in energy, that they seek medical examination, and treatment if necessary, and then follow in their own lives such a hygienic regimen as the Navy supplied for this particular risky recruit.

A RED CROSS HEALTH CENTRE

HE HAD a little old farm, way down in Cumberland County, a rural district of Maine. The farm wasn't doing very well. He couldn't seem to

(Continued on Page 78)



Although he was born in
a bamboo hut set on posts

MEMGUMBAN GETS THE IDEA

By Walter B. Pitkin

LISTEN to the tale of Memgumban, American citizen with a question mark, and what happened when Uncle Sam got after him without any question mark.

Memgumban was a perfect gentleman according to his lights. Being born in a bamboo hut set on posts above a marsh on Illana Bay, in Mindanao, he early acquired the customs of the country, which, some seventeen years ago, were distinctly Moro. Being the brightest boy in the village, he followed said customs with vim and ingenuity. On his eleventh birthday he kicked a perfectly nice little girl into the pool behind the *dato's* house and stood around until the old crocodile of the pool performed an act of benevolent assimilation on the little girl. Then he went home and tattooed his arm as the hill men do when they "get their man." Then and there began the woes of Memgumban.

The *dato* gave Memgumban a terrible beating. Not because he objected to crocodiles eating little girls! Oh, never! But he knew that the hated Americans down at Zamboanga would get wind of the banquet and set a watch on the village and make life miserable for all Moros, who could then do nothing more reckless than to sit around and listen to time passing. Memgumban, learning all this between the thumps, conceived a deep hatred for the Americans.

Nor was his grudge softened on the day when three boats of Americans came up the bay, on the trail of some robbers, and camped for the night in his village. One of the soldiers pointed at him and said to his officer: "That's the little devil who pushed a girl into the crocodile last month." The officer took Memgumban's ear and said: "We don't like little boys who do such things. I was going to take you along with me back in the hills, to show me the trails. And I would have paid you well. But now I cannot. I shall find some other boy. But if you stay good for a long time, maybe I shall give you a chance again."

Bitter was Memgumban's heart, as the company vanished hillward. And sore was his back, for the *dato* had bamboozed him again; after which he set the erring youth at work preparing *vino* to sell to the soldiers when they came back. Memgumban was loath to aid in thus contributing to the joy and com-

Illustrated by N. C. Wyeth

fort of the hated Americans, but he changed his mind after sampling the *vino*. He took the smallest sip of it and concluded, even as you would, that it would have been a splendid rat poison but for the fact that no self-respecting rat would touch it. And he learned from the *dato* that the stuff must be sold in secrecy, for the Lieutenant would punish terribly anybody caught slipping it to soldiers. Thereupon Memgumban threw himself into the work with ardor and added to the spoiled cocoanut milk, which is the basis of *vino* out there, a little of every liquid thing he could find around the village.

After many days, back came the Americans, with the robbers well lashed. They camped on the rim of the village, and by moon-up Memgumban, lurking in a thicket had sold eleven bottles of his *vino*. As he was slipping the twelfth to a thirsty giant who had tossed his coin into the thicket, Memgumban observed lively doings in the camp. Certain of his customers were cracking one another's skulls with their rifle butts, while others stood around and whooped. Memgumban was pondering over the peculiar social customs of white people, when something hard closed around his neck and jerked him from his thicket.

It was the Lieutenant. The one who had scolded him about the crocodile affair.

"You brown devil?" said he. "Poisoning my men, eh! We'll give you a lesson—"

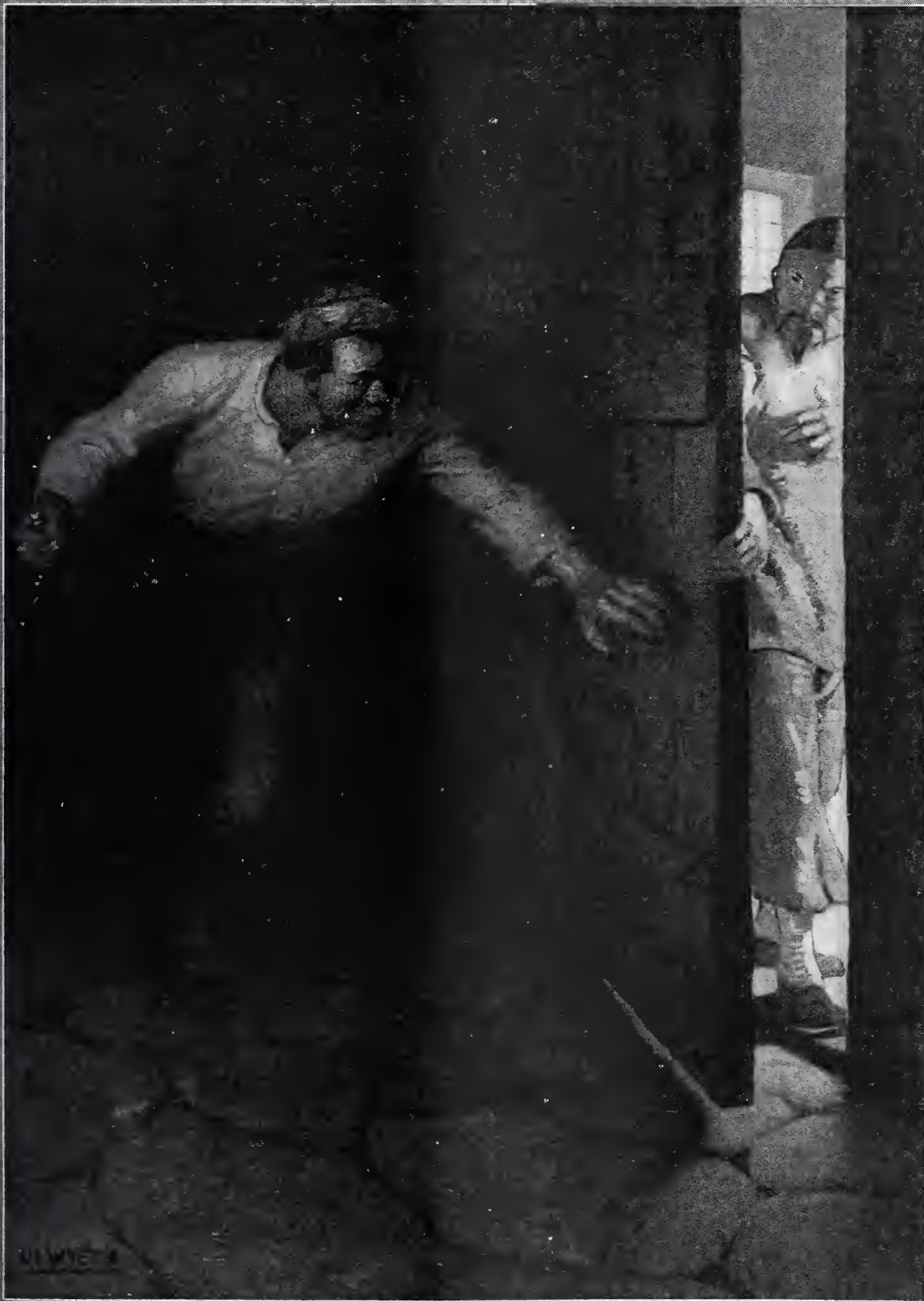
Memgumban wished no education. He swung a bottle at the officer's head, swift as only a Moro can move. As the Lieutenant lurched limply and shrivelled up on the grass, Memgumban struck out for the high hills. He was disinclined to meet his *dato* in open debate on the question of thumping American officers with bottles.

Every Moro is half man, half fish. Drive him from surf and reef, and you outrage the better half of him. And a spirit thus outraged grows very sour in time. Memgumban back in the steamy hills was unhappy. The hills were sadly unimproved real estate. Trees full of pythons. Jungles swarming with nasty little hill dwarfs who

blew poisoned arrows at you as a pastime. Mosquitoes that poisoned a fellow like smallpox. Crocodiles with no manners. No fine fish. No lazy beaches to stretch one's legs on and doze. No lime for the chewing of betel nut. And very, very lonely. That is, except for the terrible Americans, who kept hot on Memgumban's trail. Month in, month out, every day was moving day, thanks to those fellows. Memgumban couldn't drop in on a village without being interviewed by the Committee of Information, which told him that the price the Americans had set on him, dead or alive, made him a most attractive proposition. Generally Memgumban was quicker with the *kris* and got back into the jungle with a mere scratch or two. But his soul fermented worse than the *vino* he had sold, and the hate he bore all Americans became a fearful and wonderful hate.

This hide-and-seek kept up several years. It made a man of Memgumban, strange to say. It gave him a cunning beyond the cunning of Moros. It made him feel important. It familiarized him with every trail, every brook, every hill village of all Mindanao. It taught him half a hundred dialects. And it thickened his tremendous thighs and arms so that he might have faced a gorilla without fear. All of which led him to High Destiny one morning on Davao Bay, when he came upon Hsui Hsen, famous Chinese slaver and dope peddler. Hsui Hsen was pushing through the cogon grass with twenty sodden hillmen in chains behind him; and he was sorely in need of Help, Male. For the hillmen were beginning to sober up, and the American patrol boat off shore was tooting a signal. Then and there Memgumban got his first steady job and began to rise.

Hsui Hsen knew of his helper by repute, and he learned much more about him in the following months. Thus it came to pass, after a year, that Hsui Hsen took on Memgumban as full partner and found fair wives for him and set him up in a little village of his own, with slaves and satellites. And, as Memgumban grew rich by raiding the hill villages and peddling opium, he began to turn the tables on the hated Americans. In the eighth year of his exile from his beloved sea, whose strands he scarcely dared visit, because



"Ahi! If he hurts so much as the little finger of my captain," Memgumban screamed, "I shall tie you to an ant hill." And he leaped at the Chinaman with his kris

Memgumban Gets the Idea

of the accursed patrol boats, he brought home the heads of three American constabularymen; and great was the joy in the village. In the ninth year, Memgumban looted three of those patrol boats, as they snaked up a river, then scuttled them.

Hsui Hsen brought news that this raid had vexed the Americans. "Coming through Butuan the other day," said he to Memgumban, "I came upon a band of them. And they cursed me. But of you they said: 'Tell the dog Memgumban, him who struck down our Lieutenant back on Illana Bay, that soon we shall catch him. And we shall stake him on top the tallest ant hill in Mindanao, and when his bones are cleaned, we shall whittle them into toothpicks for ourselves!'"

Memgumban laughed. "Let them rage. Their day is brief. Even now I am planning to drive all their evil race from our island. I have wealth now, Hsui Hsen. I have powerful friends: I know our people will join me in wiping out these invaders."

"I have long waited for you to say this," Hsui Hsen smiled. "You are the man to do it. And I am the one to help you. Ask me for anything, and you shall have it. I have powerful friends on China Coast who wish to see these Americans driven out too. Go to the work, Memgumban. But, cautiously, good friend. For these Americans never sleep and cannot forget. And their wealth is beyond belief, as is their cunning."

"Even this night," said Memgumban, "I am going to my wives' parents on Illana Bay, to arrange a mighty blow. I shall—"

"Do not tell me." Hsui Hsen lifted a quick finger. "For the Americans have eyes and ears everywhere except inside your own head and mine."

That night, the now great Memgumban slipped off to Illana Bay, to carry out the rebellion. He had shaped all details in these years of waiting and hiding. He would get the eighteen *datos* of the Samal Laut to smuggle in the guns Hsui Hsen could buy in Shanghai, and they—

But further details

are needless. For, as Memgumban, well disguised, crawled into the first village on his route, four hardboiled yeggs of the Old Constabulary dropped upon him; and when he came to he was in the bottom of a sleek motor boat, a bone in her teeth and a crackling flag at the tip of her tail as she scooted for Zamboanga, where the Americans who do not sleep and cannot forget sit in judgment.

They hauled Memgumban into a vast, cool room before a man and a woman. The woman gestured toward a chair, and a hard-boiled yegg ordered Memgumban to sit down. Memgumban eyed the chair suspiciously and decided that it was a cunning instrument of torture, perhaps a trap in which to lock him, the better to carry him off to the ant hill that awaited him. He refused to sit down.

The woman smiled and, in slow, halting Malay, said: "You are the famous Memgumban!"

Memgumban eyed her uncertainly. The odd white-and-rose beauty of her

skin! The strange softness of her clasped hands! Yet she talked to him as man to man. What was she doing in this Government building anyhow? "The one who struck down Captain Everett with a bottle?" she went on politely.

"I struck down no such Captain." Memgumban shot back, as he recalled his victim had been a Lieutenant. What if he could establish an alibi?

"I was a Lieutenant in those days, Gertrude." The man at the other end of the desk spoke up. "Don't remember me, do you, Memgumban? Guess I wouldn't recognize you either. They tell me you're a giant. Step up nearer and let me feel your arms."

Memgumban gazed hard at the man. A tall, gaunt form he was. His face was a strange calm, an uncanny calm like that of those weird cities of coral which Memgumban had often visited under Sulu Sea. It was the calm of sunless places, where Life fears to bestir itself lest it stumble and fall. Over the

eyes ran a glowering scar down a valley of sunken bones. Yes, it was now plain to Memgumban that they had brought him here, only that his victim might identify him before they led him to the ant hill. He did not resent the punishment; he would have sent to the ants any man who had robbed him of sight.

"Beggin' yer pardon, Cap," spoke up a hardboiled yegg, "but the boys ast me to ask you, sir, if you wouldn't please turn this devil over to them for a little third degree work. You know those old pals of ourn he killed and beheaded. Well, we want a confession and then—"

"Sorry, Bill." The blind Captain set his lips. "But those days are over. We'll handle him the new way."

"See here, Cap. Why, damn it all, that aint right." blurted the hard-boiled one. "He don't deserve it."

"I know how you feel, boys." The Captain smiled. "I used to feel so myself. But since I've been in the dark, I see better than I used to. The new way's best in the long run. Well, Memgumban, you've led us a merry chase. You're the smartest

LINCOLN

IN AMERICA, in the year eighteen hundred nine, a prince of the people was born. Swiftly through the night, the Spirit of America traveled to carry him gifts.

"I shall give him the height and serenity of my mountains. He will tower above all men. They shall see him and know him.

"Into his arms I will put the sinewy strength of the branches of the trees of the forest. They will be gentle enough to cradle a race and powerful enough to crush a giant.

"His eyes will see me always in a vision. He will follow my call.

"I shall give him the heart of a people. It will beat true with theirs.

"I shall make him the gift of simplicity. He will think directly, speak clearly, live simply. The people shall see and understand and know themselves, simple pilgrims of the earth, fulfilling the destiny of mankind.

"I shall endow him with faith. He will love all people, believe in all people. His faith in them will renew their faith in themselves and they will be redeemed.

"I shall give him the wisdom of Time that has formed me, for I, the Spirit of America, am as old as the world and as young as this baby.

"Into his soul, I shall pour gold in its purity and iron in its strength. So he shall stand as a man in the day of his trial.

"A glorious task I lay upon this child. He shall teach the brotherhood of man. He shall hold fast to the faith of the Fathers. He shall live for me, die triumphantly for me."

So Lincoln was born. So Lincoln died, true to America.

He held out his hand to those who stumbled and fell. He was brother to the slave in the market place. His heart went out to the soldier wearied on the march. He understood those who misunderstood.

He lived out the vision "with malice toward none, with charity for all." He was America. He is America, America, Brother to all the World.

A. P.

Moro in Mindanao, no mistake. You're the only one with brains enough to scheme a new rebellion."

"What liar has said this of me?" Memgumban bared his betel-black teeth. He had mentioned that rebellion to no soul save Hsui Hsen and a few of his nearest relatives.

"But you didn't have quite enough brains to do the cleverest thing." The Captain went on calmly. "You ought to be much better off than you are. You ought to be rich and respected. You're the right sort of man, but in bad. It isn't your fault, I guess. So Uncle Sam is going to give you a chance to get right. He's sending you to San Ramon. You'll like it there. Just do as they tell you, and you'll come along fine. Good-bye and good luck!"

HE felt his way around the desk, seized Memgumban's hand, and shook it. And before Memgumban could imagine what it all meant, the hard-boiled yeggs had him in an automobile, and they were rushing over a glorious palm-fringed road that glimpsed the beloved sea. Memgumban was straining his wits to divine who Uncle Sam was and what he was going to do to him, when the auto whisked through a marvelous cocoanut grove and halted before a red tiled building in the midst of a splendid park.

"This is surely the palace of the great Dato Sam," mused Memgumban, as he observed hundreds of men moving about under the trees and in immense gardens farther off. And he looked anxiously around for the ant hill to which they were going to tie him.

Then the hardboiled yegg who had hold of his chains gave them a frightful twist, cursed him, and dragged him out. The other hardboiled yeggs showed their teeth, while one of them said in mellow Malay: "You've given us the slip again, bo. But just you wait! We'll get you yet!" followed by a number of words not Malay and generally not printed.

Some days later a very much flabbergasted gentleman sat beneath a cocoanut palm beside a new acquaintance, one Antonio Rizal, barber, and struggled to figure the lay of the land. Memgumban thought he knew every spot in Mindanao and all about it, but he had never heard, save vaguely, of the Americans' great prison at San Ramon. In this respect, he was on a par with a hundred million other Americans, who have the peculiar habit of not letting their left hand know what their right hand is doing. He had supposed San Ramon to be the usual prison, like the old Bilibid at Manila, where, in the days of the Spaniards, men were locked in windowless pits below the sea and eaten by rats while they slept. But this real San Ramon! It was plainly some monstrous trick. It concealed some terrible torture. For outwardly it was lovelier than the Paradise of Mohammed.

They had given him a neat room and a clean bed. They had turned him loose with other so-called prisoners in the glorious grove, where a teacher instructed them all in the art of growing

cocoanuts. They had put him to work in the garden and shown him many amazing tricks of raising fruits and vegetables. And at the day's end they brought him to a dining hall and served—Allah! what food! On Illana Bay, Memgumban had cooked fish in one and only one way; he would split the creature and lay it out in the sun to dry, which induced the outer layer to rot vividly, whereupon he would scrape off the infamy and eat the rest. But here at San Ramon, what miracles the cooks worked with the very small fish! And all those vegetables!

"It hides some evil." Memgumban said to Antonio. "These American dogs did not chase me for years, just to catch me and give me mackerel and camotes. But what are they up to?"

The barber laughed mysteriously. "This fine food," he whispered, "is poisoned! It is the poison of leprosy. Years after you leave here, you will come down sick and never know what smote you."

"Ahi!" Memgumban sucked in air. He did not like lepers. He had seen the Americans once packing lepers off to the colony at Culion; all in all, the ant hill was better than leprosy. The ants are so much quicker!

"Others are poisoned with smallpox. Mark you! In a few days, they will take you and all of us to the doctor's, and he will scratch the poison into your arm, pretending with a smile that he is warding off the disease. Many's the man I've seen come from San Ramon, looking well and happy, and within a few years' time fall prey to the *viruelas*. A pleasant den they've brought you to, my poor friend!"

Memgumban tried to dismiss the horror. It was too loathsome. But a few days later, sure enough!—they herded the men to the doctor's house, and the doctor scratched all their arms with a little stick and spoke even as Antonio had said he would. The barber nodded triumphantly, as they came away. Memgumban said nothing, but back in the shadows of the cocoanut grove he swore that, before the American poison had stricken him, he would strike back at these fiends. And he wrote a letter to his favorite wife to tell Hsui Hsen to visit him as soon as possible.

SOME days later, while Memgumban was toiling among the cocoanuts, up came Captain Everett and his wife Gertrude. They greeted him as an old friend and asked if all went well with him.

"You think you deceive me with your pleasant words." Memgumban showed his teeth. "But I know why you sent me here. You have poisoned me, but I shall strike back!"

"Ah, yes," the blind man nodded. "You mean the little stick the doctor scratched you with?"

"You know, of course!" Memgumban sneered. "You made the poison."

"I'm not smart enough," laughed the Captain. "But I do know that I need some of it myself. It is a poison, but not the sort you think. Come with us and watch the doctor poison me."

Now Memgumban, unlike the average Malay and Oriental, had that precious itch which men call curiosity. So, in spite of himself, he went along and watched the vaccinating. And he listened to the Captain as he explained what the poison did.

"The Americans are clever liars," he shrugged his shoulders.

"Very well," the Captain laughed. "Now let me tell you why I came up to see you to-day. Recall Baras, that village up near your old home on Illana Bay? Well, some friends of mine will soon start a big cocoanut plantation near it. I told them about you, and they sent me to ask you to come and work for them as soon as you have learned all about cocoanuts and gardening here. They will make you chief of the three plantation villages. They will give you a fine house and five servants and a motor boat, and they will pay you one hundred gold dollars on the first day of each month. Will you come, in a year or two, if I can get you out of here!"

Memgumban looked hard at the Captain's wife. She was smiling. Then he sneered again. "Another trick! I do not see through it, but I smell it and shall not walk into it."

With that he walked off brusquely, while Gertrude said to her husband: "Dear boy, we're moving too fast with him. Better give him another six months here, before you ask him again."

"I'm afraid you're right," sighed the blind man. "Take me to the superintendent, honey. I want to tell him some things about the chap."

AS for Memgumban, he joined Antonio, the barber, and told him of these strange Americans lies. The barber chuckled, then leered: "But my dear friend, I see they have poisoned you with something worse than leprosy and smallpox. They have made you *latah*."

"Eh! Me *latah*?" Memgumban snarled. "How so now?" And a profound fury possessed him. He knew what a *latah* victim was. Only Malays go *latah*. It is a kind of insanity in which they ape all sights and sounds about them. It is a most embarrassing affliction. The little children use you as a free show. They make faces at you, and you make them back. They sing out silly things, and you echo them vacantly. For a man of dignity and high repute, it is the most debasing of all fates.

"Why," said Antonio. "There you stood with this fiend *Americano*, alone far out in the grove. You could have throttled him while his wife shrieked five times. Or you could have throttled her first, to quiet her, and then the blind man. And what did you do? You talked with them in a friendly way, because they talked so to you. So it goes with most of the wretches in this prison. Notice how they all act sweet toward the Americans? Almost have they become Americans. They ape American ways. Even stern old *datos* do! They are all monkeys and parrots to these foreigners! Evil days!"



"If he comes again, I shall slay him on sight," raged Memgumban.

Hsui Hsen came at length in a magnificent American automobile. He listened to Memgumban patiently, then said: "Rizal is a fool. The Americans are not poisoning you. They are too clever. They have mastered the art of turning men against their own kind. They bribe and coax. It was they who won over my old servant Mimbi. He joined one of their accursed religions, then listened to you and me and reported your rebellion to the American missionaries at Batuan. And they reported to this Captain Everett, who is the sharpest eye in all the land, though blind. A man of unbelievable cunning."

"I slay him on sight," foamed Memgumban.

"Not if you wish great success and freedom," said Hsui Hsen. "I have greater plans for you."

"If they crush these Americans, I will listen to them."

"They will." Hsui Hsen looked cautiously about for eavesdroppers. "In another few months there will be a great war on the world's other side. My friends in Shanghai say so. They wish then to cause these Americans as much trouble as possible. I have told them of you, and they stand ready to back your great rebellion."

"But I am a prisoner here," moaned

Memgumban.

"Captain Everett really wants you to go up to that plantation near Baras. He wants you to be his friend and help him get rich. Now do you play the game of friendship with him. Learn your English speech better. Seek the post at the plantation. Do whatever Everett wishes. Then listen! Listen as *baboi*, the wild hog, listens in the jungle night. The Americans talk much of their plans. Their wives chatter. There is much you must learn about the Americans' plans, their powder supplies, and other things."

Memgumban, back in the steamy hills, was unhappy. full of pythons, jungles swarming with nasty li lile hill



The hills were sadly unimproved real estate. Trees warfs who blew poisoned arrows at you as a pastime

communicate all this only to me. Send word through old Rizal, the barber, when you have news. He will soon be out of here. When the hour is ripe, we shall deliver you from this bondage. And then you shall strike!"

A new light shone in Memgumban's face. "I shall so do," he rumbled.

Thus Memgumban became the model prisoner at San Ramon, to the bewilderment of the Superintendent. The Everetts, who came up on the first of every month, were as happy as children over the news.

"I knew he'd come around," said the

blind Captain. "He's a Moro in a million. Men have been bringing me all the facts about him ever since he hit me with that bottle. I've put them together a hundred times, and they always spell the same thing. He's ten times the Sultan of Sulu, above the ears. And we're in luck to win him. Time's coming when we'll need him badly. There's something brewing. I wish I knew what. Too much coming and going. Too many strangers dropping in. Too many new guns being seized up country. I don't like it. We've got new enemies somewhere, and it's

up to us to win new friends and to treat them on the level as friends. That's why I want to take Memgumban for a little auto ride next Sunday over week end."

"Eh!" the Superintendent babbled. "A hunch, nothing more," laughed the Captain. "Now don't make me draw diagrams. I'll be responsible for your prisoner."

Now the Superintendent knew of the Captain's hunches, which were famous from Tawi Tawi to Leyte; so he let Memgumban go, much to the scandal of all civilize Mindanao. Hardboiled yeggs prayed for the Everetts. Gossips wept over their untimely end to come. High-up officers raced out to San Ramon and threatened the Superintendent with (Continued on Page 70)

*It's mighty good as it is
but it ought to be a*

B E T T E R

Some true tales of folks



A SPEECH THAT WAS NEVER MADE

By Eugene K. Campbell

IT IS one of the beliefs of Charles M. Schwab, the steel man, that America might be considerably better if more of her sons and daughters practiced the old-fashioned virtue of humility.

Like every man who has built his own place and fortune, it is his custom to speak right up when he is on his own ground and the matter in hand is metals or organization or ships or any one of the subjects which he understands through and through. But the suddenness with which authority falls from him when the topic or occasion is another man's, would print well in the pages of a text-book for the emulation of the youth of the land.

Last autumn when Cardinal Mercier was a visitor in this country the Pennsylvania Society had him as their guest at luncheon in a New York hotel. Mr. Schwab, who is president of the society, acted as toastmaster, and so it was in order for him to deliver the speech of welcome and appreciation.

He put a good deal of thought and preparation into it, and after consulting with some other foremost Pennsylvanians decided that it would not be improper to let the Cardinal know the precise extent to which Pennsylvania, with her great resources in iron and



steel, had been able to further the principal business of the war. This was not out of keeping with his notion of the necessity for humility; it was his aim to do justice to the people of his State and, in the recital of what they had been able to do convey to their guest a sense of special warmth in their welcome.

He had never met Cardinal Mercier before the day of the luncheon and they were introduced in a reception room fifteen minutes before it began. The Cardinal had then been in this country about five weeks. Men standing about who had met him before and had seen the effect he made on every person or audience he spoke to observed with interest while he and Mr. Schwab moved to a corner together and fell into earnest talk.

Afterward from the head of the speakers table Mr. Schwab delivered this succinct masterpiece:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: I am going to hold you only long enough to-day to lay the foundation for a confession and then make the confession.

"In the steel business we learn two lessons early. One is preparation. The other is that if, after you have designed and built something, putting time and toil and money into it, only to discover when it is all set up that it won't do—scrap it and forget it. So much for foundation; now for confession.

"There are friends of mine who have been kind enough to tell me they thought me a good extemporaneous speaker. Somebody's been trifling with them—never mind who. Let me confess that every after-dinner speech I ever made was the result of painful preparation, and that the one I brought here in my pocket to-day cost me long hours of effort. You are not to hear it, because it is in a waste-paper basket in a room outside. I threw it there after I had talked for fifteen minutes to the great priest and patriot who honors us as our guest to-day. Ladies and gentlemen—His Eminence, Cardinal Mercier of Belgium."

The men and women present, nearly all of them of the preferred walks of life, and not at all the manner of audience that is

stirred easily, applauded, a little bewildered—and presently forgot Mr. Schwab. For their guest arose and smiled at them and said that he too would detain them only briefly. Then he talked to them for an hour and a half. He spoke to them quite simply of Belgium and her sorrows and his share in them, and an imperishable spiritual victory and his share in that. And when he had concluded they stood shouting and cheering, restored once more to the faith of their childhood; that in the long reckoning honesty and truth and justice must inevitably prevail in this world.

Schwab while they were still up roarious plucked a friend by the coat sleeve:

"And they wanted me to tell him Bill, how many guns we sent. I wonder if they care now who sent the gun or how many thousand guns there were so long—thank God—as they got there."

*If you love your country
you'll want to help it*

A M E R I C A

and things that show a people's heart

A F R I E N D I N D E E D

By Van Vechten Hostetter

SAMUEL ORNER, of Germantown, an outlying section of Philadelphia, is here seen laughing at the idea of being photographed merely because he did a week's work to earn an outing at the seashore and then gave the outing to a friend of his. The friend is accustomed to give his own earnings to his mother, who needs them, so Sammy attended to that also.

Sammy is a member of the Germantown Boy's Club and a mascot of the club's "Varsity" baseball team. Among the club's institutions is a Summer hotel at Ocean City, where every boy may go for a week and send his mother and sister, too, if he earns the money to pay the hotel bill, \$6.00 a week a person—which is very reasonable, as anyone who has visited the seashore will agree.

Sammy earned his \$6.00 by helping conduct the swimming pool at the Germantown clubhouse, and had a glorious week at Ocean City.

On returning he asked to repeat the entire performance, which would hardly do, because other boys wanted the opportunity. "I don't want to go to the shore again myself," Sammy explained. "I only want to work and give the money to Jimmy and let him go. He can't afford it. He works down at the drug store. His boss will give him a week off for vacation, and pay too, but he has to give the pay to his folks, because they need it."

So Sammy was allowed to work and Jimmy's mother got the money for it and he had his outing at the shore.

Sammy is the only boy in the club who has worked for a seashore sojourn for a friend, but scores of his fellows have done as much for mothers and sisters. The lads see to it that their "women folks" get the benefits of ocean breezes and surf bathing.

The Germantown Boy's Club was founded thirty-two years ago by the Germantown Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the theory being that somebody besides the saloon keepers should be interested in the youths and boys of the community.

The club house, with its spacious



grounds, is worth about \$125,000. There are playrooms, an auditorium, a gymnasium, indoor and outdoor pools and acres of land on which boys grow vegetables for their own homes and the club's summer hotel. There are a band, an orchestra, a dramatic society, a track team and nineteen baseball nines.

A D R E A M C O M E T R U E

By Jesse E. Moorland

THERE are big moments, great moments, holy moments in the lives of almost every man—perhaps every one, and there has been one in mine, humble as it has been.

It was a moment, too, connected with the greatest event in the history of the colored race in the United States, excepting the Emancipation Proclamation.

I am a colored man, although of mixed blood, and my life work has been among my own people. At one time in this work I was in Chicago, and spent weeks making a study and a survey of the colored population of the city, especially in relation to schools, churches and social conditions. In the course of it I met Mr. L. Wilbur Messer, General

Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. in Chicago, and we discussed the possibilities of improvement, which at that time appeared not to be good. A number of years after that Mr. Messer was at the head of the movement to raise \$1,000,000 for the extension of the work of the Y. M. C. A. in Chicago. Raising a million dollars in those days was a tremendous project, and perhaps the greatest local project undertaken up to that time.

Mr. Julius Rosenwald was one of the very rich men of the city. Also he was known as public-spirited and especially generous in his donations to charitable and social betterment projects. Naturally Mr. Messer and his assistants approached Mr. Rosenwald to request assistance in their project. They were met with genial kindness but with a polite refusal. The committee was retiring when Mr. Rosenwald, with his pleasant, jocular, but not joking manner remarked: "I'll tell you what I will do. I will give you \$25,000 for a building for colored men on the South Side of Chicago, if you will raise \$75,000 for the same purpose."

Mr. Messer thanked him warmly but explained that, with the million dollar campaign on, it would be impractical to attempt a subsidiary campaign, but said he would remember the offer later.

The matter stood that way for some time, until in December, 1910, Mr. Messer wrote asking me to come to Chicago and start work on a campaign to raise money to erect a Y. M. C. A. building for colored men. I hurried there, rented a little store at 3330 State Street, put in a desk and went to work, interviewing the leaders, especially the ministers and teachers, and meeting little encouragement until one day Mr. Messer telephoned me saying that Mr. Rosenwald had asked us to take luncheon with him.

That was the day to which I refer as the greatest in the history of the colored race since the Emancipation. Mr. Messer, his secretary, and I met Mr. Rosenwald and his secretary, Mr. Loeb. Mr. Rosenwald is a jolly, wholesome man, vitally interested in many things. After a time he turned to me and talked of the colored people in the United States, showing himself surprisingly well-posted concerning us and our advances and our difficulties. He encouraged me to tell him of the work I had been doing. He is one of those men who compel (Continued on Page 76)



The harmonized perfection, the cadence, of their drill is beautiful

"Americans All" are these men of fourteen nationalities

SOLDIERS OF CITIZENSHIP

How Army Yeast Is Working in the Melting Pot

By Edwin C. Hill

THE get-busy bugle's silvery insistence awakens the little echoes that play among the barracks of the great military city that was Camp Upton. It is like the voice of an eager mother summoning her scattered children.

Immediately I see coming, at run or dog trot, buttoning tunics, settling caps, Enlisted Men Pedro Araez, Sylvestra Balchunas, Arezio Aurecchio, Jules Boutin, Oasge Christiansen, Kusti Franti, Odilian Gosselim and Walter Hucko.

And with them are Angelo Intilli, Henry Jurk, David King, John Klok, Norman Kormain, Eugene Kristirnsen, Frank Kristopolous, Johannes Lenferink, Fidel Martin, Gurt Mistrioty and Attilio Marzi.

Also in this bunch, swiftly shuffling through the Autumn leaves, are Michael Myatowych, Francisco Pungi, Joseph Roddignol, Michael Semos, Joe Shestak, George Strong, Hendrik Svennigssen and Fritz Wold. They snap themselves into file, chests arching, chins up, shoulders squared, eyes alert, awaiting the first command signal from Second Lieuten-

ant Mike (not Michael, just plain Mike) Glod, and the colonel behind him murmurs with all of the fervor of a good officer and a first-rate, natural-born press agent:

"Look at 'em—I say, look 'em over! They were the ragtag and bobtail of Europe—fourteen different nationalities. Couldn't read or write or speak the English language. The only revolution any of 'em ever heard about was one of those Russian blowouts and the only Washington they might have known anything about was the city and not the general. They simply didn't know beans and didn't want to. Now look at 'em, my boy! I'm here to tell you that in the solid, essential things, without the frills, there aren't any better Americans in the country today than the fourteen varieties in that squad."

As a rule, colonels don't effervesce that way and it occurred to me that there must be something more than hot

air in all this bubbling enthusiasm. This much I could perceive even with my civilian ineptness; they were the straightest, trimmest, smartest, keenest and, I think, proudest, looking collection of doughboys that I had ever glimpsed, and I had seen hundreds of thousands the country over.

The second lieutenant, Polish by birth, in this country less than nine years, commissioned from the ranks and the sort of looking lad that West Point at its best turns into the Army, sweeps the locked files with a glance that wouldn't miss a grease spot or a ravelled thread, satisfies himself that the squad is all of a proper piece, barks out half a dozen syllables to the first sergeant and then proceeds, as far as I can note, to interest himself exclusively in the tail spinning of an Army plane driven, I surmise, by a lad with much confidence in the doctrine of a future life. Thereupon one word, "Command!" explodes from the tightened lips of First Sergeant Joe Shestak, and Messrs. Araez, Boutin, Marzi, Pungi & Co., begin to drill themselves, giving in perfect unison their

Soldiers of Citizenship

own commands and in perfect unison physically interpreting their own commands. If some of the portly brigadiers or colonels of twenty years ago, or even ten, who used to sip old-fashioned whiskey cocktails in the Army and Navy Club in the bad, glad old days, while they cursed the worthlessness of "the foreign element" as Regular Army material, could have seen this marvel, somebody would have had to telephone for a doctor, no doubt about it, for old theories in old minds expire with a wrench.

The harmonized perfection, the cadence, of this drill is beautiful. But there is more, much more to it than harmonized physical action. There is intelligence spurred by the new-gained comprehension of personal, individual worth, of individual value. Self-respect is in it. The eagerness of minds swept clean of ignorance and prejudice to accomplish something, to command and hold respect and confidence flashes through every evolution of it. It is fine. It is thrilling. It is American. Little imagination on my part is needed to visualize the enthusiastic face and the emphatically descending fist of him who would certainly have shouted from the sidelines:

"Bully! By Godfrey, that's bully!"

Then, if you please, suppose that Lieut. Mike or his boss, Lieut.-Col. Bernard Lentz of the General Staff, the officer who invented the "Cadence System of Close Order Drill," the drill system which teaches men to love the dreariest routine work the Army knows, the man who hit up on the big idea of making the melting pot really melt—suppose, I say, someone had told Roosevelt that only three months or so ago not one of the squad could speak, much less write, a word of English, or understood any more clearly than a Dyak headhunter what America meant or stood for, or the first thing about the Declaration or the Constitution, or who Patrick Henry was, or Lincoln; and suppose that the man who so loved America could have been told also that every one of the squad is now reasonably fluent in our language, has a rattling good notion of what it means to be an American citizen and is hot to get that revelation into the heads and hearts of the foreigners he so recently sprang from—well, what would have T. R. said then? I leave it to you.

The chances are that his acquisitive and inquisitive mind would have probed to the heart of the Big Idea. He would have been keen to know something about

a system which, founded upon sympathy, knowledge of human nature and true democracy, employs education and military discipline to make real Americans out of the rawest materials, out of materials which used to be considered absolutely hopeless only a few years ago. Just this, I shall try to tell.

How long ago was it that Mr. Zangwill's melting pot conceit pleased and interested our American people then so placidly assured of the loyalty of all the foreign-born? It was not so long ago as years run, but an age ago when you think of the political, social and industrial upheavals of and after the Great War. What a comforting conception that was. What a delight to money bags, what a joy to the armchair philosopher, what an inspiration to the ready paragrapher! And yet the notion was nonsense and rather stupid nonsense—not Zangwill's dream in itself, but the hasty acceptance of an ideal as accomplished fact or as fact in the way of certain accomplishment. The Melting Pot, America herself, was there right enough, all ready to bubble and to brew, but nobody knew enough or had thought deeply enough or had energy plus sympathy enough to start the fire and mix the ingredients properly. It was another case of "Let George do it," and George was too busy making money or learning to foxtrot to pay much attention to the biggest job, that the U. S. A. had on hand. It took the peril of war, the threat of national dishonor, the discovery of widespread sedition and the shame and chagrin that burned in the heart of every straightout American citizen over insolent hyphenism to wake the country up.

Then came the draft and four million men were poured into the great training camps to be sorted over. Thereupon

the General Staff got a shock that it hasn't yet recovered from, fortunately. It discovered that a fourth of all the young men called to the colors by the Selective Service Act, 24.9 per cent. precisely, were unable to read an American newspaper or write a letter home. They discovered that while thousands of these illiterates were fresh to the country other thousands had been here for years, walled behind foreign ideas, traditions, antipathies, and prejudices quite impregnable to American penetration. Just let that fact sink into your mind—that one-fourth of the draft army were illiterate men. And we had been boasting about the triumphs of education and the public school system and the wonderful spread of Americanism in and among these colonies of the foreign born! It was a shock, well enough, and General Staff officers spent sleepless nights over the problem, for none comprehended more surely that it was a peace problem rather than a war worry.

Then the Big Idea came along and the man who evolved it and is still driving it ahead is the Lieut.-Col. Bernard Lentz previously referred to. His notion was that all of the illiterates then cluttering up the army camps and wasting Uncle Sam's time and money could be reclaimed and put to first rate military service by the employment of a very little patience, a good deal of human understanding and the application, within the Army itself, of real democratic principles. He drew up a plan for the establishment of Recruit Educational Centers, submitted it to the Chief of the General Staff, Gen. Peyton C. March, and was told to go ahead. In every camp, development battalions were formed. These battalions were composed of illiterates rep-

resenting, often in a single battalion, twenty or more nationalities. At the beginning, of course, these men, so thrown together, had nothing in common and scarcely glimpsed the meaning of the only bond they could have in common—Americanism. Their camp talk was a jargon of tongues from the world over and racial differences were commoner than tender corns.

Within three months, as a rule, the recruits of these development battalions had been taught by specially detailed officers to speak and write English. They



Secretary Baker and General Peyton C. March taking with some of the products of the Army's Americanizing scheme

had been taught the rudiments of American history. Every one of them had a pretty clear understanding of the part played by great American statesmen and soldiers—what these men stood for in democracy and the development of government to guard liberty and protect the people. They could talk to each other, exchange ideas with each other. They were thrilled by the new, common experience; the new common knowledge. That was it: for the first time they had something in common, and it was a big something; it was, primarily, language, then understanding of what Americanism meant, then a real urge to spread the fine, new thing among their own people when the time should come.

I once saw two such companies in the very throes of renationalization. Company A was in the schoolroom, big children poring over spelling books, scrawling compositions, reading primers. Company B was out drilling under the cadence system. That was the way they worked it for a six-hour day—A Company spending an hour over its A B C's, then an hour at drill, taking B Company's place each hour. When A was at school you could have seen a row of anxious-faced lads learning to read and write the alphabet. These were the beginners. Another row was engaged in reading aloud individually or collectively as called upon by the officer in charge. Another row was practicing handwriting and so on. And the thing that hit me then, as it did again the other day when I observed another such company of earnest, eager boys, all splendidly responsive to the interest they felt was being taken in them, was their ardent absorption in the school work. You could see that they were burning to learn and that back of their zeal was their delight over being accepted and treated, not as Poles or Lithuanians, or Greeks or Slovaks, but as Americans, men worth initiating into the simple mysteries of Americanism.

The same fine zeal and spirit was observable at the drill grounds where Col. Lentz's cadence system was giving another company the mental uplift (for that is precisely what it was), of individual initiative in drill. In the days of the close order drill of the United States Infantry Regulations, the old hayfoot, strawfoot system, every order had to come from company or squad commander. The men were automatons under rigid manipulation. Lentz evolved a drill system by which the men give themselves the actual commands and



The man behind the idea, Lieut. Col. Bernard C. Lentz. A "hustler from Hustlerville" is the description of him

instantly execute them. Take this example just to show how the scheme works: The instructor first cautions: "The squad will command right face and execute it." After a moment he adds: "Command!" Thereupon every soldier in the squad gives the order "Right Face!", counts "One," raises himself slightly upon his left heel with the assistance of a slight pressure upon the ball of the right foot, then counts "Two" and snaps the left foot smartly to the side of the right. The "cadence" of this business must be seen to be appreciated. It gives the recruit a sort of stirring zest in drill since he himself is giving orders. Army officers who were afraid that Lentz's cadence scheme was a little too much like the go as you please evolutions of a Soviet guard have been converted and are its warmest advocates as a factor in the whole big job of making Americans out of foreign scraps.

How did it work in the Selective Army? Great. From the time that the men were first sent to the big camps until the Armistice was signed the Army rejected 250,000 men as impossible material. That is, the Army picked out 250,000 men who couldn't understand orders or read a word of English and who seemed stupid for that very reason, and gave them up as a bad job. Events were so pressing, the necessity of swift training was so pressing, that the Army estimated there would not be time enough to do anything with this men-

tally and physically awkward squad which was ten times as big as the whole Regular Army used to be. They were written off as a total loss. Lentz and his fellow workers thought differently and they were beautifully right, for by the time the Kaiser skipped to Holland and the German machine was running backward, more than 125,000 of these rejected soldiers had been restored to active duty, most of them going overseas and into the big fight, more than 90,000 were thriving under the application of the Big Idea and only 37,000 had been discharged as physically or mentally incompetent to the point where effort was a plain waste of time. In other words, the Lentz system saved 213,000 men from the junk heap and set them up as self-respecting Americans and future propagandists of American-

ism in their own communities of foreign born. Put it another way: the Big Idea was 85 per cent. successful even in the stress and hurry and drive of war.

When the war was over and the Army was disappearing in demobilization, Col. Lentz determined that the idea was too big, too meaty with future possibilities for the happiness and prosperity of the United States at peace, to throw away. He made up his mind that the only melting pot guaranteed to melt is the United States Army. So the Colonel had another chat with Gen. March and the Secretary of War and received authorization to continue the plan with new recruits. It took new legislation to make continuance possible, for under the old Act of 1894, regulating enlistments in the United States Army, it was forbidden to enlist men in time of peace who could not speak, read or write the English language. The General Staff managed to show Congress that this barnacle was a relic of the old musty, dusty days when the idea was current in and out of the Regular Army that the foreign born simply didn't belong in uniform. The Staff got busy and Lentz went to work.

Shortly after May 1, 1919, he started the first Army peace school for illiterate recruits. There was only a handful at first. Now, according to figures supplied to me by Capt. A. E. Heeter, Adjutant at Upton, there are 607 recruits in the Upton Americanization school and the number includes thirty nationalities. Running rapidly through the list you would observe the names of Armenians, Argentinians, Bulgarians, Brazilians, Belgians, Austrians, Cubans, Chileans, Costa Ricans, Canadians, Central Americans of several

(Continued on Page 75)



Billy Brad sitting on a pile of lumber, looking very sad

BILLY BRAD'S BANK BOOK

By Ellis Parker Butler

Author of "Pigs is Pigs"

Illustrated by J. R. Shaver

ONE morning in July, Billy Brad was six years old and Uncle Peter Henry, who was quite bald and wore big spectacles with real tortoise shell rims and who looked as wise as an owl, gave Billy Brad a big, round, shining, new silver dollar.

This made Billy Brad very happy and he thought he would keep the big round dollar in his hand all the rest of his life, or at least until he had enough more dollars to buy a pony and a cart but, that very afternoon, when Uncle Peter Henry came walking up the street he saw Billy Brad sitting on a pile of lumber, looking very sad.

The lumber was near the sidewalk, in the front of the lot next to Billy Brad's home, and it had been put there because Mr. Jones, the grocery man, was having a house built. The house had been building for several weeks and Billy Brad loved to watch the men at work on it, sawing boards and driving nails and making long, curly shavings with their planes. He felt specially interested in this new house because it was so near his own house, and because Mr. Jones, the grocery man, was the grocery man who sold groceries to Billy Brad's mother, and Billy Brad knew him quite well. Very often, when Mr. Jones brought the groceries, Billy Brad would say: "Hello, Mr. Jones!" and Mr. Jones would say: "Hello, Billy Brad! How are you this morning?"

Because Billy Brad and Mr. Jones were such friends and the new house was so near Billy Brad's house, and because Billy Brad had seen the cellar dug and the foundation walls laid and nearly every board sawed and nailed, he felt as if he almost owned the new house, and he was usually quite happy while he watched the builders, but now he looked sad. So Uncle Peter Henry said:

"Hello, Billy Brad! Why this sadness?"

"I lost it," said Billy Brad mournfully, as he clambered off the wood pile. "I lost my big, round dollar. Down that hole. And it's gone. And I can't get it any more. And I didn't want to lose it. Because it was my big, round, birthday dollar, it was."

Uncle Peter Henry looked at the hole down which Billy Brad had lost his big, round dollar.

"Is that all?" he said cheerfully. "If that is all, there is no reason to look so sad, because I can get the big, round dollar out of that hole easily enough."

"Can you?" asked Billy Brad eagerly. "Of course, I can!" said Uncle Peter Henry. "I would not be a very wise old uncle if I could not do that. But shall I? That is the question. Hadn't we better leave your big, round dollar

in that hole, Billy Brad?"

"Why?" asked Billy Brad.

"Asking 'why' was one of the things Billy Brad did best—and most often—and that was one of the reasons why Uncle Peter Henry was such a comfortable uncle to have. He always had an answer. He never said, as Billy Brad's mother often did: "Goodness sake, Billy Brad! Don't be forever saying 'Why? Why? Why?' Run along and play, and don't bother me!"

So, when Uncle Peter Henry suggested leaving the big, round dollar in the hole, Billy Brad said:

"Why?"

"Do you want to spend the dollar right away?" asked Uncle Peter Henry. "No," said Billy Brad. "I want to save it. Until I get lots of dollars. To buy a pony with."

"Then why not leave it in this hole?" asked Uncle Peter Henry. "It is there now, and you know where it is, and you can't spend it. If I get it out for you, you may lose it where you can't find it again, and then it will be lost forever. Why not leave this big, round dollar in this hole and, when you get more dollars, put them in this hole, too."

"No!" said Billy Brad. "I don't want to. Because somebody might find my dollars. And take them. And keep them. And I wouldn't have them any more."

"That's so!" said Uncle Peter Henry



"I lost it," said Billy Brad mournfully as he clambered off the woodpile. "I lost my big, round dollar! Down that hole!"

brightly, but in a moment he looked sober again. "But I don't know that it makes much difference. If I get your dollar out of this hole you may lose it again. And if you leave it in your house a burglar might break in and steal it."

"I—I can spend it," said Billy Brad eagerly.

"But you don't want to do that," said Uncle Peter Henry. "You want to save it, if you can, until you have enough dollars to buy a pony. If you spend this dollar, and the next dollar you get, and all your dollars as you get them, you'll never have enough to buy a pony. It does look bad. It looks almost hopeless."

It did seem almost hopeless, and both Billy Brad and Uncle Peter Henry looked quite sad for awhile. Then Uncle Peter Henry cheered up suddenly and slapped his knee as if he had a great idea.

"I know!" he said gaily. "The Savings Bank! We will get your dollar out of this hole, and take it down town, and put it in the Savings Bank!"

"Why?" asked Billy Brad.

"Because it will be safe there," said Uncle Peter Henry, "and it will not be lost or stolen, and you can leave it there as long as you wish, and put more dollars with it when you get them, and when you have enough dollars you can take them out of the Savings Bank and buy a pony."

So Uncle Peter Henry and Billy Brad did that. Uncle Peter Henry got two laths and fished the big, round dollar out of the hole, and took Billy Brad's hand, and they walked down town to the Savings Bank and Billy Brad handed the big, round dollar to the man at a little window. The man wrote

Billy Brad's name in a big book and wrote in the book that Billy Brad had given the Savings Bank a dollar to be kept safe and sound. Then he gave Billy Brad a thin little book. On the outside of the book was the name of the bank and Billy Brad's name, and on the first page, inside the book, the man had written Billy Brad's name again and "July 17, 1919. . . . \$1.00."

Billy Brad held the little book tight in his hand and skipped along happily beside Uncle Peter Henry until they came to the lumber pile in front of the new house that Mr. Jones, the grocery man, was building. Uncle Peter Henry seated himself on the pile of lumber, and Billy Brad sat close beside him, and they watched the carpenters at work. Suddenly Billy Brad said sadly, to himself:

"I haven't got my big, round dollar any more. And I wanted my dollar, I did. But my Uncle Peter Henry, he made me give my dollar to a man, he did. And I haven't got anything but a little book. And I can't buy a pony. Because I haven't got my dollar any more."

He turned to Uncle Peter Henry and asked:

"Uncle Peter Henry, why did I have to buy a little book with my big, round dollar?"

"You did not buy the book, Billy Brad," said Uncle Peter Henry. "The Savings Bank gave you the book."

"Why did it?" asked Billy Brad instantly.

"To show that you had put your dollar in the bank," said Uncle Peter Henry. "The little book says the bank has your dollar and that it will give the dollar back to you when you want it. The book is proof that you put your

dollar in the bank."

"Why did I put my dollar in the bank?" Billy Brad asked.

"So your dollar would not be lost or stolen," said Uncle Peter Henry.

"Why won't it be lost or stolen?" asked Billy Brad.

"Because that is what the Savings Bank is for," said Uncle Peter Henry. "It is to keep the dollars of little boys, and other people, safe. The Savings Bank has a big, strong room, with steel sides and a steel floor and a steel ceiling, and a steel door with a big strong lock, to keep money in. That is one reason people put their money in the Savings Bank. They know it is safe there."

"Uncle Peter Henry," said Billy Brad, after a moment, "how much do I have to pay the Savings Bank for keeping my dollar safe for me?"

"You don't have to pay anything," said Uncle Peter Henry. "The Savings

Bank pays you for letting it take care of your money."

"Does it?" asked Billy Brad, with surprise.

"Yes," said Uncle Peter Henry. "It pays you two cents for every six months you leave your dollar in the bank, or four cents for every year you leave it there. Our Savings Bank pays that."

"Why does it?" asked Billy Brad. "Why does the bank pay me for letting it keep my money safe, Uncle Peter Henry?"

Uncle Peter Henry took off his spectacles with the real tortoise shell rims, and wiped them carefully, and put them on again. He coughed gently. Then he took off his hat and wiped the bald part of his head with his white handkerchief, and put the handkerchief back in his pocket and his hat on his head again, because he certainly had to have time to think what to say to Billy Brad. Sometimes it was much easier for Billy Brad to ask a question than for Uncle Peter Henry to answer it. This was one of the times. Uncle Peter Henry thought for a minute and then he asked Billy Brad a question.

"Do you see this house Mr. Jones is building?" he asked.

"Yes," said Billy Brad, and then he repeated: "Why does the bank pay me for letting it keep my money safe, Uncle Peter Henry?"

"You wait and I'll tell you," said Uncle Peter Henry. "I'm coming to that. But, first, why do you suppose Mr. Jones is building this new house?"

"To live in," said Billy Brad promptly.

"But he is living in a house now, isn't he?" asked Uncle Peter Henry. "He does not need two houses to live in, does he?"

"He's going to live in *this* house," said Billy Brad. "He isn't going to live in the other house any more. Because it isn't really, truly his house. It is Mr. Martin's house."

"Oh! Mr. Jones just rents it from Mr. Martin?"

"Yes," said Billy Brad.

"And has to pay Mr. Martin rent money every month," said Uncle Peter Henry. "I see! Mr. Jones thinks it will be cheaper and pleasanter to own a house of his own, than to pay rent to Mr. Martin. So Mr. Jones is building this house."

"Yes," agreed Billy Brad. "I guess so."

"But it must cost Mr. Jones a great deal of money to build this new house," Uncle Peter Henry suggested. "He has to pay for the lumber and the bricks and the shingles, and he has to pay the men who dug the cellar, and the carpenters and the masons. He has to pay for everything, and he has to pay quickly. What if Mr. Jones wanted to build this house and did not have enough money to pay for it?"

"He could sell my mamma some more groceries," said Billy Brad.

"Yes," said Uncle Peter Henry, "but it might be three years, or six years, or nine years, before he sold enough groceries to have enough money to pay for the new house. And he would have to wait. And all those years he would be paying rent to Mr. Martin, and be living in a house he did not want to live in. So what do you think Mr. Jones would do?"

"What would he do?" asked Billy Brad.

"He would get all the money he needed, right away quick," said Uncle Peter Henry, "so he could build his new house without waiting."

"How would he get all the money quick?" asked Billy Brad.

"Well, one way he could get one dollar," said Uncle Peter Henry, "would be to know you were going to have a birthday and that Uncle Peter Henry was going to give you a big, round dollar. If he knew that, he could come to you and ask you to let him borrow your dollar until you needed it to buy a pony. Then, if he knew hundreds and hundreds of other Billy Brads whose Uncle Peter Henrys were going to give them dollars on their birthdays, he could go to them and ask them to lend him their birthday dollars."

"My!" exclaimed Billy Brad. "He'd have to know lots of boys' birthdays!"

"Yes," agreed Uncle Peter Henry. "And then he could try to find all the people who had money they had saved, and he could try to borrow some from them. He would have to see hundreds of people. But that is not the way Mr. Jones would get the money he needed to build his house."

"Isn't it?" asked Billy Brad. "Why wouldn't he get it that way, Uncle Peter Henry?"

"Because it would take all his time, and even then he might not get it. If he came to you now, and asked to borrow your dollar, he would not get it, would he?"

"No," said Billy Brad. "I haven't got my dollar. I put my dollar in the Savings Bank."

"Just so!" said Uncle Peter Henry. "And so the wisest plan would be for Mr. Jones to go where a great deal of money is gathered together in one place. Such as the Savings Bank, where you put your dollar for safe keeping, and hundreds of other people put their dollars for safe keeping. And that is just where Mr. Jones would go. He would go to the bank and say: 'I want to build a house. I don't want to live in a rented house any more. I have to pay ten cents a year for every dollar's worth of house I live in, and I would rather rent some money from this bank and build a house of my own, if you don't charge too much for renting money.'"

"Does the bank rent money?" asked Billy Brad, laughing at the idea.

"It lends money, and charges interest

for lending it," said Uncle Peter Henry, "and that is the same as renting it. So the Savings Bank would say to Mr. Jones: 'We have plenty of money to rent, Mr. Jones, and we only charge six cents a year for each dollar we rent out.' Then Mr. Jones would say: 'That is cheap enough, I'll rent enough to finish building my house, if you please. How do you happen to have so much money?' Then the bank would say: 'The reason we have so much money is because Billy Brad and other people bring it to us to be kept safe for them until they need it.'"

"But—but—", said Billy Brad anxiously, "but will the Savings Bank let Mr. Jones have my big, round dollar, Uncle Peter Henry? Maybe Mr. Jones won't give it back when I want it."

"That is just what the Savings Bank is careful about," said Uncle Peter Henry. "If we rent you this money we must be sure it is paid back," the Savings Bank says to Mr. Jones. 'You must pay it back surely, or give us the house you are building, so we can sell it and have money to pay back to Billy Brad and all the others who gave us



On the outside of the book was the name of the bank and Billy Brad's name

their dollars to be kept safe.' So Mr. Jones writes a paper promising to give back the money or give the new house to the Savings Bank. And that makes it all safe and sure. And so, of course, the Savings Bank can pay you four cents a year for each year you leave your dollar in its care?"

"Why can it?" asked Billy Brad.

"Because it rents your dollar to Mr. Jones for six cents a year, in a perfectly safe way," explained Uncle Peter Henry. "When Mr. Jones pays the six cents, the Savings Bank gives you four of the cents, and uses the other two cents to pay the men who work in the Savings Bank, and to pay for the electric lights in the bank, and for sweeping the floor—"

"And washing the windows?" said Billy Brad.

"Yes, and for all the expenses of running the bank," said Uncle Peter Henry. "And you can always be sure of getting your dollar when you want it, because the Savings Bank always keeps some money in its big steel room, and there is always some Mr. Jones paying back the money he has rented, and always a great many Billy Brads leaving more money with the Savings Bank to be kept safe. So that is the Savings Bank system. The Savings Bank helps you because it keeps your money safe when you have no need to spend it, and it helps others because it can rent them money when they do need it. Do you understand now, Billy Brad?"

"Yes," said Billy Brad, but he im-

mediately asked: "Why does the Savings Bank pay me for keeping my money safe, Uncle Peter Henry?"

"That bothers you, doesn't it, Billy Brad?" said Uncle Peter Henry.

"Yes," said Billy Brad. "Why does the Savings Bank pay me, Uncle Peter Henry? Why don't I pay the Savings Bank?"

"Because," said Uncle Peter Henry, "the men who made the first Savings Bank, over a hundred years ago, were more interested in teaching people to save their spare money than in anything else. They said: 'Big sums of money can be rented out by the people who have big sums of money, but the people who have only one dollar or only a few dollars cannot rent out their money. That is one reason they spend it. If they could rent it out, so that it would be earning something, they would think it more worth while to save it. So let us start a new kind of bank that will pay people rent (or interest) even on very small sums of money.' So they did. They started a Savings Bank. And they could well afford to pay a few cents a year for each dollar that was put in the Savings Bank, because the Savings Bank could rent out the money, when it was gathered together, for a few cents more for each dollar. People

were glad to rent it from the Savings Bank."

"Why?" asked Billy Brad.

"Because the rent the Savings Bank charged for the money was so small. And, after that, the Savings Bank had to keep on paying for the money that was left with it for safe keeping, because unless it did pay, not very many people would care to save their money. They would spend it. But when they knew they would be paid for saving it, they saved it. So now, Billy Brad," said Uncle Peter Henry, "you know why you put your big, round dollar in the Savings Bank."

"Do I?" said Billy Brad. "Why did I, Uncle Peter Henry?"

"Billy Brad!" exclaimed Uncle Peter Henry, almost crossly. "I have just told you why. I have explained all about Savings Banks, and interest on deposits, and loans to borrowers, and interest on loans, and how accumulated small deposits can be loaned in large sums, and all about everything. You know perfectly well why you put your big, round dollar in the Savings Bank. Don't you?"

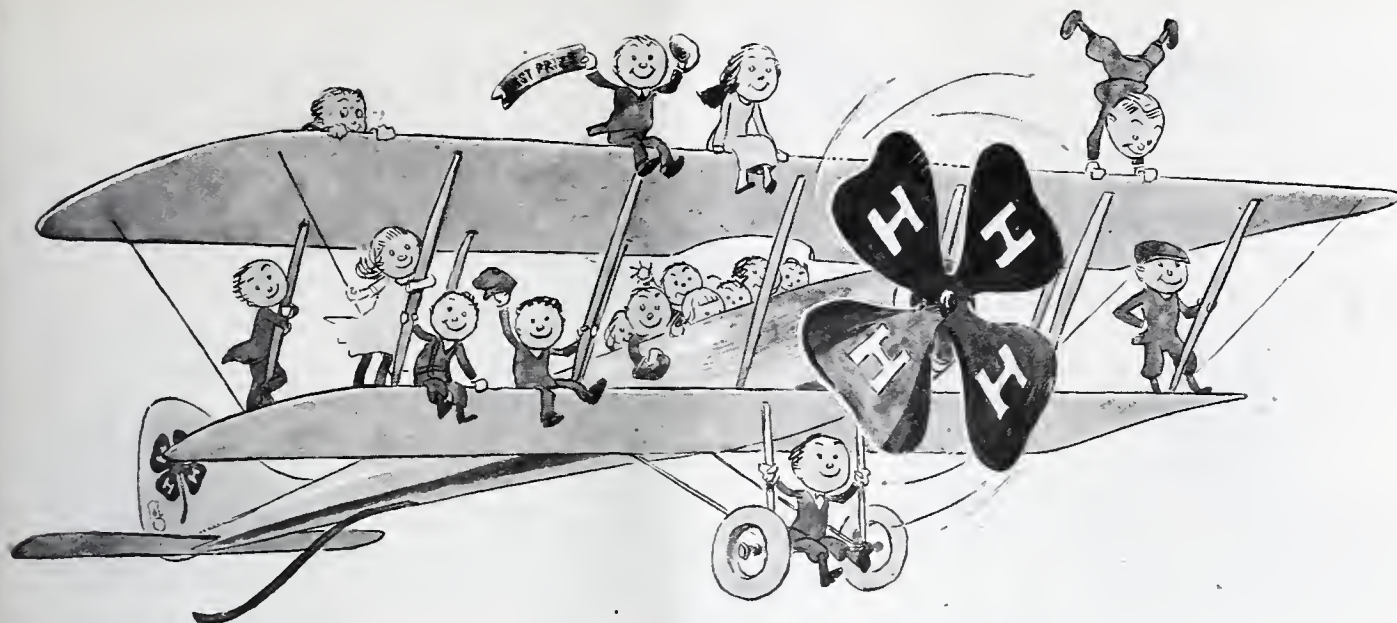
"Yes," said Billy Brad. "I know all that, but, but—"

"Well, but what? Come on boy," said Uncle Peter Henry, "Why did you go to the Savings Bank?"

"Because—because—" said Billy Brad, wise beyond his generation in guile, snuggling up to Uncle Peter Henry, "because I wanted to walk down town with my Uncle Peter Henry, I did."



It was much easier for Billy Brad to ask a question than for Uncle Henry to answer it



*Two million youngsters have
boarded the farm-plane H-4 on*

A JOY RIDE THAT PAYS

By Howard Brubaker

Sketches by F. G. Cooper

WHEN you see a boy with husky-looking hands, a sun-peeled nose and a four-leaf clover pin upon his front elevation, each leaf bearing the letter H, rapple him to your soul with hooks of steel, for he has been raising corn or pigs or garden truck for your country. When you see a girl with a similar emblem pinned upon her white apron, get on the good side of her, for she has a cellar full of canned goods. This boy and this girl belong to that host of youngsters who, along with the business of having a good time, managed to crape together a trifle of forty million dollars' worth of food products last year. They are members of the jolly crew of the H-4, a gigantic landplane with two million joy riders aboard.

The four H's of the official emblem of the boys' and girls' agricultural clubs represent the four-sided aim of the movement: the equal training of the head, the heart, the hands and the health. It is a permanent, nation-wide system with headquarters at Washington and with state, county and local leaders, co-operating with state agricultural colleges. It organizes the young people into producing clubs, sends them literature and speakers, encourages them with prizes.

Back of it all, if you look closely, you will find under a new disguise the familiar visage of an old friend, the gang spirit—the instinct of youngsters to flock together for mutual profit and protection. The gang spirit which, if undirected, is too often of a predatory nature is here utilized to a good purpose. These birds

HOE YOUR OWN ROW!

"Until a boy's nature is revised upwards, he will continue to find little inspiration in hoeing somebody else's corn. Doing it for oneself—that is a horse of a very different color."

of a feather flock together to talk about balanced rations, soil fertility, the conservation of moisture, the rotation of crops and plain and fancy bugs. Each club has a charter full of seals and signatures that looks like a million dollar bill. The best part of it all is that these clubs reach deep into the country where such influences never penetrated before; they have brought a socializing, co-operative spirit into the very regions where there is the greatest tendency to "go it alone."

Organizing boys' and girls' clubs is only one phase of the county agent's many activities in demonstrating improved farming methods but it is a most important phase. Children are more teachable than adults, less "sot" in their

ways. In uninterested or actually hostile communities club work is often the entering wedge which lets in new ideas and leads to a big demonstration work for adults.

It was some such problem as this which the county agent faced when he started to organize a certain backward district in Maryland. It was a poor community and the people were destitute and ignorant and impervious to outside ideas. The boys were self-willed and incorrigible. It seemed to the rural school supervisor that club work there was impossible.

It was attempted, nevertheless, and a meeting was held in the schoolhouse. The boys were hostile, keen for physical combat—in fact it was necessary to eject one large trouble-maker from the room. When the organization was effected the boys showed their opinion of the whole business by electing the ejected one president.

Maybe that was the best thing that could have happened to the club; certainly the club was the best thing that could have happened to the community. A year later the dirty and battle-scarred schoolroom was bright and clean with new paint; the ragged boys and girls of the year before were spick and span. The teacher—the same teacher who was there before—reported that the agricultural club had already grown into the life of the community. The gang was still there but Uncle Sam had adopted it. It was now "ganging" to good ends. It was raising corn instead of Cain.

There are many instances on record of boys who were known as "bad" (that



"The whole tendency of this club organization is to keep the young people on the farm. It gives them the strongest incentives—social life and the opportunity to make a good living"

is our lazy way of expressing our own failure) becoming good pupils and good citizens on account of club work. An Oklahoma lad, for example, was on the point of running away from home. Before his plans had matured, the boys' club got him and about the next thing that happened to him was forty dollars' worth of prizes. Now he had money enough to run away from home but he didn't have time. He has been a club member for four years, has worked diligently and dependably and he is now largely manager of his father's farm.

There are some eloquent figures from Comanche County, Texas. It was found that in four years the club members made an average grade of 11 per cent. more than children not doing club-work—excluding spelling where the increase was 16 per cent. and composition where the increase was 23 per cent. The Texas community reports that there was no expulsion of club members from school during all that period and that club members showed a better attendance at Sunday School by 7 per cent. and at church by 5 per cent.

The value of club work to the rural school—and *vice versa*—is splendidly illustrated by the case of Marcia Allen and the Green Valley school. It was, to begin with, the ordinary "little red schoolhouse" with its daily grind of thirty-three recitations, leaving both teacher and pupils more or less limp at the close of the day. Two years ago the call came from Miss Allen's county superintendent to undertake some kind of club work to help win the war. Miss Allen did not feel herself competent to win the war by way of pigs and calves, but after studying a bale of helpful literature she decided to try corn club work and gardening.

The Green Valley school has been a different place ever since. Instruction

in both agriculture and home economics has centered around corn and garden growing—the study of soil, the selection of seeds, the care of crops, the control of pests and diseases and the harvesting—canning, drying and marketing. There was a continuous arithmetic lesson involved in measuring and planning gardens, in the business of costs and sales and profits, for desk farming is an essential part of the work. There was a lot of painless geography skillfully concealed in the subject of corn growing, getting up exhibits and booklets, studying the manufacture of corn products, sometimes in neighboring towns. Penmanship, reading and language were all involved in the club work, collecting and reading bulletins, making written reports of club projects, holding meetings and electing officers. The result was that the school work, previously looked upon as a remote system conceived by some elderly, spectacled persons for the torture of youth, suddenly became connected up with real life. The three R's and the four H's became entangled—to their mutual benefit. They used to beat knowledge into the heads of the country student with a ruler; it is no sign of increasing brutality that now they use a club.

Down in the mountains of West Virginia, in a high valley admirably equipped with demonstration plats and shade trees and swimming holes and such necessities of life, there is an official club camp. Here the boys and girls of various communities are gathered together for instruction and recreation, a week or so for each set. There is demonstration work in the fields, there are talks and perhaps a simple religious service on a grassy hillside at twilight. Incidentally there is a lot of swimming and fun. All summer long this camp is maintained, passing its benefits

around as a reward to those boys and girls who have some achievement to their credit in club work.

The directors of this work are chosen for their knowledge, not only of pigs and cows and garden truck but also of that other valuable West Virginia product, boys and girls. At some time or other during his stay every boy is given certain psychological tests—for quickness of perception and the like. His problems are talked over; he is given help where it is needed.

In one such group every boy present declared his intention of continuing his education, often under great difficulties—that is, every boy except a certain John who was about to quit school and go into the coal mines. John had no great craving for coal mines but a dollar and a half a day loomed very large on his horizon.

It took the camp leader and a visiting official from Washington to straighten out the kinks in John's philosophy. The idea that there are ways by which a boy without money can go on with his education had never reached as far back into the bushes as John. He admitted, when cornered, that his future as a coal miner did not look brilliant; he hadn't looked much into the future, that dollar and a half had got stuck in his eye and obscured his vision. Finally, however, John decided upon a life in the open air. He is going on with his farm work and has his plans made for a technical education. The coal mines of West Virginia will have to struggle along somehow without him. Their loss is John's gain.

When one considers the hundreds of Johns that have been saved to a happier and more interesting and useful life, one realizes that the value of this work can never be measured by the dollars and cents derived from their products. Vir-

nia reports 154 club boys attending college this year; it is fair to say that a considerable part of them would not have been in college otherwise. Similar reports come in from every direction. A Georgia girl with a flock of chickens and a one-tenth acre garden has completed payment upon her piano and saved a nest-egg for her college fund. A Louisiana boy is going to college upon the proceeds of his sale of cotton seed. In Tuscaloosa County, Alabama, girls are making their college money by raising room corn and making brooms. Riding to college on brooms seems to be a new form of witchcraft.

The teachers in rural schools are quick to see the educational value of his work. In a great many cases the teacher becomes the local leader and the club meetings are most often held in the schoolhouse. The country minister is usually a warm supporter of the movement and is often a local leader. And usually strong encouragement by way of loans and prizes comes from local business men. The government maintains the organizers and county agents but it must depend upon volunteer help locally. The Department is organizing new counties as rapidly as possible, Massachusetts being the first state to have an agent in every county. As the work grows, its *per capita* cost to the government goes down. It is interesting to know that something in the world is getting cheaper.

The bankers are quick to see the advantages to their communities of a lot of high-class club work. Sometimes they actually have to be restrained in their willingness to do things for the movement—in order that the fellow in the next town may have the opportunity of doing his share. It is estimated that business men financed club projects to the value of half a million dollars last year. They see that the work is good patriotism and good business, a combination of motives that is hard to beat.

When we hear of the large amounts of money made by the boys and girls, amounts running now into the millions, the question naturally arises, what in the world do they do with all this money? Anyone who has observed the speed with which a boy can dispose of a quarter might be justified in shaking his head. He might even conjure up a picture of a forty million dollar candy, peanut and ice cream orgy, with bakers, confectioners and athletic goods sellers wearing broad and prosperous smiles.

But there seems to be a merciful provision of human nature by which money earned by hard and honest labor is not parted with lightly. "Easy come, easy go" is not the

motto of the typical club member. He has an idea that is worth two of that.

The first thing the juniors did with their cash profit last year was to lend it to their distinguished Uncle, who was having a hard time making ends meet. The facts here are most significant; they took War Savings Stamps, baby bonds and regular full-grown Liberty Bonds in enormous quantities.

Look how the Cline boys acted down near Tulsa, Oklahoma, for an example—and, by the way, one would have to search long to find a family that was harder hit by the club fever than that of Lewis Cline. There are six boys in the house, and the disease went through it like the mumps, from Cameron, the oldest, down to Phillip, eight-going-on-nine, the youngest and bossiest of the lot. Livestock, chickens and corn are the main interests of this busy household of youngsters. Most of them have won prizes in fairs and sold their products at fancy prices. Shelby, the third boy, won two short courses at the agricultural college, as well as a good job, taking care of show cattle.

At the end of something more than two years this busy bunch of boys has acquired something of a competence. That they did not waste their substance in riotous eating, is evidenced by the fact that they have stock on hand valued at \$1,500 and \$1,000 in Liberty Bonds, besides having contributed generously to the Red Cross.

The Cline boys with this splendid achievement are quite in style in Oklahoma. Last year 1,616 Oklahoma boys put \$13,600 in Liberty Bonds, 7,454 put \$92,255 in baby bonds and 4,736 boys bought \$6,963 worth of thrift stamps. Perhaps best of all from the point of view of unselfish giving is the fact that 22,000 Oklahoma boys gave \$11,000 to the Red Cross. One boy, Russell Henson, although working hard to save money with which to go to college, gave \$75 to the Red Cross and wrote that he would have given more if he had had the money.

In a school district in Pontotoc County

the boys and girls of the clubs were instrumental in getting a new school building erected after it had several times been voted down. The Oklahoma legislature has discovered what is going on, with more speed than is common with legislatures, and has passed a law creating two scholarships at the agricultural college for each county. The candidates are not restricted to club members but the examination is such that probably only club members can hope to pass. At last report 218 Oklahoma boys were in college as a direct result of club activities.

But the clubs everywhere are found in the forefront of the procession—the pure-bred hog is frequently used as a stepping-stone to higher things. Pigs involuntarily helped to build a church at Morgan, Kentucky; that is, twenty-five members contributed their pig-profits toward the erection of the building. Ewing, Virginia, clubs gave over two thousand dollars toward building the Lee County Industrial School. The clubs are always taking an active part in dragging roads and painting schoolhouses and beautifying grounds by planting trees. A group in Washoe County, Nevada, is supporting an Armenian orphan with the money they have received for their vegetables. A Minnesota club, of a remote settlement, got its vegetables down to the fair at great difficulty, by boat and auto, and sold them for the benefit of the Junior Red Cross.

The girls of a club in Washington County, Maryland, doing a successful business in canning, drying and brining, were not satisfied in being merely useful and ornamental members of the community. They argued that all work and no play is just as bad for Jill as it is for Jack, so they decided to have a club room. There was little money to have it with and no place to have it in—except a tinner's junk room, which they promptly appropriated to their own use. With a spirit of optimism and a liberal use of "elbow grease" they tackled this rather discouraging prospect. They cleared it out, scrubbed it, repaired some



"They take the four H's of their pin very seriously, the head, the heart, the hands and the health."

A Joy Ride That Pays

rather decrepit furniture they found there and held up the good people of the town for other old furniture. Then they covered things with unbleached muslin, dyed to taste, sewed and tacked stuff around as girls will and made a cozy and attractive club-house where they now hold demonstrations of their club work—and of their ability to have a good time. It is easily the most popular spot in town and is meeting a genuine need.

AT Lansing, Michigan, there were assembled 195 boys and girls, young people who had been in the clubs anywhere from one to four years. 48 of these members owned Liberty Bonds, 134 had War Savings Stamps, 103 had bank accounts. Eighteen of them had earned permanent kitchen equipment, 15 owned pure-bred pigs and 19 owned calves and were planning to go into the dairy business. 8 owned sheep, 25 had poultry flocks and equipment. 59 were in high school and 68 were planning to go to college to take courses in agriculture and home economics. Pretty substantial future citizens, these; perhaps it is not even necessary to say, "future."

Of the multitude of individual examples of self-sacrificing effort that have come to hand, none is more inspiring than that of the little Berkshire County, Massachusetts, girl who was nearly blind. This afflicted girl was not satisfied with buying thrift stamps, for that was only an investment. "I want to do something which is *work* for my country," she wrote. As a result, she joined a potato club. Except for a few furrows turned by her father at the roughest spots, all the work on her plat was done by herself. This was her first project; her second was a pig. She had a hard time keeping her two projects apart. In her report, which she wrote with great difficulty, she says: "The greatest delight my pig had was jumping the fence of his pen and rooting in my garden."

But she brought both enterprises to a successful conclusion and helped her father in his garden besides. The question naturally arises, what did this little girl do with her spare time? Fortunately there is an answer to this question. She ranked as the second largest gatherer of pit stones in Berkshire County during the drive for this gas-mask necessity.

There are plenty of other examples of almost incredible industry on the part of girls. Margaret Kirk, of Yakima, Washington, rounded out her season last year with 1,051 quarts of canned produce. A Virginia girl turned out 3,000 gallons of syrup or sorghum from her little plant. Minnie Lee Jordy, of Texas, had to clear new land of brush and shrubbery for her garden, doing all her own plowing with oxen. Neither was twelve-year-old Eula Treadway, of Percy, Mississippi, a leisure class lady last year. Eula raised tomatoes, peppers and okra upon her one-tenth acre plat for home use and sale, bought a steam pressure outfit and packed 690 cans of tomatoes, clearing \$45 for W. S. S. Her idle hours she devoted to raising poultry.

Aside from war work and saving for college, in the great majority of cases the boys use their profits to capitalize further projects, usually some kind of livestock. The girls and their mothers, who made such an astounding showing in gardening and canning last year, almost invariably spend their earnings in installing home conveniences. The proceeds of their labor are invested in labor-saving devices—running water equipment, oil stoves, improved canning outfits, fireless cookers—and in things to make the house attractive. The reports of the home demonstration agents who handle this phase of the work form an inspiring story of households lifted to a higher plane, of houses made more healthful and livable, of better standards of clothing, of drudgery diminished. The devoted women who carry the torch of the home demonstration work into the more remote rural districts, often over primitive mountain roads and through swollen streams, have to be nurses, sewing teachers and architects, as well as experts on gardening and canning. They must give advice on all subjects from trimming hats to bathing the baby. A worker in Tennessee was called up some time in the night by a little girl, who wanted to know about balanced rations for the new fish in her pond. A Virginia leader was confronted by a small boy who wanted to join the cooking club. He could already boil eggs and make batter cakes, but he was ambitious to master some of the higher branches. Last summer there were isolated regions where everything else had to be abandoned in the face of a graver emergency—all hands were enlisted in the fight against influenza.

THE whole tendency of this club organization is to keep the young people on the farm; "The Young Folks at Home" might be its official song. When they do go away—to higher schools—they go with a string tied to them, a new interest in farm work which will bring them back as soon as they have completed their studies. Much free advice has been given to young people to stay on the farm, advice which got lost somewhere because it didn't know its way around in the rural districts, but the club movement not only advises the boys to stay on the farm but it gives them the two strongest incentives for doing so—social life and the opportunity to make a good living.

An Italian-born boy near Brockton, Mass., is one of those who managed to buy himself an education and build up a future livelihood at the same time. This lad, who bears the appropriate name of James Spadea, won a five dollar bill as a prize for garden work and he never got over it. In five years he built up a nursery business that requires a motor truck and hired help to keep it going, meanwhile paying his way through high school and preparing to enter the Massachusetts Agricultural College. James gives the club work credit for his achievement and shows his gratitude in the best possible way—by helping other boys to get a start in gardening. His case is interesting as showing that the

need for demonstration work is not confined to the remote rural districts. It is also a good thing to have around in the thickly settled districts where land is not so plentiful, but eaters are.

John Alexander, of Vermont, also boosted himself into a livelihood, but John used poultry instead of garden truck. He joined a poultry club in 1912 with a hatful of eggs and two years later he was leading his county. In 1915 he was the champion of Vermont, and they made him come down to New York to tell the National Education Association about his work. Now Alexander owns a big poultry plant of his own and is, besides, the superintendent of the poultry farm at one of the state institutions.

Entirely different was the problem of the Nebraska boy, Raymond McCook. It was not a livelihood that Raymond needed, it was the chance to keep on living, for the doctors told him last spring that outdoor life was his only chance. He joined one of the garden clubs and undertook the regular task. The other boys and girls helped him with the heavier work at first, but Raymond gradually became strong enough to do more and more of his own work. He came out of the summer with a new lease on life—and \$22.25 in real money. The doctor says he is rapidly approaching normal health.

All this work sounds, no doubt, sufficiently serious; one might be justified in wondering whether the new generation of boys and girls is growing up long-faced. The fact, of course, is quite the opposite. You cannot bring a lot of young people together and expect them to keep their faces straight—not for more than ten or fifteen minutes anyhow. The camps, the club meetings, the trips of inspection, the fairs and exhibitions, community plays and "achievement day" programs—all constitute opportunities to have a good time. In fact the whole thing is a gigantic game; members compete with members, communities compete with communities, counties with counties, states with states, for prizes and awards and honors.

THE clubs frequently develop specialties with which they are willing to meet all comers. There is a \$1,000 poultry club in Litchfield County, Connecticut, a club of ten, the goal of which is to clear a thousand dollars from their poultry in a year. Off in California a club challenges the Solar System and environs on the production of grain sorghum seed. A Spokane girls' club put up over \$50,000 worth of canned goods last summer. A Presque Isle, Maine, potato club asks no handicap from anybody in the matter of high-grade seed potatoes. A Monroe County, Indiana, club comes to the bat with an average corn yield of 91.3 bushels to the acre, while Winnebago County, Wisconsin, arises and points with pride to the largest baby beef club in the League of Nations.

The rivalries of schools and towns for baseball honors when the Lincoln Giants travel down the interurban and meet the Junior Blue Socks in mortal combat, are no keener

(Continued on Page 74)



THE MARCH of the RED CROSS

IF YOU had chanced to go through the main street of a small Virginian city, a number of weeks ago, and stopped a moment by the post-office, your attention would have been instantly attracted by a large bulletin board which seemed to have the eager interest of all the people who passed by. If then you had pushed your way through the crowd, you would have read upon it, under the caption of "Watch. This Board": "To Know the facts about our community is the first step in good citizenship!"

"This week has been set aside to take stock of the conditions that affect the children and homes of Danville."

"No Finances. Just Facts!"

And in another moment a young man would have arrived and proceeded to use this notice and put another in its stead:

"Final reports of Week's Community Study. Red Cross at Big Mass Meeting, Main St. Methodist Church, Sunday at 7:30. Come early and get a seat. Many churches are uniting their services in this meeting for a better community."

Had you been aware of the truth, you would have been witnessing the entrance of the Red Cross on one more of its pioneer, social paths at home: Community Study.

The scene was Danville, Virginia, a city of twenty-two thousand, in the western part of the state, a representative, vigorous southern community, and the largest market in the world for tobacco-leaf tobacco. Manufacturers' buyers come to Danville from England, France and Italy, from all over Europe in fact, and the huge warehouses of the

A continued story of accomplishment; the readjustment of the work; the Red Cross and your community; and the gradual upbuilding of its share in our coming life

city are the scene of auction after auction, and sale after sale, as the products of the magnificent tobacco country surrounding are disposed of. A prosperous city, a modern city, and one well abreast of its neighbors.

Last fall, nevertheless, Danville ceased to be satisfied with itself. Could not Danville be made even better?—some of its citizens began asking. There were many ways in which Danville was not what it might be, as practically everybody knew. Might there not be more—many other unknown things which were handicapping the city, and preventing genuine community progress? There was plenty of money in the city; could there not be more happiness?

The leading citizens of Danville considered the subject at length. . . .

Three weeks later, there came to the Red Cross in Washington a request from the city of Danville. It came through the Danville Chapter of the Red Cross, but it was signed by the Chamber of Commerce, the Merchants Association, the Young Business Man's Club, the Y. M. C. A., the health officer, the

president of the Common Council, and all the leading clergymen! And it asked the Red Cross, as an outside non-muckraking society, to come and show Danville how to take stock of itself.

Danville's motto was "Danville Does Things," and Danville meant to do this. But the leading citizens had discovered that they did not know the facts about their city. Yes, their community had juvenile delinquency, and family distress, and a good many diseases which seemed preventable, and bad overcrowding—but how much?

And where was it? And how did you see it?

Community Study Week was the answer the Red Cross gave. Nine social experts of the Home Service in Washington were instructed to place themselves at the service of the city of Danville, without charge, and a few days later forty of Danville's leading citizens and the Red Cross experts, divided up into committees, set out to explore the city.

Their findings would fill many interesting pages—pages crowded with pathos and surprise and humor. The committee that visited the schools, for instance, found not only great delinquency but no real effort to correct it. A child's name was dropped after three days' absence, a sadly overworked truant officer gave a two-minute warning, perhaps, and after that, neglect! They found more children than school facilities, and no out-door recreational opportunities at all.

They suggested to the teachers the subject "How I spent my time Friday and Saturdays" as the theme of a composition in several schools; and the



*The Red Cross turns to problems of the home community
Quick distribution of sandwiches and hot coffee at a fire*

answers showed that that eternal cry of childhood, "What shall I play to-day?" was either not being answered at all, or was being answered by the movies; some little girls went four or five times in the two days. And the desire of every growing child to play outdoors was receiving no thought at all.

Juvenile delinquency was only one of the many things investigated, however, and there was bitterness and humiliation in many of the things discovered—women working in the mills, and trying to bring up pitiful babies at home; overcrowding, in many sections, amounting almost to immorality; young boys confined for trifling offenses with desperate criminals in a jail which lacked most sanitary conveniences.

In just seven days, nevertheless, the committees had the facts about Danville and had gotten them into shape—an extraordinary record, as anyone who has ever been connected with such work will attest—the bulletin board had announced the Mass Meeting, and a full thousand people came to listen to the results in the Methodist Church. Special notices had been sent to every father and mother to come and hear the results of the study—and they were not invitations, either. They were calls to Good Citizenship! The meeting itself, although but one of three held in the different sections of the city, will be long remembered by those who went. It was like Danville's war meetings in its enthusiasm, in the quality of its idealistic devotion, and in the spirit with which it received the various Red Cross community recommendations and lis-

tened to the supporting facts of the various committees, and once having resolved itself into a group determined on action, moved forward unitedly to the field of battle. Danville had ended its period of unrest and readjustment, had cleaned house, taken stock and started after a new goal of social progress and practical working democracy.

In varying ways and places, that is the what and why of Community Study. Provided we have the brains to use it, it is one more of the ways in which the Red Cross is going to be of service to those people everywhere who are bent on a better citizenship and who want a better community in which to live and bring up their children.

Out of the readjustment of the Red Cross to a peace basis, three major activities have developed so far, each meeting a distinct need and bidding fair to meet it vigorously. They are Health, Social Work, and the Junior Red Cross.

To the Home Service, social work must be accorded unquestionably the leading place at this moment. With all the vast work for the soldiers and their families which is still going on in many places, indeed, the turning of the Home Service sections to new, social achievement is remarkable. It is a well-known fact that it is an art merely to be able to make proper use of the opportunities of a democracy for betterment. But here is a living force which not only is carrying the democracy and the spirit of the war into present social problems but is doing it with admirable brains and common sense and a distinct knowledge of that art of democracy.

In the gulf division alone over hundred chapters have been granted the peace extension programme and are on the actual road to social betterment, while in all the Red Cross nearly a thousand chapters are preparing to follow in their footsteps, and many hundreds have already received permission and have started.

The amazing variety of the plans of these widely scattered communities, and of them nevertheless animated by the same spirit, can be gathered from simple tabulation of some of them. This is not a national programme to regenerate the universe, remember; it is a collection of the endeavors of many scattered chapters. It includes:

1. Information and family service—Giving to civilians those neighborhood services which are being rendered to the families of the service men.

2. Recreation—Improving communal amusements, promoting community centers, rest rooms, playgrounds, clubs.

3. Health—Arranging health meetings, promoting clinics, securing training health officers.

4. Education—Juvenile delinquency, arousing public opinion in consolidated schools, establishing needed high schools and others.

5. Economic welfare—Better housing, securing county and home demonstration agents.

6. Community activities—Community meetings, community study, problems of foreign speaking groups, loan libraries, retarded and neglected children, social improvements.

And all this (Continued on Page

*Another cup
please!*

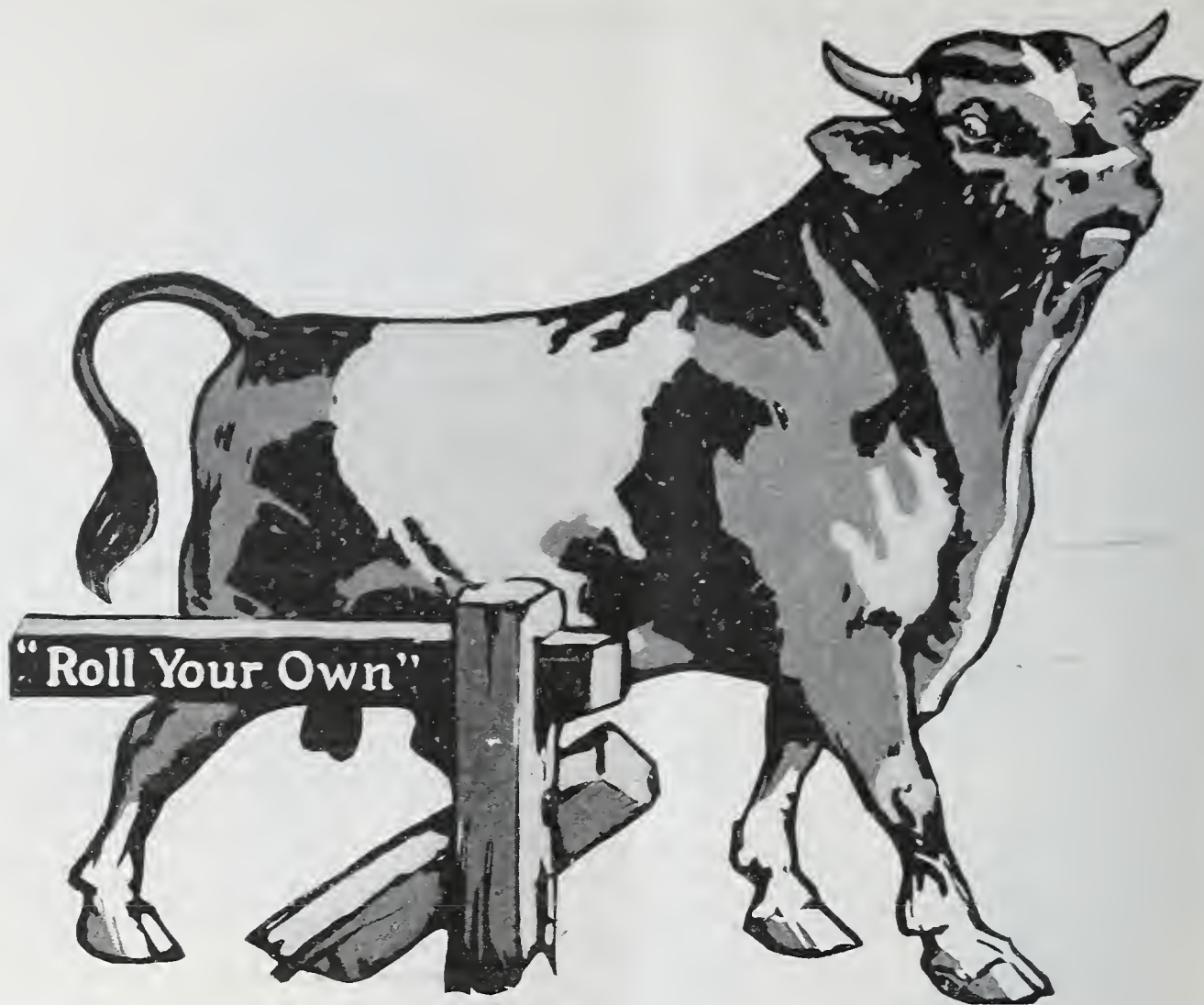


*—and another
cup at night time
doesn't hurt, if it's*

INSTANT POSTUM

Unlike coffee, Postum doesn't keep you awake or fuss up your nerves. It's a healthful drink.

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HE'S THE OLD RELIABLE

GRAND old "Bull". He's the best there is. He sold over 300,000,000 bags last year. You know genuine "Bull" Durham—never an enemy; millions of friends.

Genuine "Bull" Durham tobacco—you can roll fifty-thrifty smokes from one bag. That's *some inducement*, nowadays.

GENUINE "BULL" DURHAM TOBACCO

10c

Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.
INCORPORATED



You pipe smokers, mix a little "BULL" DURHAM with your favorite tobacco. It's like sugar in your coffee.

None So Young

(Continued from Page 24)

pass window. Outside on the street we can't see—we don't know how beautiful it is—but inside with the sun streaming through—we get the beauty of the colors. It is a work of art, not just a window. And I saw time like that—not from the streets—but inside. And I was happier just sitting alone, happier than at dances. When the baby cried—I went upstairs—took him from his crib and rocked him. Oh, Mamma, his little body in my arms—warm and cuddly and needful. Did our little bodies seem like that in your arms—warm—needful—

Martha nodded and raised a hand to her wet cheek.

"I loved the baby more than I ever loved him before. And I *knew*—oh! swift and sure—that Youth isn't everything—and Pleasure isn't everything—" her voice was low—"but Love is, Mamma—love is."

Again, Martha nodded.

Alma half turned to the desk.

"I am writing Buster now," her fingers went out to the pan. "I hurt him, Mamma—oh, I know I hurt him—the way he hesitated at the dance—about the dinner to-night—and his face—I tried to look past his face, but I couldn't—I saw how hurt it was. He wouldn't hurt me, he is too fine for that. He is—he is—oh, so splendid isn't he, Mamma?"

"Yes," Martha said, "yes, Alma."

"It seemed to-night alone there with the baby—that I was listening for a step on the stairs, Mamma—a step—on the stairs—you know—*his step*. And I knew then how hurt he was—and how much he cares. He told me that! And I knew there alone in the little house that seemed mine, that I loved too but always I had never been on the right side of Life's window—I had been on the shallow side—I'd never seen Love shining through—like a great sun—shining through the color, Mamma. I was—well—asleep, but suddenly, I seemed to wake up. I knew—Love is most."

"Love is most," Martha echoed.

"Yes, Alma."

"So I am writing to tell him I am sorry—I can't have him hurt and some day—well maybe—you know—Mamma."

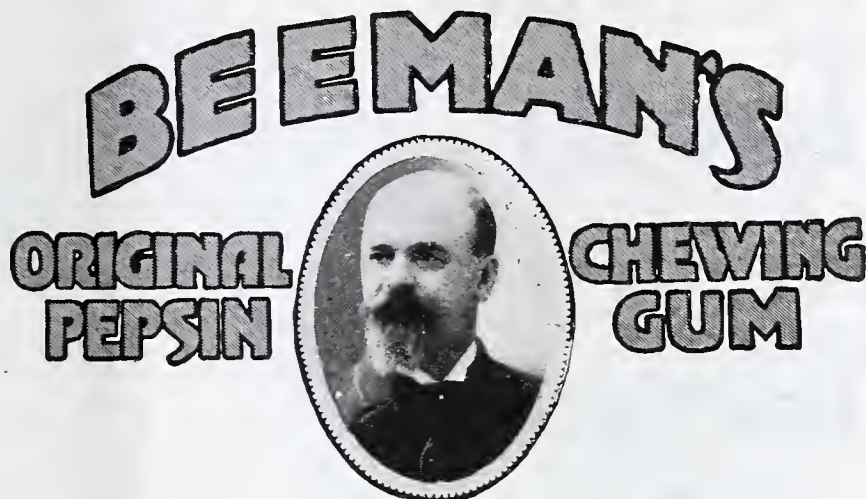
"I love Buster, too, dear," Martha said, simply.

"Oh! I am so glad—so glad," Alma cried softly. "He is—so dear—isn't he, Mamma?"

It had come—Alma would one day go away—leave them—be no longer theirs. But strangely Martha felt she had not lost Alma, but found her—found her! For all time they were bound and welded and held together. They both knew Love.

Martha watched Alma bending above the note. Memory moved her.

"None so old," she murmured in retrospection, "none so old—for Love." Then with a wistful smile at Alma, "None so young, either."



Good Digestion

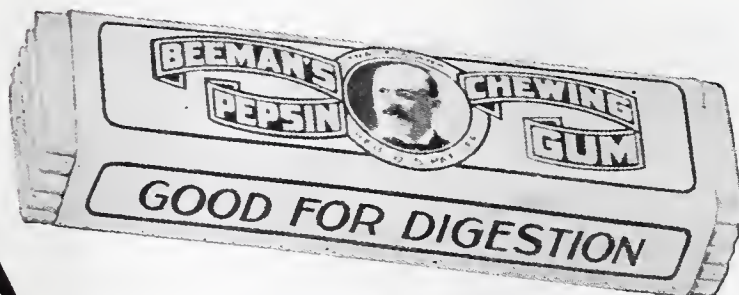
GOOD digestion depends largely upon two things—the quality of food we eat, and the manner in which we eat it.

Since my original pepsin chewing gum was first introduced, through national and state legislation, many laws have been enacted which assure the public a better quality food today than ever before, but the manner in which we eat food has not been materially improved.

By eating too hurriedly we fail to supply the food with saliva, which is so necessary in the first processes of digestion, and of course, in this hurried eating, the teeth do not perform their proper function, which is to break up the food into small particles.

The use of my original pepsin chewing gum ten minutes after each meal helps to supply the moisture which was not provided at meal time, and hence tends to improve the digestion of those who eat too hurriedly at meals.

D. E. Beeman



AMERICAN CHICLE COMPANY

New York

Cleveland

Chicago

Kansas City

San Francisco



Always
Sold
in a
Yellow
Box

Brush Your
Upper Teeth 
Downward
and
 Your Lower
Teeth Upward

In Lincoln's Chair

(Continued from Page 11)

that shows how he struck ordinary people. He said Lincoln was the most folksy of any of them, but that there was something about him that made everybody stand a little in awe of him. You could get near him in a sort of neighborly way, as though you had always known him, but there was something tremendous between you and him all the time.

"This man said he had eaten with him many times at the railroad eating houses. Everybody tried to get near Lincoln when he was eating, because he was such good company, but they looked at him with a kind of wonder, couldn't exactly make him out. Sometimes there was a dreadful loneliness in his look, and the boys used to wonder what he was thinking about. Whatever it was, he was thinking all alone. No one was afraid of him, but there was something about him that made plain folks feel toward him a good deal as a child feels toward his father, because you know every child looks upon his father as a wonderful man.

"There ain't any doubt but there was a good many years after Mr. Lincoln got started and everybody in the state held him high, when he was a disappointed man and when he brooded good deal over the way life was goin'. Trouble was he hadn't got a grip yet on anything that satisfied him. He hadn't made a go of politics, had quit it. Of course he had plenty of law practice, but, Lord-a-mighty, you take a town like this was along in the 40's, when Mr. Lincoln was practicin' here, and ge right down to what was really happenin', and it was enuff to make a broodin' man like him sick, and want to quit. He had to handle it all, a lawyer does, men fightin' over a dollar, gettin' rich on cheatin', stingy with their wives, breakin' up families, quarrelin' over wills, neglectin' the old folks and yet standin' high in the church, regular at prayer meetin', and teachin' in Sunday School. There was a lot of steady meanness like that all around, and it made him feel bad.

"And then there was dreadful things happened every now and then, men takin' up with girls when they had good wives of their own. There's more than one poor child lyin' over there in the graveyard because some ornary old scoundrel got the better of her, and there's more than one good man been put to shame in this town because some woman who was no better than she ought to be run him down. Lord, it makes you sick, and then every now and then right out of a clear sky there'd be a murder somewhere in the county.

"It was so all the time Mr. Lincoln was practicin' out here and it made him pretty miserable sometimes, I reckon, to see so much meanness around. I never knew a man who liked people better'n Mr. Lincoln did—seemed as if he felt the world ought to be happy, and that it could be if people would only do the right thing. You've heard people tellin' how he'd refuse a

case often if he didn't think it ought to be brought. Well, sir, that's true. I've heard him argue time and again with the boys about the duty of lawyers to discourage law suits. 'It's our business to be peacemakers,' he used to tell 'em. not to stir up quarrels for the sake of makin' a little money.

"I've always figured it out that he was a sight more contented after he got his grip on the slavery question. You know how he felt about slavery, thought it was wrong, and when he began to see there was a chance to fight it in a way that would count, he felt different towards his life, saw it did mean something, began to feel he was some real use. I reckon he began to believe God had a place for him—that he was put into the world for a good and sufficient reason. He made up his mind that the time had come when God meant to say to slavery, 'Thus far and no farther,' and he was ready to put in his best licks to help Him.

“He wrestled with that question till he drove it clear out of politics right down onto bed rock of right and wrong, and there he stood, slavery was wrong, and accordin’ to his way of lookin’ at it, people who pretended to regulate their lives on religion ought to be agin it. Allus troubled him a lot and sometimes made him pretty bitter that so many folks that stood high as Christians was for slavery. I remember Newt Bateman tellin’ how Lincoln came in his office one day after his nomination—Newt was State School Superintendent, and he and Mr. Lincoln was always great friends—well, he said Mr. Lincoln came in with a report of a canvass of how people in Springfield were goin’ to vote, and he said:

“ ‘Let’s see how the ministers in this town are goin’ to vote, and he went through the list pickin’ ’em out and settin’ ’em down, and, would you believe it now, he found that out of 23 ministers, 20 were against him. He was dreadfully upset, and talked a long time about it. Newt said he pulled a New Testament out of his pocket.

" 'What I don't understand,' he said, 'is how anybody can think this book stands for slavery. Human bondage can't live a minute in its light, and yet here's all these men who consider themselves called to make the teachin' of this book clear votin' against me. I don't understand it.

“ ‘They know Douglas don’t care whether slavery’s voted up or down, but they ought to know that God cares and humanity cares and they know I care. They ain’t been readin’ their Bibles right.

“ ‘Seems to me sometimes as if God had borne with this thing until the very teachers of religion had come to defend it out of the Bible. But they’ll find the day will come when His wrath will upset it. I believe the cup of iniquity is full, and that before we get through God will make the country suffer for toleratin’ a thing that is so contrary to what He teaches in this Book.’ ”

As I see it, that idee grew in him. Remember what he wrote in his call for a fast-day in the spring of '63? Well, I've got it here—just let me read it to you."

Billy rose and took from the drawer where he kept his precious relics a bundle of faded yellow newspapers and selected a copy of the *New York Tribune* of March 31, 1863.

"Now, you listen," said Billy, "and if I aint right that his idee when he asked to Newt had takin' hold of him self."

"Insomuch as we know that by His divine law nations, like individuals, are subjected to punishments and chastisements in this world, may we not justly infer that the awful calamity of civil war which now desolates the land may be but a punishment inflicted upon us for our presumptuous sins, to the needful end of our national reformation as a whole people."

"Isn't that just what he said to Newt Bteman?" Billy stopped long enough to remark.

"We have been the recipients of the richest bounties of Heaven. We have been preserved, these many years, in peace and prosperity. We have grown in numbers, wealth, and power as no other nation has ever grown; but we have forgotten God. We have forgotten the gracious hand which preserved us in peace, and multiplied and enriched and strengthened us; and we have vainly imagined in the deceitfulness of our hearts, that all these blessings were produced by some superior wisdom and virtue of our own. Intoxicated with unbroken success, we have become too self-sufficient to feel the necessity of redeeming and preserving grace, too proud to pray to the God that made us:

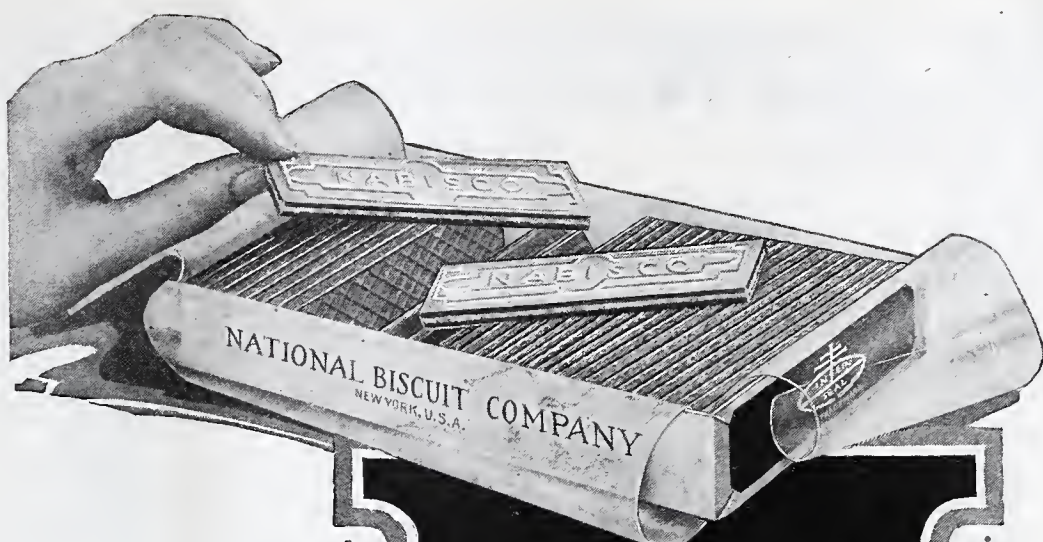
"It behooves us, then, to humble ourselves before the offended power, to confess our national sins, and to pray for clemency and forgiveness."

"The longer the war went on, the more and more sure he was that God was workin' out something, and hard as it was for him, the more and more reconciled he got to God's Government. Seems to me that's clear from what he said in his last Inaugural. You remember:

"The Almighty has His own purpose. Woe unto the world because of offenses! For it must needs be that offenses come; but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh! Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away, yet if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.'"

"I like to say that just like he said it. Seems kinda like music. He was that way sometimes, swung into sort of talk and made your heart stop to listen; it is so sweet and solemn-like.

"Makes me ache through to think that he had to go through to come out



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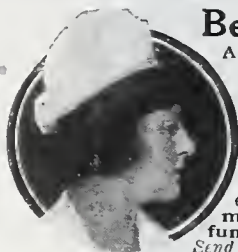
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where he could talk so sure and calm about things for, certain as he was that God had a purpose in it all, he wasn't so sure always that he was proceedin' along the lines the Almighty approved of. He never got over that struggle long as he was President, always askin' himself whether he was on God's side. Puzzled him bad that both sides thought God was with 'em. He pointed out more than once how the rebel soldiers was prayin' for victory just as earnest as ours—how the rebel people got the same kind of help out of prayer that the Union people did. And both couldn't be right.

"There isn't any doubt he often tested out whether God agreed with his argument or not, by the way things swung. It was that way about the Emancipation Proclamation. You know how he thought about that for months, and for the most part kept it to himself. He didn't want to do it that way, was dead set on the North buying the slaves instead of takin' 'em. But he had the Emancipation Proclamation ready, and he'd told God he'd let it loose if He'd give us the victory. Sounds queer, mebbe, but that's what he did. He told the Cabinet so, and they've told about it. A little mite superstitious, some would say. But Mr. Lincoln was a little superstitious, interested in things like signs and dreams—specially dreams, seemed to feel they might be tryin' to give him a hint. He's told me many a time about dreams he'd had, used to have same dream over and over, never got tired studyin' what it meant. You remember that happened in the war. He used to dream he saw a curious lookin' boat runnin' full speed toward a shore he couldn't make out clear, had that dream before nearly all the big battles—had it the night before they killed him, and told the Cabinet about it—thought it meant there'd be good news from Sherman.

"He got powerful discouraged sometimes, for it did seem the first three years of the war as if the Almighty wan't sympathizin' over much with the North. You remember how I told you once of havin' a long talk with him at night that time I went down to Washington to see him. Things was bad, awful bad. Country just plum worn out with the war. People was beginnin' to turn against it. Couldn't stand the blood lettin', the sufferin', and the awful wickedness of it. There was a lot of that feelin' in '64. People willin' to give up anything—let the South go—let her keep her slaves—do anything to put an end to the killin'. I tell you a man has to keep his eyes ahead in war—keep tellin' himself over and over what's it all about. Mr. Lincoln had to. They were talkin' peace to him, riotin' about the drafts, stirrin' up more kinds of trouble for him than he ever knew there was, I reckon. And he felt it—felt it bad; and that night it seemed to do him good to talk it out. You see I come from home, and I didn't have no connection with things down there, and 'twas natural he'd open up to me as he couldn't to them on the ground; and he did.

"I've studied a lot, Billy," he said, "whether this is God's side of this war.

I've tried my best to figure it out straight, and I can't see anything but that He must be for us. But look how things is goin'.

"One thing sure all I can do is to follow what I think's right. Whatever shall appear to be God's will, I'll do. There's quite a number of people who seem to think they know what God wants me to do. They come down every now and then and tell me so. I must say as I've told some of them that it's more'n likely if God is goin' to reveal His will on a point connected with my duty he'd naturally reveal it to me. They don't all lay it up against me when I talk this way. Take the Quakers. They're good people, and they've been in a bad fix for they don't believe in slavery, and they don't believe in war, and yet it seems to have come to the point that out of this war started to save free government, we're going to get rid of slavery. But they can't accept that way. Still they don't lay it up against me that I do, and they pray regular for me.

"We've been wrong, North and South, about slavery. No use to blame it all on the South. We've been in it, too, from start. If both sides had been willin' to give in a little, we might a worked it out, that is if we'd all been willin' to admit the thing was wrong, and take our share of the burden in puttin' and end to it.

"It's for our sins, Billy, this war is. We've brought it on ourselves. And God aint goin' to stop it because we ask Him to. We've got to fulfill the law. We broke the law, and God wouldn't be God as I see Him if He didn't stand by His own laws and make us take all that's comin' to us. I can't think we won't win the war. Seems to me that must be God's way, but if we don't, and the Union is broken and slavery goes on, well all it means accordin' to my way of seein' things is that the laws aint satisfied yet, that we aint done our part. There'll be more trouble until the reason of trouble ends.

"But I don't lay it up against God Billy. What it seems to me He's tryin' to do is to get men to see that there can't be any peace or happiness in this world so long as they aint fair to one another. You can't have a happy world unless you've got a just world, and slavery aint just. It's got to go. I don't know when. It's always seemed to me a pretty durable struggle—died back in '58, but I didn't see anything so bad then as we've come to. Even if I'd known I couldn't have done different, Billy. Even if we don't win this war and the Confederates set up a country with slavery in it, that ain't going to end it for me. I'll have to go on fightin' slavery. I know God means I should.

"It takes God a long time to work out His will with men like us, Billy, bad men, stupid men, selfish men. But even if we're beat, there's a gain. There are more men who see clear now how hard it is for people to rule themselves; more people determined government be the people shant perish from the earth; more people willin', to admit that you can't have peace when you've got

ing like slavery goin' on. That's something that's goin' to help when the next struggle comes.

"You mustn't think I'm givin' in, Billy. I aint, but look how things are goin'. What if we lose the election, and you must admit it looks now as if we would, what if we lose and a Copperhead Government makes peace—gives the South her slaves—lets the 'erring sinners' set up for themselves. I've got to think about that, Billy.

"Seems to me I can't bear the idea of this blood-lettin' should end that way, for I know lasting peace aint in that set of circumstances. That means trouble, more trouble, mebbe war again until we obey the law of God, and let our brother man go free."

"And he just dropped his head and groaned, seemed as if I could hear him sayin', 'Oh, my Father, if it be possible let this cup pass from me.'"

"Think he prayed? Think Abraham Lincoln prayed?" Billy's eyes were stern, and his voice full of reproachful surprise.

"I know he did. You wouldn't ask that question if you could have heard him that night he left here for Washington sayin' good-bye to us in the rain, tellin' us that without God's help he could not succeed in what he was goin' to—that with it, he could not fail, tellin' us he was turning us over to God, and askin' us to remember him in our prayers. Why a man can't talk like that that don't pray, leastwise an honest man like Abraham Lincoln.

"And he couldn't have stood it without God, sufferin' as he did, abused as he was, defeated again and again, and always hangin' on, always believin'. Can't you see from what I've been tellin' you that Abraham Lincoln all through the war was seeking to work with God, struggling to find out His purpose, and make it prevail on earth. A man can't do that unless he gets close to God, talks with Him.

"How do you suppose a man—just a common man like Abraham Lincoln could ever have risen up to say anything like he did in '65 in his Inaugural when he hadn't known God:

"With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and his orphan—to do which may achieve a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

"That aint ordinary human nature—particularly when it's fightin' a war—that's God's nature. If that aint what Christ had in mind, then I don't read the Bible right.

"Yes sir, he *prayed*—that's what carried him on—and God heard him and helped him. Fact is, I never knew of a man I felt so sure God approved of as Abraham Lincoln."

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Memgumban Gets the Idea

(Continued from Page 47)

many impossible punishments for his folly. But Sunday came, and Gertrude at the wheel of the family flivver; and off up shore went the three, blind man, white wife, and the cunningest, thickest-armed, most revengeful giant around Sulu waters.

Around noon they reached a glorious beach fringed with dry shade and fly-free, after a fashion. The Captain sighed for a dip in the surf.

"You two go up the beach a little," said his wife. "I'll get out lunch and make a smudge to keep the flies away. You'll stay close to him, won't you, Memgumban? Don't let him get far out. He's not as fit as he used to be."

Memgumban tried to answer but failed. He was bewildered. His fingers were itching to tear out this man's throat, while his will was fighting to obey Hsui Hsen and the Great Cause. Allah! How easy to throttle the blind man, a hundred yards out in the surf! Nobody would ever know! Why did the American take such a chance? Was he a fool? Or was Hsui Hsen right when he said the Captain really wished to be Memgumban's friend? But why? Why? Memgumban's head whirled, but it minded Hsui Hsen. And the joy of a plunge in that warm, lapping surf made obedience easier. Ahi! This was life again! And no patrol boat to swoop down on you! Sweet is freedom, even when a gift from the Americans!

Memgumban helped the Captain dress, while the Captain laughed at his own clumsiness.

"It is hard to be blind." The words escaped Memgumban and astonished him.

"Oh, not so hard as you think," the Captain chuckled. "The sight of things gets in one's way, I think."

"What do you mean?" Memgumban stammered.

"The mind that toils in the dark works straight, for it is not distracted by the mere looks of things. Thus it sees much that the eye cannot reveal."

"I have heard men at San Ramon say that of you," Memgumban blurted. "But it is nonsense——"

"Think so!" The Captain lifted his sightless face to the brown man. "Well I see things in your head, Memgumban, which you yourself do not see. There are queer thoughts sprouting there, like little toads in the first rains. They are many and faint, and you do not know what they say. But I know."

"Allah protect me, but it cannot be!" Memgumban howled. "Tell me what they are." And he resolved that, if this amazing man should mention the new rebellion and Hsui Hsen's friends overseas, he would slay him on the spot and flee to the jungle.

"No. But I'll write them on a paper and bury them here under a tree. And

some day we'll come back and dig it up."

Memgumban shuddered. He felt that a python was eyeing him in the darkness. While the Captain scribbled his vision on a page of his memo book, Memgumban grew most uncomfortable. Not even the wonderful American lunch Mrs. Everett had ready for him cheered his spirit.

Nightfall found them in a wretched village of ill repute. They took quarters in the two least offensive nipa huts.

"Memgumban," said the Captain, drowsily. "There are some bad men hereabouts. You and I should take turns sitting up."

From midnight to dawn was Memgumban's watch. He tried hard to keep his mind on the cocoanut lands they were going to visit next day, and the Captain's words about the immense fortunes in copra. But he could not. He kept shutting his eyes and thinking hard in the dark, to see things blind men see. And toward dawn he began to see very strange things indeed.

Back in San Ramon, Memgumban threw himself into his farm work with vigor. The plantations Captain Everett had shown him on that memorable trip had opened his eyes to cocoanut. At last he had grasped that a cocoanut grove is the Klondike of the vegetable kingdom. When he and Hsui Hsen had triumphed over the Americans they would take over every cocoanut palm in Mindanao for themselves. Then would they be Lords of the Earth, rich beyond all avarice. . . .

The Superintendent began to point with pride to Memgumban and tell every visitor that here was proof of the wisdom of the Government prison policy to treat all men as human beings and, in the language of official reports, "by fixed habits of industry, by intellectual and moral instruction, to fit the prisoner for return to society, a law-abiding, self-respecting, self-supporting member thereof." Memgumban endured the admiring gaze of visitors and Superintendent with Malay stolidity; but when they had gone, he would close his eyes and think hard in the dark, to see the things blind men see. And each time he tried, he saw something new.

Thus went ten more months. Memgumban mastered copra and English and hemp and truck gardening. On the first of each month came the Everetts, and the white-and-rose wife taught him to drive the automobile, a fearful adventure, worse than swimming all night through a typhoon, until you caught on. And then? Ahi! They took him down to Zamboanga and there showed him a frightful piece of witchcraft—a dark room full of people, all silent, then a clatter, a shaft of light, and of a sudden all manners of people and places con-

jured up at the further end of the room, on which light shone.

"Ahi!" he exclaimed. "Now you have proved to me that men can see strange things in the dark. It is magic. But true."

"They are only moving pictures," said the woman Gertrude. "You can make them yourself. We have a camera at the house. I will show you."

Memgumban was afraid to dip into the supernatural and declined the invitation. Back in prison, he closed his eyes a long time. And when he opened them and found Antonio Rizal waiting to see him, he was not deeply interested in the barber's report on Hsui Hsen's progress with the great rebellion. Millions of rifles on their way to a cache up coast. A great wireless outfit ready. Two hundred *datos* pledged to the death. Now, a fleet of motor boats on its way up from a cove of North Borneo, and then—

"You and I shall sweep these foul Americans into the sea." Antonio gestured at the visible universe.

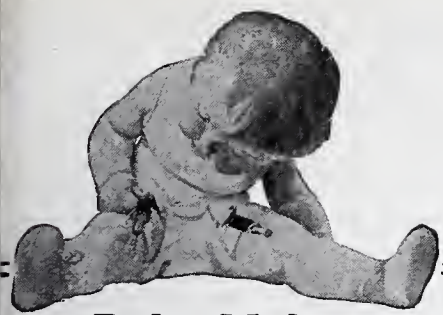
Memgumban pondered, grunted, then closed his eyes once again. The barber was vexed at the failure of his oratory and commiserated his fellow conspirator on the rapid working of the poisons in his system. Memgumban said nothing.

Memgumban was cracking nuts in the drying shed one day, when three visitors came through. As they passed on, one fell behind, then stepped up and whispered: "You are Memgumban, friend of Hsui Hsen?" And, as Memgumban nodded: "The great day is here! Listen carefully to these orders. To-morrow Captain Everett calls to take you for a ride. In the left hand pocket of his auto door we have hidden a *kris*. He will drive you northward past Dumagsa Point. Five miles beyond, where the road bends to give you a look at Sibuku Bay, a dead python will be lying across the road. This will be a sign to you. Kill the Captain and his wife there—or keep the woman, if you wish her. Then come to the shore below—we have a boat for you there that will take you to your camp. An army awaits you. And here—in case you need it for any emergency!"

He slipped a great roll of bank notes into Memgumban's hand and strode off. Memgumban studied them, first with open eyes, then with closed eyes. And fell to cracking nuts.

Next morning came the Everett car as usual, with the Captain unusually excited.

"We must move fast to-day, my friend," said he. "The war in Europe is on, and it's sending copra skyhooting. My friends can't wait to grow new groves. They've got to buy in old ones—and pay any old price too! Hsui Hsen has gobbled up all the loose grove along the coast—he stands to make a



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million off them too. We've got to beat him back country. Now here's where you must lend a hand—and fix yourself for life too. You're a millionaire already, Memgumban."

"How so?" Memgumban demanded. "You know every inch of Mindanao. You can find many little groves for us. You can speak the tongues of the hill men. You can command their respect and obedience. Thus you are very valuable to us. And we will make you valuable to yourself. We shall not take a ride to-day. Come to Zamboanga with me and meet the rich Americans who are going to make you Resident Manager of the biggest chain of coconut groves on earth. They'll make an offer you can't turn down."

"I shall consider this." Memgumban stepped into the auto, thinking hard and eyeing the pocket of the rear left-hand door.

On the veranda of the Everett bungalow sat seven huge Americans and said things that made Memgumban dizzy. "Expense doesn't count. Buy any grove you find at the best price, but buy it. We give you three headquarters—pick them out for yourself and send us the bill. And down in the harbor we've a boat for you. Start to-night sure and strike inland wherever you think best. . . ." Memgumban didn't get it all; it was so dreamlike and confusing. He wasn't sure whether his eyes were open or shut. He mumbled that he couldn't accept because he was a prisoner in San Ramon.

"I've fixed that," Captain Everett smiled. "You're off on parole from this hour forth."

"You mean," Memgumban said slowly, "that you have set me free?"

The Captain nodded. "I wish to see a barber," said Memgumban. "One by the name of Antonio Rizal. Where can I find him at once?"

"Rizal? Hm. Why, I guess he's the chap who works for Hsui Hsen, down in Hsui Hsen's new warehouse—back of the fish market."

"Hsui Hsen—he has a new warehouse?" Memgumban stammered. Then he cursed his stupidity. Of course, Hsui Hsen had a warehouse for those rifles and supplies of the great rebellion that was about to begin.

"He'll have a dozen new ones if you don't hustle," the Captain laughed. "Now hurry back."

Memgumban stopped beside the Captain's auto and reached into the rear left-hand door pocket. His fingers closed around a short kris, which he deftly slipped under his coat.

In the dark cool of a large stone building he found Hsui Hsen, who drew back at the sight of him.

"I did not expect you here," said Memgumban. "I sought Rizal, to send your money back to you."

"My money? What does this mean?" Hsui Hsen demanded, as Memgumban flung at him the great roll which the stranger had given him.

"I have been thinking much with my eyes closed," said Memgumban. "And now I am through with you and your rebellions. Kill me if you can, but it will cost you dear." And he



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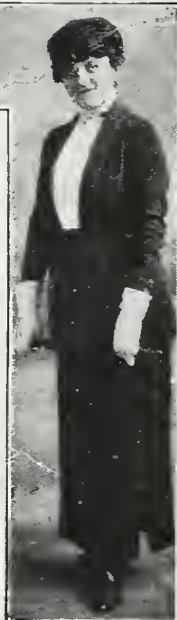
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flashed his *kris*. "I am an American now. Their ways are my ways, for they are better. I killed their soldiers. I blinded the Captain. And they hunted me down for years. They caught me, and I expected the ant hill. There was no ant hill. Then I looked for poison. But there was none. The Captain treated me as a friend, and trusted me when I might have killed him as easily as a chicken. At San Ramon the Americans taught me how to get rich growing cocoanuts and hemp, and now they are going to give me a chance to grow them, with all the money I need. They have given me food such as we Moros cannot cook. I have known at San Ramon not an hour's misery from fever. No, nor even from lice! Think of a place without lice! Why, the sheiks used to teach us that there were lice even in Paradise. They said Allah kept them there to bite the Faithful once in a hundred years, just to remind them that they were a little lower than the angels."

"Ho! Ho!" cackled Hsui Hsen. "Excellent! That will make Rizal laugh till he is sore. I must tell him as soon as he returns from Captain Everett's."

"Rizal? The barber? What is he doing at the Captain's?"

"Never mind. Go on with your story." Hsui Hsen gestured affably.

But Memgumban did not go on. He saw it all now. Hsui Hsen had sent Antonio to kill the Captain in case Memgumban himself failed. Hsui Hsen was not the man to put too much trust in any one tool or plan. Even now, Antonio might be lurking behind some bush.

"Ahi! If he hurts so much as the little finger of my Captain," Memgumban screamed, "I shall tie you to an ant hill." And he leaped at the Chinaman with the *kris*. But too late. Hsui Hsen had slipped through a rear door and barred it. He heard the Celestial laughing and calling somebody.

Kris in hand, Memgumban bounded to the street, as a tiger bounds. Women and children screamed, officers shouted, for they saw a Malay running amuck—which is a terrible thing. A gun cracked behind him, and Memgumban felt little ants nipping his thigh. Another gun cracked, and hot pins jabbed his ribs. But on he sped the faster. For a Moro, you must know, is as nearly bullet-proof as nickel steel.

He reached the Everett bungalow, and his heart turned to ice. There sat Antonio Rizal, smirking greasily at the Captain. And beside him Hsui Hsen, who had beaten Memgumban in an auto. Memgumban gripped his *kris* more firmly and chanted: "Shoot the yellow man quick, Tuan! I am coming!"

Hsui Hsen and Rizal gave him one look and leaped into the house. Then Mrs. Everett came down the steps and smiled: "Why, Memgumban, you big silly. What's the matter with you? Do have a sandwich and tell us about it."

Not a logical sentence, but a very psychological sandwich. Memgumban came to rest on the veranda between the front door and his Captain; and

seeing his Captain safe, he recited in childlike monotone the whole story of the great rebellion that wasn't. When he had done, Hsui Hsen stuck his cunning old head out of a window and said: "It is my fault, gentlemen. I should have done as you advised. I should have told Memgumban that you too was an American. But I was afraid of his terrible wrath and arm. And so was Antonio."

"You? An American?" Memgumban sputtered.

"Old friend," said the Chinaman. "I too have been considering all things carefully. I watched how they treated you at San Ramon. I too looked for treachery and poison but found none. And at last I understood. Now—he gestured toward the party—"I am or how many thousand guns there were in copra and hemp. I trust the other Americans here bear me no grudge for having bought the best shore grove before they could."

"But—the million rifles?" And the motor boats?" Memgumban rolled his eyes.

"Oh, you mean that little German cache up at Sibuku Bay?" Captain Everett cut in. "I hear they did use your name in that connection. The afternoon, our patrol boats gather in the bunch. Say! What's wrong?"

Mrs. Everett was screaming faintly, her eyes on three great blotches of red which were spreading on Memgumban. She called for bandages and a doctor. But Memgumban only looked at her. Captain and said: "What was it you wrote on that paper up shore and buried under the tree?"

"You are a smart scamp." The blind man laughed. "You ask the right question at the right time. Here you are. In the slow, creeping script of the eyes, he wrote on a newspaper the words:

"Memgumban knows a good thing when he sees it. When he sees it, he goes after it. So some day he will kill an American."

Memgumban grinned. Then a doctor from the Military Reservation arrived, joining pattered up and inspected the wounds and spoke gravely.

"Bah!" Memgumban grunted at him and took another sandwich. "It is not serious. For it has not touched my eyes."

"What?" asked Mrs. Everett.

"Nothing matters, so long as my eyes are good. For I am going to live my eyes for my Captain all my life. I took his eyes away when I was a foolish young boy. Now I am a man and know his for what he is. And I tell you all, shall not take your fine boat and your plantations unless I can be with my Captain, to see for him."

"You see!" chirped Hsui Hsen. "My old partner is a cunning one! Have you not all said that the Captain ought to give up his desk work and join us in copra? And where is there a better team than Memgumban and the Captain?"

Memgumban sat down gently beside his Captain. And his Captain, silent as the dark waters of the sea bottom, laid his hand on Memgumban's shoulder and the others turned away.

Happy Though the Family Numbers 1500

(Continued from Page 17)

cient family or other distinc-
n. The splendid kitchen and
ivate dining-room of the canteen
apts the women of one church to
e a public bazaar, and lo! against all
diction of failure it is a great success.
e women of all the town come out,
y, chat, discuss Southport affairs, and
rn who each other are! Parents
ne to the Sunday afternoon "sings"
nking to look on while their children
orus—and are themselves the most
illed of all at a great outburst of
riotic song. Not in years have they
n so wrought up emotionally; it is a
new thing in their lives. And on
idays everyone comes to a big general
cial and appropriate celebration at
community house and the magnifi-
t commons which stands touching it.
Southport has found itself. The
an Brays now know each other. But
at about the thousand and one other
uthports-before-the-war which dot
country—towns of from a thousand
twenty-five hundred population,
ere it is the lack of a community
se and an impulse from without
ch prevents community neighborli-
s from developing? To help small-
n America to find itself, to start
er towns along the path that South-
t has found so successful—there
ly is an aspiration of real social
ificance. Let us hope it will not
e another war to give the impulse.

Nine Girls and a Farm

(Continued from Page 34)

was just a baby who couldn't
ea her salt. But they wanted her—
took her home and adopted her.
It is a pretty exciting game after
"Mr. Lemon enthuses. "You see
never know what we may find and
ng home with us."
The Lord surely gave us this one.
ow He did. For she is just exactly
at we have always wanted."
George and Alice Lemon believe,
ht, more than anything else, this
ion needs women trained to be wives
mothers, who can earn a living from
soil if in no other way, who are
ng and healthy, prepared to bear
dren and to rear them wholesomely.
ere was a type of woman represented
many of our pioneer mothers and
ndmothers which the Lemon's aver
uld not perish from the earth. She
s a woman who used both brain and
ncle and from whom sprang the best
ody and in mind the United States
America has ever produced. This
al the Lemon's are holding up before
girls for whom they have assumed
ardianship.

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Judge Dunn of Worcester, who sits in court up that way, viewing year after year the sorry procession of youthful offenders which passes before his bench, knows the Lemons and wishes to Heaven there were more like them.

Here in America, most generous of all countries, he says the woods are full of folks who will write out checks for

almost any good cause. "But where can you find the people who can and will devote their thought, strength and means to opening their homes, taking into their families, educating and training boys and girls who, through no fault of their own, are deprived of even the ordinary opportunities of life?

Where can you?

A Joy Ride That Pays

(Continued from Page 60)

than those when pig club meets pig club. Girls' champion canning teams from Illinois meet teams from Iowa, give and take defeat. Big meetings are held in county seats, and medals are pinned upon boys and girls, who are very proud and happy and somewhat scared. At every possible excuse refreshments are served. If these husky young food-raisers are not entitled to do a good deal of eating, who is?

And songs are sung. One gets the impression that whenever two or more club members get together they make a more or less melodious noise. There has already grown up quite a club-song literature—the old standbys, of course, patriotic songs and parodies like those popular ones beginning, "Johnny, get your hoe" and "Keep the home cow milking." There is that spirited song (sung to the tune of the "Old Gray Mare"), "The 4-H Club-mobile," and the popularity of rounds is utilized in such parodies as "Hoe, hoe, hoe, your row."

With all this gayety it must be clear that there is a good deal of joy connected with the responsibility of being a club member. As for the work, it must be remembered that a great many of the members would have had to work anyhow, helping along the common farm enterprise. Farmers do not make a practice of bringing up their children in enervating idleness. The difference is that they are now working to a more definite purpose and for their own interests. Until boy nature is revised upwards he will continue to find little inspiration in hoeing somebody else's corn and feeding the vague and indefinite family pig. Doing it for oneself, competing for prizes, preparing to come before a jury of one's peers with some notable achievement, getting another H upon one's club pin—that is a horse of another color. The work is still there but the stinger is taken out.

Herein lies the difference between the work of the Junior clubs and that child labor which we are determined to abolish from the land. Child labor exploits children for the benefit of somebody else; club work exploits pigs and soil and government agents for the benefit of the children. The work is not always easy, but the members are not encouraged

to bite off more than they can reasonably be expected to chew. Best of all the member is his own boss. And anybody who has ever been a boy or who has mothered or even sistered one knows that he has, somewhere in his internal economy, an automatic safety valve that keeps him from working too hard, if he is his own lenient employer.

There seems to be no disagreement upon the social value of this club work. It is endorsed by such vigorous opponents of child labor as the Department of Labor, the Bureau of Education and the Red Cross Society. In Secretary Houston's words, "Who could have anything but praise for the work that teaches farm boys and girls of today how they can be progressive farmers and housekeepers of tomorrow?"

All of this club activity centers in the States Relations Service, of which Dr. A. C. True is the director, in the Fourteenth Street neighborhood where the Department of Agriculture overflows its banks and spreads all over that section of the capital. Here is where they make the rules and keep the records, for the weights and measures must be standard and according to Hoyle; here where they find new worlds for the young Alexanders of ours to conquer. Here they keep their hands upon the pulse of the movement, get the reports of the agents and thousands of those annual essays by the members upon the projects—stiff and awkward enough, often as when youth takes its pen in hand, but sometimes surprisingly unconscious and spirited. There is a fine faith and enthusiasm among the captains and lieutenants here and they know what they are doing. One does not find here a disposition to believe that the millennium is coming as the result of this work—least not before the week after next—but they know that they are building a big future. They take their four legs very seriously, the head, the heart, the hands and the health. They know that a well-rounded boy is a bigger asset than a hundred-bushel acre and that a girl that knows her intelligent way about the house and garden is worth more than a wagon load of canned tomatoes. It is of such stuff that the hope of tomorrow is being made.

I Americanize Myself

(Continued from Page 27)

ned of returning home to the
rland to enjoy the fruits of
labors. There has been nothing
peal to him, to hold him in this
try, and the fatherland is the only
he knows. It is natural that
nality and nativity form a strong
ction for one who is in reality but
nger in a strange land.
ture, however, provided me with
all-headed determination which
immigrants lack and it helped me
n environment of bull-headed de-
e of all obstacles. I simply did
I saw others do. But the thing
I cherish the most is the helping
which would not have been given
e of my hopeless helplessness in any
country on earth.

A. P. Johnson.

ldiers of Citizen-ship

(Continued from Page 37)

ies, Frenchmen, Danes, Greeks,
n, Hungarians, Hondurans, Irish,
ns, Lithuanians, Moroccans, Mexi-
Norwegians, Portuguese, Poles,
ans, Rumanians, Spaniards, Sibe-
Turks, and Venezuelans. Could
be conceivably a better test of
icanization possibilities? Yet that
ust about the nationality make-up
ne development battalions which,
e training camps of the war made
icans out of illiterate immigrants.
achievement makes one think of
Macaulay wrote upward of a cen-
ago:
any politicians of our time are in
abit of laying it down as a self-
nt proposition that no people ought
free until they are fit to use their
om. The maxim is worthy of the
in the old story who resolved not
into the water till he had learnt
im. If men are to wait for liberty
hey become wise and good in slav-
they may indeed wait forever."
few weeks ago Col. Lentz, a D'Ar-
n for ideas, suggested to the powers
be at Washington that it would be
d thing for the reconstructed re-
and a better thing for the Ameri-
ation cause generally if an exhibi-
squad could be taken over the
d States to show the people just
has been accomplished; special at-
on being paid to cities and communi-
where the foreign born, non-English
ing population is heavy. Again
Colonel was told to go to it. He
ed at random a squad of twenty-
enlisted men out of the six hun-
at Upton and took the squad to
of the big cities in the East and
e Central States. Exhibition drills
e cadence system were held. En-
men of the squad which proudly



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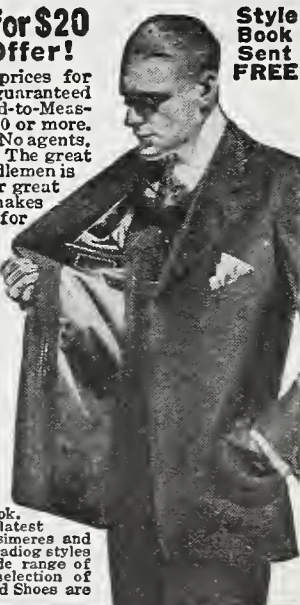
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advertised itself as "Americans all," made brief talks explaining just how they felt about the whole idea. Receptions, dinners and dances were given for them. Lentz has a scrap-book big as your old family Bible which is crowded with enthusiastic editorial comment and with news stories revealing how much reporters were impressed. Many editorials are from foreign language newspapers. But the best results of the tour came when Privates Balchunas, Kristopolos, Myatowych, Svennigssen, et al., dropped into colonies of their own people, heads up, chests out, proudest boys you ever saw, and proceeded to tell their folk what the United States of America now means to them. They made such talks in movie theatres and on street corners. And they made a hit. Lentz and his junior officers were bombarded with questions in the colonies of the foreign born as to what the Army can do for the young man of foreign birth. The men of the squad were treated like heroes in these communities of the unleavened alien.

The yeast is working, Col. Lentz feels confident, and the big thing is for Congress and the people to comprehend the value of this melting pot, the only utensil of the kind that has ever worked, the United States Army's new system. The Army plans to extend the system in numerous other recruit schools.

I have written a good deal about the benefit to the individual who comes into the Army illiterate and ignorant. Here are points that Lentz and his fellow-workers make: What about the benefit to America? Just how will the United States be profited materially? Ask yourself. The thing, it seems, is as obvious as a mountain. Do we care again to face

a military situation with nearly 25 per cent. of the young men of the country unable to speak, read or write the English language? Do we feel comfortable under any circumstances and especially in these disturbed and restless times with a fourth of the youth of America blindly ignorant of the purpose of America, as well as the language of America? Are we content that the foreign language press reaches thirty million persons in our land and with such appeal as any observant man knows to be dangerous for democracy? Would not business men, advertisers, publishers, like to reach these people in the English language? Are we satisfied that the number of illiterates and non-English speaking persons in the United States should outnumber the population of Canada and number more, indeed, than the whole population of the United States in 1800? The answer must be no. certainly is the Army's answer, for the Army is stirred by the Big Idea and going to try with all of the intelligence persistence characteristic of it to push the Big Idea over.

One final word from Lentz, who was born out in Theresa, Wis., was graduated from West Point in 1905 and is a hustler from Hustlerville:

"The United States Army from now on is a University in Khaki. We put young men to attend our school of Americanism. More than that we propose to increase their earning capacity hundreds of dollars a year after they leave the Army. But much more than that, we show them the way to become happy and contented citizens of the greatest nation on earth. We make Americans and our trademark is the good old 'E Pluribus Unum!'"

Better America

(Continued from Page 49)

A DREAM
COME TRUE

confidence and who encourage a man to tell of himself. Perhaps, being wrapped up in the work, I talked better than usual. I told him of the poor buildings and equipment of the colored Y. M. C. A., of our struggles to raise money and give our boys a decent meeting-place with good surrounding influences, of our difficulties and our small triumphs and, possibly rather boastfully, I remarked that Mr. Rockefeller had given us \$25,000 for a building in New York.

Mr. Rosenwald smiled a little and remarked, in his jocular manner, "I will give you \$25,000 for every town in the United States that will raise \$75,000."

Perhaps I looked a little bit stunned. I know I could not quite digest the business of it mentally for some time,

and the others looked as blank as I felt. Mr. Rosenwald threw back his head and laughed as if enjoying our bewilderment and said:

"Rather took your breath, didn't it?"
"Mr. Rosenwald," I said, "that may cost you a million dollars."

"I hope it does," he said. "I guess you can't do more than one a month, can you?"

The wonderful benefit that our meant to my race was beginning to dawn on my mind. We had not come there to ask for anything, and were not expecting anything, I know that I felt like crying and singing at the same time and could not say a word, not even to thank him. And he understood.

A man needs inspiration, and he gets it. He inspired me and he inspired every colored man who heard of his offer. In the next six months I called on him six times to make good his offer and each time he sent the check—and a letter of cheer urging me to greater efforts. No one excepting those interested in the work, knew of his generosity until the first of the next year.

en he announced publicly his offer
the colored Y. M. C. A.

It was a year or more after that time
at my work called me to Chicago.
Rosenwald invited me to be his
guest at dinner at his country home at
Virginia and tell him how the work was
progressing. It was just a family
party, his wife, and children and his
aged mother. He seated me at his
right hand and his mother at my right—
a wonderful old lady to whom he is
beautifully devoted. During the dinner
he made me talk of the colored people
and of our work among them, of the
Y. M. C. A. work. He inspires a man,
shows him out, his delicate sympathy
and understanding make a man feel
a privilege to tell his hopes and his
anxieties. I was a little proud of the
things our people had done, under the
inspiration of his generosity. The old
lady listened with much interest
and finally asked, in broken, careful
English: "Mr. Moorland, did colored
people do all these things?"

"Yes, by the help and inspiration of
our son," I said.

She appeared to be thoughtful and
a little puzzled, and finally asked:
"How did you come to do it, Julius?
Did anyone make you do it?"

They say that we of the colored race
are more emotional, and more suscept-
ible to such feeling than others. Per-
haps this is true. I know that I felt
the question the whole of the pathos
of the Jew from the beginning of history.
Perhaps Mr. Rosenwald felt it, too.
With that beautiful deference and love
for the Jewish people for the mother, he
turned to her and smiled, as he
said:

"No, mother. No one made me do
it. You see I met Moorland and I liked
him. He did not ask me for anything.
I wanted to set an example because I
knew of no people to-day so in need of
help as are the colored people in the
United States."

There was a little silence and I know
I felt very strongly what he said. His
mother arose from her chair and
walked behind me to him. She put
her arm around his neck and he patted
her hand.

"You are a very good boy, Julius,"
she said.

He laughed as a child does, happy
to receive praise from his mother, and said:
"That's all right, mother, I got it all
from you."

"From me?" she said in surprise.
"I have no money."

He laughed again, very happily and
took her hand and she bent over and
kissed him.

I know I could not have spoken be-
cause something was choking me. She
turned to her seat and presently
turned to me and said:

"Mr. Moorland, thousands of men
have thanked me for Julius."

That was the night when I returned
to my room and went to bed without
thought of sleep and thrilled with some-
thing better than ever I had known.
For I knew that God was good, and
that, in spite of the fact that it some-
times seems different, men were good
and that universal love among man-
kind was not an impossible dream.

"—and then with just a few weeks more of Sanatogen"

ON the road to health at last! And
yet how impatient you are to be
up and going. But it is now, when the
system is trying to rebuild its store of
energy, that you will be most grateful
for the reconstructive help of Sana-
togen.

Sanatogen, you must know, is a
natural food- tonic, combining purest
albumen with organic phosphorus—
thus conveying to the wasted system
the vital elements to build up blood
and tissues—and it is so remarkably
easy of digestion that the most delicate
—young and old—can take it, with
nothing but beneficial effects.

It reawakens the appetite, assists
digestion, and as a physician in "The
Practitioner," a leading medical jour-
nal, says, "It seems to possess a
wonderful effect in increasing the
nutritive value of other food material."

When we tell you that Sanatogen is used by
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strength and vitality, that more than 21,000
physicians have written letters commending it,
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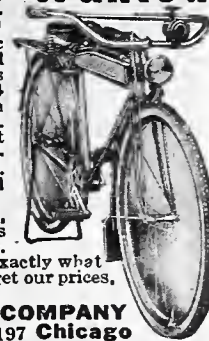
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She just rubs it on the congested spot. Instantly a peculiar penetrating heat begins its work of healing—and without fuss, or muss or blister.

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The clean white ointment sets your skin a-tingle. First, you feel a glowing warmth, then a pleasant lasting coolness, but way down underneath the coolness, old Nature is using that peculiar heat to disperse congestion and send the pain away.

Made of oil of mustard and a few home simples, Musterole is uncommonly effective in treatment of the family's little ills. It takes the ache out of grandfather's back. It soothes sister's headache. It helps mother's neuralgia.

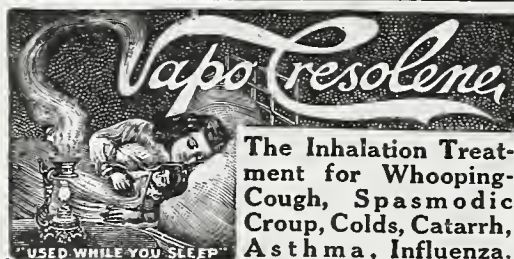
Mother pins her faith to it as a real "first aid."

She is never without a jar of Musterole in the house.

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THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 62 Cortlandt St., New York or Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada

Health

(Continued from Page 41)

A RED CROSS HEALTH CENTER

find out what the trouble was. All he could do was a medium amount of work; he hadn't much strength, his body was thin, and his chest drooping.

He had a kind of perpetual cold, that kept him "wore down." There was nothing special the matter, he believed. He worked every day, and any idea of being really ill was entirely foreign to his mind. There were no doctors near his place, but he sort of took a notion that the next time he went to town he would hunt one out, and see if—well, perhaps he needed a little tonic or something or other to brace himself up a bit.

But when he got to town, he was entirely bewildered as to what doctor to consult. He hated to throw away his money on the wrong kind of assistance, and he dreaded falling into the hands of some slick city charlatan. He trudged and trudged the streets, trying to work it out with himself as to what he should do. The day was nearly passed and he found himself drifting back toward the homeward journey, disappointed at not having solved his problem, when suddenly he noticed a sign, which read "Health Center, American Red Cross." Here was an organization he knew and trusted, and so he turned in through the gate, and went inside.

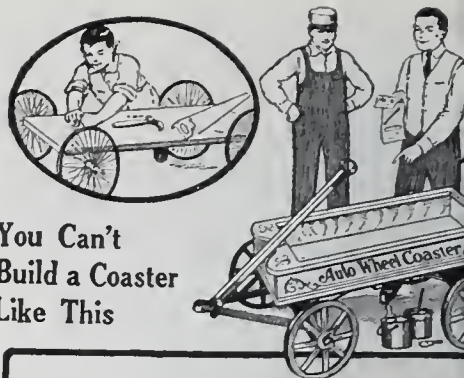
He found a Red Cross nurse ready to serve him. She was a "County Nurse," one who knew every doctor and every health and medical agency in the whole county. She was one of those crisp, efficient, helpful little persons. The farmer stated the object of his visit, but the well-trained eye of this little nurse needed but one glance at his thin yellow face with two spots of red in his cheeks. At her instigation, the Anti-tuberculosis Association arranged for him to have an expert medical examination. It was found to be an active case of tuberculosis, fast sending him to the grave.

Immediate assistance was rendered to the farmer in adjusting his personal affairs, and he was then directed to a sanatorium, where he is making slow, but satisfactory recovery.

Have you a Health Center in your town or county?

WHY

WHEN the Field Investigator of the United States Public Health Service went to Yakima County, in the State of Washington, to find out why that County had a typhoid fever death rate three times as high as that for the United States as a whole, they made house to house visits to see what the sanitary conditions were and how much the people knew about the causes of disease. Sample answers given to the investigators as to why people in their County fell ill from typhoid were as follows: The Lord sends it, the devil brings it, bathing while the blood is hot, heredity, green fruit, frogs, breath-



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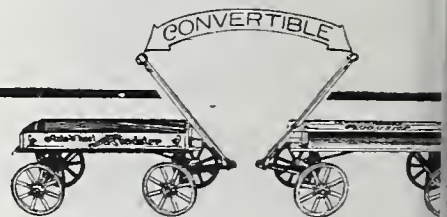
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other people's breath, damn laziness, going to church, cabbage! When members of the households accompanied the investigator on his survey, and had it pointed out that filth from the pigsty or the privy was entering the well; that chickens, ever scratching in stable manure, went with the filth on their feet to the leaky tubform over the well, they could not reasonably doubt the investigator's statement that the water from that well, used for drinking, was not what it should be, and that this was probably the real source of the typhoid. The Public Health Service officers established headquarters at the County seat, exhibited model sanitary devices, gave lectures all over the County, supplied the local newspapers with educational material besides distributing it in the mail and handing it from house to house, and they furnished town councils and boards of commission with information regarding specific conditions in their territories and with suggestions for betterment, especially from the standpoint of protecting water supplies. During the year before the Government officers went to Yakima County, the number of deaths from typhoid fever in the principal town alone (the County Seat) had been 30. This means that they must have had some 30 cases of the disease, because only about one person in ten who contracts the disease actually dies of it. During the year of the survey, the number of deaths from typhoid dropped to 6. The next year it was 4, the next 3, and the next 2—but in these three years every case was contracted outside the county, and only came in there for treatment; that is, not one case was of local origin, in this once heavily infected locality. Are the people who still have deaths from preventable disease in their communities asking themselves Why?

The March of The Red Cross

(Continued from Page 62)

In spite of the fact that simply from February, 1919, to August, 1919, nearly nine millions of dollars worth of financial assistance was rendered to the families of soldiers—and in spite the fact that most Home Service sections are making a check on every disabled soldier on their local list, and in many cases on even all discharged soldiers, and are seeing to it that every possible service is being rendered to them also. The vigorous vitality of this Red Cross work and its turning toward the social problems of our communities is one of the best guarantees that the tremendous asset created in America by the Red Cross organization in the war will not be lost to us by dissipation or the encroachment of personal interests. The second great peace-time activity



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A Woman's Smile

Should Reveal Glossy Teeth

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It is Film That Clouds Them

That slimy film which you feel on your teeth is the cause of most tooth troubles.

It clings to the teeth, enters crevices and stays. The tooth brush does not end it. The ordinary tooth paste does not dissolve it. So it continues to mar the beauty and to wreck the teeth.

That film is what discolors—not the teeth. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

That film is the teeth's great enemy. So dental science has for years sought a way to end it. Now an efficient film combatant has been found. It has been proved by careful tests. And now leading dentists all over America are urging its daily use.

Supplied to All Who Ask

For home use this method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And to show its effects a 10-Day Tube is sent to anyone who asks. This is to urge that you get it.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to day by day combat it.

This method long seemed impossible. Pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But science has discovered a harmless activating method. And now active pepsin can be daily used to combat this viscous film.

Able authorities have made convincing clinical and laboratory tests. Now everyone is asked to make a home test and see what Pepsodent does.

Compare the results with the methods you are using. See the change in ten days. Then decide for yourself if this new method is best for you and yours. Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF.
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The New-Day Dentifrice

Now advised by leading dentists everywhere

of the Red Cross—and destined perhaps to be the first in a short while! that of Health, has confined itself far to an intensive campaign of education on the subject of the health center to the adoption of a nation-wide nursing programme, to the establishing of First Aid Classes—of which nearly a thousand are in existence, with an enrollment of twenty thousand!—and of Home Nursing Classes, which are being rapidly formed in dozens of communities in many parts of the country.

The community health center will represent the whole community, indeed. It will assure the highest degree of service, under the most efficient direction, of all the community's various agencies and when attained will represent unquestionably the greatest single step of our time in the direction of public health.

For the Red Cross, the role of adviser and helper will suffice.

THE PROMISE OF THE JUNIOR RED CROSS

The Junior Red Cross, with its millions of members in the schools, public and private, throughout the United States, is the third great peace-time activity. Chief among the activities in which its boys and girls will engage will be extending relief to less fortunate children in war-swept Europe and lending a helping hand to suffering children in this country, particularly through Red Cross Home Service. This assistance in the home towns will take many forms, such as providing clothing and other necessities to children in service men disabled in the war; helping children threatened with tuberculosis build up their strength at open-air camps; helping crippled children by providing companionship, crutches, a doctor's care, or finding means of transportation to and from school; founding free beds in children's hospitals; sending flowers, books and toys to tiny patients that use them.

They will be kept informed of results attending their efforts for victims of the war abroad through a new monthly bulletin. And through this publication also they will learn about the school farms their contributions provided French boys lost their homes in the war, the clothing they sent suffering children of many lands, the vacations provided a thousand war orphans from the crowded cities of France, the thirty thousand chairs and ten thousand tables Juniors have been making for homes of repatriated war refugees, the hospitals and orphanages helped establish.

At the present moment, indeed, the Junior Red Cross is organized in all schools, public, private and parochial throughout the United States by memberships that include all the pupils. Its funds are raised by the combined efforts of the children through entertainments, salvage work and odd jobs. It holds in it a great promise. Then remains the task of making it good.

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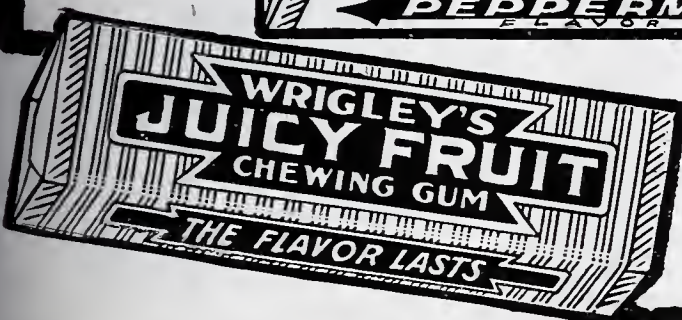
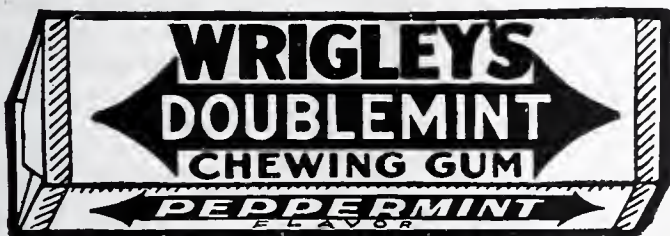


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The Magazine of Better America

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Marjorie Daw
in "The River's End"

In this scene Marjorie appears to have everything coming her way, at least for the moment. That soulful little smile of hers is enough to smooth her way to the river's end, and even farther. We'll wager that Royal Mounted Police officer sees her at least part way on her journey.

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October 27, 1919

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WHY THE RED CROSS HAS A MAGAZINE

THIS magazine, like the American Red Cross itself, is a thing for service. It has no other reason for being. Its purpose is to make acceptable to a great body of readers facts and actions related to the life of the individual, the family and the community, which show that the American people are practical idealists determined to achieve some measure of their hopes and dreams.

A single number can be only a partial exhibit of the policy and standards of the magazine, which is, in truth, the serial story of a better America in the making.

There is scarcely a page of the number that you hold in your hand that hasn't some wholesome fact-food and helpful inspiration for patriotic-minded Americans.

In various pages, you will get a new idea of the American Red Cross as the embodiment in a single organization of the American spirit at work. Dr. Farrand tells of the extensive plans now being carried out to build up our national vitality—the great basic problem facing us as a people. In "The March" is a clear picture of the Red Cross turning with full energy and resources to the task of helping us to be better Americans in a better America.

Miss Tarbell's fine story of a Factory School House shows what one great company is doing to satisfy the passion for education in the men and women who work for it. Hamlin Garland's warm, friendly sketch of Irving Bacheller, the famous novelist, pictures an American who uses his art to serve his country and to further its ideals. Ellis Parker Butler's little story, Billy Brad, isn't simply for children. It may give mature readers an understanding of things that most of us have failed to grasp. And it is such good reading.

There are ideas for every town and for all good citizens in the "Better America" articles. The story of Thomas Rose, who has a general store five miles from the railroad in South Carolina, is as inspiring a little piece as you can find in the day's magazines. From Grand Rapids, Michigan, comes the story of school children who got out the voters, because they seriously believed that every man who has a vote ought to use it. You will get quite a thrill out of this incident. The article, "One Hundred Million Neighbors," will make us, as Americans, think, although it is about Russia. It has news in it, and it will give a basis for understanding that the great majority of Russians aren't Bolsheviks, and that they have carried real co-operation and community service far beyond other peoples.

Even the fiction has a high note. The simple story of "Big Jim Callahan" is a dramatic illustration of loyalty to the job,—a teaching that is much needed in this day, no matter what the calling.

These are only suggestions of what you will find in this magazine, which indicate its policy of presenting the finer side of American life.

THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE, indeed, offers the monthly evidence of a basis for justified faith in our country and ourselves. In a sense, it is a new kind of educational journal, answering to the fresh, timely needs of an aspiring America.



HELPING FATHER

Painted by J. E. Allen

A SCHOOL HOUSE IN A FACTORY

By Ida M. Tarbell

If you were the head of a great factory, two, five, ten thousand men and women, or more, how would you go about getting acquainted with them? What route would you choose not only for getting your ideas to them but for getting their ideas to you? What method would you use for securing their co-operation in your troubles and giving them theirs? This is the heart of the industrial problem. Establish free and natural communication between all of the men and women engaged in a particular enterprise, whatever it may be, and you have gone about as far as method or system can go in preventing misunderstandings and in arriving at decisions in which everyone will feel that he has had a part or, at least, might have had his part in making. Naturally each man that has succeeded, even partially, in establishing this communication thinks his way is the best and some feel that their way is the only way. Great bodies of organized labor see no machinery by which this problem can be handled other than that which they have devised; but, without questioning what is its perfect development the union might be, it is certain that rarely in this country does it result in free communication between the management and the rank and file of industrial plants; at present, there is occasionally one sorry result and that is that the men at the bottom are not always taken in even by their own leaders. The machinery has not been so developed that they are educated to express their minds openly, it is necessary if we are to have anything like genuine co-operative bargaining.

We find many men and women both in management and in the ranks believing that this or that form of shop council gives the best opportunity for free expression and certainly some of these organizations do bring the man in the ranks into close touch both with the management and with his fellows but there is always the danger of their having a narrowing influence; that is, confining the interest of the man to his particular factory and not to the trade as a whole; and this is wrong, for

HERE IS a story, by the foremost woman journalist of America, of that passion for education which is in every one of us. It is a true story of how one American business man has helped ten thousand of his fellow men. From the viewpoint of industry, it is a story of how the sense of sharing knowledge and hope has meant larger returns for both employers and employees. It is a narrative that illustrates exactly what we mean when we talk about "A Better America in the Making." Whether you are an employer, an employee or just an ordinary American, you will find "A School House in a Factory" worth reading.

if a man belongs to a great trade, there should be some way by which he should see it as a whole and have the sense of dignity and importance that being a factor in a great industry ought to give.

It is of the first importance that we should try out, in our industrial life, every device which makes for freer communication; that we should have no narrow and bigoted notions that this or that is the only way but recognize that all ways which aim at this result may have possibilities in them and eventually, if allowed to develop naturally, will add something to better industrial practices.

I have recently seen in operation an institution in one of the great progressive factories of this country which, since its start probably ten years ago, has enabled the management in a remarkable way to get over to its seven or eight thousand employees all sorts of valuable and useful things; things that contribute not only to the development of the product itself but directly to the enlargement and the beautifying of the lives of the men and women employed. This particular institution has not been as successful, I take it, in encouraging the rank and file of the men and women to throw back towards the management

their own ideas and feelings but that has begun and is bound to develop.

The institution, to which I refer, is founded on the thing that, after all, whatever its faults may be, has made this nation what it is. It is founded on the Little Red School House! The school house as a possible means of collective bargaining in the very highest sense is what is developing in the National Cash Register of Dayton, Ohio. And here is how I discovered it.

We were coming out from lunch, a good-sized party, 1400 of us at least. Excepting myself and a friend, the party was made up of men—men in their shirt sleeves and men in coats, men with the darkened hands that machine oil gives and men with the white hands of clerks. We had had a good lunch—soup, meat with vegetables, pumpkin pie, milk—all for 35 cents, eaten to the strains of an excellent orchestra, made up out of the ranks of the

workers. And now luncheon was over and we were coming out of the big hall. The men came out sedately enough but no sooner had they struck the street than two-thirds of them broke into a run. It looked as if there were a fire.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Oh, they are just going to the School House."

Not being accustomed to seeing grown men, any more than youngsters, evince that amount of eagerness to get into a school house, I, of course, asked for an explanation and I was told, "Come along and see."

The School House was a handsome building, a sort of Greek Temple affair. "Not in keeping at all with the rest of our buildings," a critical man at the top said but, putting that aside, without question it was a fine dignified structure. You mounted the steps with the kind of self-respect and pride that going into a handsome building always awakens; but it was when you were inside that your wonder broke out, for here, packed from the top of the big auditorium to the very edge of the platform were at least 1500 men and women, not only a majority of those I had lunched with but three or four hundred at least that I was told brought



The School House is a handsome building—a sort of Greek temple affair

their own lunches and ate them in the hall in order to get a good seat.

And when you saw the program, you did not wonder that they rushed for seats. It began with singing, a novel sort of singing, an illustrated song. When, with gusto, you sang "The Star Spangled Banner", as everybody did, the banner waved wildly before your eyes, a beautiful flag blown by real breezes. "Jaunita," was accompanied by a succession of lovely scenes and a heroine as lovely as the background provided for her. A really noble series of pictures went along with the noble lines of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." A more stirring and amusing exercise could hardly have been devised and it was so well done! As I found later, these illustrated songs are given careful thought. They receive vigorous criticism from different sources before they are put on, and are only finally passed when nobody can suggest an improvement.

The songs were followed by a movie, a high class movie. Now and then, when the censor is napping, a frivolous one may slip in, to the stern disapproval of the directing force but to the great joy of the audience, I am afraid. But nothing that is dull is supposed to get onto that screen and, when the play is over, all the best current event pictures are shown. In this School House in the rest hour one sees everything interesting that is going on in the world.

It is twenty minutes or a quarter to one by this time and work begins at one. Some of the audience will leave when the movie play is over. More of them will stay for current events; and always a good sized crowd for the ten minute speech that often comes from a visiting guest or some member of the staff—the doctor, manager, anybody that is supposed to have something to say; and then, at five minutes before one, leaving ample time to get into place in the work room, the noon entertain-

ment of the School House is over.

Every day for 313 working days of the year the School House is used at noon. Not by any means, however, does the program always follow the one I saw on my first visit and which I have described above. The School House entertains, but it never forgets its function of teaching. It was founded for that and, whatever the management at the moment thinks to be most needed by the industrial community, is prepared for the platform. In presenting a subject, every ingenious method that can be devised is employed for "putting it over," making it stir and penetrate. Almost invariably pictures are used, for to picture things, visualize them, is one of the most sacred doctrines of the School House. You must see to understand; and so to teach by pictures as well as by the written and the spoken word has been a cardinal principle of the School House ever since it was opened.

Of course such entertainment and instruction are only possible where there is a fine cinema outfit. I went behind the scenes to look at the equipment at the N.C.R., and I doubt if there is a movie theatre in the country that has a better. Constant improvements are made in the plant; experiments in new effects are always in progress and, as for enthusiasm, those connected with the work are full of it. They see the educational value of it and put ingenuity and interest into everything they do for it. They couldn't hold their positions a week if they didn't, for

the dynamic force that drives the School House, the founder of the business, Mr. J. N. Patterson, tolerates nothing that is slovenly or dull and is never satisfied until everything undertaken is made as perfect as possible.

The result is that a wealth of pictorial material on all sorts of topics has been accumulated. There are at least 75,000 slides now on file. Rarely have I seen more beautiful pictures. Most of them are colored. The work is done at the factory itself for the photographic department, like the cinema equipment, is complete in every particular and in it the latest developments in the

A Girl's Complete Education

- To be gentle.
- To value time.
- To dress neatly.
- To keep a secret.
- To learn sewing.
- To be charitable.
- To be self-reliant.
- To avoid idleness.
- To study hygiene.
- To darn stockings.
- To respect old age.
- To learn economy.
- To know how to mend.
- To know how to cook.
- To make good bread.
- To better the world.
- To keep a house tidy.
- To be above gossiping.
- To control her temper.
- To know how to buy.
- To make a home happy.
- To take care of the sick.
- To dress economically.
- To take care of the baby.
- To sweep down cobwebs.
- To know how to study.
- To make a home attractive.
- To be interested in athletics.
- To marry a man for his worth.
- To know the value of fresh air.
- To understand the rules of diet.
- To read the very best of books.
- To be a helpmate to her husband.
- To take plenty of active exercise.
- To keep clear of trashy literature.
- To understand character building.
- To take an interest in the schools.
- To understand emergency nursing.
- To be light hearted and fleet footed.
- To be womanly under all circumstances.

Printed by The National Cash Register Company, Dayton, Ohio.

*Lessons taught by means of
posters make a deep impression*

art are always tried out. These colored slides are mounted according to subject in big swinging frames. They are arranged in proper sequence for intelligent talk and; in many cases, the text of the talk is on file for the picture so that if the School House needs, it

instance, instruction on Russia, it is easy to put one's hand on the pictures and text and to fit into the entertainment new facts and pictures.

The range of topics is very great. Much is made of travel, particularly of travel in the United States. There are slides in the collection from every state and from the leading cities. There are many beautiful things from Europe. A few months ago a delegation of Swiss manufacturers visited the plant and to their great amazement and delight they were entertained one day with a factory lecture on Switzerland, illustrated with more than one hundred exquisitely colored scenes. If they had been Scotch or Chinese, Japanese or Egyptian, the same thing could have been done for them and, in each case, the pictures would have been accompanied by excellent maps.

As this factory was one of the first in the country to take up welfare work and as it has always carried it on diligently and enthusiastically there are many pictures and talks upon what is being done in other parts of this country and foreign lands. There is a remarkable series of slides on the progress of inventions, as there should be, since the factory itself carries a staff of inventors, who constantly are making improvements on its product. One might go on over a great range of subjects. Whatever happens to be the impelling interest of the factory at a given time finds its way into pictures and lectures.

Health is, I should say, after efficiency, the great passion at the N. C. R.; and the School House is constantly used by the Medical Department to drive in its lessons. Lectures have been built up little by little on all sorts of things, posture, cleanliness, diet, digestion, sleep, the teeth. They are given in groups, and in time are heard by all the employees. They are simple in

their wording, for when it comes to English expression, the rule at the N. C. R. is: "Always the fewest words and the shortest words." The lectures popularize the latest discoveries in science and are illustrated by the best pictures that can be obtained.

A proof of the thoroughness of these lectures was had in the war. The factory had several years ago two painful proofs of the dangers of contagion in venereal diseases. The Medical Department was at once ordered to prepare something that would bring home to the employees the peril. This lecture was worked out with the advice of great specialists and was built up month by month until it was believed to be as sound and impressive as it could be made by careful statement and well-chosen pictures. The war came on. The War Department saw the necessity of some intelligent teaching of this sort in the camps. It was thought it might be done by illustrated lectures. Several institutions having lectures were asked to send their slides and speakers to Washington to give the authorities an exhibit. More than a dozen came and, out of that number, the N. C. R. lecture was the one that was selected. It was given in practically all the camps in the country and given frequently. The factory contributed the lectures and outfit as a war service and, so far as I know, the tag of the N. C. R. was never allowed to be attached. All the men of the factory see this particular lecture at least once every three months.

After health, I should say that the great hobby of the School House is out-of-door life and, particularly, gardening and what they call "city beautifying." This particular hobby is almost as old as the factory and is counted no mean factor in the development of the business itself. This hobby is admirably shown in an illustrated lecture that is

often given in the School House for the benefit of visitors. It traces the development of the factory from 1884, when it occupied a floor in a small building in Dayton and employed only 50 men, to what it is to-day with the building covering scores of acres and its employees numbering well on to 8,000.

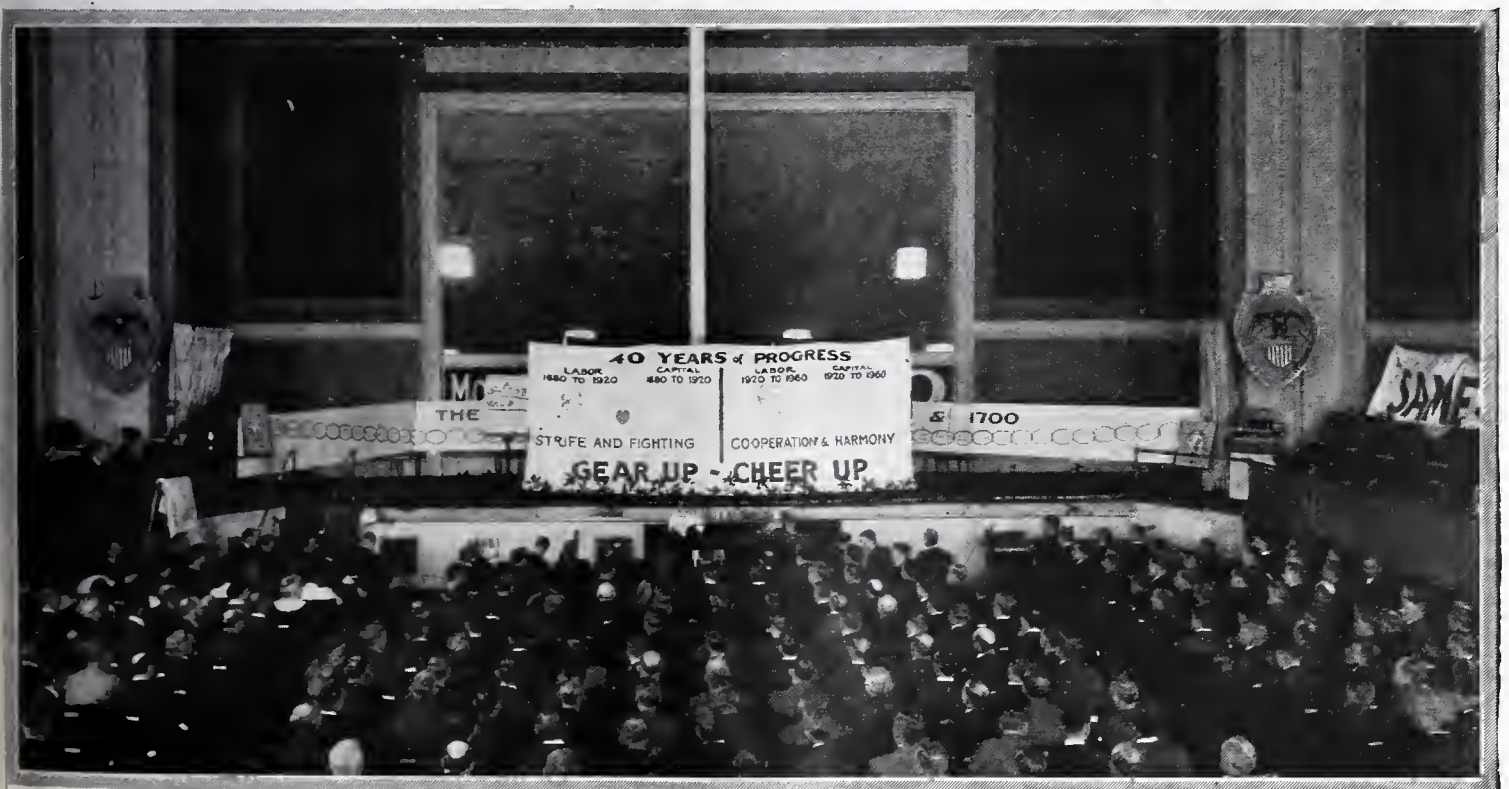
It was in 1888, that the first factory building was put up. It was in a typical old-fashioned factory neighborhood, a place known as Slidertown. The nearest neighbors to the new factory were a pest house and two or three ancient grave-yards. I believe it was generally said that everything bad in Dayton slid down to Slidertown. Particularly did the new factory have trouble with bad boys. They tried shutting themselves in by a picket fence but whoever saw a picket fence that a boy does not laugh at?

Finally, Mr. Patterson decided that as they could not keep the boys out, they must humanize them, make them good neighbors. He has a supreme confidence in the civilizing power of green grass, flowers, and, particularly, of working in gardens. So the picket fence was torn down and the boys of the neighborhood were told: "Here is a piece of land that you may have for a garden. We will give you the seed. We are going to make gardens too. See if you can do as well as we do!" or something of that kind.

The factory did wonderfully. J. C. Olmstead was called to lay out the grounds. Trees and shrubs and flowers blossomed all over the old disreputable fields, and, meanwhile, the boys were digging and sowing. They took to it like ducks to water.

A little later a boys' club was established and a tactful woman put at the head of it. Classes for girls and boys were established. That was many

At the School House, in the noon hour, one sees everything interesting that is going on in the world





The founder of the N.C.R. has supreme confidence in the civilizing power of green grass, flowers and well kept gardens. To the left, a neglected yard and, below, the same yard after an employee of the company has made it beautiful

years ago. To-day the boys' and girls' gardens and the Boys Club House and the things they have developed about them are the finest models of that sort in the country.

The lecture goes on to show how this work in and near the factory spread. It spread to the homes of the people themselves. As beautiful and interesting landscape gardening on a small scale as you will find anywhere in any country is to be seen in Dayton and it is the direct result of the teaching in landscape gardening that has been given for years to the workers in the School House.

The screen and the platform of the School House co-operate in correcting bad and wasteful working habits. A favorite picture, illustrating waste, shows a man washing his hands in benzine instead of soap and water, simply because it can be done more easily, never thinking of the cost of the material. Nobody thinks of such a thing to-day in the N. C. R., unless he is an unconverted, irresponsible new arrival!

The organization of the company and the relation of its factors are constantly explained to the people by simple and graphic illustrations. For instance, the Company in one of the lectures is compared to a three-legged stool; labor, capital and management are the legs; and it is shown when one of the legs weakens, the stool topples over.

The necessity of order and system in carrying on an enterprise is driven home by pictures of the circus packing for its nightly move and the lecture argues



that if a circus can change its base every 24 hours, without confusion, the factory ought to be a model of smoothness and harmony.

Information about the equipment of the factory; the changes in practices and the improvements, are an admirable feature of the teaching. They tend to break down the ignorance of the worker in regard to the industry and to awaken interest in the operations and the machinery which surround him and of which his own operation and machine are an essential part. Some of the speakers who are invited into the School House for this purpose are men of the first calibre in the engineering world. For instance, a recent speaker was Carl Johansson, the inventor of a marvellous system of gauges by which a standard of precision in measuring has been secured which before was undreamed of. Mr. Johansson described his long years of experiment and his successive inventions. He showed blocks which he declared accurate to one-millionth of an inch and he predicted newer instruments

of precision to come. The performance aroused the keenest interest among thoughtful workers throughout the plant largely because they realized that Johansson blocks were used in the works.

Not only is this varied educational work carried on in the School House but through it, the management is doing an unusual and effective kind of collective bargaining. To be sure the stickler for strict interpretation, the man who balances his words on the point of needle in the fashion of the school master and the lawyer will balk at my use of these words in connection with the N. C. R. School House; but I shall stick to my guns, not only because of what I see the School House doing but because of what I see it trying to do. The spirit of collective bargaining, at least, is already very busy in the School House and the management and workers are expressing themselves to each other more and more clearly. You see they have established the habit of using the place

(Continued on Page 6)



IRVING BACHELLER

*Interpreter of the Old
America to the New*

By Hamlin Garland

Author of "A Son of the Middle Border"

ALTHOUGH I had known Irving Bacheller for many years it was not till 1915 that I came to know his birthplace, the land which had nurtured him and which had been the background of all his stories; the land he calls "The North Country"—St. Lawrence County, New York. On his account (because he was spending the summer here) I took my little family to Canton one hot July day and so came to see the slow streams, the rich meadows and the granite ridges which made this at once a wild land and a beautiful land to the pioneers of a century ago.

In truth Bacheller is a son of the Border but in his case it was the North Border as mine was the Middle Border. His people are my people and his training substantially the same as mine. I had known this in a general way but spending the summer with him in the midst of what Henry James would have called his *Scene*, I came to know in an entirely different and more vital way. With him I saw the remains of the forest in which "*The Light In The Learning*" first appeared. Some of the houses of the people who gave their lives to the soil, as Silas Wright wrought for the good of the state, were still

standing, and in the company of their genial historian I visited them and heard their tales of the older, sterner, yet grander days.

It was plain to me at once that Bacheller was a prophet who had much honor in his own country, for his neighbors, like Riley's Hoosiers in their attitude toward their poet, freely rendered him their praise. They were proud of

their novelist who had adventured forth armed only with a pen and had conquered the great City to his use. It was known that he had lived for a time in Carnegie's castle at Skibo and that he was on intimate terms with millionaires but these things were not held against him; on the contrary, the citizens all spoke of him pleasantly and greeted him affectionately as we walked down the street. His wealth and fame were taken as just rewards of his devotion to a high ideal and not as results of exploiting his fellow men.

From them I learned that the boy Bacheller had taught school, peddled books and worked on a farm; pinching and saving in order to go to college, conforming in all ways to the recognized pattern of youthful genius. Canton was a remote community in those days and while it

is no longer the Border—hardly the town in the forest—the traditions of both the Border and the forest persisted in the sixties in such force that Irving's education was as much by way of the gossip of the aged survivors of the past as by way of his teachers in the schools. In all that he has since done he has made use of the men and women who were the neighbors of his parents—not



At Riverside, Connecticut, overlooking Long Island Sound and surrounded by lovely trees, shrubs and flowers is the home of Irving Bacheller

so much in actual delineations of their characters as of their lore, their humor and their wholesome outlook on life.

It was from one of these survivors that he drew the inspiration for "*Eben Holden*" and, in the character of Silas Wright, an actual resident of Canton and one of the greatest men of his time comes into "*The Light In The Clearing*." Nearly all the quaint characters of "*The Hand-Made Gentleman*", "*D'ri and I*" and "*The Blessed Isles*" have their prototypes in real people of the back-country of the St. Lawrence Valley, even in "*A Man For The Ages*" (his latest story) Bacheller has been aided by his perception that the settlers of Sangamon County, Illinois, were his first of kin.

In 1882, he again conformed to the youthful genius type by coming to New York to seek his fortune—varying a little from the norm by *finding* his fortune whereas most of us are still in search of it. He came a little earlier than I and almost as green. A big, blond, absent-minded youth with a powerful desire to achieve something—just what I don't believe he knew himself but that it was to be something highly honorable I am sure, for Irving Bacheller's never was a mean or calculating soul.

My first meeting with him, however, came after he had been through the usual vicissitudes of newspaper reporting, space writing and an editorship. He was starting out for himself in a syndicate which was to be a rival of the McClure Syndicate. He had written to me for some material and it was in the course of the negotiation

that I called upon him at his office which was on the north side of a building on Twenty-Eighth Street or thereabouts. As I entered his room, I found him sitting at a desk looking out on a blank alley wall, dreaming—as I afterward learned — of The North Country.

He came out of his abstraction slowly and with painful effort and I recall a sense of wonder that a dreamer of such a poetic temperament could make his way in a tumultuous and hostile city. I lost a little of this wonder when he came to bargain for my manuscript, for a layer of native horse-sense ran beneath his absent-minded simplicity of manner. He was careful not to overpay his authors and to that degree he was a good imitation of a business man.

It came out a few years later that he was at that moment writing a story but when he sent it to me in a little magazine which he was printing, I got back at him by saying "You'd better stick to your editing." It was a short tale of no special distinction. His real self was as yet unexpressed.

Don Seitz of *The World* relates that when Bacheller was Sunday Editor he came to him one day and said, "I want a leave of absence for three months. I want to complete a tale I am writing."

"I gave him some friendly advice," says Seitz, "and asked him if he had the consent of his wife. He said he had and went away."

The result of this hopeful experiment was the novel of "*Eben Holden*" which has sold over half a million copies. It didn't do this all at once, however,

indeed for several weeks it went along in the usual slow way of unnoticed books. Then suddenly and for no discoverable reason, it began to sell in tens of thousands—to the bewilderment of the author as I can testify for my wife and I visited him in the midst of the first groundswell of that sale. He was in an apartment house in Harlem—think of that! In Harlem—and we went out and dined at a restaurant.

This book, of which Howells said "It is as pure as water and as sweet as bread," has in it the Bacheller who was dreaming at his desk that first day of our meeting. It is the story of the North Country pioneers put into fictional form with a curious quaint humor and quiet pathos which made it new and individual. There was in it also the poetry, the sturdy manhood and the hopefulness of the typical American, qualities which Bacheller has carried into all his later books.

The *Century* bought his second novel "*D'ri and I*" as a serial, and several publishers contended for the book rights. The blond, absent-minded giant had become, almost in a week, one of the best sellers, and doing so had sacrificed nothing of his idealism. One of his high distinctions is just that—he has never written down to the baser natures of his readers—on the contrary, he has always been the valiant up-holder of decent writing and decent living. In "*Keep Up With Lizzie*" and other works of satirical humor he has shown a keen insight and a manly patriotism as well as a delightful skill in characterization.

Naturally, as soon as he had attained success, he set about establishing himself a home and a hearth for he is the kind of a man who loves above all other things a big open fire, a circle of friends and a song of the Other Days.

His first Hearth and Home was at Sound Beach about thirty miles northeast of New York City, and when I visited him there a year later I found him in an ideal condition for the writing of books. His study, set apart from the house, was based on arches which spanned the great rocks of his shore front so that as he wrote he could hear the waves roaring beneath him. It was not as inspirational as the sound of the wind in the trees of the great North Woods—so familiar to him—but it had a fine suggestion of poetry about it.

What an evening we had! David Henderson, ex-Speaker of the House of Representatives, was also a guest and after dinner we fell into a ballad-singing contest, Henderson presenting some old Scotch songs; Irving recounting the hymns and ditties which his forefathers had carried into the North Country, whilst I sang a dozen or more of the tunes my mother used to sing on The Middle Border in the days of Sixty-One. For audience we had only Ann Bacheller and Mrs. Henderson and part of the time we forgot that we had any audience at all!

One cold raw morning a few months later, Bacheller asked me to take a

walk with him "to see the site of my new home."

"Your new home!" I exclaimed, "What's the matter with this one?"

"Oh, I've sold this one," he calmly answered. "It doesn't quite suit me."

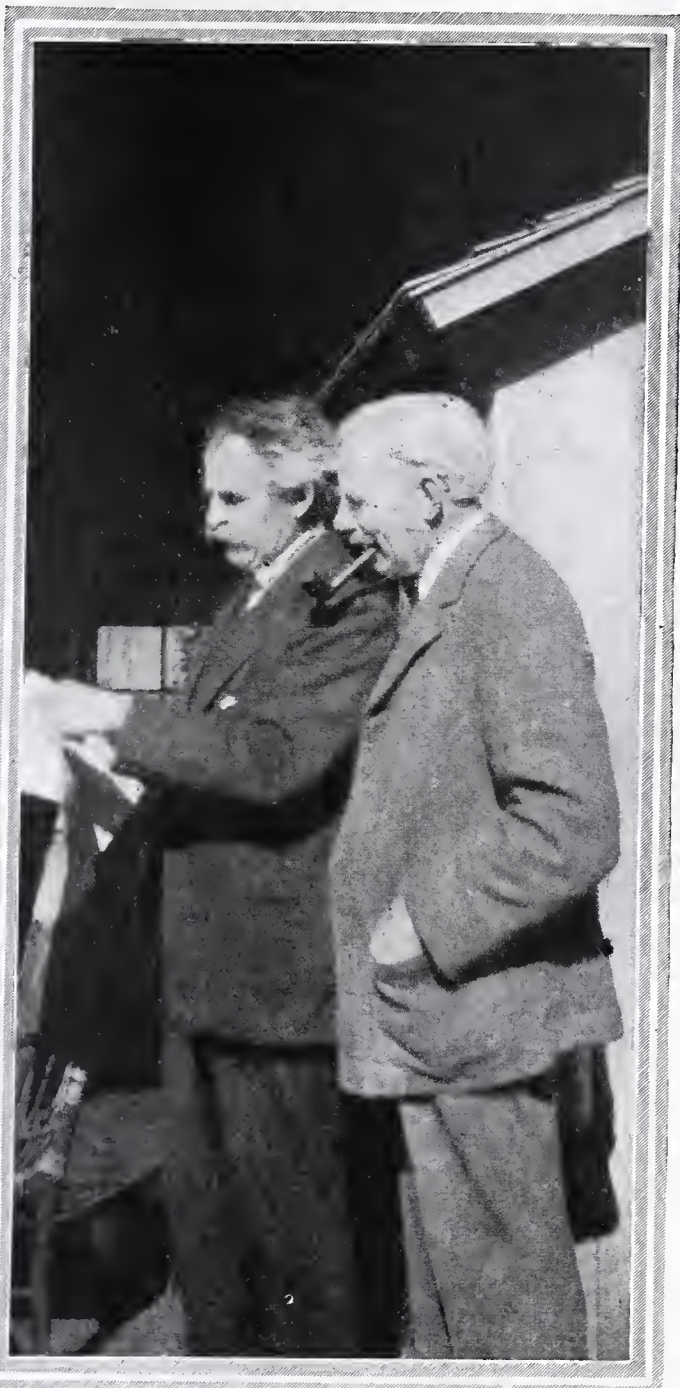
Leading the way over to the little bay and around a big grove of tall trees he halted on a smooth slope leading to the Sound and said, "See that ragged hole in the ground?"

The pit which he pointed out looked like a small quarry and had no attraction whatsoever save a big lone tree which over-hung a small rill.

"I see the hole," was my unenthusiastic reply.

"Right there is where my new house is to stand!" said Bacheller with quiet emphasis.

In less than a year from that time



After America entered the war, for days and days at his house we conspired, Bacheller and I, how we might work against the forces which were tending to corrupt the republic of Washington and Lincoln



"Thrushwood" was completed and as we were seated in the glow of its hearth—a hearth so ample and so beautiful that it was like a poet's dream of hospitality—I acknowledged that it was a fitting shrine for the spirit it symbolized. Generous of room, based upon the rock, fronting the sun, it was as distinct a creation as any poem and, in the years which followed, it took on added charm and significance. Flowers sprang up around it; a garden, a swimming beach and a "berm" were added. I never knew what a "berm" was until I saw this one. It was only a dam and a water gate but it put a lake where, at low water, a muddy flat appeared.

It was a pleasant sight to see the old Woodsman clad in a pea-jacket, carrying a stout stick and superintending a small army of Italian workmen. He looked more like a retired sea-captain than a novelist and when I thought of the wages his crew of Italians represented I realized that a full cargo of peacocks and tamarinds would be necessary to provide the gold of their demand.

Right then I began to revise my notions concerning this slow-spoken North-Country man. I discovered that most of his apparent extravagances were profitable!

The costly berm added thousands of dollars to the value of his estate. By making the house large and beautiful and providing rooms for servants and stalls for automobiles he was able to rent it for the summer months at a high rental. In his easy-going way, Bacheller succeeded in out-financing the financiers. This was a surprising revelation to me. I ceased to patronize him; indeed thereafter, I watched him narrowly in the hope of finding out how he did the trick.

Meanwhile he busied himself as a writer of fiction and all of his books were successful—not in the same degree as "*Eben Holden*" and "*D'ri*"—but far beyond anything I could do and the best of it was he not only made each one according to his own wholesome humorous pattern but he contrived to put into all of them the spirit of the sturdy American whose philosophy had nothing mean or bitter or despairing in its lines.

Night by night, in the glow of that splendid hearth, we sat to conspire how we might work against the forces which tended to corrupt and degrade the ideal Republic of Washington and Lincoln and Grant. We appointed ourselves a committee of two with the purpose of embodying, so far as we could, the best traditions of our fathers,

in order that they might be handed down to the generations whose narrow horizons included only brick walls and bristling sky-line water-tanks. We invented speeches, composed poems and outlined novels to this end; all of which amused us and did no harm to anyone else. In Bacheller's case it resulted in a series of satirical tales like "*Keeping Up With Lizzie*", "*Charge It*" and other of the Old Soc Potter monologues, whilst I composed "*A Son of The Middle Border*" and set down other stories and poems of the wondrous days of early Wisconsin and Iowa.

As I look back upon those nights at "Thrushwood" from this side of the World War their outlines are as softened as if half a life-time had intervened, and this beauty is accentuated by the fact that the lovely place was destroyed by fire and exists today only in the memories of those who loved it. With it went many of the manuscripts, pictures, autographed letters and books which were associated with "*Eben Holden*" and "*Darrell of The Blessed Isles*."

Bacheller, in his books, loves to take an historical character like Horace Greeley or Silas Wright and by careful study bring out the message of Americanism which such a life illustrates and so when he told me that he had started in on a study of Abraham Lincoln I was sure that the result would not only be a credit to himself

but an inspiration to the young men and women of his audience and, in this belief, I am sustained. After pondering long, reading carefully and slowly all available records, newspapers and biographies of Lincoln's time, he produced a very moving and characteristic book, a book which by its simple English and its reverent tone will give pleasure to thousands of people to whom Lincoln is but a far-away half-mythical figure.

Hardly was this story in final proof before its author set himself a new task, a sterner task, the task of combatting the un-American teachings of foreign radicals and the corruption which flows from the congested centers of large cities. This work—a story which is to appear in THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE—contains much of what we have often discussed beside his fire and is in every way a logical outcome of Bacheller's belief in the corrective value of the sturdy virtues of the North Woods. It is at once an expression of his love and faith in the Republic and his hatred of those who would alienate or debase its citizens.

As a literary man, he is liable to obsessions. Once started in contemplation of some object he forgets everything else for the time being. He fails to hear what you say to him and comes out of his daze with some remark which has nothing to do with your remarks but which has a great deal to do with his own subjective processes.

One day at the club, for example, he gave us the most detailed and vivid account of the Baltimore Convention of 1844, to the bewilderment of the other men at the table who did not know (as I did) that Irving was in the midst of writing "*The Light in The Clearing*." It is this almost Brahministic absorption in his theme which enables him to do the work which has made him famous.

He is in high demand as an after dinner orator. A quaint drawling tone and a certain precision of phrase combine to make him highly effective and amusing. His addresses to the New England society have been so successful that he has been a star performer again and again. There is always a handful of wheat in the midst of his chaff, and he usually selects some ungente, un-American habit or custom as the object of his attack.

Whatever he does is worked out in a way of his own and there is no use attempting to get him to do it in any other way for with all his gentleness and sweetness, he is a rock when anyone tries to shove him. He hates all that is

(Continued on Page 79)

THE PRODIGAL VILLAGE

A Tale of Today

By Irving Bacheller

Author of "*A Man for the Ages*", "*Keeping Up With Lizzie*", "*Eben Holden*"

Begins serial publication in the April number of this magazine

THIS is a story out of the life of this very day. Its incidents and characters might come from your town or mine. It touches and pictures vividly the scramble and display and reckless expenditure of the moment. It is a soul-searching document—a sort of magic mirror in which we may see ourselves. There is moral fervor in it and the homely wisdom of a blessed old Americanism. These things reach us through the speech and actions of some of the characters who seem real people as we read, and who enlist our admiring affection.

The author has a warm-hearted attitude even toward those men and women of the book who represent what he condemns in the phenomena of the time.

THE PRODIGAL VILLAGE will make us think—make us see more clearly what is going on around us. It will give us ground for greater faith in our America. And it is good absorbing reading all the way.

THE FINNS' WAY

*And what we may
learn from it*

By Elias Tobenkin

How they are making
their native scheme work
in our own New England



Above, one of the immaculate kitchens for which Finland is noted. At left, view of the co-operatively managed Finnish boarding-house in Fitchburg, Mass. Below, Karl Grandahl, who came here seventeen years ago as a penniless immigrant and who is now manager of the Fitchburg Co-operative Stores and one of the builders of the America of tomorrow



MEN, women and children stood about the counters in the main branch of the Finnish Co-operative Stores at Fitchburg, Massachusetts. It was a busy Monday morning, and the clerks tied bundles swiftly and dexterously. Into each bundle went a leaflet fresh from the printer. The leaflets were in Finnish. They were not advertisements, but contained solid reading matter. I asked Karl Grandahl, manager of the stores, about them.

"The leaflets," he replied, "are the soul that goes with the groceries. They are the seed we are planting for the new co-operative America. We distribute these leaflets once a month or oftener, whenever we have something to say—some idea to plant."

Today— Well, Karl Grandahl has not travelled far in the seventeen years he has been in this country, in a financial way. His salary as manager of the Finnish Co-operative Stores at Fitchburg is only \$150 a month. But if one were going to write the story of the men and

The Finns' Way

movements at work rebuilding, or seeking to rebuild, America from the bottom up, Karl Grandahl would have to be given a good-sized chapter in such a book. He is one of the builders of the America of tomorrow.

There are nearly a quarter of a million Finnish immigrants in the United States. The period of the largest immigration from Finland to America coincided with the period of severest reaction in Russia, between the years 1890 and 1905. The Finnish immigrants are mostly laborers with a sprinkling of socialistic intellectuals. Co-operation is a gospel with the Finnish workingman, and especially with the Finnish intellectuals. They brought it with them from the other side. They dreamed of it in Finland when the country was under the Tsars. They practice it in America. Wherever Finns gather in considerable numbers they start a co-operative society. The hub of the Finnish co-operative movement is Fitchburg, Massachusetts, and in that city Karl Grandahl is the high priest of the theory and practice of co-operation. He is the treasurer of the Finnish Co-operative Society of Fitchburg and the general manager of the society's business enterprises, which are known as the "Into Co-operative Stores."

"**I**NTO" is Finnish for zeal. Zeal is the slogan of the Finnish co-operative movement in Fitchburg. "We are not in the co-operative business for profit, but for an ideal," Grandahl told me, after I succeeded in detaching him from his work and made him settle down for a half hour on a sugar barrel in the rear of the store where we would not be disturbed. "Our ideal is a better America and a better humanity."

"We are not kickers," he said, cautiously, when I sought to pin him down to a definite statement of grievances that the immigrant, and the Finnish immigrant in particular, had against America, and which the co-operative movement was to remove. "We are not unappreciative of the freedom and opportunities we enjoy here," said Mr. Grandahl, "but there is room for improvement."

More questions, and Mr. Grandahl's tongue-tiedness began to give way. His gray eyes lost their studied coldness. A dreaminess came into them as if of a recollection of the past and a vision of the future.

"Millions of immigrants have come to America in the last twenty-five years"—Grandahl was now in full swing—"with a vision in their eyes and a song on their lips. To thousands of them their vision of America has come true. America, to them, has proved a kind and bountiful mother. But to scores of thousands, hundreds of thousands, yes, even millions of immigrants, she has proved only a stepmother—close-fisted, haughty, indifferent. What the Finns are trying to do with their co-operative stores and other co-operative enterprises is to make America a mother to all; to

let every immigrant's vision of America be realized. Much is being said about the need of making the immigrant fit for America. There is no denying that need. But it is equally necessary to make America fit for the immigrant. We hear complaints about the quality of our immigrants, but it is equally true that the character of American opportunity and tolerance for the alien has changed. The immigrant sections of our cities, large and small, have become gold mines for the conscienceless exploiters and profiteers, both native and foreign. The immigrant pays the highest price for the lowest quality of everything so that the politician and the profiteer may prosper. For years the immigrant has been robbed of his savings by private bankers, while the government looked on indifferently. Labor agents of the most unscrupulous variety were allowed to play havoc with the man out of a job. The government has recently put a stop to this kind of exploitation. But there are plenty of other parasites growing more wealthy and more unscrupulous every day on the sweat and blood of the alien."

"It is against this exploitation of the immigrant that we are fighting. We are using co-operation as a weapon. We are trying, so far as it lies within our power, to make America fit for the immigrant—for the Finnish immigrant in particular—for we are Finnish by birth and education. And we are succeeding in proportion to our energy and endeavor and more especially in proportion to our numbers. We have made Fitchburg, for instance, a fit place for the Finn immigrant—splendidly fit. Go out around town, look us over, and be convinced. However, we do not stop with what we have achieved in Fitchburg or elsewhere. The Finnish co-operative movement in America is in its infancy. It has a great goal in the distance and it is going forward towards that goal, slowly at times, perhaps, but always irresistibly onward—"

THERE are 5,000 Finnish immigrants living in Fitchburg, all working people, poor people. Without a doubt, however, theirs is the least slumlike, healthiest, and most wholesome-looking immigrant colony to be found anywhere in the United States.

"Finnish homes are scrupulously clean," the superintendent of the Associated Charities at Fitchburg told me. "Their children are healthy. Rickets are unknown among them. They don't come to charity unless they are in grave distress, and that does not happen often. I believe the percentage of consumptives among them is rather high, but that is climatic rather than economic. They are a northern people, and our climate frequently tricks them into tuberculosis."

And a book agent whom I caught coming out from a Finnish home with a beaming face said to me:

"They are buying more books here, and, in fact, more of the things that

are luxuries and make for the comforts of life, than anywhere else in this or in any other town that I know."

One out of every ten men among the Finns in Fitchburg is a member of the Finnish Co-operative Society. Shares sell at five dollars each, and one share makes you a member entitled to a vote. The Society runs five grocery stores, selling to the non-English-speaking immigrant housewife good groceries cheaper, instead of poor groceries dearer, which is the common complaint of the immigrant housewife almost everywhere in the United States. The Society also has its own co-operative dry goods and shoe store, a bakery, a milk store, and, for single men and women, a co-operative boarding house where the quality of the board is a hundred per cent. better than in any private boarding house and the price thirty-three per cent. cheaper.

JUST as Gary, Indiana, is a "steel city," many a town on the slopes of the Sierras, a "mining town," or, in the northern part of California, a "saw mill town," so Fitchburg, Massachusetts, or, rather, the Finnish part of Fitchburg, is primarily a co-operative town. The co-operative movement colors everything. The Finnish Co-operative Society arranges for lectures, and, as lectures are apt to be rather dry affairs, it arranges for dances and picnics in connection with lectures. It has built up athletic societies for the young men and Sunday schools for the children. It has gone into competition with the W. C. T. U. and had cut drunkenness among the Finns sixty per cent. just before the dry wave set in. This latter item, the cutting down of drunkenness by sixty per cent., deserves to be told in detail.

Most of the five hundred members of the Finnish Co-operative Society at Fitchburg are also members of another society known as the Finnish Workingmen's Society. If the Co-operative Society looks after the body, the Workingmen's Society looks after the soul, so to say, of the Finnish immigrant. The members of this society are all more or less addicted to thinking. When they saw increasingly large numbers of unmarried, unattached Finns take to the saloon and develop a tendency to periodic spells of drunkenness, they began to seek reasons for it. They found one reason, perhaps the chief reason, very quickly. It was no drink so much that the men were craving, as company, sociability, a place in which to sit and feel at home. The Finnish immigrant was not getting enough room to expand in the United States. Back home, if a man worked in a saw mill he had a considerable walk to his work every morning and evening. Here the street car took him from his place of work to his home in a few minutes. Back home, the Finnish youth was pretty much of an outdoor creature. He rowed in the summer and skated in the winter. There was a family circle, too, where the cold winter evenings were passed in front of a fire amid

hum of women's voices and the chatter of children; so the members of the Finnish Workingmen's Society decided that it would be good for the souls of Finnish immigrants if as much as possible the old world atmosphere of sport and sociability could be reproduced here. They organized gymnastic and social clubs, and then they bought a hall, co-operatively, of course, to house these societies; to have a place where they could meet to read and dance. That was a success. It filled a want. It made winter evenings pleasant and inviting. The comfortable chairs, the glowing fire, and the heaps of newspapers and periodicals, in Finnish and English, became strong competitors of the bar room.

But there are summers as well as winters. Indoors is no place in the summertime, especially not for Finns. So the Finnish Workingmen's Society did more thinking. It delved deeper into the co-operation idea and finally came out with a plan.

This plan was a co-operative summer resort within walking distance of Fitchburg. The location for such a resort was soon found. It was a twenty-acre farm that was for sale. They bought the farm and up to date have spent \$20,000 in improving it, in making it a real summer resort for the Finnish community in Fitchburg. They hired a manager to look after the place and opened a restaurant on it where food is sold co-operatively at prices no higher than those of the city. They turned the natural lake on the farm into a swimming pool. They named the place "Saima Farm." Saima is a woman's name. Finnish poets have used it frequently. It is a name that carries a suggestion of home — longing — the eternal feminine. They thought it an appropriate name for the farm which was to be a home for the homeless and often heart-sick alien.

Just about the time when the newspapers in New York, Chicago and St. Louis get busy with their pathetic accounts of immigrant children sweltering in tenements and pining for the sight of grass and trees, the Finnish mothers of Fitchburg pack their telescopes full of lunch and take

their children to Saima Farm. Some of them stay there for the day or afternoon only. Others pitch their tent (quite literally) and stay there overnight and sometimes for a week or two. In fact, all summer is a sort of a vacation with these Finnish mothers, for in Saima Farm each and every one of them has her own summer home within half an hour's journey from her city dwelling.

Saturdays and Sundays the young are taken care of at Saima Farm. There are dances, entertainments and picnics. A lecture on co-operation goes with every dance. But it is not an irksome lecture. On the contrary, the people welcome it because these co-operation talks, as one of the men put it to me, "tell how to make one dollar do where two were formerly needed."

I asked Mr. Grandahl for the story of the co-operative movement at Fitchburg, when and by whom it was founded.

"If you are looking for a hero, dead

or alive, to whom to put up a monument," Grandahl said with a smile, "then your effort is wasted. The Finnish co-operative movement in America is not a one-man effort; it is a mass movement. And the story of Fitchburg, with some variations, is the story of Red Lodge, Montana, of Hancock, Michigan, of Superior, Wisconsin, and thirty-five or forty other places where we have Finnish co-operative stores and other co-operative enterprises.

"When several thousand Finnish immigrants steamed into Fitchburg many years ago they found a condition which existed in every other immigrant colony in the United States. There was the grocery man of their own country, speaking their own tongue, who would supply them with everything. The women flocked to him; they could not speak English, and were shy of the American store.

"The grocery man became a sort of a leading citizen in the colony. Whether because he was cleverer, or whether out of sheer necessity, he learned the English language faster than the others. Politicians began to look up to him. He was helpful around election time. He became a power; the political boss of the district. He sold groceries — and votes!

"In a measure, as the grocery man rose, his stock of goods became poorer, and he became more arrogant. His influence and standing with American politicians had turned his head.

"It was at this time, however, that a new set of immigrants began to come to America from Finland. They were men with ideals; men who had left Finland in order to escape the oppression of the Tsar. They were socialists and were students of the co-operative movement in Belgium and England. Co-operation and socialism are closely identified in Finland. They resented the manner in which the groceryman was manipulating and selling the Finnish vote in his district. They offered resistance and decided to free the colony from the grip of these business-men politicians. Of course, the grocer became the enemy of these radicals. The radicals ceased to buy from him. They changed their plans and

THE LOAF OF BREAD

BEHIND a loaf of bread is an army of workers. First, there is the wheat grower. A big clever man with a trained mind. Then, there is the man who invented the wonderful machines that plowed and sowed and reaped and gathered the wheat for this loaf of bread.

Next comes the mill owner, whose mill ground and packed the flour. He manages his great mill and his workers by the strength of his trained mind.

Then, there is a manager in the bakery where this loaf was baked. Just as there are bakers and dishwashers and packers. Just as there are delivery men.

Where in this line would your boy fit?

You see, he is worth just about three dollars a day from his feet to his ears. From his ears to the top of his head he is worth as much as a gold mine. That is, if he is trained.

Each year in school adds thousands of dollars to the earning power of your son. Put him in school. Take him away from the three-dollar and a half job. Put him in school and keep him there.

Brains pay! It is the trained mind that counts.

It is the trained hand that wins. Keep your boy in school.

A. P.

The Finns' Way

went to American stores, and they made a discovery.

"They found that the alien districts in America are the dumping ground for the worst goods which are sold here, at the highest prices. Whatever cannot be sold elsewhere is palmed off on the immigrant. The fact that the store-keeper himself is an immigrant like the rest makes little difference. In fact, the worst exploiters of the alien are generally his own kind.

"THEY then began to agitate for co-operative stores. Six or eight years this agitation lasted. Several stores were started and they failed. They failed because the public lacked faith in a co-operative store. They lacked faith because the men who headed the co-operative movement were in almost every case theorists and not business men.

"However we learned with each failure. Some of us went to commercial schools to study the rudiments of business practice on top of the Latin and Greek that we learned in the old country. Others began clerking in stores. In 1908 the 'Into Co-operative Store' was started. It has been in existence ever since. We have prospered and branched out. We own the building, worth \$50,000, in which our main store is located, and we have four branch stores in various parts of Fitchburg."

"We do business in our stores on a 20 per cent. profit basis, which is the basis upon which all grocers do business—in theory. In practice, however, we find that even on a basis of 20 per cent. profit we are able to save for our customers from 8 to 10 per cent. on groceries, 12 per cent. on milk, and 30 per cent. on bread. On shoes we save for them a minimum of 12 per cent. The biggest saving is recorded in the boarding-house, where we feed daily between 200 and 250 people. Our board is \$5.50 a week.

"But the saving in the amount paid out for groceries may be said to be only one half the saving achieved. The other half comes in the quality and food value of the goods. There are no relabeled and repainted cans of tomatoes in our store—no inferior goods of any kind. If the customer finds an article unsatisfactory, he obliges us by returning it. Another thing, we do not waste the housewife's money with forced sales. We do not buy goods that we do not need from the wholesaler just because there happens to be a sale on them, and we do not, by means of advertising, lure the housewife into buying things which she doesn't need, or which she only half needs, and thus, after buying, wastes half."

"Do you advertise at all?" I asked.

"We do. We advertise to keep the Finnish press, which supports the co-operative movement, going. We do that as part of our educational work, not for business reasons. We do not mean to stop with our co-operation plans here; we mean to go right on with them."

"Just what are your plans in that

direction?"

"Our plans," Grandahl mused; "well, you see, between two and three million dollars is spent every year by the Finnish immigrants of the United States in co-operative buying. We have eight Finnish co-operative stores in the State of Massachusetts. In Fitchburg alone we did a business of \$247,999 in 1918, and that was before we went into the milk business. The next step, therefore, must be a co-operative wholesale house to supply the Finnish co-operative stores in Massachusetts and throughout New England. Our plan, after that, is co-operative production. We are even now looking about for a likely farm to buy. We mean to raise on that farm our own product and vegetables. We mean to raise cattle on it and have our own milk. We are now selling milk for thirteen cents a quart. Others are selling it for fifteen.

"And next?"

"Next," Grandahl smiled, "comes co-operative manufacturing. It is on our programme all right. And when the Finnish immigrants and all others in America get to the point of co-operative manufacturing, we shall be very close in this country to the co-operative commonwealth."

"What about banking? Don't you ever get short of cash?"

"When we do," was the reply, "we borrow it from our own bank. We have a Worker's Credit Union in Fitchburg which is one of the liveliest institutions of the kind in the country. You cannot call it a bank because it does no checking business. But it lends money. It was incorporated in April, 1914, and its total turnover since that time has been a million and a half dollars. It has 3,000 depositors, and the total assets on hand now are \$600,000."

THERE is a Finnish daily paper in Fitchburg named "*Raivaja*" (*The Pioneer*), which, while not formally incorporated as a co-operative enterprise, is owned by its readers. *Raivaja* is a staunch advocate of co-operation among the Finnish immigrants. There is no national organization combining the various Finnish co-operative branches in America. There was such a national league, but geographical distance was against it, and it had to be abandoned. Now, the Finnish co-operative organizations of the east have their own combine, while those of the middle and far west form a separate unit. At Superior, Wisconsin, where there is a strong Finnish co-operative center, there is a sort of headquarters for the Finnish co-operative movement. Here the official journal of the movement, "*Pelto ja Koti*" (*Farm and Home*), is published. Here, too, a six-weeks' course in the training of men for the management of co-operative enterprises is given. Lectures and the printed co-operative literature are all in the Finnish language.

"Where does the Americanizing influence come in?" I asked.

"Our contribution to the Americanization of the alien—and I think it is an

important one," Grandahl said, after a thought. "lies in our removing the barriers between the alien and America. It is a notorious fact that the alien labor agent, the alien banker, the grocer and business man, have in the past kept the immigrant from becoming Americanized. When the alien becomes Americanized he ceases to be their customer.

"WE do not drag the alien away from his American surroundings. On the contrary, we encourage him to Americanize himself, to maintain an American standard of living, to model his home as nearly as he can afford it after the American home. You would be astonished to see what substantial furniture the Finnish families of Fitchburg possess. We encourage them to have good homes. A home is essential to good citizenship. Next to the school, a good home is the biggest bond between a man and his country. Every one of our immigrants know that he has come here to stay; that this is to be his land and the land of his children.

"The Finnish co-operative movement inculcates no foreign atmosphere. It does not build up barriers between the immigrant and America for profit, as the private alien business does all too frequently. It is not in business to profit from the immigrant, but to help him in every way.

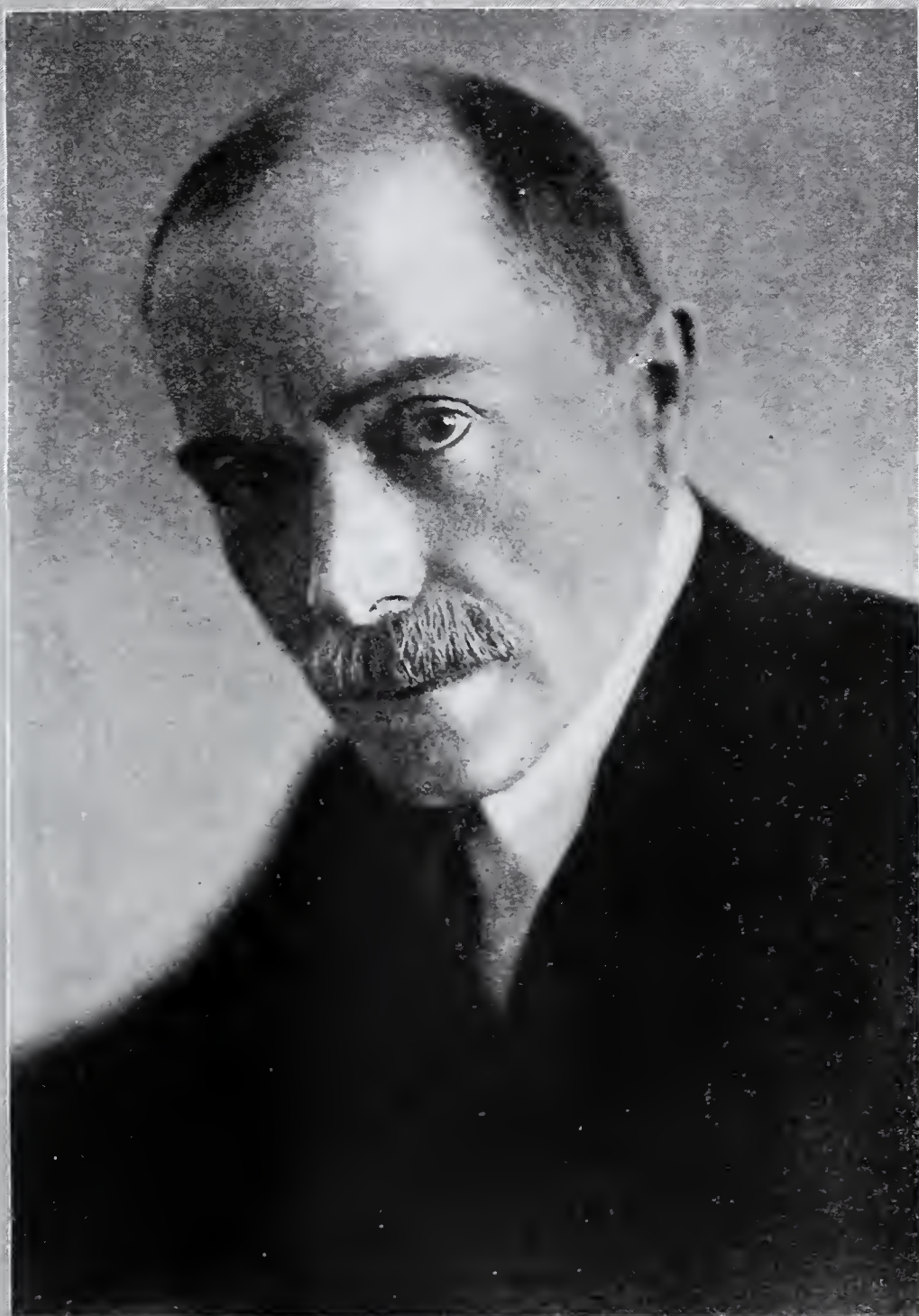
"Our literature is printed in Finnish; that is true. But we use the Finnish language as a matter of convenience rather than of principle. We all understand Finnish well and we don't understand English well. It is no use imitating the older generation whose language and habits are settled. But we leave the young generation alone. America takes care of the children—America makes them her own."

"And do you think that this is a way that it is necessary to do to Americanize the alien effectively?"

Grandahl thought for some moment, then said:

"Different people have different ideas about such things. So far as I am concerned, however, I have an abiding faith in America and her ability to absorb her immigrants, if no artificial barriers are placed in her way. I have been in this country seventeen years. I began life here as a common laborer. I worked on a railroad with the worst paid aliens. Later, I went to Valparaiso University, where I studied commerce and economics. I manage co-operative stores in the far west. I saw America at work modeling, adapting and absorbing the alien in many parts of the country, and I am convinced that America needs no outside stimulation and assistance in this work. On her own accord she draws the alien to herself. To my mind, the problem is not to feed the alien Americanism by artificial spoons and tricks, but to keep the road between him and America's feast table clear. He will do the eating himself and he will do it greedily."

These are the views of one of the builders of the America of to-morrow.



Dr. Livingston Farrand,
Chairman of the Central
Committee of The
American Red Cross

"WHILE technically the war has ceased it has left the world to solve the greatest problem which has ever confronted it in all the centuries of its existence—the problem of depleted human vitality." These are Dr. Farrand's words in this article. As an American citizen, you will be interested in what he says. The article is the first of a series on the new job of the Red Cross as seen from the standpoint of National Headquarters.

THE RED CROSS Carries On In U. S. A

An Interview with Dr. Livingston Farrand

By William Harper Dean

WAR automatically erected giant new American machines and fitted seven-league boots on organizations which barely had attained the estate of toddlers. Witness the spontaneous creation of the United States Food Administration, the shouldering of 3,000,000 rifles by an army which rose overnight from a mere corporal's guard, the tremendous expansion of the American Red Cross to meet the unheard-of demands at home and abroad.

Peace has left America with these emergency creations, unwieldy now that their tasks are done. And useless in

their exaggerated proportions. As a result, many have been dismantled, scrapped; others reduced to mere skeletons of their transient potency.

With the world once more entering into a state of near quiescence, does it follow that the Red Cross, like other organizations, should be dwarfed to its former peace-time proportions—proportions consistent with the occasional demand for relief in time of flood, fire or earthquake? Surely it is a stupid nation that supports an over-

size organization merely for the sake of appearances or sentiment. As a plain citizen exercising my right, I went to Dr. Livingston Farrand, Chairman of the Central Committee of the American Red Cross, in his office at National Headquarters, Washington.

Bluntly I asked him: "What excuse has the Red Cross for existing now in any but nucleus form?"

Dr. Farrand is a man of high voltage energy. He speaks rapidly, as though his words were sent in futile pursuit of the rushing current of his thought.

"When the armistice was signed," he replied, "I began to ask myself that

question. I had to answer it convincingly in order to decide whether I should immediately quit the Red Cross or stay with it.

"After the greater emergencies of the war had been met by the Red Cross," he went on, "the organization took stock of its assets tangible and intangible. It found twenty million adult American citizens and ten million American children committed to the service creeds upon which this institution rests. This represents the actual machinery of the American Red Cross.

"But more than this, the thirty million members were charged with the energy of service. It was an utterly unselfish enthusiasm born of this war. And in spite of the national reaction—the let-down—following the signing of the armistice—these people were unwilling to dissolve partnership with the spirit of service. Inquiries poured into National Headquarters from the chapters: 'What shall we do now? We must not stop!'

"And so I found myself thinking, 'If we can preserve this patriotic energy generated by the war and turn it into the logical channels for solving peace-time problems, it would be grossly illegitimate to scrap this great machine!'

"But what use can be made of it? What peace-time tasks have we which will justify the upkeep of such a tremendous organization? It is patent to every thinking citizen that the American Red Cross would become a colossal joke were it to preserve its great organization to sit with folded hands waiting for earthquake, flood or fire to call it into action. I would not associate myself with such a caricature of service.

"The facts are, however, that while the war technically has ceased, it has left the world to solve the greatest problem which has ever confronted it in all the centuries of its existence—the problem of depleted human vitality!

"I do not mean by this the great gaps left in the world's population as a result of death in battle, by disease and starvation. I do mean the depleted vitality of those living now, to whom the world must look for the offspring to make good her abnormal losses. These living units who must shoulder the task of reconstruction are at best poor material, tragically handicapped.

"This fact is most spectacularly illustrated in Europe, of course, where the boys and girls who must become the fathers and mothers of the next generation are under-developed physically, often mentally. They have been through four years of partially arrested development, what from the lack of enough nourishing food, from insufficient clothing and unhygienic living conditions generally. They have become ready prey for absolutely preventable diseases.

"So much for Europe! There the American Red Cross must

lend its right arm to weakened and demoralized health organizations until these have sufficiently recovered their pre-war status to shoulder the burden of preserving the next generations through conservation of the present one. This is a national American obligation, as great as the obligation which compels us to resume commerce with and extend loans of money and food to Europe. We, as a nation, cannot turn our backs on this duty; selfish considerations alone would prevent this. The interdependence of nations is the interdependence of the right arm and the left, the heart and the lungs.

"But here at home! America suffered least of all the nations engaged in the war, it is true. We lost fewer men in battle than our allies; we were not underfed at home. But at the very beginning of our participation in the conflict we made a tragic discovery which in no sense was attributable to war-made influences:

"The national draft revealed that one-third of the young men examined for military duty were physically unfit from causes well nigh preventable!"

Dr. Farrand eyed me keenly. "You understand me? One-third of the young men examined! It was the first time we had ever stood off and viewed a cross section of our national physical rating. What is the matter? We have national, state, community and private organizations whose avowed function it is to safeguard the public health through educational and regulatory action. Have our people disregarded these efforts or have these organizations fallen short in the discharge of their duty?

"Neither. One trouble has been that we have had a surplus of organized effort for safeguarding the public health and a dearth of coordination of these efforts. There have been too many public and private agencies at work *alone*; there has been too much disjointed initiative, too much wasted energy.

"The first guarantee of our national supremacy is the vitality of our people.

The guardianship of the public health is an official responsibility. I *am* staying with this work because I and every other worker in the organization believe that the Red Cross, for one thing, can make itself a powerful factor in the acceptance and discharge of this responsibility.

"We have determined to salvage and preserve, as far as may be, this war-born energy and enthusiasm in order to turn it towards the problems of a national peace-time reanimation. We need that energy now as never before.

"We believe that the Red Cross can strengthen the national health organizations by helping to weave together the many uncorrelated activities. This is our theory, just being put to test.

"In putting it to the test, the Central Committee of the Red Cross must act through the states and communities in *advisory* capacity. It must let communities have the freedom of thought and action so necessary for the retention of their enthusiasm. Henceforth, so far as health is concerned, the Red Cross must let communities take the initiative as against the war-imposed necessity of giving direct orders from National Headquarters. I want to know that Red Cross community members are thinking of themselves as *community workers*!

"In this peace-time campaign against preventable diseases we must not run amuck. We must go slowly, feeling our way step by step. To me, it seems there are two safe and sane avenues of attack on this great problem which we finally have decided *is* attackable by the Red Cross. One is to educate the people in health codes, the other is to build up a national sentiment for co-operation with public and private health agencies.

"The Red Cross already is well organized for the campaign of education. It has its hundreds of local chapters intimately in touch with community interests, problems and needs. These locals have established the direct personal contacts so indispensable to the success of the plan.

"The most effective single agency in community work is the visiting nurse. She makes these contacts. The Red Cross started this system before the war. Now it must be extended. Chapters all over the country have responded to this proposal but we have not had the forces of trained nurses to fill the demand once the extension of this activity was begun.

"So we have had to train recruits and, in the past six months, have been able to increase the numbers of this class of effectives by several hundreds. Each year now we shall find additional hundreds for the army of visiting nurses.

"By courses of lectures and teachings within the homes, we are giving instruction to groups and individuals in first-aid work, in the home care of the sick. The fundamental factor in health is

(Continued on Page 78)

THE Chairman of the Red Cross, Dr. Livingston Farrand, says in this article: "I don't want to see our Red Cross stand for anything but organized Americanism. It represents us all. Because of that fact it can be made America's most powerful agent in community effort. It represents no single class or creed. It stands for the great essential in any community—service. In its every activity it is building up a sound citizenship through community effort." Is your chapter doing its part in the new Red Cross work in America?



He is like an old piece of furniture which has been tucked away in the garret and got all covered with dust

THE MAGIC OF YOUTH

By Frederick Orin Bartlett

Illustrated by Thomas Fogarty

RODEN was close fisted, no doubt about that, and the neighborhood very naturally compared him to Scrooge. In fact, behind his back, he was called by that name. But never to his face, for there were few in the town of Canbury who did not fear his sunken eyes when they kindled in anger or who failed to withdraw when his thin, yellow fingers began to twitch nervously.

And yet Roden differed from Scrooge in that there were some who could remember when he was not as then; could remember when the neglected, old-fashioned mansion on the top of the hill where he now lived alone was neat, trim and gay with flowers; could

remember when a young mistress presided over it, who was the idol of every lad and the ideal of every lass; could remember in brief, when Squire Roden's was the social centre of Canbury. But those men now tottered when they walked and discoursed garrulously about the superiority of all things in the days of old. It was reported that Roden had begun to fail. He was seldom seen upon the streets, his musty den over the post office was closed, and all those unfortunate enough to have business

with him were forced to go to his house where, they reported, he lived in one room "not fit for a dog." His old acquaintance, Elder Benson, who was trustee of the Methodist church where, long, long ago

(in the days of the fair mistress), Roden used to worship called and talked vaguely about the advisability of men leaving wills to prevent relatives from quarrelling "like dogs over a bone."

This set Roden to thinking, for the contingency of death had not before occurred to him. He did not fear it particularly, but he was impressed with the necessity of preparation and so he gathered together his bank books, securities and what not and added them all up. They amounted to over \$300,000.



*They sat together a long time, both gazing
into the changing colors of the eager flames.
"There," she said, "isn't this cozy? Isn't
this better than a gloomy old kitchen?"*

Frederick Orin Bartlett

He gloated over this grand total for an entire day and talked to himself about it with many a chuckle.

"Tidy sum, eh? Let me see—ought to build at least six meetin' houses outer that, eh, Elder? (*chuckle*). Might squeeze out an orphan asylum, too, and perhaps a library, eh, Goodwin? (*chuckle*). But I dunno. There's all my dear relatives and I suppose they want something. 'Ud be too bad now to disappoint them. (*chuckle*)."

But in time he wearied of this amusement and grudgingly set himself to the task of planning something definite in order that if for no other purpose, the Methodist Church should not get any of it on the strength of past promises. The trouble was, he did not wish to give his property to anyone. The only relatives he knew anything about, his three brothers, he cordially hated because of their repeated attempts to borrow money without security—an unpardonable offence. He remembered they all had children, although he had never seen them. Well, it might be possible some of these were decent. He had heard it said that hereditary weaknesses sometimes skipped one generation.

PRESENTLY the village was astounded to learn that Roden's brother Harry's daughter was expected to come to live with the old gentleman and everyone's sympathy went out to the unknown. She arrived, a delicate creature, and in less than a week she was taken ill and sent home. The next one to come was brother John's daughter. She went into hysterics and retired in tears sobbing that she would not live in the gloomy old house for a million dollars. Roden chuckled and sent for the third.

She came—Bess, the youngest brother's daughter. She differed from the others; strong, rugged, good natured, she created at sight a favorable impression among the village folk. She arrived one evening in the early Fall and, refusing to ride in the vehicle sent to meet her, trudged up the hill. When she stood before the impressive looking old mansion with the marks of years upon it, she uttered an exclamation of delight. "But it needs painting," she mused, critically examining it. "The fence needs righting and Ugh! look at the dead leaves."

The yard, indeed, was filled with them, and they rustled about the rotted floor of the broad piazza which encircled three sides of the house.

She pounded at the side door. A feeble voice bade her enter and pushing open the door she felt her way in the dusk down a short corridor and, opening a second door, found herself in a small room facing a dried-up old man seated before a cast iron stove. For a moment, the two stared at one another. "Well," she said, "I suppose you're uncle." She strode forward with extended hand, man fashion. "I'm Bess," she announced.

He extended his yellow fingers and she seized them in a grasp that caused him to hunch up in his chair.

"Good Lord, girl," he groaned, "no need of breakin' 'em. You must remember I'm an invalid."

"I should think to Heaven you would be," she observed calmly, as she proceeded to remove her hat and cloak. She sniffed. "It's actually musty in here. Don't believe there has been fresh air in this room for a month. Smells like a tomb."

Hunting for a place to put her wraps, she saw layers of dust upon everything. She rubbed her hand across a table and held her fingers in front of him.

"Look at that. Ugh!"

Then she took a hurried glance about her. The room had probably once been the kitchen as was suggested by the small cast iron cooking stove, the plain deal table and the two or three wooden chairs. A worn-out sofa completed the furnishings. Several dirty dishes were scattered about and the floor was sprinkled with crumbs.

She gave a low whistle of astonishment.

"Well I never saw such a sight in my life—never!" she observed. "It is hideous—positively hideous!"

He watched her curiously—helplessly. Somehow there were some things he hoped she would not see. She poked the dying fire and stuffed the stove with wood.

"We can at least be warm," she said, dusting her hands. "Get up nearer the stove. You look cold."

She lifted him, chair and all, into the small radius of heat.

"Land sakes," he gasped.

Bess studied him for a moment. In spite of the forbidding surroundings, there was something in the old man huddled up in the chair which appealed to her. He looked so very forlorn—so forsaken—so weak and useless. He was like an old piece of furniture which has been tucked away in the garret and got all covered with dust. The lines in his face were hard and forbidding and yet she thought she saw softer ones beneath. The faded, sunken eyes had once been blue and, as she looked deep into them, they did not seem cruel. His hair was unkempt but fine and snow white—so fine that she longed to stroke it.

"I sent for you to come down," he began uneasily, "because I thought you might like a change. The others didn't stay long."

"Can't blame 'em much, can you?" she replied. And then impulsively,

"Why you're all wizened up, uncle. You look like a mummy."

HE glanced up sharply and she thought she caught a look of pain in the eyes. She crossed to his side and threw her arms about his neck.

"But I honestly believe you're a dear old mummy. They oughtn't to have gone. They should have stayed and made things better."

It was the first time he had felt velvety arms against his cheek since the fair mistress died. "I don't believe you're sick," she ran on. "You don't look really sick but just like a plant that hasn't had any sun for a

long while."

Roden hardly knew what to make of this. He couldn't catch his breath for a minute and somehow his mechanical brain seemed not to work mechanically. He was feeling about for long unused words and phrases. He sat very still in his chair for fear she would remove her arms.

"Do you *feel* sick, uncle?" she asked.

"Kinder weak and—"

"Weak? Of course you do. I'd feel weak and I'd look the way you do in ten days if I lived like you do and thought like you. I'll bet I can make you all well in a month."

She stood in front of him looking with kindly fun-laden eyes full at him. He glanced up at her and then down at his hands.

"I dunno," he said weakly.

"I'll bet you a pair of gloves against—against," she observed the spots, "against a new waistcoat."

He tried to figure out the comparative cost. Then he emitted something like a chuckle.

"I'll—I'll take you."

"Done," she exclaimed and held out her hand to clinch the bet but he withdrew his fingers, remembering.

She laughed and kissed him.

"Now show me where I am to sleep," she said. "Because I've got to get up early for my morning walk."

With a bit of candle for light, he guided her to a large, unaired bed chamber. The first thing she did was to open all the windows and shortly afterwards she was fast asleep, dreaming of her plans.

THE next day was a busy one. Donning an old dress she rolled up her sleeves to the elbows and began on the kitchen, scrubbing it from top to bottom. Roden watched her and the harder she worked, the meaner he felt. Yet it was not as though he had asked her to do this. She took it upon herself and went about it cheerfully, keeping up a constant chatter.

"D'you know," she said stopping to brush back the hair from her eyes, with a soapy hand, "I just never could believe in you, Uncle. Heard a lot about you, but I always put you away in my mind with the fairy tales."

"Reckon, I know which ones then."

"Oh, I'll admit they weren't the pretty ones. You were a kind of ogre or something."

"I should ha' thought you'd almost been afraid to come," he said with an odd sense of injured vanity.

"No. Always wanted to see a real live ogre."

There was a period of silence during which all that could be heard was the soapy swish of the scrubbing brush.

"Are you going ter fix the other rooms—this way?" he finally asked.

"Bet your life!" she answered without looking up. "Haven't seen 'em yet but I suppose they are even worse." He squirmed about uneasily a moment.

"Well, if you're sot on it," he said, "you'd better get er,—get a girl."

Bess dropped her scrubbing brush in surprise and sitting cross-legged on the

The Magic of Youth

floor, stared at him.

"You old dear!" she exclaimed, as soon as she had fully grasped his generosity. "Of course I will. I *can* scrub but I don't like to and there is no use pretending."

That morning she went to the village and engaged Samantha Weston for a week.

"What did you offer her?" he asked anxiously when she returned.

"Four dollars."

"Could have got her for three."

"Perhaps, but she'll be worth four to me."

When Bess came to explore those rooms which had been closed now some forty years, she found herself in a veritable store house of old treasures. In the first spasm of his grief at the death of his wife, Roden had simply drawn the blinds, closed the doors and left unvisited ever since, those chambers. There they stood, musty and dust-filled, even to the library where a book, now browned and mouldy, lay opened on the table. As she wandered from room to room, her first feeling was one of deep sadness and gloom. But this soon wore away. It must have been a great grief which could have so stunned a man but this great grief connoted a great love. It must have been almost worth the suffering of these long years to have loved as they must have loved, even for a little.

Money had not been spared in the furnishing of the house. The heavy oak tables and chairs, the rich dark mahogany, the dressers filled with the choicest linen all testified to an open purse and exquisite taste. When she threw open the windows and blinds and let in the sunlight and fresh air, the old rooms seemed to come to life again.

Once she came running back to him. "Why it's all beautiful, uncle! And I'm to build a fire in the big fire place in the front room and you're to sleep there. Going to fix it up today."

"But—but—"

"Not a word. Can't stop."

SHE hurried off and, with Samantha, worked the whole day, dusting, scrubbing and washing the windows. She aired the musty linen in the sun until it became sweet. And the last thing of all she built a rousing fire. In one of the bureau drawers she had found an old daguerreotype of Her. And when Samantha left, she sat before the fire, in the twilight, dreaming over it. It was a sweet, sensitive face that looked out upon her—a face lighted with large trusting eyes; a face to make men dream much, dare much. Surely, she thought, there must be much of good in a man who could win the love of such a woman. She kissed the faded picture softly and placed it over the fireplace.

That evening she brought him, reluctant, up to his new room and, arranging him comfortably before the cheerful blaze, drew a hassock to his feet.

"There," she said, "Isn't this cosy? Isn't this better than a gloomy old kitchen?"

He settled back in his chair with a

sigh of content and watched the flames. The warmth found its way into his veins and brought color to his cheeks.

"Does seem kinder good," he admitted.

They sat on so a long while, both gazing into the changing colors of the eager flames; she, leaning forward, chin in hands, and he, with his head far back.

She spoke in a voice softened to the dreaming hour and place.

"I wish you would tell me something of the old days, Uncle. These rooms have set me to wondering about them."

"The old days?" he repeated "They are far back. I've forgotten!"

"You cannot have forgotten them all. Whose room used this to be?"

"It was long ago," he repeated uneasily.

"But you remember who used to have this room, uncle?"

"This room? This room?" he passed his withered hand over his brow, "Ah, yes. This used to be our room."

THE girl took down the old daguerreotype and placed it in his hands. "Yours and hers?"

He leaned forward quickly with a little dry sob and stared at the picture.

"Why—why—where did you find this? I thought it was lost. I've looked everywhere for it."

"She was very beautiful, uncle."

"She was the most beautiful creature God ever made," he said solemnly.

Roden drew his sleeve across his eyes. The girl laid her hand in his.

"Oh, to love so!" she whispered. "It is wonderful, wonderful!"

She left him shortly afterwards, tiptoeing out of the room that she might not interrupt his thoughts.

When Roden awoke the next morning, he caught his breath and lay very still. Then he put out his hand to the pillow beside him, suddenly drawing it back with a pang as though he had been stabbed. The Present flashed back upon him.

When he arose and looked out of the window, he saw Bess in the yard armed with a very dull scythe trying manfully to mow down the weeds. She caught his face at the window and blew him a kiss. It sent him down the stairs with a smile on his lips. He found the kitchen warm and clean with the kettle bubbling and singing on the stove, the fragrance of coffee in the air and the table all set. In the center of the snow-white linen stood a vase filled with a cluster of brilliant autumn leaves. Bess came in red cheeked and panting from her exertions.

"Morning, Uncle," she greeted him cheerily.

"Lordy, girl!" he said. "You'll get all lamed up trying to work that scythe. It's been hanging in the barn for forty years."

"It's good exercise," she answered "and that's about all. Doesn't take anything but their heads off."

"Reckon we could get a man to do that for a quarter," he said slowly.

"Guess we'd better, then. And that reminds me I've got a proposition for you after breakfast."

He looked uneasy.

"Something new?" he queried.

She laughed heartily.

"Guess you'll say so when you hear it. It will take your breath away at first, but if you hold on tight you will come out of it all right."

She had prepared eggs and toast for him and was rewarded by seeing him eat with visible relish, only he seemed bent upon making it last as long as possible. When he had quite finished, she folded her arms on the table and leaned towards him.

"Now," she said, trying hard to keep her face straight, "Hold on tight; I want some money."

Roden's yellow fingers fumbled uneasily with the chair arms.

"Yes sir," she went on calmly, "I want a lot of money—all I can spend."

"Good Lord, girl—" he broke in, eyeing her sharply.

"Well, I can't shingle the house and its got to be shingled. I can't paint it and its got to be painted and I won't take up carpets and they've got to be taken up."

"Don't see why you can't let things be," he grumbled.

The gray eyes were hardening, the brows contracting.

"Why?" she asked, "Because you don't want Her to be ashamed of you. Because you don't want the house where She used to live to look as it does now. Because you want to get back and be yourself so that when She meets you She will be proud of you."

She had ended in almost a whisper.

"Don't! Don't!" he pleaded.

She went to his chair and smoothed his white locks.

"You just haven't thought of it that's all, Uncle. You've been numbed all these years until people call you an ogre. But you're not one. They don't know about that love. It couldn't die. It mustn't die."

He was fumbling about for her hand.

"There, there," she soothed him "We'll make them all proud of you one more and we'll make Her proud of you. Shall we?"

"If you could," he sobbed.

"We'll try then—for a month!"

"Yes," he answered, adding, "For a month."

THE village of Canbury was ablaze with excitement. What in the world was taking place at the house on the hill? The painter reported an order to paint the mansion from one end to the other. The carpenter reported that he had been engaged to shingle the roof and make repairs. The village man of all work reported a job to take up the carpets and beat them. The carriage maker reported an order for a new carriage and, to cap the climax, Seth Brown reported the sale of Sandie Bell, his finest roadster, to Roden. It was all beyond belief, save upon the ground that the Squire was losing his mind.

The gossips clambered up the hill to stare at the house, only to return shaking their heads. Stories of the days were at a premium and many

yarn concerning Squire Roden which had long been relegated to village brain attic was brought out, dusted, polished and offered as new to an eager audience.

The theory of mental aberration gained ground when the Squire was seen beside his niece in the new carriage, dressed in a silk hat and fur overcoat. Some even declared, who had seen him when he entered the store, that he was wearing a boiled shirt and a long-tailed coat such as the parsons wore.

Inside the house the same change was taking place. Bess was devoting herself to restoring as far as possible every detail of the old mansion. At the end of a week, the old man had begun to take an active interest in the work.

"Let me see," he would say as he surveyed a room, "there's something wrong here. Aye, that's it. She used to have that over yonder." And the article would be moved to where she had chosen to place it. The memory of his wife became an active force, a power in his life once more. As the days passed, his mind cleared and he allowed himself to dwell more on the past. He recalled even to the smallest details, the old arrangement of things. He followed Bess around like a little child and grew uneasy if she left the house for an hour.

As for her, she was as happy as the day was long. She worked enthusiastically and sang as she worked. As the house began to take on much of its former dignity and beauty, she felt as though she had been granted some magic power.

One evening, as the two sat before the open fire, she announced,

"Uncle, I am going to give a party."

"A party? Good land, girl, you don't mean—"

"I mean I'm going to invite here every living old crony you ever had and their children and grandchildren."

"Guess you won't find many who'll come."

"Yes, they'll come. I'm sure of it."

"But—but I don't want 'em. I've

lived alone and—"

"I'm boss this month, Uncle. Only a week longer and then I'll abdicate. I'm going to spend tomorrow hunting them up and making them promise."

"I dunno. I—"

"Now you're an ogre again."

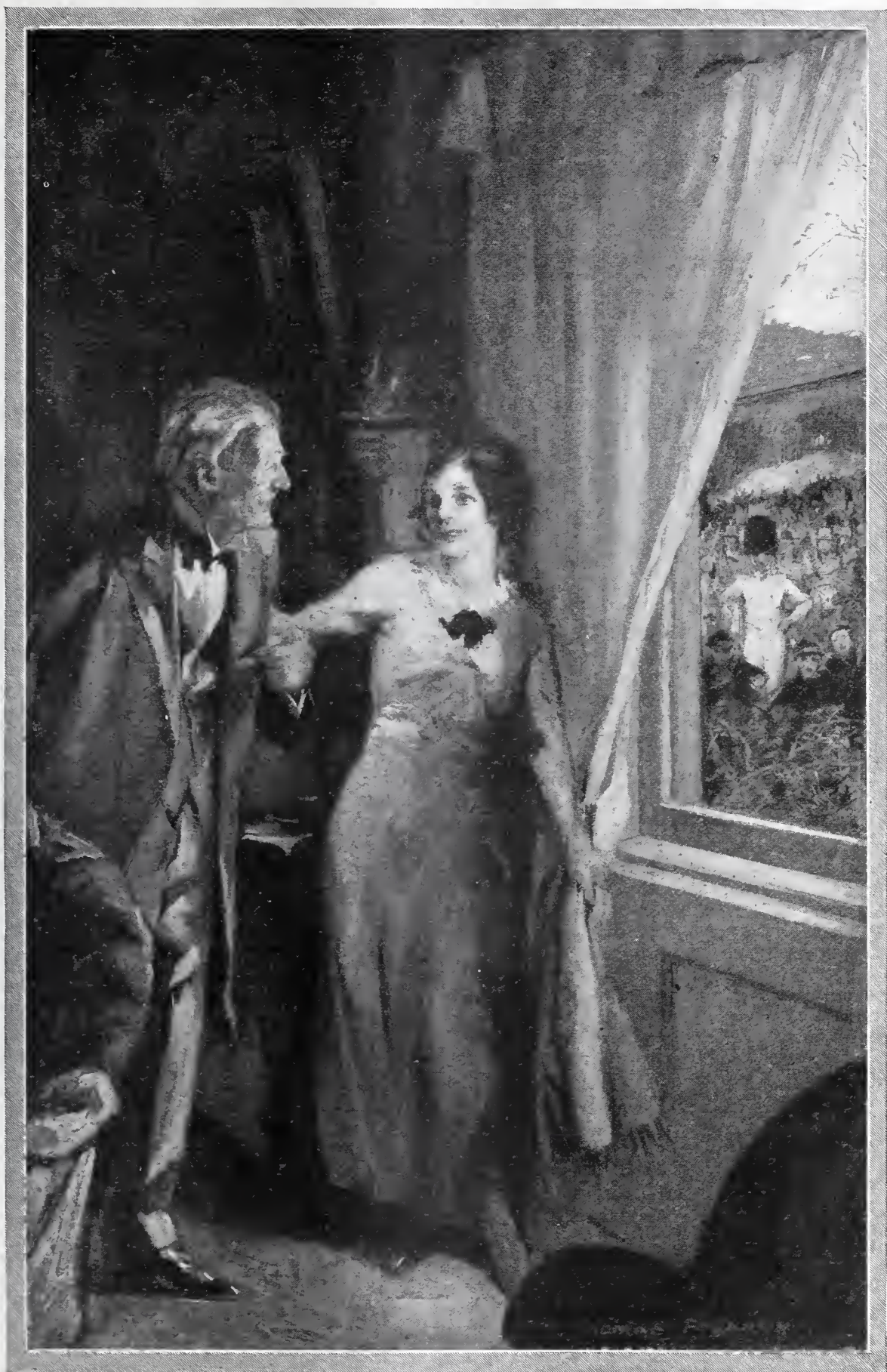
"No," he said quickly, "You—you go ahead."

"It's going to be an old time party," she explained, "We're to have dancing in the big room."

"Dancin'," he chuckled. "Bill Smith's got a wooden leg now and Dick Sanders and Joe Whitely have the rheumatiz. Then, there's Sue Trumble an' the widder Foster—Lord!"

"Yes, they'll be here. But we'll also have young Bill Smith—I think he's sweet on me, Uncle—and Dick Sanders, Jr. and Mary Foster's grandchild."

"Huh! The widder who was fool nuff to mortgage her place to give that girl music lessons." (Continued on Page 68)



Boom tap-tap. Boom tap-tap. The sound of the fifes grew more and more distinct until they clearly heard music of "When Johnny Comes Marching Home"

*It's mighty good as it is
but it ought to be a*

B E T T E R

Some true tales of folks and



THE COLOR OF ROSES

By Julia Searing Leaycroft

TUCKED away in New Orleans, far from the languorous elegance and drowsy charm of the residential section, purrs the "Irish Channel." It is a section of factories, fifteen blocks by five, and the purr is of myriad machines and looms.

Here is harbored almost all of New Orleans' industry except garment making. The roaring of looms proclaims the cotton mills, the textile and thread factories. Pungently sweet odors surround the candy, coffee, tobacco, molasses and biscuit factories. They make bags there, great quantities of them. Negroes bring up the trucks and wagons for the loads, laughing and breaking into song.

These factories are filled with thousands of girls. Formerly their lives were bounded by the great dark walls of the factory. Home scarcely counted for they were so worn out when they reached it, after long hours, that supper and sleep were all they wanted. The next morning it began all over again, with box luncheons at noon.

But there came a time when someone remembered what had been long forgotten—an old deserted house, a mansion left forlornly alone by its owner because the manufactories had eaten into the quiet neighborhood. It stood in its solitary grandeur as it had stood when old-time balls had brought stately carriages up the winding driveways. It was soft grey in color, with double balconies about it. The iron-work was French green, copied from an old house in French-town. Inside was a great court-yard of stone tiles and a Creole garden with a high brick wall and a big tree.

The Y. W. C. A. took over the place for an Industrial Center for the girls working in the neighborhood. At first, the girls came by hundreds but now four thousand of them come regularly. They come for classes of all sorts, for games, for companionship, for rest—for the relaxation and gaiety of life they can find only when it is made for them. The place is their own. They have self-government, with serious conferences. They can give parties whenever they like and use the house as they will. Other Centers have set a precedent by providing wholesome twenty-cent lunches for the girls.

There are nine basket-ball teams today, in a city that formerly was entirely without athletics. In the old Creole

garden, a basket-ball court holds sway and is king.

Even more conspicuous than the atmosphere of play is the glowing color of the place. "Why don't you have mixed rugs and dark curtains, that won't show the dirt? Your china should be thick and substantial! You will have big bills for breakage!" These were some of the criticisms made by the "practicals," who would surround the factory girl at play with the same dinginess that surrounds her at work.

No attention was paid to these dismal forebodings—not in New Orleans! Instead the interior of the industrial center was finished in a rich old cream. The decorations were rose, supplemented by rich blue and violet. The color of roses is what welcomes the girls who have stood all day at thread mills in their bare feet (the plants are kept so hot in making thread that even shoes and stockings have to be discarded). Instead of eating strawberry ice-cream from a plate half an inch thick and correspondingly hideous its rosiness is brought to them on a thin exquisitely tinted plate, and behold one rests and eats!

What has happened in the "Irish Channel" of New Orleans?

First of all, something strange has gone on in the heads of employers. One mill manager who asked the director not to tell his girls of the high wages paid by the government, came to her awhile ago and said: "How shall I set about shortening hours for my girls? I want to give them more time for going to the center to play."

That was far from sudden magnanimity. He had found, as have other manufacturers of the neighborhood, that recreation has an economic value.

That almost tells the tale, doesn't it? Four thousand girls could give more of their work, for having had a bit of recreation in their day. Four thousand girls were more useful and happier citizens of society for having been given a place to call their own, a place overflowing with the color of roses.

BOOKS FOR EVERYBODY.

By Ida M. Tarbell

THE soldier boy began it. I was down in South Carolina, and I chanced to get hold of a pamphlet named "The Job Book" which is men-

If you love your country
you'll want to help it

A M E R I C A

things that show a people's heart

a list of a thousand or so books, issued by the war library service of the A. L. A., particularly for men leaving the service. This young soldier read of the books and he wrote to the Library of Congress in Washington, which is the headquarters of the Mother of Books, to know where he could get some of the things listed. His letter was sent to one of the two young women in my story. She knew what to do. The machinery was all ready. The man was in the district of a colleague and so she wrote at once to the Kennedy Free Library of Spartanburg, S. C., and made her plea:

"You can, no doubt, be of great service in lending books to this man. Please let us know if we can help you out in any way. Even though he may not be a returned soldier and eligible for direct service from us, we shall be glad to supply books to you which you might lend to him, if you will let us know what is needed."

NOW it was this last wise and generous thought, "even though he may not be a returned soldier," that brought the

GENERAL COUNTRY STORE

Thomas Rose, Proprietor

5 miles West, Long Creek

Westminster, S. C.

into this story. For immediately the alert and sympathetic young woman at Spartanburg wrote back to her colleague:

"Of course I shall do all I can for your returned soldier. He is in my county and I shall be glad to communicate with him right away," and she added:

"Some time ago, I had a letter from Mr. Thomas Rose, Westminster Star Route, Westminster, S. C., asking if we could send them—the request came from returned soldiers—a package of books every week through Mr. Rose's country store, if he would assume responsibility. It distresses me that I could not, for we had more than we could manage with our own town and county and with only one assistant I could not take the rest of the state under our wings, however gladly I would have if I could.

"These boys are away up in the northwestern corner of our state and need books, very, very badly,

but it is probable that they want books for general reading, rather than technical books as they have practically nothing in the way of reading matter, they say.

"If there should be any way in which the A. L. A. War Service could help in this case, I am sure that these young men would be very grateful."

THIS letter had no sooner arrived than the receiver, eager as its writer, packed up twenty-five books and without waiting to investigate Mr. Rose—if you've worked for dough boys for a year, you have faith in men and are willing to take chances—sent them to him and along with them went a letter asking how many returned soldiers and sailors there were in his vicinity; how many books he would like at once; what kind of books he wanted; any special titles that somebody might ask for; what particular lines of work were represented by the men who would read the books and so on.

There were no conditions attached to the package. All she asked was whether he could see that the books were cared for and returned at the end of two months in good condition. She would even pay the postage. She could send 50 or 100 books at a time, if he liked.

I wish I could have been present when the books dropped from the sky on Thomas Rose's counter—an answer to a request he had given up as hopeless. I wish so because of the letters before me, for their coming was the beginning of a correspondence with him which at this writing has been going on for some six months.

"I am ten miles from the railroad in a very scattered community. I think there is about 15 or 20 Soldier Boys. I will put a notice in the county paper offering to loan the Books. These homes of the Mountain Whites of S. C. are not liable to take care of books, as they should, but I will impress on the minds of the boys that the Books must be kept clean, and I will do the best I can. I guess the Box got spilled. I have 13 books."

And later:

"I think there are about 50 Soldiers and Sailors that would care and desire Books. If you would send me about 100, mostly fiction and others that instill Love of Country and Patriotism and uplifting of higher ideals for Womanhood. What is needed is education

amongst these Mountain Whites. 16 per cent. of the adults that come down the big road are illiterate. To remove this stigma, is my reason."

One of the questions that was asked Thomas Rose in the letter which went with the first lot of books was what particular lines of work the men were in, and he was quick to snatch at this suggestion and immediately answered, "One boy, with a leg off, asks for a book on candy making. He is selling and making candy and his mother and three sisters are making a Cotton Crop and all doing well. No other help needed."

Almost at once the candy books were sent and jubilantly Thomas Rose replied: "Received two books on Candy making for a soldier boy who is much pleased and highly elated."

But while he had the joy of supplying the need of this particular Soldier Boy, he had also the disappointment of finding that not all the soldier boys that were back wanted his books now that he had them. For after a few weeks he writes a little pathetically with a half apology for his people:

"As this is the most illiterate state in the Union, there is not such a demand for the Books as I expected that there would be. Fifty per cent. of the rural population cannot read or write, and very few seem to take any interest in reading outside of the Newspapers or weekly or a Sears, Roebuck Catalog. Indifference as to education is seen by the parents either for themselves or their children."

"FOR one thing the roads are to blame and the land rental system. The small pay offered to Teachers, \$25 a month up to this year, now \$40 and some of the teachers have over 50 pupils but the schools in one particular locality only run 2 months. The funds are exhausted and the children have to work in the fields (Cotton). This little store goes back to the primitive days of Barter. The women and children bring me Roots, Eggs, Chickens, and trade them for Snuff, Lard, Coffee, Tea and Sugar."

Two months later he is more hopeful:

"This is one of the most illiterate sections of our country, but a dawning light is breaking in the return of our boys and the future will show a greater diffusion of the three R's."

He is surer too of what is wanted: "Should it be possible, send in place of these, some on Religion, even sermons, Talmadge, Phillips Brooks, Spurgeon, a collection of American Poetry and one on Botany—gathering of Medicinal Herbs and Roots. Hygiene for Children would be appreciated as is all the rest."

And later still he asks:

"Would be pleased to have any school books that would teach Penmanship or first lessons in spelling. In addition to the soldiers, I am loaning books to the Teachers of the rural schools, and also to the Teachers of the Moonlight Schools. Some of the Pupils are between 70 and 90 years of age and go from 3 to 5 miles through the roads to these schools to learn the 3 R's so that they may read the Bible and sign their name. How proud they are when that feat is accomplished. I think that great credit is due the Teachers as the financial rewards are but meagre.

"The Soldier Boys don't seem to be capable of sustained effort in reading books. Magazines and periodicals appeal mostly to them, so I thought that perhaps Addresses, Sermons, Poetry and simple books would be better. One must try the shallows ere he essay the deeps. The Books are loaned over the country for a radius of 40 miles. I have been asked for pictures but they are not for copies of the World's leading works of Art, The Last Supper or the Angelus or the Night Watch causes but a passing glance.

"But an interior with a Vacant Chair would hold their attention for hours, whereas Turner with his lights and shadows or Whistler and his etchings cause not a look."

The sermons and poetry were sent and Thomas Rose writes:

"The Box of 50 books and the writing lessons arrived and last week 11 Books, Sermons, and Poetry came from N. Y. The Moody Sermons were utilized for a Piece de Resistance at the Meeting House and afforded much Joy amongst our Mountain Folk. They love to be read to. But the Soldier Boys as a rule do not avail themselves of the Books as they should. They cannot concentrate their minds on the Printed page. Action, toujours action, as one young fellow says, whether its Plowing, Fishing or Hunting. Many thanks for Books and interest in the intellectual uplift."

And this is the last letter. But the books are going on and Thomas Rose is finding his own original uses for them. Where in all this broad land will one find a truer centre of light and helpfulness than the General Country Store, Five Miles West of Long Creek, Westminster, South Carolina or a more understanding and devoted apostle of real Americanism than Thomas Rose?



OUT OF OUR DAILY LIFE

SOMETIMES when we are going home from work, amid the hurrying crowds of the city, or strolling down to the post office for the evening mail along the drowsy, friendly streets of our little town, or cutting cross lots at sunset back to the farm house, the thought strikes us that it is a pretty dead old world after all. The romance, the adventure, the heroism have all been gobbled up long ago either by the magazine stories or by the really great and famous living men and women. And there isn't much left for you and me and the rest of the millions of common folks. But that really isn't so! All over the United States, people, whose names aren't in the headlines, who ride to work on street cars, who worry about the rent and glow with pride because their children are heading their classes at school, every day people of this description are doing interesting things, big things, human things. Anyone who will glance over a bunch of newspapers, gathered from different places—Minneapolis, Philadelphia, Los Angeles and New Orleans, will find, often tucked away at the bottom of the page, little stories of what these real people are doing in our country.

There is the skipper of the lumber carrier Myron, who braved the storms of the Great Lakes. His ship and his crew went down, leaving him perched on the roof of the pilot house, to drift for nineteen hours over angry icy waters. "Safe after a twenty-four hour bath in Lake Superior", he telegraphed his wife after he had been picked up.

In Cleveland, there is a sixty-five year old grammar school student. She has sixteen children and fifteen grandchildren. But "It's never too late to learn," she says, "I'm going to learn

how to read a newspaper and write letters in English. I'm going to the shows and understand what the actors say." And she's doing with a will what she set out to do. In fact, she heads her class!

"The walk'nest man I ever seed", is what the Kentucky mountaineers call Shelley D. Watts, a Red Cross Home Service man. In the heat, in the cold, with his brief case in his hand, and help and cheer in his heart, he trudges over mountains, up wooded trails, along creek beds, to the cabins of the soldiers' families, the sick and the destitute. Sometimes, when the walk is a little long, say twenty-four miles or so, he uses the faithful mule, the "flivver of the mountains".

Then there is the enterprising woman from Chattanooga, Tennessee, who read a magazine article about South America and immediately embarked to make her fortune there. She's done it by selling soda crystals for laundry purposes. She saw the need; she got a trademark which would catch the Brazilian's eye; and she established her product by travelling around in an automobile, interviewing small dealers and giving them samples. You can imagine the astonishment of the Portuguese grocer when he found that this American was not a customer but a saleswoman!

But a woman does not have to travel abroad to make a career for herself. In Atlanta, Georgia, a postmistress recently died. *The Constitution* had a short editorial about her headed "An Inspiring Life". For twenty-five years she had superintended the mail at one of the post office stations and during all that time she had been absent only one day: hard-working, punctual and loyal to her post. And when she died she was eighty years old. We are often apt to look impersonally upon the people who handle our letters. But in truth they are the harbingers of good tidings, of sorrow and of joy. Through their hands pass daily the fortunes, the careers and the hearts of millions of people.

Just a little while ago, a man crossed the continent from California to Virginia at the call of his collie. The poor dog, who had been left behind with friends, was so lonesome that he would sit day after day watching the trolleys, waiting for his master to come home. And his master did not fail him. He appreciated the animal's devotion and loyalty and he travelled 3,000 miles to get his faithful follower.

In New Orleans, there lives a man who was a swimming champion forty years ago. In his career, he has saved 64 people from drowning. He is now eighty-four years old but he has no lost all his youthful vigor. He is still saving lives!

These short items prove that heroism is not dead yet



GIVING THE CHILDREN THE VOTE

I AM an Americanizer. I am helping to make every man and woman a "Regular Voter."—so runs the badge that every school child in Grand Rapids, Michigan, will wear with pride during the weeks before the spring election.

They have a new slant on Americanism and Americanization in Grand Rapids. It doesn't mean just being a citizen, born or naturalized. To be a real American, a man must do his part towards helping look after this vast land of ours, he must regularly do the governing act that lies within the power of every citizen, that is to say, he must vote.

"I forgot to register and it's too late now," "I don't think I'll bother to vote in this election." How many times have we heard remarks like these. It is against this shirking spirit that the Americanization Society of Grand Rapids is girding itself up for battle and, to carry on the fight, it has wisely picked as its army the voters of tomorrow—the school children.

The watchword of the campaign is "Every Man and Woman should be a Regular Voter." And this is the plan of action: During registration days, each child makes two canvasses of the city block where he lives and of additional blocks if possible. He rings the door bell.

"Have you registered?" he asks seriously.

And if the man or woman of the house answers "Yes", the child smiles and skips on but if he is greeted by "No", he is not so pleased.

"Be sure to register Saturday," he admonishes. "There are very important things to vote on. Vote April

7th. Get a voter's tag and save the tag for me."

The Americanization Society provides these tags, a tag for every voter.

"I AM AN AMERICAN.

I VOTED. DID YOU?

WEAR THIS 2 DAYS. HELP MAKE THE SHIRKER CONSPICUOUS."

So reads one tag. "Believing in self government I voted." is the slogan of another. These tags are sent around to the different schools and from there taken to the precincts where they are distributed by specially selected children. I tell you, it is an honor to give out a tag to every man who has answered the children's plea and shown that he is a real American.

The day after election is a very exciting day. Then the tags are collected and counted, and the school that has collected the largest number of tags in proportion to the number of pupils; receives as a prize a silk flag with gold fringe and a staff. The second prize is a smaller flag without fringe and the third prize still smaller, with neither staff nor fringe.

But all is not yet over. There is still more to come in this "voting contest." Each boy and girl in the schools writes a letter or an essay, telling how he went from house to house urging the people to register and vote, the instructive or amusing things they said; or, if he wishes, he can write about the issues of the campaign and the results, of the election. All the letters are read aloud in each room and the children vote as to which are the best three. The Parents-Teachers Association decides which are the best three of the whole school and then the Federation of School Clubs picks out the best three from all the schools. And a great honor it is to be the boy or girl whose letter or essay is thus singled out as the best

WINNING A PRIZE AND MORE

PRIZES for scholarship, prizes for essays, prizes for plays, honors for high marks—most women's colleges abound in these—but a prize for health, just plain ordinary health, so often neglected, so infinitely valuable in the conflict with life—that is something different, striking. Mount Holyoke College has such a prize, the Sarah Streeter Cup. It isn't given to the girl who breaks the record for high jumping or who makes the winning basket-ball team but to the senior who, at her final physical examination, is in the best physical condition; that is, to the girl who has at her command a well developed muscular strength and endurance and a firm foundation of well-being. We are apt to stress the mental equipment with which a girl leaves college, with little thought for her physical equipment. But surely in the rush and tear of modern life, a woman needs the resources of a good physique upon

which to draw if she wishes to meet the world face to face and achieve success.

Perhaps there was something of this in Sarah Streeter's mind, when, in 1914, she established the Sarah Streeter Cup. She was an athlete herself and knew the value of outdoor exercise. "To stimulate interest in gymnastic work and athletics" is the official purpose of the Cup and, according to the college authorities, it accomplishes its object. Not that any girl deliberately sets out to win the Cup but, on the other hand, it isn't just a prize entered in the catalogue and unknown to half the students. The winning of it is considered a distinct honor and the girl who holds it is entered in the annals of the college mind as the "winner of the Sarah Streeter Cup". Almost any Mount Holyoke girl you meet can tell you on the instant the winners of the Cup from 1914 down.

The award is made on the basis of the usual gymnastic tests of a physical examination, such as the strength of the arms and back, lung expansion and heart action. But that a girl ranks highest in these tests does not mean that athletics are her sole end and accomplishment and health, her only asset. Miss Mildred Fowler Gignoux this year's winner, besides playing tennis, basket-ball and hockey, is one of the editor of the college year book; has acted in several plays; has served on numerous committees; tutors in both the French and English Departments, and has distinguished herself in scholarship. She is what one might call an "all-a-round girl."





Jim had gone home where his wife, the only person in the world who was not afraid of him, washed the blood from his face

BIG JIM CALLAHAN

By Elizabeth Cooper

Illustrated by F. R. Gruger

WE ARE told that there is a spark of the Divine in every human being but one would be compelled to delve deep to find a spark of his Creator in the person of James Callahan, track walker for the Erie road.

In New York, Jim might have been called a Socialist. In Mast Hope, they said he was "agin" everything. But they understood him and knew that when he was left alone and allowed to talk without opposition, nothing happened. Consequently, in respect to his six feet of size and his pugilistic tendencies, he was allowed to abuse the powers that be, to his heart's content, from the President of the United States and the President of the Erie down to the track foreman. No one argued with him. The men listened in silence, nodded their heads from time to time or exchanged surreptitious glances with each other, being careful that Jim did not catch sight of those same glances.

As the Buffalo express went by, pretty ladies, looking from the windows of the Pullman, saw a great burly fellow standing by the side of the lines, staring up at them, his shaggy eyebrows nearly covering the sullen eyes that looked hatred at the rich people riding by; the bristly red moustache over a mouth that was often twisted into a snarl as he thought of the ease of those people in their comfortable chairs, while he had to walk the track to guard them. And the ladies turned from the window with a shudder, and said, "What a brute!"

Jim, indeed, had one overmastering dread. He hated the people who rode Pullmans. To him, the man who rode by in the Pullman was a bloated, white handed aristocrat. He felt for them what the people of the Commune felt for the lords and ladies at the time of the French Revolution. If a guilt-trip could have been set up on the scene at Mast Hope, he would have given a tumbrel, and filled it with men who rode in Pullmans.

For five years, Jim had walked the track, and would quite likely have walked it for another five years or until the end of his days, if a new track foreman had not been put over him. The old foreman knew his surly ways, his fighting, quarrelsome nature and left

him alone to do his work. But a new man had been transferred to that section of the Erie, a young man with a German name, who had just returned from France and who felt that his orders should be listened to with respect, because of the great service he had rendered his country in driving an ammunition truck "over there."

One rainy night, about a month after Hartman had been made foreman, the door of Branning's store was flung violently open and Charley Hanan, another trackman, came excitedly into the room. The men, who were slowly preparing to start for their homes, looked up at Charley's flushed face and, feeling that there was going to be something to break the monotony of existence, settled back on their boxes and waited for the news they could see trembling on Charley's lips.

"Say, what do you think?" he said. "There's been a fight down in Jim's cut! Hartman laid Jim's head open with a crowbar, and he's give him his time."

No one spoke for a moment.

"Did Jim kill him?" some one asked. As no one could imagine a fight, with Jim Callahan coming out second, they naturally supposed that he had killed a man who had dared to hit him, especially one who had been cowardly enough to hit him with an iron crowbar.

"No. Hartman got away," he answered.

"How'd it happen?" asked Frank Redding.

"Well, I was going with Hartman up the line and he was rubbering around and he saw Jim's shelter over the side of the bank. He stopped the hand-car, and went down and Jim was settin' in there having his smoke. I stayed on the car for a time, then I heard voices gittin' louder and went down. I seed there was goin' to be trouble and I tried to tell Hartman that Jim was all right, that he watched his track all right, but Hartman is a smart Alec and thinks he knows it all. He got chesty and said no man would set in a shelter while he was foreman. He was goin' to put a stop to that kind of work. No man could soldier on his job so long as he was boss! He talked a lot and Jim didn't say nothin' for a time, when Hartman said somethin' about the lazy

Irish, and Jim got up. 'I tried to git Hartman away, but nothin' doin.' He was feelin' all fired puffed up and had to talk. When he saw Jim's big body raise up, he looked at him a minit and then he said, 'Why didn't you go across? They needed men like you!' Jim said, 'That's my business.' Hartman sneered, 'I suppose you crept behind your wife's petticoats.' Jim's face got redder than his hair and he said, in a low voice, 'Dutchie, you said enough.' That word 'Dutchie' made Hartman mad and he began again. 'Oh, I've heard about you,' he said. 'You don't believe in fightin' unless you're full of whiskey!' 'Oh, don't I?' said Jim, 'I ain't full of whiskey now and I'm goin' to lick Hell out of you, you mangy little runt.' And he started for Hartman. Hartman backed off, then bent over quick and picked up a bar that was layin' there and as Jim reached for him he hit him over the head with it. Jim fell like an ox and we started for our car. I thought Jim was done fer, but not he. He got up in a minit and started after us up the bank, the blood runnin' down his face and him looking awful. I've heerd tell about wild animals but no wild animal ever looked like Jim Callahan did then. Hartman was scared plumb to death and he jumped on the car and started it, hardly givin' me time to climb on. We was nearly up to the bend before Jim got up the bank and we slowed down when Hartman seen that Jim couldn't catch us. Jim stood shakin' his fist and yellin', 'I'll git you', and swearing something awful. Hartman seed he was safe and he yelled back, 'I give you your time! Git out of this! The Erie don't want you! Don't ever let me see you on this track agin!' Then we flew around the curve and I took Pete Blake down to take Jim's place."

The men looked at each other and some of them laughed.

"Pete Blake!" one said, amazement in his voice. "Say, Hartman's green. He won't stop in the shelter to have a pipe. He'll live there! Why didn't you tell him about Pete?"

Charley shrugged his shoulders.

"It's none of my business," he replied. "You can't tell Hartman nothin'. He knows it all hisself."

"But he don't know Pete or he

wouldn't give him the only bad cut from here to Jersey City."

"Well, he'll learn."

The men started for the door as Mr. Branning began to close the store. One of the men turned and said to Charley.

"Hartman won't be long with us if he puts a man like Pete to watching the bad places. There'll be an accident and he'll git canned."

"Here's hopin'," answered Charley as he started towards home to tell the exciting news to his wife.

In the meantime, Jim had gone to the little yellow house by the river, where his wife, the only person in the world who was not afraid of him, washed the blood from his face and tried to pacify him. She did succeed in binding up his wound but success did not crown her efforts to calm him. He walked up and down the little kitchen swearing, saying over and over again, "I'll git him! I'll git him! If I wait a hundred years, I'll git him!"

Then he would roll out oaths that made even Maggie, who was used to him, shudder.

"Knocked me down, and I didn't have a chance to hit back. First time a man can say he ever put Jim Callahan on his back. I'll fix him. Threw in my face that I didn't go across and fight. Said I couldn't fight unless I was full of whiskey. I'll show him!"

His wife tried to soothe him. "Never mind Jim. Don't worry about it. The boss

will send him somewhere's else. You bin a good man and every one knows it. They'll take you back on the road. They won't let a good man like you go."

Jim paused and looked at his wife.

"Take me back? Yes they will! I've finished with the Erie. I've walked their track fer the last time. Rotten road, run by a lot of rich men. I hate 'em, hate 'em all. When I see the express trains go by in the mornings with their long string of Pullmans and know there's a lot of rich men lyin' there sleepin', I feel sometimes, I'd like to roll a rock on the lines and send them all to Hell! They're ridin' soft and

I'm standin' by in the rain seein' that nothin' happens to 'em, and they got big homes and soft beds and fine food and rich clothes and I git only three fifty fer my night's work. It ain't right, Maggie! I'm just as good as they are and my body is just as fine as theirs'. Why should I be standin' by in the cold and rain and they ridin' by in the Pullmans?"

"Never mind, Jimmie," said Maggie, who saw that Jim was getting off on his hobby. "You don't need to work for the Erie. You won't need to watch the Pullmans go by no more. Luxton wants men in the woods and he pays

good wages. Up in the woods, you won't see the trains go by. Then you won't think of the rich men no more."

"Just hear me, Maggie!" Jim turned to her with blazing eyes. "If the president of the Erie, if Underwood himself came to me on his bended knees and asked me to go back, I'd never work another day fer that blasted road. The cut kin fall in, fer all o' me! I'd just sit by and laugh if they had a wreck there. I'd like to see it. I'd like to see them fat, soft men in their Pullmans go over the bank. I wouldn't hold my little finger to save 'em." And he shook his great hand in Maggie's face.



Jim was caught in the mass and went rolling over and over until he lay panting and gasping across the tracks

Maggie took him by the arm and led him into the bedroom.

"That's all right, Jimmie," she said in the tone one uses to a spoiled child. "That's all right. You go to sleep now and you'll feel different in the mornin'."

The next day it rained, a steady persistent rain. Jim wandered around the house for a time, then went to the store—the meeting-place of the men who were not working. No one dared to broach the subject of his discharge to him but they all looked with interest at the bandage which showed below Jim's old hat. Luxton, the man who was getting out props for the Scranton mines, said: "Jim, do you want to come with me? I'm losing Farrell and need a man."

Jim grunted, his only reply.

Luxton, who was a stranger in the place and did not know Jim's peculiarities, said again: "I hear you got your time. If they don't take you back, you can come with me if you want to."

Jim turned on him.

"If they won't take me back, ye say? Do you suppose I'd go back? No. I got enough of the Erie! I'll never walk another foot of their track. I've watched that cut fer five years, and it's five years too long. I'm through. Yes, I'll come wit ye. I'm goin' to be a lumber jack, I ain't a railroad man no longer. When do you want me?"

"As soon as the rain stops. Got a lot of props must get out at once."

"All right!" He was quiet for a moment. "Yes, I'll come," he said. He went to the door and watched the rain falling outside. As he stood there he heard the name of Pete Blake mentioned by one of the men and turned so that he could hear the conversation.

"Hartman's put Blake in Jim's place er good. I'll bet he won't do much watching if the rain keeps on. Pete's like a cat, he don't like water."

The men laughed, then one said: "The rain's bad fer the cut. He ought to have a good man up there. There's likely to be a big slide if this keeps on."

Jim turned. "Hope to God there is! Hope one morning the express goes over the bank. I'd like to see that big rock at the bend come down and end the whole damn train over into the river. I wouldn't hold out my hand to help em. I'm glad I've done my best trick in watching that cut to make it safe fer a lot of rich men sleepin' soft in their Pullmans."

No one answered him and a few moments he opened the door and went out.

* * * * *

It rained all that day and the next and at night the quiet rain turned into a wild, clustering storm. The wind blew and the water came down in torrents. Jim wandered around the house or stood by the window watching the sheets of water dash against the panes. He could not sit still, could not read his favorite

paper, kept lighting and relighting his pipe. Maggie scolded him for using so many matches and he showed his preoccupation by making no angry rejoinder to her complaining. Finally, about ten o'clock he flung himself into his bed. But he could not sleep. Maggie lay quietly by his side, only rousing once in a while as Jim's incessant turning and tossing disturbed her.

At last, it seemed that Jim had decided something. He lay quietly, watching Maggie. When her even breathing told him that she was asleep, he slipped out of bed and, stealthily picking up his clothes, went into the kitchen. He went to the window and looked out at the rain, listened to the wind, then muttered something under his breath about, "Pete Blake, the drunken loafer", and began dressing. He found his rain coat and his storm hat, lighted his lantern and looked into his pocket to see if he had any of the torpedoes with which the track men warn the engine driver of a danger ahead on the line. He went to the corner where he kept his tools and took up a heavy crow-bar; then, waiting a moment to see if he had disturbed Maggie, he quietly opened the door and went out into the night. The storm was worse than he had thought and he was nearly blown from his feet as he passed the shelter of the house. The rain came down in floods and he was wet to the skin before he was on the tracks.

Jim made his way against the wind up the familiar track of iron, muttering to himself, cursing the railroad, the officials, and especially Hartman who had no more sense than to put a man like Pete Blake to guard a bad cut in the rainy season. As he drew near the cut he began to look for Blake's lantern. It was not to be seen. Jim sneered,

"Pete's asleep somewhere, warm and comfortable. Let him sleep! What do I care fer this old road? If there's a wreck, it'll learn 'em somethin'. And Hartman'll git his. He's bin told Pete's no good but he knows it all. Let it come! I hope it will, then Hartman'll git his."

Jim walked up and down the track where the rocks on one side nearly hung over the rails and where the roaring of the river could be heard below the steep embankment on the other side. The wind blew his rain coat open and it flapped and weaved around his wet legs. The rain ran down his neck in little torrents and dashed into his face until at times he was nearly blinded. Still he persistently walked up and down the line, stopping from time to time to hold his lantern aloft so that he could study the rocks above him. Each time he came to the end of the cut he said to himself "I'll go home! It ain't my business!" but he did not. He turned and walked slowly back over the road way. As he paced up and down his beat, each time he came to a certain place he instinctively looked up at a great rock above him. At last daylight came and began to outline the trees, then as the light became stronger he could distinguish objects along the way, and he stopped a moment to watch the river which was rushing madly down below.

He started back, saying for the last time, "I'll go home now, it ain't none of my business anyhow." But as he passed the dangerous place he threw a glance at the great stone above him, and stopped short. His eyes, studying that wall above him for the last five years, had grown to know every inch of it. Every object was as familiar to him as was the placing of the furniture

in the little kitchen at home. As he looked at the rock, it seemed to him that it was a little below its usual position. The scrub oak that grew above it was farther away. He studied it intently for a moment. Then he said under his breath, "It's movin'. By God, it's movin'!"

He stood there, seemingly too paralyzed to move. Then he heard the singing of the rails that told him the express was coming—that long train of Pullmans carrying the rich men he hated, to the city. There seemed to be a movement of the earth around the rock and with his railroad man's knowledge he knew that the vibration of the train would bring that rock on the rails.

That spark of the Divine which is in all men was fanned into flame. Jim forgot his hatred of the Erie; his battle against the rich men who rode in trains while he walked in the rain; his vengeance against Hartman, whom he knew would lose his job if there was an accident on his section.

"NONE SO WISE"

YOU, who read "None So Old," the remarkable story of Theodocia Pearce in the January Number, saw in it a fresh, fine understanding of common, beautiful realities of American life. We have not been so stirringly affected by a piece of short fiction since the manuscript of "Mother" by Kathleen Norris first came our way.

Miss Pearce's story was the first of a series concerning the members of the Knight family, their adventures and misadventures, joys and sorrows, typical of all of us in the normal world of common American life. The second story, "None So Young," appeared in the February Number.

The third story will appear in May. There will be more to follow. They rise in interest and quality to the final one, "None So Useless," a noble picture of the justified mother and her touching happiness over the evident results of her devotion and self sacrifice.

Big Jim Callahan

He only remembered that the train was coming, carrying its load of sleeping people and that if the rock came down the train would be hurled into the river below. With one bound, Jim started up the hill. As the train came on, he could feel the ground quiver beneath him and he sprang in front of the great pile of stone and sticking his iron bar into the earth before it, he threw all of his weight of two hundred and forty pounds against the bar. He dimly realized that if the rock went, he also must go in front of the engine but, whatever happened to him, that rock must be held until those Pullmans passed. As the train swept around the curve, the earth trembled and Jim threw more of his weight against the bar until the muscles in his arms swelled and the veins in his neck seemed to be bursting. He kept saying to himself "I can't hold it! I can't hold it, but God! I *must!*" He strained and strained and the rock held until the last car passed. Then Jim jumped to one side as the tons of earth and small rocks and bushes were hurled down the hill. Jim was caught in the mass and went rolling over and over until he lay panting and gasping across the tracks. The

great boulder that had been the cause of all the trouble, bounced and bounded and finally slid over the embankment to the river down below.

Jim lay there for a while, only half conscious, then, after a time, he gasped and sat up, felt his arms, tried to straighten his back and slowly, with many groans and curses, stood up. He looked at the damage around him then up the track where a figure could be dimly seen coming his way. He said, "There's Pete now! The express woke him, I suppose. Well, it's up to him to send word about this." As the figure came nearer, Jim walked away and stepped behind some bushes until Pete passed him. Then he went towards the village in the distance.

As he entered the bedroom of his house, Maggie turned and half opened her eyes. Seeing Jim in his usual working clothes, coming home about the usual time, she opened her eyes a little wider and said:

"Why, Jimmie, you bin workin'? You told me——"

Jim turned away from her. He had said he would never again work for the Erie. No one must know what he had done. He was ashamed of it. No one

must ever know that he had risked his life; that he had stood in front of that rock when it meant death to him if his great arms and back could not hold it in place long enough to allow the train to pass. These thoughts did not take concrete form in Jim's mind because he was not a thinking animal. He was just a great big, quarrelsome, bad-tempered Irishman with a grievance against the world. But deep down within his heart was that workman's loyalty to his job, that something planted by the Creator that makes the laboring man do his work, not for the day's pay, but because it is *his* work and he must do it, even at the risk of his life. It is the God in him that is stronger than the man.

But Jim Callahan did not realize this. He did not realize that in a few moments he had justified his thirty-five years of existence. He only knew that he had said he would never walk the Erie tracks again, that he would not raise his little finger to save from death the men riding by in the Pullmans and now that he had done it, he was ashamed and turned fiercely on Maggie saying: "Workin'? Hell, no! I bin playin' peanuckle in Branning's back room!"



BEATING THE GODS

By Benjamin De Casseres

OF ALL the panaceas for human ills, the two that have never been tried are Pity and Humor.

Not Pity in its mawkish, sentimental sense or Humor in its Charlie Chaplin sense but Pity of the brain as well as of the heart.

Pity of the brain is tolerance, understanding, conviviality with the rest of the human race.

Humor is the grin of the imagination; the perception of the non-importance of the little worries of the day; an instantaneous perception of the humorous side of the fight with the janitor.

Tolerance of the heart and brain and your funny-bone always shining through your mind's eye—if each one of us could make a creed out of this, it would bring us near to the millennium—not the foolish millennium of perfection or the millennium of parlor Bolsheviks but the millennium of Good Nature and Humanity.

The problems of the human race are too great for any one of us to wrestle with. None of us is a Hercules.

But there is something greater than the actual solution of these problems and that is, the art of meeting them with tolerance and a smile.

It is said the gods of our lives laugh; had they a little more pity, they would be as perfect as we'd wish anything.

Why can we not beat the gods at their own game—with Pity and Humor?

After all nothing except
love can bring back

"THE LOST BEAUTIFULNESS"

By Anzia Yezierska

Illustrated by Hawthorne Howland

IT WAS only a few years ago that the author of this story came to this country, an immigrant, one burning with zealous ambition and determination. What she saw here affected her so deeply that she learned English in order to put her impressions before the people of America. To-day she is one of the greatest interpreters of the life and thoughts of her people as they appear in their new environment.

O I, weh! How it shines the beautifulness!" exulted Hanneh Hayyeh over her newly painted kitchen. She cast a glance full of worship and adoration at the picture of her son in uniform. Eyes like her own, shining with eagerness, with joy of life looked back at her. "Aby will not have to shame himself to come back to his old home," she rejoiced, clapping her hands—hands freed from the paint-brush and caloused from rough toil. "Now he'll be able to invite all the grandest folks he made in the army." The smell of the paint was heavy, she inhaled it in huge draughts of garden beauty. For weeks she had dreamed of it and felt in each tin of paint that she was able to buy, in each stroke of the brush, the ecstasy of loving service for the son she idolized. Ever since she first began to wash the fine silks and linens for Mrs. Prescott, long ago, it has been Hanneh Hayyeh's ambition to have a white-washed kitchen exactly like the one in the old Stuyvesant Square mansion. Now her own kitchen was a dream come true.

band, a stoop-shouldered, care-crushed man, who was leaning against the bed, his swollen feet outstretched, counting the pennies that totalled his day's earnings.

"Jake Saffransky!" she cried excitedly. "You got to come in and give a look on my painting before you go to sleep."

"Oi, let me alone. Give me only a rest."

Too intoxicated with the joy of achievement to take "no" for an answer, she dragged him into the doorway. "Nu? How do you like it? Do I know what beautiful is?"

"But how much money did you spend out on that paint?"

"It was my own money," she said, wiping the perspiration off her face with a corner of her apron. "Every penny I earned myself from the extra washing."

"But you had ought to save it up for the bad times. What'll you do when the cold weather starts in and

the pushcart will not wheel itself out?"

"I save and pinch enough for myself. This I done in honor for my son. I want my Aby to lift up his head in the world. I want him to be able to invite even the President from America to his home and not shame himself."

"You'd pull the bananas off a blind man's pushcart to bring to your Aby. You know nothing from holding tight to a dollar and saving a penny to a penny like poor people should."

"What do I got from living if I can't have a little beautifulness in my

"I got no time. The minutes is money," he said, extending a claw-like hand for the rent



"The Lost Beautifulness"

life? Shining up the house for Aby is my only pleasure."

"Yah, but it ain't your house. It's the landlord's."

"Don't I live in it? I soak in pleasure from every inch of my kitchen. Why, I could kiss the grand white color on the walls. It lights up my eyes like sunshine in the room."

Her glance traveled from the newly-painted walls to the geranium on the window-sill, and back to her husband's face.

"Jake!" she cried, shaking him, "ain't you got eyes? How can you look on the way it dances, the beautifulness from every corner, and not jump in the air from happiness?"

"I'm only thinking on the money you spent out on the landlord's house. Look only on me! I'm black from worry, but no care lays on your head. It only dreams itself in you how to make yourself for an American and lay in every penny you got on fixing out the house like the rich."

"I'M sick of living like a pig with my nose to the earth, all the time only pinching and scraping for bread and rent. So long my Aby is with America I want to make myself for an American. I could tear the stars out from heaven for my Aby's wish."

Her sunken cheeks were flushed and her eyes glowed with light as she gazed about her.

"When I see myself around the house, how I fixed it up with my own hands, I forget I'm only a nobody. It makes me feel I'm also a person like Mrs. Preston. It lifts me with high thoughts."

"Why didn't you marry yourself to a millionaire? You always want to make yourself like Mrs. Preston who got millions laying in the bank."

"But Mrs. Preston does make me feel that I'm alike with her," returned Hanneh Hayeh proudly. "Don't she talk herself out to me like I was her friend? Mrs. Preston says this war is to give everybody a chance to lift up his head like a person. It is to bring together the people on top who got everything and the people on the bottom who got nothing. She's been telling me about a new word—democracy. It got me on fire. Democracy means that everybody in America is going to be with everybody alike."

"Och! Stop your dreaming out of your head. Close up your mouth from your foolishness. Women got long hair and small brains," he finished, muttering as he went to bed.

At the busy gossiping hour of the following morning, when the butcher shop was crowded with women in dressing sacks and wrappers covered over with shawls, Hannah Hayyeh elbowed her way into the clamorous babel of her neighbors.

"What are you so burning? What are you so flaming?"

"She's always on fire with the wonders of her son."

"The whole world must stop still to listen to what news her son writes to her."

The voice of her neighbors rose from every corner, but Hanneh Hayyeh, deaf to all, projected herself forward.

"What are you pushing yourself so wild? You ain't going to get your meat first. Ain't it, Mr. Sopkin, all got to wait their turn?"

Mr. Sopkin glanced up in the midst of cutting apart a quarter of meat. He wiped his knife on his greasy apron and leaned across the counter.

"Nu? Hanneh Hayyeh?" His ruddy face beamed. "Have you another letter from little Aby in France? What good news have you got to tell us?"

"No—it's not a letter," she retorted, with a gesture of impatience. "The good news is that I got done with the painting of my kitchen—and you all got to come and give a look how it shines in my house like in a palace."

Mr. Sopkin resumed cutting the meat.

"Oi, weh!" clamored Hanneh Hayyeh, with feverish breathlessness. "Stop with your meat already and quick come. The store ain't going to run away from you! It will take only a minute. With one step you are upstairs in my house." She flung out her hands. "And everybody got to come along."

"Do you think I can make a living from looking on the wonders you turn over in your house?" remonstrated the butcher with a twinkle in his eye.

"Making money ain't everything in life. My new-painted kitchen will light up your heart with joy."

Seeing that Mr. Sopkin still made no move, she began to coax and wheedle, woman-fashion. "Oi, weh! Mr. Sopkin! Don't be so mean. Come only. Your customers ain't going to run away from you. If they do, they only got to come back, because you ain't a skinner. You weigh the meat honest."

How could Mr. Sopkin resist such seductive flattery?

"Hanneh Hayyeh!" he laughed. "You're crazy up in the air, but nobody can say 'no' to any thing you take into your head."

He tossed his knife down on the counter. "Everybody!" he called, "let us do her the pleasure and give a look on what she got to show us."

"OI, weh! I ain't got no time," protested one. "I left my baby alone in the house locked in."

"And I left a pot of eating on the stove boiling. It must be all burned away by this time."

"But you all got time to stand around here and chatter like a box of monkeys, for hours," admonished Mr. Sopkin. "This will only take a minute. You know Hanneh Hayyeh. We can't tear ourselves away from her till we do what wills itself in her mind."

Protesting and gesticulating, they all followed Mr. Sopkin as Hanneh Hayyeh led the way. When she opened the door there were exclamations of wonder and joy: "Oi! Oi!" and "Ay! Ay! Takeh! Takeh!"

"Gold is shining from every corner!" "Like for a holiday!"

"You don't need to light up the gas, so it shines!"

"I wish I could only have it so grand!"

"You ain't got worries on your head, so it lays in your mind to make it so fancy."

Mr. Sopkin stood with mouth open, stunned with wonder at the transformation. Hanneh Hayyeh shook him by the sleeve exultantly. "Nu? Why ain't you saying something?"

"Grand ain't the word for it! What a whiteness! And what a cleanness! It tears the eyes out from the head! Such a tenant the landlord ought to give out a medal or let down the rent free. I saw the rooms before and I see them now. What a difference from one house to another."

"Ain't you coming in?" Hanneh Hayyeh besought her neighbors.

"God from the world! To step with our feet on this new painted floor?"

"Shah!" said the butcher, taking off his apron and spreading it on the floor. "You can all give a step on my apron. It's dirty anyhow."

They crowded in on the outspread apron and vied with one another in their words of praise.

"MAY you live to see your son married from this kitchen, and may we all be invited to the wedding."

"May you live to eat here cake and wine on the feasts of your grandchildren."

"May you have the luck to get rich and move from here into your own bought house."

"Amen!" breathed Hanneh Hayyeh. "May we all forget from our worries for rent."

* * * * *

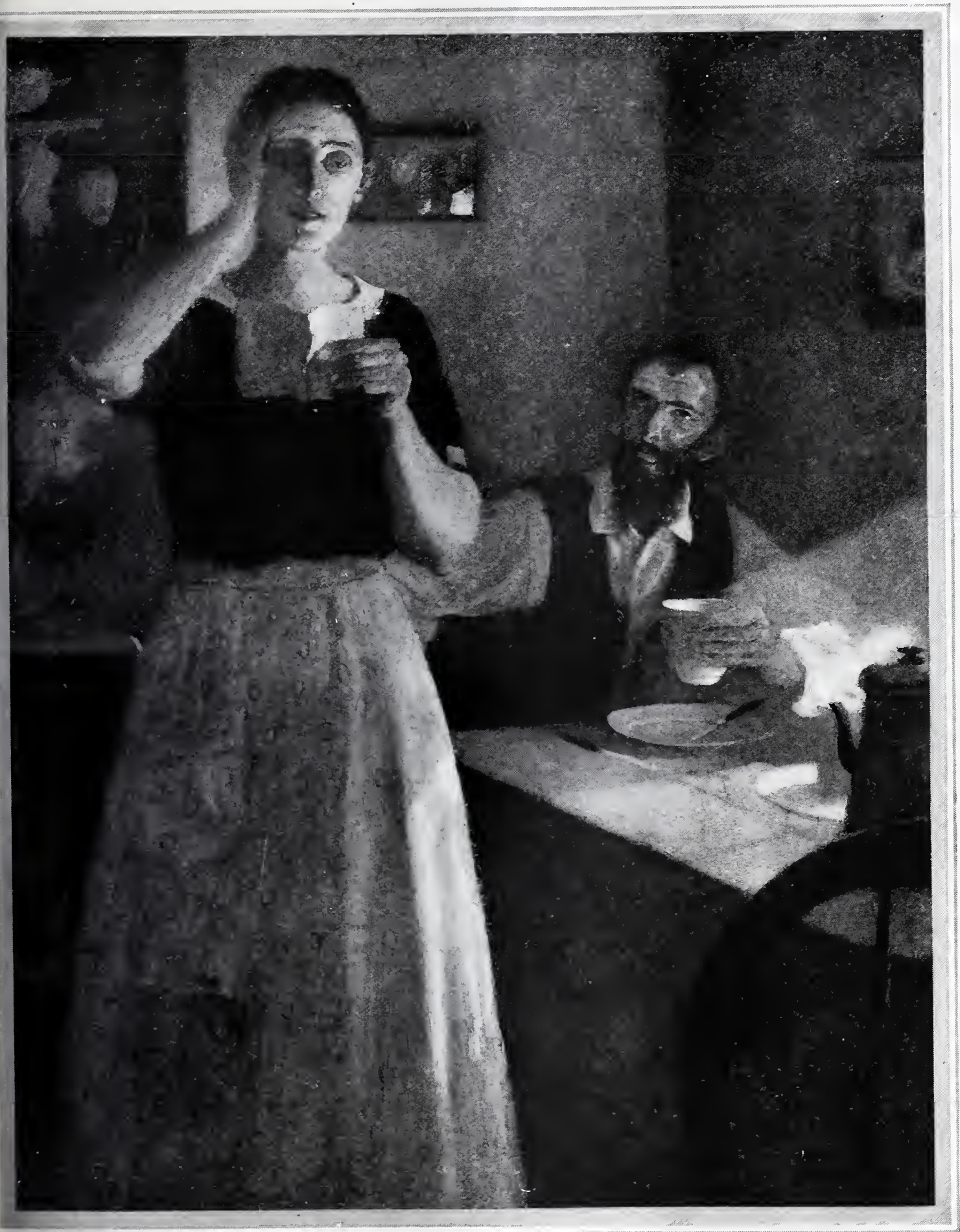
Mrs. Preston followed with keener delight Hanneh Hayyeh's every movement as she lifted the wash from the basket and spread it on the bed. Hanneh Hayyeh's rough, toil-worn hand lingered lovingly, caressingly over each garment.

"Hannah Hayyeh! You're an artist!" There was reverence in Mrs. Preston's low voice that pierced the other woman's inmost being. "You dress my laces and batistes as no one else ever has. It's as if you breathed part of your soul into it."

"Your things got so much fineness! I'm crazy for the feel from them. I dress them up so light in my hands like I was thin air I was handling."

Hanneh Hayyeh pantomimed as she spoke, and Mrs. Preston, roused from her habitual reserve, put her fine, white hand affectionately over Hanneh Hayyeh's gnarled, roughened ones.

"Oi-i-i-i! Mrs. Preston! You always make me feel so grand!" said Hanneh Hayyeh, a mist of tears in her wistful eyes. "When I go away from you I could just sit down and cry. I can't give out in words what it is. It chokes me so—how good you are to me. You ain't at all like a rich lady. You're so plain from the heart. You make the lowest nobody feel he's somebody."



"The landlord?" she cried excitedly. "What for can it be?" With trembling fingers she tore open the note

"You are not a 'nobody', Hanneh Hayyeh. You are an artist—an artist aundress."

"What mean you, an artist?"

"An artist is so filled with love for the beautiful that he has to express it in some way. You express it in your washing just as a painter paints it in a picture."

"Paint?" exclaimed Hanneh Hayyeh.

"If you could only give a look how I painted up my kitchen! It lights up the whole tenement house for blocks around. The grocer and the butcher and all the neighbors were jumping in the air from wonder and joy when they seen how I shined up my house."

"And all in honor of Aby's homecoming?" Mrs. Preston smiled.

"Everything I do is done for my boy,"

breathed Hanneh Hayyeh, her hands clasping her bosom as if feeling again the throb of his babyhood at her heart. "But this painting was already dreaming itself in my head for years. You remember the time the hot iron fell on my foot, and you came to see me and brought me a red flower-pot wrapped around with green crepe paper? That flower-pot opened up the sky in my

kitchen." The words surged from the seething soul of her. "Right away I saw before my eyes how I could shine up my kitchen like a parlor by painting the walls and sewing up new curtains for the window. And I said: 'I'll show you what's in me. I'll show you that I know what beautiful is.'"

Her face was aglow with an enthusiasm that made it seem young—like a young girl's face.

"I begged myself by the landlord to paint up my kitchen, but he wouldn't listen to me. So I seen that if I ever hoped to fix up my house, I'd have to spend out my own money. And I began to save a penny to a penny to have for the paint. And when I seen the painters, I always stopped them to ask where and how to buy it so that it should come out the cheapest. By day and by night it burned in me the picture—my kitchen shining all white like yours, till I couldn't rest till I done it."

With all her breeding, with all the restraint of her Anglo-Saxon forbears, Mrs. Preston was strangely shaken by Hanneh Hayyeh's consuming passion for beauty.

"I am eager to see that wonderful kitchen of yours," she said, as Hanneh Hayyeh bade her good-bye.

Hanneh Hayyeh walked home, her thoughts in a whirl with the glad anticipation of Mrs. Preston's promised visit. She wondered how she might share the joy of Mrs. Preston's presence with the butcher and all the neighbors. "I'll bake up a strudel cake," she thought to herself. "They will all want to come to get a taste of the cake, and then they'll give a look on Mrs. Preston."

Thus smiling and talking to herself she went about her work. All at once there was a knock at the door. Wiping her soapy hands on the corner of her apron, she hastened to open it.

"Oi! Mr. Landlord! Come only inside," she urged. "I got the rent for you, but I want you to give a look around how I shined up my flat."

The Prince Albert that bound the protruding stomach of Mr. Benjamin Rosenblatt was no tighter than the skin that encased the smooth-shaven face. His mouth was tight. Even the small popping eyes held a tight gleam.

"I got no time. The minutes is money," he said, extending a claw-like hand for the rent.

"But I only want you for a half a minute." And Hanneh Hayyeh dragged the owner of her palace across the threshold.

"Nu? Ain't I good painter? And all this I done while other people were sleeping themselves, after I'd come home from my day's work."

"Very nice," condescended Mr. Ben-

jamin Rosenblatt, with a hasty glance around the room. "You certainly done a good job. But I got to go. Here's your receipt."

Two weeks later, Jake Saffransky and his wife, Hanneh Hayyeh, sat eating their dinner, when the janitor came in with a note.

"From the landlord," he said, handing it to Hanneh Hayyeh, and walked out.

"The landlord?" she cried excitedly.

"What for can it be?" With trembling fingers she tore open the note. The slip dropped from her hand: Her face grew livid, her eyes bulged with terror. "Oi, weh!" she exclaimed, as she fell back against the wall.

"Gewalt!" cried her husband, seizing her limp hand. "You look like struck dead."

"Oi-i-i! The murderer! He raised me the rent five dollars a month."

"Good for you! I told you to listen to me. Maybe he thinks we got money laying in the bank when you got so many dollars to give out on paint."

She turned savagely on her husband. "What are you tearing yet my flesh? Such a money-grabber! How could I imagine for myself that so he would thank me for laying in money to paint out his house?"

She seized her shawl, threw it over her head, and rushed to the landlord's office.

"Oi, weh! Mr. Landlord! Where is your heart? How could you raise me my rent when you know my son is yet in France? And even with the extra washing I take in I don't get enough when the eating is so dear?"

"The flat is worth five dollars more," answered Mr. Rosenblatt, impatiently. "I can get another tenant any minute."

"Have pity on me, I beg you! From where can I squeeze out the five dollars more for you?"

"That don't concern me. If you can't pay, somebody else will. I got to look out for myself. In America everybody looks out for himself."

"Is it nothing by you how I painted up your house with my own blood-money?"

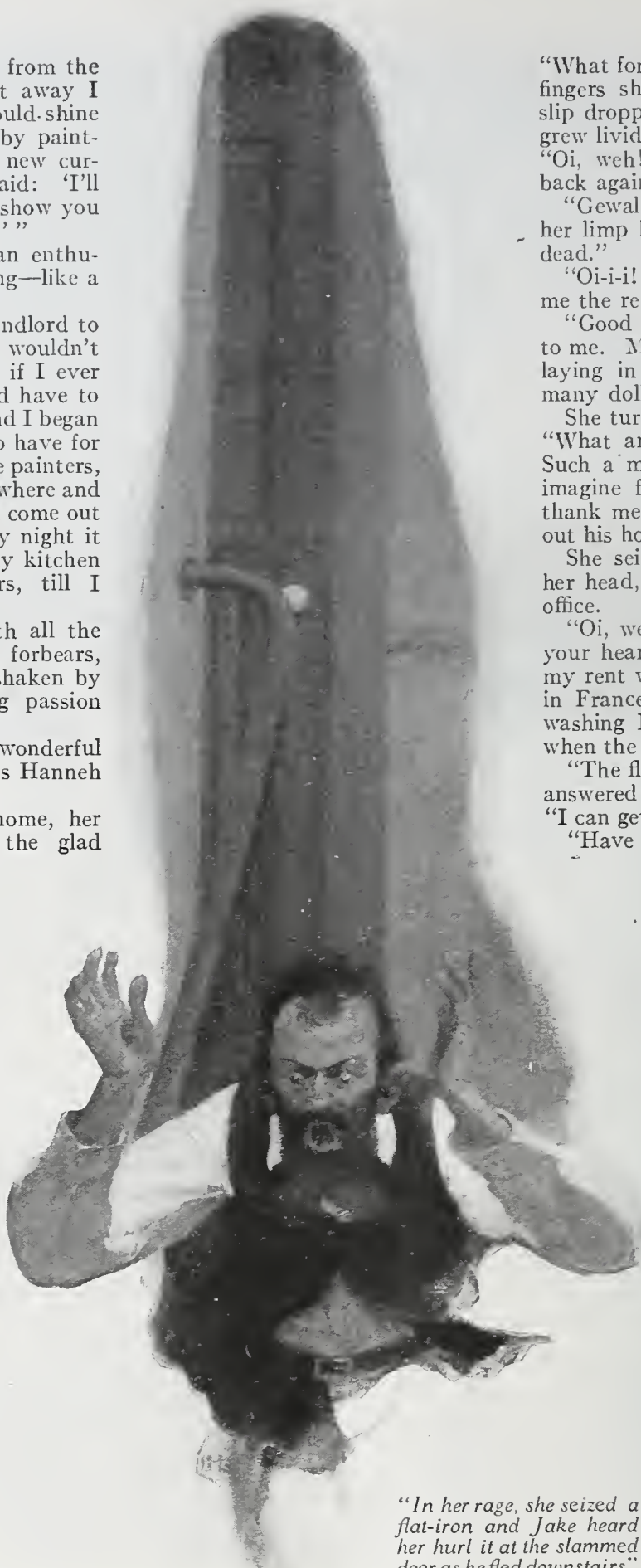
"You didn't do it for me. You done it for yourself," he sneered. "It's nothing to me how the house looks, so long as I get my rent in time. You wanted to have a swell house so you painted it. That's all."

"I beg by your conscience! Think on God!" Hanneh Hayyeh wrung her hands. "Ain't your house worth more to you to have a tenant clean it out and paint it out so beautiful like I done?"

"Certainly," snarled the landlord. "Because the flat is painted new, I can get more money for it. I got no more time for you."

Dazedly Hanneh Hayyeh left the office. A choking dryness contracted her throat as she staggered blindly, gesticulating and talking to herself.

"Oi, weh! The sweat, the money I laid into my flat, and it should all go to the devil. And I should be turned out and leave all my beautifulness. And from where will I get the money for moving? When I begin to break myself up to move, I got to pay out money for the moving man, money for



"In her rage, she seized a flat-iron and Jake heard her hurl it at the slammed door as he fled downstairs"

putting up new lines, money for new shelves and new hooks, besides the money for the rent. I got to remain where I am. But from where can I get together the five dollars for the robber? Should I go to Moisheh Itzek, the pawnbroker, or should I maybe ask Mrs. Preston? No—she wouldn't think I got her for a friend only to help me. Oi, weh! Where should I turn with my bitter heart?"

Mechanically she halted at the butcher shop. Throwing herself on the vacant bench, she buried her face in her shawl and burst out in a loud, heart-piercing wail: "Woe is me! Bitter is me!"

"Hannah Hayyeh! What to you happened?" cried Mr. Sopkin in alarm.

His sympathy unlocked the bottom depths of her misery.

"Oi-i-i! Black is my luck! Dark is for my eyes!"

The butcher and the neighbors pressed close in upon her.

"Gewalt! What is it? Bad news from Aby in France?"

"Oi-i-i! The murderer! The thief! His gall should burst as mine is bursting. His heart should break as mine is breaking! It remains for me nothing but to be thrown out in the gutter. The landlord raised me five dollars a month rent. And he ripped yet my wounds by telling me he raised me the rent because my painted up flat is so much more worth."

"The dogs! The blood-sucking landlords! They are the new czars from America."

"What are you going to do?"

"What should I do? Aby is coming from France any day, and he's got to have a home to come to. I will have to take out from my eating the meat and the milk to save together the extra five dollars."

WITH a gesture of abject despair, she fell prone upon the bench. "Got-tuniu! If there is any justice and mercy on this earth then may the landlord be tortured like he is torturing me. May the fires burn him and the waters drown him. May his flesh be torn from him in pieces and his bones be ground in the teeth of the wild dogs."

Two months later a wasted, haggard Hanneh Hayyeh, stood in the kitchen folding Mrs. Preston's wash in her basket, when the janitor—the servant of her oppressor—handed her another note.

"From the landlord," he said, in his toneless voice.

Hanneh Hayyeh paled. She could tell from his smirking sneer that it was a second notice of increased rental.

It grew black before her eyes. She was too stunned to think. Her first instinct was to run to her husband; but she needed sympathy—not nagging. And then, in her darkness, she saw a light—the face of her friend, Mrs. Preston. She rushed to her.

"Oi—friend! The landlord raised me my rent again," she gasped, dashing into the room like a thing hounded by wild beasts.

Mrs. Preston was shocked by Hanneh

Hayyeh's distraught appearance. For the first time she noticed the ravages of worry and hunger.

"Hanneh Hayyeh! Try to calm yourself. It is unspeakable the way the landlords are taking advantage of the situation. There must be a way out. We'll fix it up somehow."

"How fix it up?" Hanneh Hayyeh flared.

"We'll see that you get the rent you need." There was reassurance and confidence in Mrs. Preston's tone.

Hanneh Hayyeh's eyes flamed. Too choked for utterance, her breath ceased for a moment.

"I want no charity. You think maybe I came to beg? No—I want justice."

SHE shrank in upon herself as though to ward off the raised whip of her persecutor. "You know how I feel?" Her voice came from the terrified depths of her. "It's as if the landlord pushed me in a corner and said to me: 'I want money or I'll squeeze from you your life!' I have no money, so he takes my life."

"Last time when he raised me my rent I done without meat and without milk. What more can I do without?"

The piercing cry stirred Mrs. Preston as no mere words had done.

"Sometimes I get so weak for a piece of meat I could tear the world to pieces. Hunger and bitterness is making a wild animal out of me. I ain't no more the same Hanneh Hayyeh I used to be."

"There used to be a time when poor people could eat cheap things," the toneless voice went on, "but now there ain't no more cheap things. Potatoes—rice—fish—even dry bread is dear. Look on my shoes! And I who used to be so neat with myself. I can't no more have my torn shoes fixed up. A pair of shoes or a little patch is only for millionaires."

"Something must be done," broke in Mrs. Preston, distraught for the first time in her life. "But in the meantime, Hanneh Hayyeh, you must accept this to tide you over." She spoke with finality as she handed her a bill.

Hanneh Hayyeh thrust back the money. "Ain't I hurt enough without you having to hurt me yet with charity? You want to give me hush money to swallow down an unrightness that burns my flesh? I want justice!"

"We can't change the order of things over night," faltered Mrs. Preston, baffled and bewildered by Hanneh Hayyeh's defiance of her proffered aid.

"Change things? There's got to be a change!" cried Hanneh Hayyeh with renewed intensity. "The world as it is is not to live in any longer. If only my Aby would get back quick. But, until he comes, I'll fight till all America will have to stop and listen to me. You was always telling me that the the lowest nobody got something to give in America, and that's what I got to give to America—the last breath in my body for justice. I'll wake up America from its sleep. I'll go my-self to the President with my Aby's

soldier picture and ask him was all this war to let loose a bunch of blood-suckers to suck the marrow out from the people?"

"Hanneh Hayyeh!" said Mrs. Preston with feeling. "These laws are far from just, but they are all we have so far. Give us time. We are young. We are still learning. We're doing our best."

Numb with suffering, the woman of the ghetto looked straight into the eyes of Mrs. Preston. "And you, too—you, too, hold by the landlord's side? Oi, I see! Perhaps you too got property out by agents."

A sigh that had in it the resignation of utter hopelessness escaped from her. "Nothing can hurt me no more. And you always stood out to me in my dreams as the angel from love and beauty. You always made believe to me that you're only for democracy."

Tears came to Mrs. Preston's eyes, but she made no move to defend herself or reply, and Hanneh Hayyeh walked out in silence.

A few days later the whole block was astir with the news that Hanneh Hayyeh had gone to court to answer her dispossession summons.

Hopeless and dazed, she finally dragged herself to the butcher shop. All made way for her to sit on the bench. She collapsed in a heap.

The butcher produced a bottle of brandy and, hastily filled a small glass, brought it to Hanneh Hayyeh.

"Quick, take it to your lips," he commanded. Weak from lack of food and exhausted by the ordeal of the courtroom, she obeyed like a child.

Tense, breathless, with suppressed curiosity quivering on their lips, the neighbors waited for Hanneh Hayyeh to regain a little strength.

"Nu? What became in the court?"

"What said the judge?"

Hanneh Hayyeh shook her head and began talking to herself in a low, toneless voice. "The judge said the same as Mrs. Preston said: The landlord has the right to raise our rent or put us out."

"Oi, weh! If Hanneh Hayyeh with her fire in her mouth couldn't get her rights, then where are we?"

"To whom should we go? Who more will talk for us now?"

"Our life lays in their hands."

"They can squeeze as much as they like, nobody cares—nobody hears our cry!"

"Home ain't no more home. The black fear from the landlord hangs like a knife over our necks!"

"Is there no heart in America who'll stand himself up for us and save us from their bloody teeth?"

Out of this babel of voices there flashed across Hanneh Hayyeh's deadened senses the chimera that to her was the one reality of her aspiring soul. "Oi-i-i-i! My beautiful kitchen!" she sighed as in a dream.

The butcher's face grew red with wrath. "I wouldn't give that robber the satisfaction to leave your grand painted (Continued on Page 66)

SOME OF MY

By Chester Wright



It is one of the functions of this magazine to promote a better acquaintanceship among us Americans. These friendly sketches of a few labor leaders are based on long personal knowledge. They touch and suggest the human side of these men—a side little known to those of us who see them only through the newspaper.

'STRIKE!' says the flaming headline over the latest news from the world of organized labor. Up come visions of rough and tumble, visions of heavy jawed men soaking other men on similarly heavy jaws.

But it isn't so in real life! Too many people carry the impressions of a decade ago about labor men—impressions formed when it was safer to say unfair and untrue things about trade unions and their leaders.

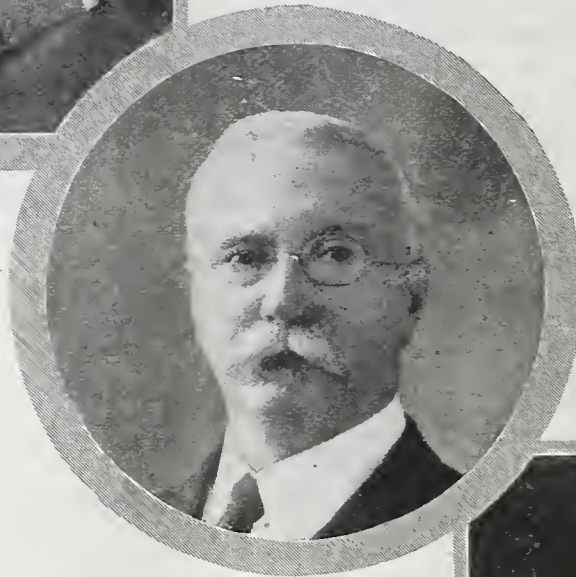
The average trade union leader to-day is a hard-working individual who has been pushed into his job because he had the capacity for it. The average trade union leader could hold a seat in the Senate and make a lot of folks sit up and take notice. The average president or secretary of a national or international trade union is a man of wide knowledge, absolute integrity and courage and possesses the ability to express himself clearly and with force. That's why he got where he is.

But there's more to these men. They may be burdened with the responsibility of serving anywhere from twenty-five thousand to a half million men but they like fun as well as other people do; they have families and dangle the kiddies around the place—when they have time—and they love a good yarn and can tell one.

A dozen big labor leaders, in an off hour, will form about as merry a group as you'd care to mix with. And because they've plugged through life where life is lived in wholesale consignments, among men who work hard at the fundamentals of life, they know humanity and have in themselves a lot of the very essence of human kindness. Here's a group of the busiest. Introducing to you therefore, without further ado, these friends of mine:

JUST wait until we get this straight: Vice-president of American Federation of Labor, president of International Photo-Engravers, member of Board of Governors of Allied Printing Trades, president of International Labor Press Association for Labor and Democracy, editor of Photo-Engravers' Magazine, assistant editor of American Federationist, Mr. Gompers' representative on the Council of National Defense Advisory Commission and, lately, member of the National War Labor Board. Matthew Woll (above) holds all of those jobs. And they are mostly all real jobs, too. Once in a while, however, Woll finds a chance to pass through his home on the way from one job to the other, said home being in Chicago where there are several little Wolls that are bigger than their dad.

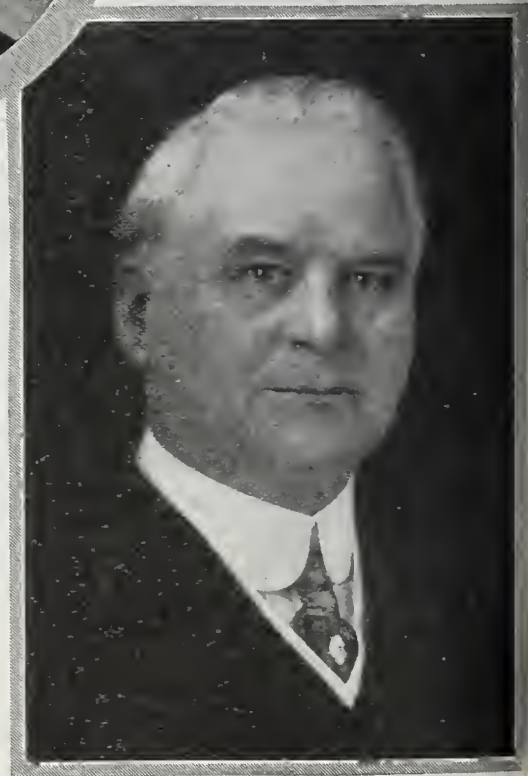
JAMES DUNCAN (in the circle), is as Jeanny a Scot as ever lived. He came over as a boy, became secretary of the Granite Cutters' union in 1881 and has been completely free from official cares for not a single moment since. He's one of the best strategists in the labor movement. Strategy to Jim Duncan, however, means making an honest and consistent record. He was in at the beginning of the American Federation of Labor and it's a rare treat to sit far into the night while he spins yarns of the old days. When he went to Russia as a member of the Root Mission, they billeted him in the quarters of some high nobility, which greatly amused this granite cutter. Few men have done more to shape American labor policies than this canny Scotchman.



WHEN Samuel Gompers wanted to nominate a man to be labor member of the War Industries Board, he looked around and called in Hugh Frayne (at the right), taking him away from the job of General Organizer with headquarters in New York.

Frayne believes that the ability to reason was put in human heads to be used and he has reasoned away more labor troubles than almost any other man. But when he can't get an opponent to reason he will give him the fight of his life—a scrupulously fair fight.

Frayne is said to hold New York's long distance commuting record. He goes home to Scranton, Pennsylvania, every week end and that's going some!



LABOR FRIENDS



IF you're rated as a chess player of rather more than the average ability, you might slip into the office of Frank Morrison in the American Federation of Labor Building in Washington some day and coax that broad-shouldered gentleman into a little session with castles and pawns. And the chances are that along about three in the morning, you'll give it up as a bad job.

Morrison is secretary of the Federation. He works behind a desk that is fourteen feet long and about six feet wide. Papers are laid on that big desk according to the accepted rules of the best office practice. It always looks as if Morrison had just shouted, "Attention!" to his long array of reports and neatly-folded documents.

Morrison was born in Canada. He holds an LL.B. degree from Lake Forest University and has credit for post-graduate work there also. His hobby is gardening.



ONCE asked William Green (above), secretary-treasurer of the United Mine Workers of America, what was his chief recreation. "Mowing my lawn!" he said.

Back in Ohio, Green served two terms in the state senate. He reckons securing passage of the Ohio Workmen's Compensation Act as his greatest achievement. He put through that same legislature the Mine Run Bill which gave the miners the right to have their coal weighed before it was screened. As hard work, he couples with that job, his work in helping to finance and win the fourteen months' strike of 14,000 Eastern Ohio coal diggers.

Senator Green was one of the five American labor men sent to Paris for the Peace Conference. And he was one of the happiest when he got home to the United States.

FEW men study harder than the big trade union leaders. Witness John P. Frey (at the left), editor of the International Molders' Journal. He has ancient history at his finger tips. The old time Greeks and Romans are pals of his. He digests facts as a stone crusher eats up rocks. Not long ago the doctors found something wrong with Frey. They put him in bed and lashed him flat on his back for about six weeks. It looked bad for Frey for a day or two or until he had a book-holder rigged up over his head. Reading off the ceiling, so to speak, he went through a course in ancient architecture. He speaks French fluently. He has a boyish love for good fun and likes to roam through country by-ways with a camera.

JOHN H. WALKER (in the circle), is so busy that it's not easy to think of him forgetting work. But life is full of surprises and one of them is the fact that John Walker loves to play baseball. He also likes hunting, fishing, swimming, music—and just plain, every-day walking. When you find a man that likes music and that likes to walk you usually find a man that stands about all the other tests. Illinois will remember him long for the big work he did during the war as labor member of the State Council of Defense. And that's the kind of a man that was born in the little village of Binnie Hill—friendly name!—in Scotland back in 1872. John Walker was graduated from the sixth grade and went to work in a coal mine before he was ten years of age!





To teach intelligent cooking for upbuilding and nourishing of the body is one of the aims of teachers in the Red Cross Flat

The latest idea in apartments is

A RED CROSS FLAT

Have you one in your town?

By Emily Frances Robbins

IT'S a good old world—Bolshevik and profiteers to the contrary! We are quick to lose faith. When a little corner of human nature aberrates, when some small place on the surface of society festers and goes bad, we howl that the better ideals of all society and the honors of all character are going to the dogs. But let him who finds his mind thus morbidly trending, if he honestly wishes to restore his faith in the good old things of life, if he would know that the general run of people are not seeking merely luxury and show and selfish indulgence but are quietly holding to old-time instincts of unselfishness and a good heart—just let him, for the good of his soul, take a peep-in down at the flat.

It was way over on the lower West Side of New York, by the factories and docks. All I knew about the place was that it was called a "health flat," and had been established by the Red Cross in its effort "to eliminate preventable disease and unnecessary misery from American life." I had a mental picture of medical and surgical things, and people waiting for treatment. The first door in the long narrow hall I reckoned would lead into the parlor. When a cheery voice called, "Come in,"

and I opened the door, I had a quick shock, for there, instead of the parlor I expected, was a white iron bed, with very white covers pulled high over a long, still, motionless body. In the center of the room stood a woman, evidently in charge, and around her were sitting a number of other women and children all smiling in what seemed strange disharmony with that body on the bed. And it was several seconds, in the confusion of my suddenly quickened heart beats, before it percolated into my brain that the figure was—a dummy!

Gradually it became clear, from the explanations that followed, that I had come not to a place where diseases were treated but to school! And such a human school! It was the morning given over to a class in "Home Dietetics." For pupils, there was a young Italian woman, with her two children aged four and six; an English woman with two small children; a middle-aged woman who said she had had nine children and now has three grandchildren; and another woman "with children grown up and married." The

Italian said she had never learned to cook but depended mostly, as did many of her neighbors, on the expensive habit of running to the delicatessen store; she said her mother had let her run out to the movies or anywhere she wished for a good time and so now with two children she did not know how to feed them or how to economize for her husband. The other young mother also had come to learn how to nourish her young children properly. The two older women said they had come to learn something about better cooking and about the feeding of children, that they had never known where to go for the information until the Red Cross opened this flat in their own district, where they could get instruction in a short course, free of charge, with the same kind of limited kitchen utensils and inexpensive articles of food that they used at home.

These older ones had kept house a long time and you might guess, from the financial status of people living in such a district, that meat stews, at least, would be things they had made for many years. The Red Cross dietitian announced that this would be the morning of practical demonstration carrying out theories they had learned in a previous lesson, that she had

herefore purchased the cheapest obtainable cut of meat and a few vegetables, and would demonstrate to them how to make, with a small quantity of these cheapest ingredients, enough of the best sort of beef stew for a large family.

Now, if she had said that she would concoct "lobster à la Newburgh," or chicken à la King," I would have thought she had something to teach them—but beef stew!

Believe me, I found that all there is to know about a beef stew would fill a tome! Beef stew, dear folks, not that hodge-podge of



Practical nursing at home, the proper care of an emergency case before the doctor arrives, the daily needs of an invalid at home—all is learned at the Red Cross Flat. A Day Nursery as shown in the lower picture is established that the mothers may learn the care and the feeding of children

meat and vegetables thrown into a kettle with salt and water as we familiarly know it but carefully seared meat, with the salt put in only at a particular moment when it will not interfere with the extraction of juices, from which is obtained a rich brown gravy with the reserved flavor of delicious expensive steak. It is a combination of vegetables specially sorted and balanced and flaky white dumplings, quickly and easily made. The cooked meat and vegetables are put into the middle of a platter, the dumplings placed around the edge, and over all is poured the gravy—that is gravy—and presto, instead of a scant pound of tough cheap meat for dinner, you have a large and generous dish of delicious food for a whole big family—good flavored for a king.

And then the climax of the occasion, even the pupils stay to eat their own food! Gathered around the kitchen, in company with their Red Cross teacher, a woman of long experience in her profession at home and abroad,

of whose actually superior knowledge they have just seen a demonstration, they find food for the hunger of their souls in her refined and cultured companionship. Behind her back, they expressed it, "She's grand!"

In the afternoon, at the flat, was held the class in "Home Nursing." I will let Mrs. Delahunt, one of the pupils, tell her story:

"I am all alone in the world, except for my sister Lizzie. First, my mother and father died, although neither of them was old at the time. I did not know anything to do for them when they were sick.

"I married and had three children, but my husband died and then my children. Then my other sister took sick, and she died. One by one they have gone, and me helpless, not knowing what to do for any of them. Now all I have left is Lizzie and I am always afraid that she will take sick, too, and I won't know what to do for her. Lizzie works in the publishing business—fold-

ing circulars and putting them in envelopes. I stay home and keep the house. Of course our home isn't what it was once, so many things are lost when you move from seven rooms to five, and then to three. During the war Lizzie done well, and saved for two Liberty bonds, but then she was out of work a long time on account of the printer's strike, and as soon as she went back to work again she was called out by another Local. So she had to sell one of her Liberty bonds to get her a set of teeth, and the other one to get her a hat and coat and now, with prices of milk and meat and everything so high, we can't buy the same kinds of food any more. The landlord *claims* he is going to have heat but there's no coal to be seen in the cellar at the present time. That's why I'm always afraid Lizzie will take sick with a cold and I won't know what to do for her. One day I met on the street the lady who takes care of the Red Cross flat and she said to me, 'Mrs. Delahunt, wouldn't you like to know about home nursing?' And I told her I certainly would but that I was too old to go into a hospital. And then she told me to come to the flat.

"I went there and they showed me how to make a bed and how to change the sheets and things with the patient right in bed, how to turn her, and how to get her from the bed to a chair. When my

(Continued on Page 76)



Old Barker laid a fat hand on the desk. "From to-day on, Willis," he said, "it's up to us!"

DEAD MEN'S SHOES

By Alice Garland Steele

Illustrated by M. Leone Bracker

ON THE day that old Barker, of Barker, Hughes & Co., took over the Acme Shoe concern, he sent for the auditing clerk, Mr. Willis. Mr. Willis, when he got the message, was just clearing up his desk for the night, but he hustled along, still in the old coat he kept for the office, with the pansy that young Pettit had brought in that morning pinned carefully into the buttonhole. I might also add that the breast pocket of that coat held all the worldly possessions which Mr. Willis had acquired in a lifetime of twenty-nine years—a bank book showing a balance of \$308.67, two one-hundred-dollar Liberty bonds, and a worn gold watch that had come to him as a legacy from his father, together with a little gray mother and a kid brother. The two latter were not in his pocket. Mr. Willis carried them, with a small bit of the State of Maine, in his heart!

As he passed through the office to the door marked *Private* he stopped whistling. Mr. Willis had been whistling, under his breath, a cheerful fragment of a tune called "Micky," but he had an idea the Boss wouldn't appreciate

it. It couldn't be said that Old Barker had a passion for music of any kind, except perhaps the music of the ticker. Mr. Willis, instinctively straightening, like a soldier about to face a superior officer, walked in. Old Barker did not look up. He was dictating, at the moment, a decidedly curt letter to Miss Warren, the new stenographer, and his lips fed out the crisply-bitten sentences a word at a time. Besides, it was old Barker's policy to keep his employees waiting. He allowed them to hang on his utterances much as he allowed his ponderous watch-chain to hang on the outside of his vest.

"Oh, Willis—just wait a minute, will you? Sit down—don't gape, Willis."

Mr. Willis took the chair reserved for visitors. It was not, to Mr. Willis, an ordinary chair. It had been, too many times in his memory, a seat for the mighty. He had a faint sense of not being worthy, but he swallowed it and paid strict attention to the face of his Chief.

Old Barker's face, to any one else, might have seemed mere the face of a Captain of Industry who had spent a lifetime giving orders, most of them unpleasant, to drones who worked in his hive. He had the kind of eyes that see mistakes and the kind of chin that won't stand up to them. His cheeks were full of sagging muscles, but his firm mouth was a straight line. When he looked at you he made you remember a tool chest and any article from a gimlet to an auger, and yet all the time you knew he was good business and mighty as a fighter among men. Old Barker was, if you like to put it that way, the salt of the earth, at any rate in the shoe business. Retailers paid his price without question, and the public trudged cheerfully from morn till dewy eve in his shoes. Mr. Willis believed in his heart that as a firm, Barker, Hughes & Co. put out the finest foot-gear in the world!

"Now then, Willis," Old Barker swung around, facing him, laying one hand on the desk edge, "I suppose you've got wind of the thing we closed on this morning?"

"You mean—the Acme Shoe Co., sir?" The whole thing had stirred Mr. Willis as a big adventure.

"From today on, we run in double harness. I don't care what the public calls us, a corporation or a Leather Trust—we're running double, Willis, and it's up to the original company to show those fools why they weren't hearty enough to go it alone."

"Yes, Mr. Barker." Mr. Willis knew that the Boss was not making a business statement. He was merely thinking aloud the thing that had been in his mind all day.

"All right, Willis. I'm not asking you to guarantee the Company. What I want to get at is the length of time you've been on our payroll. What's our record here—covers a dozen years or so, don't it?"

Mr. Willis put him right. "Fifteen, be exact, sir."

The big man frowned. "The numbers don't matter, Willis. Numbers never do matter when they're mere figures. The thing I'm after is what you've got out of 'em. That's the only thing that counts in a shoe house."

Mr. Willis squared his shoulders. "I've gotten a lot out of it, sir, that's worth while."

"Keep away from fancy touches, Willis, and deal out plain facts. You've been through the mill. Haven't you gotten where you are from the bottom?"

Mr. Willis flushed, but not with shame. "I began as office boy, Mr. Barker." It suddenly seemed too intimate a statement to share with the dark eyes which Miss Warren suddenly lifted from her machine. It was, to Mr. Willis, very gripping, the history of those years when he had been able to send his little salary home to his mother back there in Maine an infinitesimal weekly sum, and with a brother coming along, had learned how much it cost to make (and buy) a pair of shoes!

"Hm!" Old Barker smiled, with some instrument from the tool chest, to be taking his measure. "We're making certain changes, Willis, and for a while things in this office are likely to be a bit upset. We're sending Fred McCoy and young Pettit over to the factory, and we're shifting Jarvis to the branch uptown. Well, that is, I'm taking you off the books."

Mr. Willis kept his eyes on his Chief. The brief thought, "Is he discharging me?" occurred to Mr. Willis for the first time in fifteen years. He had tried to be faithful. He had been faithful! A sudden realization of his own integrity of purpose steadied him. The cheerful light came back into

his blue, short-sighted eyes. But he still flushed a little as he remembered that the Chief was discussing a—a personal experience before a lady. To Mr. Willis all the women whom he met at various times in the big office building were ladies, from the scrubwoman up. And Miss Warren certainly qualified. You could have guessed it from the texture of her georgette waist if you missed the arch of her instep!

"We're taking you off the books, Willis, and putting you, for a month or so, in charge of the shipping."

Mr. Willis merely said "Yes, sir," but if you had looked at him closely you would have realized how a candidate feels when he receives the nomination for President! It—it meant that it was up to him to certify every bit of hide that went out stamped with the trade mark of Barker, Hughes and Company, a firm that had been established in a small house facing Boston Common the same year the Minute Men gathered at Lexington, by the great great-grandfather of his present Chief!

"At—hm—the rate of salary you are now drawing, Willis," Old Barker stated dryly. He wished his auditing clerk to rest under no false impression but in any case, it was the honor of the thing that got hold of Mr. Willis. It was as if, after fifteen years of honest service, the Chief himself had pinned a medal on his breast!

"I—I shall certainly do my best, sir, to—live up to this new trust."

The Chief's small eyes sent out a tiny spark. We will stretch a point and call it humor. "Don't call it a 'trust', outside the office, Willis." He did not take the trouble to nod. He merely

turned back to his desk and drew, with the fat hand that had been off duty, a letter file forward, and Mr. Willis knew it for dismissal.

He caught, as he softly opened the glass door again, a swift upward glance from the dark eyes over the typewriter. They were non-committal eyes and yet, they gave Mr. Willis the disconcerting impression that they, too, were taking his measure. He hadn't any idea what his measure was. You see Mr. Willis was the kind of person who would never take it himself!

As he stepped outside, young Pettit, passing on his way to the coat room, pointed with his thumb. "J. J. Gannon's on from Chicago—he's been howling for you up at the front. Won't do business with Riley, so you better follow up the big lead. What's his idea, anyway? You're only the auditing clerk."

Mr. Willis beamed. "Why, it's just that he's always been friendly, Pettit, about putting his orders across through me."

"Why don't you tell him the truth," growled Pettit, "that this firm is too mean to give a percentage on its sales?"

Mr. Willis shook his head. "Don't say a thing like that, Pettit," he said. "You don't mean it."

"Huh, don't I, though!" Young Pettit, jerking at his collar, passed on.

Mr. Willis looked after him. He made up his mind Pettit was up to his neck in work on the new ledger and decided to straighten it up for him by staying late one or two nights himself.

Mr. Willis had grown, by slow and inevitable process, to look upon old Jerry, the night watchman, as his intimate friend. There was always somebody playing ducks and drakes with the sales-slips, or the open accounts, or the day sheet, and Mr. Willis had a way, when the rest had gone home, of putting the poor worker right. But then, Mr. Willis lived in a downtown boarding house and had no best girl and Jerry could always supply him with a couple of "sandwiches."

And then suddenly it struck Mr. Willis that he was being transferred to the big spaces downstairs where the crates were stacked to the ceiling, to the little back office where Jarvis had held out so long. That he'd have to check off each crate, keep time orders up to the minute, and bear a personal responsibility for every pair of shoes that left the house on the huge auto trucks lined up for his supervision each morning. It did not occur to Mr. Willis that he was going to get less than Jarvis had for the job.



ROUGH-HAIRED SMOKE

By Frank Little Hayes, Jr.

SMOKE was a terrier, ugly as sin:—
 Hair that fell over his eyes to his chin;
 Stout, shaggy hide that bristled with burrs;
 Strong teeth, the dread of the neighborhood curs;
 Legs always right-side up in a fight;
 Eyes that would glow with a wonderful light;
 Tongue that was warm to a gentleman's hand,
 Silent in speech that the strong understand;
 Faithful as sunrise, as savage as flame;
 Steady as starlight, in spite of his name;
 Died just today, when the new morning broke.
 Life to your memory, shaggy old Smoke!



Dead Men's Shoes

Mr. Willis had never put a price on himself, any more than he had taken his own measure.

What he did think of was how his little worn mother would take it, and her pride. Perhaps, after awhile, they would give him a bonus, or something and then he could send his kid brother straight up through some good school to Yale. He meant his kid brother to have some of the things he had missed, and college and law books and a season ticket for the World Series were a few of them. Mr. Willis had stuck at auditing so long, and his Saturday pay-envelope was so slim, that he had not dared to indulge in dreams, but at the minute he was running riot—why, he might be able, if he managed the shipping properly, to have his mother on sometime for a little trip to New York. He had to pull himself up as he noticed, a few feet away, J. J. Gannon impatiently chewing the end of a stubby cigar.

The man from Chicago wasn't after "an order." He came to blow up somebody about a consignment of "Excelsior B's." "I sell 'em to the loggers," he said bluntly, "and I guarantee 'em good stuff, and when they turn out rotten, and let in water like a leaking ship, naturally they turn on me. It ain't right, Willis, to an old customer with a string of retail stores out to the Coast. And I put it to you flat—no more orders till you make good on that last shipment and set me right with the trade."

MR. WILLIS wasn't a man of many words, but something gripped him now. He told J. J. with a certain high price that there must be some mistake, that if he paid for "Excelsior B's" of course he got them, and that he'd take the matter up with the Chief—his final sentence had a little choked ring in it—"We'll make whatever is wrong, right, Mr. Gannon—you see, the firm's name is the only kind of guarantee you need."

J. J. Gannon grunted in his throat, and flung away his cigar butt. Then his irate face grew milder. "I'm not blaming you, Willis, nor anybody, but I want the thing set right, understand?" His nod, as he stalked away, was cordially kind. But Mr. Willis was a little bit up in the air. He hated anything said against the firm to which he had signed over the best years of his life, a firm, rich in those traditions of honor—why, the great-great-grandfather of the Chief had made shoes for the soldiers at Valley Forge. Mr. Willis felt again that surging pride. They had worn well, those shoes!

Things were certainly happening to Mr. Willis. Fifteen minutes later, with the office cleared of all but McCoy, who had his day-sheet to get up, with old Bailey battenning down windows and switching off electric bulbs, Mr. Willis, in the darkened outer corridor, ran into Miss Warren.

She said, "I beg your pardon," but Mr. Willis couldn't let it go at that. He stopped dead short in front of her, and said, "Oh, I say!" You see, what stumped Mr. Willis was the fact that

she had been crying. She was in her outdoor costume and was hastily drawing down her veil, tightening it behind with hands that were a bit unsteady.

"I'm not going to lie to you," she said abruptly, "I haven't a headache, and nobody has called me down. And I have a perfect right, outside office hours, to shed tears if I choose over any and everything."

"Honor bright," said Mr. Willis, "I—I don't think you have, you know."

She stared at him, and then, curving her lips slightly, she attempted to pass, "Good night," she said.

"I say," said Mr. Willis, and paused, and then conscious that she was waiting for him to finish, he added hastily, "a— a man may be down you know, but he's never out!"

She was staring at him again, her eyes underneath her veil still bright with tears.

MR. WILLIS felt a sort of desperation. He was bungling and yet if he could only say the right thing! It gives a man a strange feeling to see a woman crying, a girl whom he has seen daily above a typing machine, as cool and—and neat handed as if she were a part of it. "I say," he said, "if it's anything the Chief has said to hurt you—he never means it, you know. He's the best ever and if you only keep quiet when he has a grouch on, it—it is bound to wear off in time," ended Mr. Willis, with a pained look because more tears were brimming over in her eyes.

"I do think," she murmured, "that I have never met anybody like you, and I wish you wouldn't, because—I—I've just gotten to the end of my tether!" she bit her lip, and walked slowly on, with her eyes on the big, swinging door. Mr. Willis, you see, was walking beside her.

"I haven't any right to butt in, have I?" questioned Mr. Willis cheerfully. "But you see, when any decent man sees a woman in tears, well he just naturally wants to put her right again, or—or go and fight somebody!"

She was not looking at him now, but she said something, abruptly, and still in that quivering, slightly unsteady voice, "I wish you'd—invite me out to dinner, you see, part of it is—that I haven't any home, just at present—"

"Oh, I say," said Mr. Willis and took off his glasses and put them on again hastily, while he did a little rapid-fire thinking. "Of course, I'll take you to dinner and of course there are any number of first-rate places with music and lights and—and French dishes, but if—if you'll honestly let me prescribe for you, and take you home to my boarding house—I think you'd be cheered up, you know, and amused—" He was flushing in that boyish way he had.

She didn't flush, she turned a shade paler, and then she said, very gently, "I think that's very good of you, and if they won't mind setting an extra place—" Mr. Willis didn't know it, but she was thinking: "No other man in the world would have *dared*—and I couldn't have gone with him if he had!"

"Oh, they're used to setting extra places for me," said Mr. Willis genially, "you see, sometimes I take home young Pettit—he—he lost his mother last winter—or old Mr. Haddon. He lives in a top floor on Fourth Street and has to cook his own meals over a gas jet. It's a kind of change for him and at my boarding place they understand. They make him play the flute after dinner and are so on the square with the dear old duffer he—he has the idea they like it and it does him all kinds of good."

She was smiling now, with that moist brightness still about her eyes.

"But mightn't they object—to a girl? Your landlady, I mean?" She was coloring under her veil.

"Not if she's a nice girl," he said, "no, indeed! You—you mustn't fear anything like that. They wouldn't mind who I brought, really. And the dinners are wonderful, for the price. Home-made bread and chocolate cake and real coffee. Of course there's nothing like that French stuff, but they're jolly people, most of them. There's a little chap there who paints signs for a living. He's lame and—and we're giving him a course, between us, at the Art League. He's in the Life class now. And there's Riley, and Miss Minns—she does eyelet work for a big linen house and monograms at so much a dozen. And there's Tessie—she's a masseuse—" He paused uncertainly. "You wouldn't mind sitting next to a masseuse, would you?"

She shook her head. "You forget—I am a stenographer, myself."

"That's right," he said honestly, "I did, for a minute." And then he explained it, "You see, you're not a bit like the last five that Barker, Hughes & Co. broke in!"

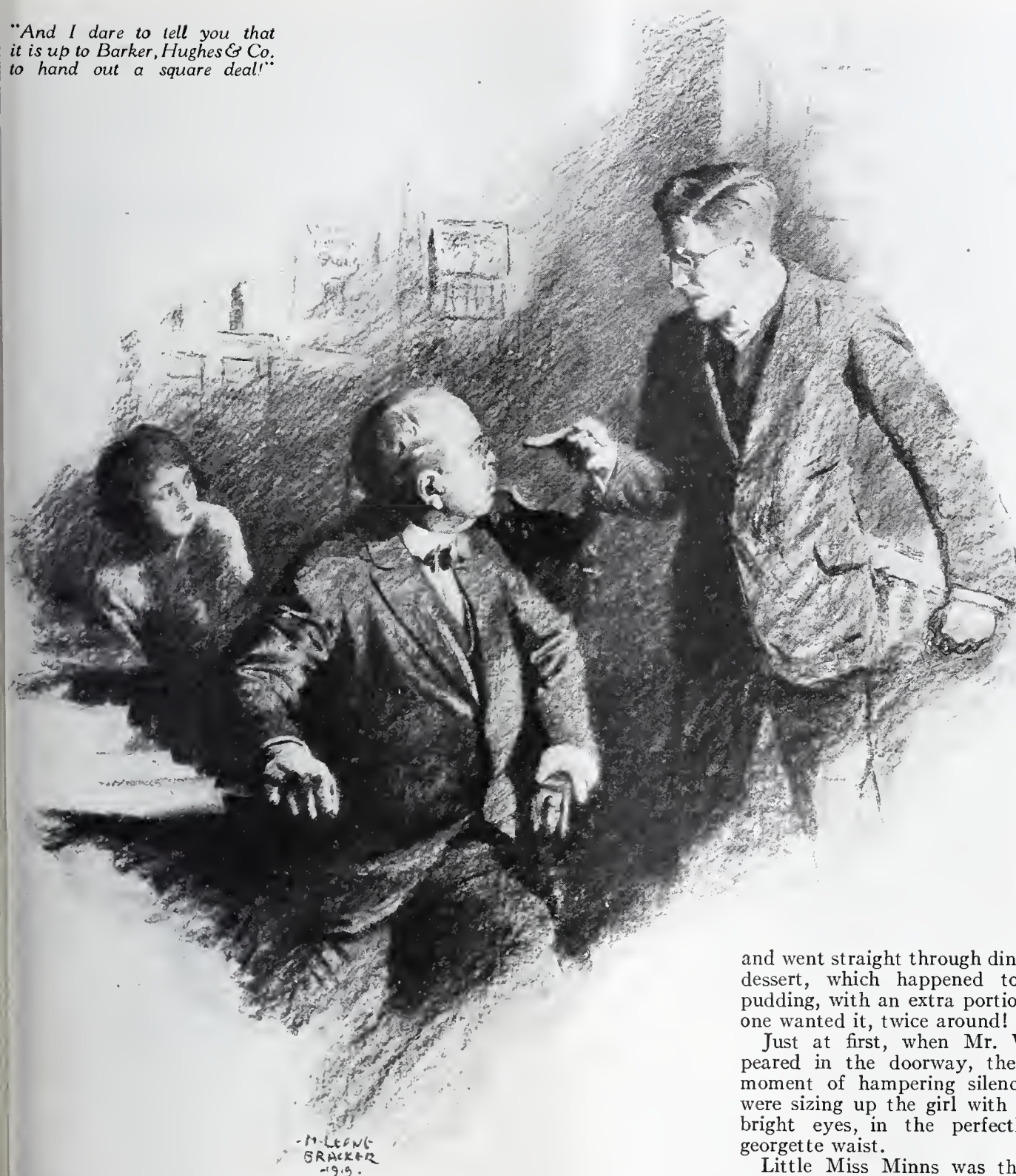
THEY were boarding an uptown car, and as it swung around a curve he put his arm out, quite as a matter of fact, and held off the crowd from her in the aisle. The strange thing about it was that it was the first time Mr. Willis had ever taken a girl out in all his life!

As they got out at one of the side streets and walked toward a row of forlorn but respectable brown stone "fronts," she evidently felt she must explain to him.

"When I said that I had no home," she said hurriedly, "I didn't mean that I was an actual mendicant. I live with a mahogany table and a lamp with a Chinese shade and a few other things but I got to the point of wanting something human. And I spoke to you on impulse."

"Honor bright," said Mr. Willis, "I'm glad you did! You see, I've been in this place quite a number of years and—well, I call them all my friends. They haven't any frills, they're not what you'd call high-brows, but for sheer good nature and human kindness—" Mr. Willis stopped short, evidently at a memory that made speech difficult. "You see," he ended, "I went there when my kid brother was going through a course of typhoid—and he found it out. You ought to have seen the kind of things they did to keep m

"And I dare to tell you that it is up to Barker, Hughes & Co. to hand out a square deal!"



and went straight through dinner to the dessert, which happened to be rice pudding, with an extra portion, if anyone wanted it, twice around!

Just at first, when Mr. Willis appeared in the doorway, there was a moment of hampering silence. They were sizing up the girl with the dark, bright eyes, in the perfectly fitting georgette waist.

Little Miss Minns was the first to capitulate. "Come right in, Mr. Willis," she said, "and introduce your friend!" And Riley, with his mouth full of boiled beef, swallowed hastily and muttered, "Sure. Any friend of Mr. Willis—it goes without sayin'!" And Tessie finished it, "You mean, Sam, the *lady* goes without saying."

The end and beginning were, to Mr. Willis, quite beautiful. He could be, all through dinner, not only proud of these simple folks who could be friendly to a stranger and cheerful after a day of hard work but he was also proud of the way she beat them to it, this girl who had seemed, till to-night, a part of the typing machine she ran daily for his Chief! As he heard her answering their little, intimate questions, without giving a bit of herself away, just as if she had been there a hundred times before, Mr. Willis began to wish there had been one more unbidden guest at the homely table—his little mother in Maine! It was just here that Mr. Wil-

om worrying about it. Tessie, that's the masseuse, took a day off and went out in the woods and picked violets and packed 'em in wet cotton and sent 'em off to Maine, and by Jove, they got there fresh. It got hold of my other! And Riley—he clerks for the Western Union—got them to send up the telegrams the moment they came, if—if they were encouraging—"Mr. Willis smiled. "The Chief thought they were dispatches for the firm, orders, you know, and was fearfully sore." She said something, looking straight ahead of her. "And your brother got well?"

"Yes," said Mr. Willis, "he got well." He said it simply but you could see the visions, law-books and Yale and the rest of it, back in his short-sighted eyes. Suddenly she stood quite still. "Wait!" she said, and bit her lip as if the thing she was going to say was difficult. "Do you always take people

on faith as—you are taking me?"

They were under a street lamp before the particular flight of brown stone steps that Mr. Willis was accustomed to descend every morning. Traffic was heavy on the distant avenue but neither of them seemed to hear it. Her hand was busy again with her veil.

Mr. Willis, looking down at her, smiled. "Why," he said, "as to that, you know, I've learned, right there at Barker, Hughes and Co., that faith in people is good business, and business is—is good faith. It proves itself both ways."

She nodded. "I see," she said but her voice had an unsteady note again. And then impetuously she ran up the steps ahead of him. "Please come," she said, "I want to meet them—Tessie and all the rest!"

MR. WILLIS, that night, dreamed dreams. They began with the soup,

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lis really and for the first time in his life began to dream—for himself!

Afterward, when he took her back to the mahogany table and the Chinese lamp, on a street somewhere in the sixties, she told him something more. "I am not going to thank you," she said, "you took me in among them on faith and, well, I've gotten it back. And—and you don't have to understand or ever refer to it again, please—" She put her hand in his with that same impetuous gesture, as if her heart were full now, instead of her eyes—"Good-night, Mr. Willis!"

And Mr. Willis said cheerfully, beaming behind his glasses, "I—hope you'll let it happen to us all again sometime, because now, you see, they'll always think of you as a friend," and then he went home.

THREE weeks later Mr. Willis wrote to his mother.

"Dear Mother. They have put me in charge of the shipping. Quite five pegs higher, little Mater, for I have to O. K. every consignment that goes out on the market and to do it conscientiously keeps me pretty busy from nine till six and then some. It's not always easy, for Jarvis, the man that had it before me, spent most of the time reading up the Giants and White Sox in the office and only came out of his cage every so often to do an O. K. in red chalk on a crate edge, and sign over a bill of lading for the goods. Now some of the fellows are kicking because I insist on overhauling each case. But you see, the good name of the firm is behind my O. K. so I mustn't take chances. Besides, we're running another company—so, in two ways, I hold the job in trust.

"Sometime soon, I hope to arrange for you to come on, little gray Mater, you and Carl. There's a girl I want you to meet. She is lovely and I think unhappy about something, but too proud to show it. I think you would do her good. You always were bully at the cheering-up business, and I have had a hope lately that you would be friends. Her name is Miss Warren and she does stenography for the Chief. I forgot to tell you that Adolph has gotten into the Life class at the League. And little Miss Minns has had a raise. I know you'll be glad, because her eyes are giving out and now she'll be able to put some little bit by.

"P. S. I am sending you an extra tenner. I can perfectly well do without it, and I want Carl to have his base-ball togs at the new school."

Mr. Willis, mailing it during his lunch hour, which was exactly twenty minutes long, went back to his little office with a lighter heart. He had wanted to tell his mother about Miss Warren before, but putting it down in black and white was like O. K.-ing a crate of goods, he stood for all that was behind it! Mr. Willis knew that his mother would guess out his dream!

Things had been rather difficult that morning. He had been obliged to hold up a shipment of shoes for a company store in a Colorado mining camp, be-

cause the bill of lading was wrong. Strangely, it read "Excelsior B," and Mr. Willis, knowing the grade, and remembering J. J. Gannon, took one of the boots in his hand. Finally, flushing a little, he called one of the shipping clerks.

"Look here, Sawyer, this bill is off. This calls for 'Excelsior B's.'"

"That's right, Mr. Willis. I made that bill out myself."

Mr. Willis was still flushing. "Well, this shipment can't go out. You'll have to look the thing up at the factory. Get Ridley to check up the files. I've opened up two crates and they're both seconds."

"Yes, sir, that's all right, Mr. Willis." The man stood there, his legs spread a little, his hat on the back of his head. Plainly he was embarrassed.

Mr. Willis stared back at him. "How do you mean 'all right'? I tell you it's wrong."

"Mr. Willis, I've been here seven months, and we've been shipping this class goods straight along as 'Excelsior B.'"

For one moment, Mr. Willis doubted his own eyesight. Was it failing, like little Miss Minn's? He took up the boot again, holding it to the light, turning up the vamp. Suddenly he drew out of his breast pocket the worn gold watch that had been his father's. It was attached to a thin gold chain, too thin for any kind of use, with a small penknife that Carl had given him at Christmas riveted to the end.

"Now," he said pleasantly, "we'll see, Sawyer. I'll stand for the damages. We can't afford to have Barker, Hughes & Co. make any kind of mistake." He was ripping, as he spoke, at the leather, laying it bare, prying between the layers of the sole. At last he threw it aside and drew a deep breath. "I'm right, Sawyer—they're seconds!"

The clerk stood his ground. "The Chief won't like it, Mr. Willis, I tell you we've been shipping that goods right along."

But Mr. Willis, for the first time in his life, was seeing red. "These goods are not going out under a false stamp, Sawyer—do you understand me? I am in charge of the shipping, and I won't O. K. this consignment." He whirled on his heel. "Here you, men—unload that truck. Dump the goods anywhere, just unload!"

IT took them exactly forty minutes and Mr. Willis stood there, his eyes alight, seeing it done. He felt hot all over, indignant that a firm like Barker, Hughes & Co. couldn't trust its men. When they got through he sent a full report of it over his office telephone to Mr. Hibbard, the superintendent upstairs, and went slowly out to his lunch. He knew it was a rush order, that would take days to set straight. They'd have to refer back to the factory at Lynn.

All the same his heart was lighter when he went back. Two or three of the men were standing about looking sheepish as he nodded to them briefly.

Sawyer was in the cage by the freight elevator with his back turned, and suddenly Mr. Willis saw why—a loaded truck was hauled up close to the runway—they were sending the goods out without his O. K.!

He walked in quietly but his lips were a stiffened line. "Sawyer, why have my orders been disobeyed about that consignment?"

The shipping clerk took time to put his pencil behind his ear. "Orders came from the office to go ahead. I was to show 'em to you when you came in."

Mr. Willis glanced at the typed line. "Ship Ex. B's at once to C. & C. Co. as is." It was signed by the Chief!

Mr. Willis stood quite still. He had grown a shade paler. "And I was to tell you," drawled Sawyer, "that they'd see you in the office, that there was a little matter they'd like you to explain."

Mr. Willis did not change his expression. He merely said, still quietly, "Don't add to it, Sawyer. That's cheap!" A moment later he was ascending to the floors above.

HE made straight for the door marked *Private*. McCoy looked around as he passed and nodded but it was as if, up here where he had pegged along and done his honest best for so many years, he was already forgotten. Someone else, probably a man from the Acme Company, was in his little cage!

He knocked and then went in without preamble. It seemed to him the square thing to do. Old Barker was in his swivel chair, dictating to a girl with her head bent. Mr. Willis stood a moment unnoticed, as if he were already crossed off the books, and then sudden pride made him straighten. His face had a high light on it.

"You sent for me, sir?"

The big man swung around. "Oh, Willis," his tone was flat and dry.

Mr. Willis waited. He stood, tall and steady, by the door, with his eyes on the Chief.

"What do you mean, Willis, by holding up a rush order in the busy season, that is in shape to go through?"

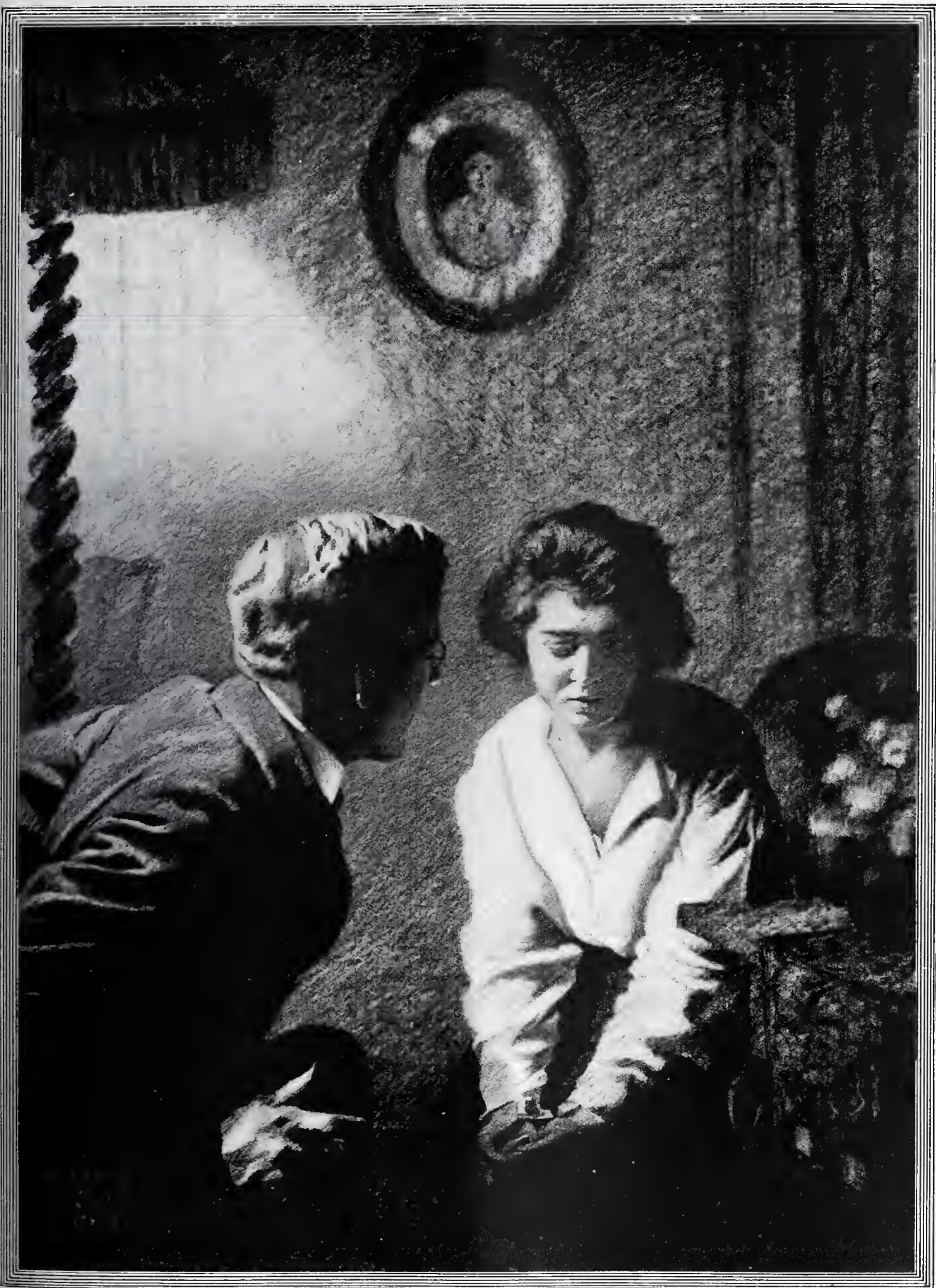
Mr. Willis paused, then he said, briefly, "It was not ready, sir, it lacked my O. K."

Old Barker moistened his lips with his tongue. "Lacked your O. K.! By h—! What is your O. K. worth, if you can't put it on when it's needed?"

Mr. Willis lifted his head—"My O. K. sir, is worth a great deal when it has your trade mark behind it and the name of an old and honorable firm."

Old Barker, leaning forward a little gripped the edge of his rolltop desk. "Look here," he said, "keep away from fancy touches, Willis, I haven't time to waste to-day. It's just this. No one is to interfere with the shipment we send out. You're paid to verify 'em in our way, not your own, and if crate is marked X. Y. Z. you're to send it out as X. Y. Z. goods. Do you understand?"

Mr. Willis did not speak. Something caught at his voice, choking him. He watched a late sunbeam strugg-



"I have lived all my life," she said hurriedly, "in a world where one does not speak of honor. One is supposed to be born with it"

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through the dust of the window as if it were caught in a net. His soul seemed to be caught in a cobweb of lies.

"Mr. Barker," he was putting it into words now, a little unsteadily, "If I tell you that I opened those crates myself and—and found inferior goods, stamped as first class—"

Old Barker turned. "That's all right," he said, "the company that handles them understands and we understand. You're pretty dense, Willis, but I'll tell you this much; that stamp means a lot to the general public, that's why we put it on, and it's not open to change by a shipping clerk or a manager *pro tem*! Do I make it clear, Willis?"

Mr. Willis bowed. "I am—beginning to understand, sir, for the first time, in fifteen years." His face had gone gray. It wasn't, to Mr. Willis, a light thing, to lose a faith.

Old Barker turned back. "That's all, Willis. You've been on our books a long time and we're willing to overlook a first offense. But I tell you plainly—"

"You have already told me plainly, sir, things I did not know."

The light was back again on his face. He was looking at the sunbeam struggling through the dust, as his faith in goodness and honor and a clean record was struggling through the black moment. The girl at the typing machine had stopped working but she did not look around.

Mr. Willis spoke again, haltingly, and yet with a certain dogged steadiness. "You speak, sir, of my long connection with the firm. I would like you to know that they have been happy years, that I have gotten things out of it all that are good—" He stopped, and then went on more gently, "and one of them has been a pride in a fine achievement. I—I refer to the shoes, sir, that were worn at Valley Forge by Washington's men. It—it took them a long time to wear out, weary marchings, and days in camp on frozen ground. They were made by your great-great-grandfather, sir, and he made them in the very best way he knew how and—to a man's size. There are men now, Mr. Barker, out in Colorado mining camps, doing their soldierly part, sir, for the industrial life of a nation big with honors and I dare to tell you that it is up to Barker, Hughes & Co. to hand them out as square a deal in leather as your founder handed out to the men in that New Jersey campaign!"

THERE was a moment of sharpened silence. The girl at the machine had dropped her hands. Her lips were curved slightly. She was just a figure relaxed and listening. Mr. Willis still stood by the door. He seemed taller, a little more gaunt, and high lights had centered in his blue eyes. Old Barker, ponderous, sat back in his chair. His jaw was grimmer. Otherwise he gave no sign. "Well," he asked, "have you finished?"

Mr. Willis drew a deep breath.

Old Barker made a gesture with his thumb, "All right," he said, "get out!" and turned back to the papers on his desk.

The sunbeam, tired to death, had retreated. The room had gone gray as Mr. Willis left it.

He went down stairs and got his hat and walked home. It was early yet and the boarding house was empty but he went up and sat on his iron bed and thought out a few things that troubled him. He could send no more weekly cheques to his mother but he would cash in his bank account and only keep out enough to keep him going. He stopped there, confronted with the image of his dreams! Mr. Willis learned in that hour that one calls a beautiful image a dream because it never comes true.

He knew now how far it had gone. He had pictured a tiny house in Jersey, with a garden hose which he could use on Saturday afternoons on fresh little flower beds with trim edges. He had thought of a book case filled with law books that he could still dream over, and that Carl could use when he came on, and he had imagined a mahogany table littered with the kind of work that a woman loves, and perhaps a Chinese lamp with the light falling full on a face that was his chiefest dream of all.

IT had ended in darkness. He got up, trying to think cheerfully that no harm was done, because it couldn't possibly be a dream for her, and was thankful in his heart that the big desire of it had never been put into words. And besides, she would probably not have seen those pictures with him, so it was better the way it was. And then he remembered that J. J. Gannon had once told him that he could always come on to Chicago and get a berth somewhere along that string of stores! He went over and washed his hands and felt humbly grateful that he had learned, at least, out of all the wisdom that lay in the world, to audit books. And then he wrote a line to J. J. Gannon and afterwards, as it was growing late, he went down to the big room below and told them, coming in one by one, the thing he had done to himself.

He didn't tell it all, or know it all! Young Pettit, coming along, quite up in the air, told him the rest.

"You certainly did start up a blow-out. The Chief is as black as thunder. I was coming along with some blankety-blanks to be signed and there was that Warren girl standing up to him, braced against the door, with her hat on, and her gloves, and her vanity bag on the floor between them—"there is all the money I have earned here," she said, "in full—and thank you, I will not need any carfare. If you will allow me to phone for my father's automobile." Young Pettit breathed a little quicker—"Do you want to hear her exact lingo?" he asked.

Mr. Willis nodded. "Go on," he said, "Jack, old boy!"

"Funny thing," young Pettit explained, "the automobile gag was no joke. She gave a number and while she was telling us things about you, it slowed up and honked from the sidewalk. She said, 'I came into your

business world when women were at a premium because—my brother and—and the kind of boys this country loves and believes in had gone across to keep the universe going—with the help of God! You made a place for me and turned me into a machine and I have tried to do a machine's part. I found, more or less, that you were all machines, all except one man, who stood tall and true and gave you his honorable duty. He was the only man among you who had a kind word for the scrub-woman, and who took off his hat and stood as if he meant it when they played the "Star Spangled Banner" out in the street. He was the only man who could keep on smiling when he was dog-tired and spend his evenings helping to straighten out somebody else's mistakes—and now you turn him out! Did you think for one moment I would not take his part and go too? It—it is all I can do!"

She ended it that way!" said young Pettit. "She ended it by leaving her bag at old Barker's feet and just going out!"

Mr. Willis had fixed his eyes upon the window. "That was fine of her," he said gently, "just fine, Jack."

Young Pettit laughed back in his throat. "Huh. She won't miss the money, anyway. And Warren's not her name. She used to do the society stunt, till the war made her dead serious. She's Archibald's daughter, you know Archibald, of the Mercantile Trust. And she's engaged to that fat-head, that society duck, who pretends he's a Captain of Industry, R. B. Latimer—you know, he made that punk speech at the United Trades' dinner!"

But Mr. Willis seemed not to hear. Or was it that as the dream got farther and farther away from his simple and workaday life, it grew brighter, a thin to lighten a darkening way?

IT wasn't until the next morning, when her little note came to him at the shabby breakfast table, that his soul bowed within him at realization of her generosity and goodness—she wrote:

"I want you to come and see me you can, this morning. I am going to take up another kind of work, plain through mornings with little blind babies, in a big institution down town. But I wanted to tell you some new. And I would like you to meet my father. The best thing I can say of him is that I think he is your kind of man,

Sincerely,
Helen Warren Archibald."

Waiting for her in the room with the Chinese lamp, he blessed her again in his heart. It wasn't the fact that she had thrown down a position she did not need. It was the fact that she had recognized what made him, in his poverty and lowliness, do it himself. It was the fine tradition of honor among men, the belief that there was a better for humanity to turn out to its fellow—the certainty that the biggest thing a soul could do for another was to keep the faith—to follow apostles and saints and martyrs! (Continued on Page 4)



One fine June morning, Billy Brad thought he would not go to school. He thought he would work in his garden

BILLY BRAD—the FREE and EQUAL

*Even at the age of six—he encounters some
of the laws of democracy*

By Ellis Parker Butler

Author of "Pigs is Pigs"

Illustrated by J. R. Shaver

WHEN Billy Brad was six years old, one of the things of which he was proudest was his garden, because it was his very own garden and he had hoed it and raked it and planted it himself and all the vegetables in it were growing nicely. Often, in the afternoon, he took Uncle Peter Henry's hand and led Uncle Peter Henry to the garden, so that he might see it. It was not a large garden. It was one of forty or fifty gardens in a single vacant lot near the schoolhouse and each garden was about the size of a large tablecloth. Each garden had a large stake at each corner and a small stick at the head of each row of beans or radishes or beets, and on each stick was the empty seed envelope, with the picture of beans or radishes or beets in gay colors. All the children who farmed these little farms were proud of their own and each child was eager to have every seed become a strong, healthy plant and produce fine vegetables and, at recess and after school, they hoed and pulled weeds and watered their little farms with great eagerness. Each wanted to grow the best vegetables.

Thus it happened that one fine June morning Billy Brad thought he would not go to school. He thought he would work in his garden and pull every weed and water every plant and make his garden as neat and tidy as it could possibly be.

So he did just that. He played truant and he did not go to school. He went to the garden lot and worked in his garden. He worked for almost an hour but it seemed much longer than that because he was all alone in the garden lot, with no one else working there. By ten o'clock, he was quite sure it must be noon and ten minutes later he was quite positive it must be noon and, five minutes later, although he saw no children going home from school, he was absolutely certain it was noon and that he must have been mistaken in the day; that this day must be Saturday.

Billy Brad dropped the watering can he had been using and started for home.

He was so sure he would be late for luncheon that he took the shortest cut and ran across the garden lot without caring where he put his feet. He ran right across the little farms, stepping on the rows of radishes and beets and peas, and suddenly a loud voice said:

"Hey, you! What are you doing? Come out of there!"

Billy Brad stopped short. On the sidewalk stood the truant officer in his blue uniform, with his silver badge on the coat, and the truant officer was looking very cross and provoked.

"Come out of there now!" shouted the truant officer and Billy Brad walked toward him. He was a badly frightened Billy Brad.

"What do you mean, ruining those gardens?" the truant officer asked. "Don't you know any better? Where were you going?"

"I was going home," Billy Brad said. "I was working in my garden, and I was through working in my garden, and I was going home."

"Oh, ho!" said the truant officer. "So you have one of those gardens! Then you go to school, do you? Then why are you not in school? Tell me that!"

Billy Brad

Billy Brad did not know what to say, he was so badly frightened.

"Playing truant, are you?" said the truant officer unpleasantly. "Playing truant and tramping down the other kids' gardens, are you? Well, I guess you'd better come along with me this time! What's your name?"

It was at that moment Uncle Peter Henry came around the corner and saw Billy Brad and the truant officer. He hurried up and asked the truant officer all about it.

"I'm sorry to hear such things about William Bradley, Junior, Mr. Truant Officer," Uncle Peter Henry said, "But I think this time you can leave Billy Brad to me, in view of the—ah—extreme youth of the culprit and his former good behavior. He has no past record of crime, I imagine?"

"Well, no, sir," said the truant officer, grinning. "This is his first offense, so far as I know. Take him along with you, and see that he ruins no more gardens and plays truant no more. Good day to you!"

Uncle Peter Henry looked at Billy Brad through his big spectacles with the tortoise-shell rims and then he looked at the garden lot across which the deep prints of Billy Brad's feet made an ugly track.

"You came straight across all the gardens, didn't you, Billy Brad?" Uncle Peter Henry asked. "Why did you?"

"I was going home," Billy Brad said. "I wanted to go home quick! It was quicker that way, Uncle Peter Henry."

"I see!" said Uncle Peter Henry. "You are a free American and you go where you please; is that it? Freedom is a great word, Billy Brad; we Americans believe in freedom. Those wise old forefathers who made America a nation told us we should always have freedom. Freedom and equality—that was what they fought for, Billy Brad. Can you remember that?"

"Yes, Uncle Peter Henry," said Billy Brad.

"Why did you not go to school to-day?" Uncle Peter Henry asked.

"I—I wanted to work in my garden," said Billy Brad. "I—I wanted to pull out the weeds.

And hoe it! And sprinkle some water on it!"

"I see!" Uncle Peter Henry said. "But why are not the other little boys and girls working in their gardens this morning?"

"They—they're in school," said Billy Brad. "They had to go to school. It's Friday."

"Oh, yes!" said Uncle Peter Henry. "It is Friday and so they have to go to school. Let me see—in this state the law says all children must go to school, doesn't it?"

"Yes, sir," said Billy Brad meekly. "All children except Billy Brad; is that it?" asked Uncle Peter Henry.

"No, sir," said Billy Brad, still more meekly, "I have to go to school too."

"Is—it—possible!" exclaimed Uncle Peter Henry, as if surprised to hear it. "Is—it—possible! Can it be that the Constitution of the United States guarantees everyone freedom and equal-

ity, and still Billy Brad has to go to school whether he wants to or does not want to? Can it be that 'freedom' is the great word in this nation and still Billy Brad cannot do as he pleases?"

"I don't know," said Billy Brad.

"I ask you," said Uncle Peter Henry setting his tortoise-shell glasses more firmly on his nose, and looking at Billy Brad severely, "if it can be possible that the truant officer can arrest you and take you back to school when you don't want to go? Can it be possible that—if your parents don't care whether you go to school or not, and you play truant every day—the government can take you and put you in a school where you will have to stay? Can this be possible, Billy Brad, in a land of freedom and equality?"

"Yes, sir," said Billy Brad doubtfully. "Or, anyway, Uncle Peter Henry, there was a boy in our school, and—and—"

"They took him!"

Uncle Peter Henry finished. "They took him and sent him to a school where he had to learn his lessons. Billy Brad, do you know what would happen if all the boys and all the girls and all the men and all the women walked wherever they pleased—all over this garden lot, for example?"

"They—they would spoil all the gardens," said Billy Brad promptly. "They would spoil everybody's gardens."

"And if everyone lived exactly as they pleased?" asked Uncle Peter Henry. "If Mr. Smith shot Mr. Brown's cow when he wanted meat, and Mr. Green stole Mrs. Murphy's chickens when he wanted poultry, and Mr. Brown burned down your father's house when he wanted to be warm. What then, Billy Brad?"

"Why—why—said Billy Brad.

"Exactly!" said Uncle Peter Henry. "You say it would spoil everything for everybody. Ever-

"Come out of there now!" shouted the truant officer. And a badly frightened Billy Brad walked towards him.





"I think this time you can leave Billy Brad to me," said Uncle Peter Henry. "He has no past record of crime, I imagine?"

he would be spoiled. It would be a terrible world to live in. Is that it? That what you say?"

"Yes, sir," said Billy Brad softly. "But," said Uncle Peter Henry, "if everyone did exactly as he pleased, everyone would be free, wouldn't he? And if everyone had the right to do exactly as he pleased all would be equal, wouldn't they?"

"Yes, Uncle Peter Henry," said Billy Brad, "but—"

"But the big boys could walk over our garden; and you could not stop them, while they could pound you and kill you if you tried to walk on their gardens; is that it? You would not be free and you would not be equal, if you were as free and equal as all that, would you?"

"No, sir," said Billy Brad, quite sure, this time, he was saying the right thing, because now he understood what Uncle Peter Henry meant.

"Well," asked Uncle Peter Henry, "why don't the big boys spoil your garden? Why don't Mr. Smith shoot Mr. Brown's cow? Why don't Mr. Brown burn your father's house?"

"The policemen would arrest them, wouldn't they?" asked Billy Brad anxiously.

"What right have the policemen to do that?" Uncle Peter Henry asked.

"Why—why—because it's against the law to spoil my garden," said Billy Brad.

"And the law protects you," said

Uncle Peter Henry. "It protects you and me and Mr. Smith and Mr. Brown and Mrs. Murphy and your father and everyone. It says you must go to school but it says everybody must go to school. It says I must not steal but it says no one may steal. Equality, Billy Brad, means that it is the duty of one and all to obey the same law. Can you say that? Say it: *Equality; the duty of one and all to obey the same law!*"

"*Equality; the duty of one and all to obey the same law!*" repeated Billy Brad.

"And freedom," said Uncle Peter Henry, "does not mean that any one may do as he pleases, injuring every other person. Freedom, in America, means that no one person can tell me what to do. No king can order me about; no baron can take my property; no sultan can take my wife. I do not have to obey any king or baron or sultan. Freedom is the right to obey only the law. Can you say that, Billy Brad? Say it: *Freedom; the right to obey only the law.*"

"*Freedom; the right to obey only the law,*" Billy Brad repeated. "But Uncle Peter Henry—", he said.

"Yes, Billy Brad."

"But I have to obey—the truant officer, too, don't I?"

Uncle Peter Henry laughed

"No; you don't have to obey the truant officer," he said.

"But I do have to," Billy Brad insisted.

"No, Billy Brad," Uncle Peter Henry said, "you have to obey the law and nothing but the law, and I have to obey the law and nothing but the law."

"But the truant officer arrested me," said Billy Brad.

"Why?" asked Uncle Peter Henry, and Billy Brad did not answer.

"Because you had not obeyed the law and were not in school, and because you had not obeyed the law and were spoiling the school gardens. Billy Brad, you may be too young yet to understand it fully but this is the land of the greatest freedom and the greatest equality to be found in the world. No man has to obey any other man. I do not have to 'obey' the President of the United States, or the Governor of New York, or the Mayor, or the Judge, or the Policeman or any other man; I need obey only the law and, if I do obey the law, no President or Governor or Mayor or Policeman can order me to do any other thing. So I am free. And the laws I must obey all others must obey, so we are all equal. And the laws I must obey and that others must obey are made by us who must obey them (or by those we ask to make them for us, which is the same thing) and that is democracy. And, Billy Brad, in a world that is yearly and daily and hourly becoming more and more crowded, a democracy, with all men and women free and equal under the law, is the only form of government sanely possible. (Continued on Page 78)

HEALTH

HOW TO KEEP IT
IF YOU HAVE IT

HOW TO GET IT
IF YOU HAVEN'T IT



Merritte W. Ireland



Wm. C. Braisted



Rupert Blue

A Department Conducted by

Merritte W. Ireland, *Surgeon-General U. S. Army*; Wm. C. Braisted, *Surgeon-General U. S. Navy*; Rupert Blue, *Surgeon-General U. S. Public Health*

WHEN THE BILL COMES IN

Do you say, "It does not hurt me," when you disobey one of Nature's laws of health? So have said many men in their time. Here are the stories of their experiences.

THE RECKONING

WHETHER it is the use of alcohol, or over-eating, or lack of proper rest, or any other unhygienic habit by which Nature is injured, no ill effects may be apparent, but sometime, somehow, Nature demands restitution.

As an example of how the debt may accumulate without giving any evidence of its existence, take the case of a young man who applied for life insurance and who was accustomed to drinking two glasses of beer, or a glass of whiskey each day. He declared that the habit had never done him any harm, and when the doctor examined him, it was found that what he said was apparently true. He seemed in the best of health, and so he was given a policy. His case was then tabulated with thousands of exactly similar cases among the policyholders of forty-three American life insurance companies—all men with the same history as regards the use of alcohol. The mortality of this group was investigated, and it was found to be 18 per cent. in excess of the mortality of policyholders in general, including non-drinkers!

NATURE is your most merciless creditor. If you are faithful and strictly observe the requirements she insists upon she will reward you with a sweet and healthy existence, whereas if you disobey her rules of hygiene, you may not realize that you are paying any price therefor, but—beware!

Or, the case of another young man, not of the kind that drinks a little every day, but one who indulged in an occasional "spree." He also applied for insurance, was examined, and pronounced healthy. He, also, was given a policy, and then was tabulated with thousands of others with a like history as regards alcohol. The mortality of this group of "healthy" men, addicted to an occasional "spree," turned out to be 50 per cent. in excess of insured lives in general. This represented an average of four years which Nature had stealthily chopped off the lifetime of every man in the group on account of their use of alcohol.

notorious vampire, alcohol.

YOUR WEIGHT

At the age of thirty, a man 5 feet 6 inches tall should weigh about 152 pounds; 5 feet, 8 inches, 152 pounds; 5 feet, 10 inches, 161 pounds. In other words, for each additional inch, 4 or 5 pounds.

At the age of thirty, a woman 5 feet and 4 inches tall should weigh about 125 pounds. For every added inch she should weigh 3 or 4 pounds more. If she is 5 feet and 10 inches, for instance, she should weigh about 154 pounds.

THE BROAD SHOULDERS OF THE WEATHER

A CERTAIN man said he had a "little cold in his stomach." He ascribed his troubles to "the weather."

He had distress after eating, which sometimes amounted to real pain. His tongue was coated and he complained of a bad taste in his mouth. He was greatly annoyed with eructations of gas; there was a marked distention of his intestines; he had frequent headaches, sometimes his head "swam around," and nearly all the time he was out of sorts and depressed. These are a few of the symptoms of that "cold in the stomach," for which he blamed the gusty month of March.

But, curiously, he still had his trouble in the month of April!

Speaking of chronic gastritis, the symptoms of which our friend was displaying, Dr. William Osler ascribes the condition, not to the weather, but to some of the following habits: The persistent use of very fat substances, of foods containing too much carbohydrate; or to the use of excessive quantities of hot bread, hot cakes, and pie; or to too much tea and coffee; or to alcohol; or to irregular eating and imperfect chewing.



THE WAITER WHO STOOD ON HIS FEET

HE stood on his feet nearly all day, as his work required, and it was because of this fact, he said, that his feet pained him badly. By the time he got home at night and mounted the stairs to his room at the top of a lodging

house, he was creeping like an old man. He believed he was simply over-tired and over-worked.

He toed out. He did so markedly. The falling of his arches had elongated his feet, and when he paddled about with his long feet diverging outwards, there were very unkind people who laughed and referred to his pedal extremities as "boats."

One day he waited on a man who followed him closely with his eyes as he walked back and forth from the

table to the kitchen with the characteristic wooden hitch of the flat-footed individual. The waiter became self-conscious, but said nothing; he was somewhat accustomed to having people notice his feet. Then, to his surprise, the man spoke to him about them.

The man was a doctor and, in particular, one who had made a brilliant record in the army—where the subject of feet is of prime

were hanging on a very thin thread.

He got by, he is still alive, though a little paler, as his lung affection has now developed into a definite case of tuberculosis. There are, however, no particular signs of increased intellectuality. His living habits are still bad, in spite of his serious experience, and in spite of the plainly-worded riot acts which the doctor read to him about how nearly his life had been ended by a lack of fresh air and daily outdoor use of the muscles of the body.

importance. He asked the waiter what he did for his trouble and heard the usual recital of a long trial with many types of shoes and various kinds of arch supporters. Then the doctor gave the waiter a little bit of simple information, for lack of which he had been suffering long years, ignorance of Nature's laws unfortunately exempting no one from her penalties.

The doctor told the flat-footed waiter to stop toeing out. He explained that he should toe straight ahead in public but

that when he got home he should take off his shoes, throw away his arch supports, put on some kind of soft slippers without heels, and walk around on the extreme outside edge of his feet while he toed radically inward as far as he could. This exercise, the doctor explained, would strengthen the muscles of the feet and tend to restore the arches to their normal condition.

The pleasant climax to the story is, of course, that the waiter lived happily ever after!



THE "INTELLECTUAL"

HE was an artist. He hated exercise, and the out-of-doors, and he boasted of it. Evidently he felt that a physically languid, hot-house existence intensified the emotional and imaginative side of his nature. He was proud of the fact that he never took a walk for his health, and never bored himself with those common *bourgeois* pastimes of swimming, and jumping around after a ball, in pursuit of "stupid health."

He was pale, as were all really "intellectual" people, so he had observed. He combed his hair back high from his pale forehead, which accentuated his idea of how intellectual he looked. And he smoked innumerable cigarettes, which also helped.

And then one day, he was abruptly taken with a severe chill, he developed a terrible headache and pain. A friend found him



THE RISK HE RAN

HE was walking along a narrow muddy street of the ancient city of Toul, in France. It was before the armistice was signed, when cannons and tractors and heavily loaded trucks were still rattling by on their way to the Front. He wore khaki and, although he was less than thirty years old, he was a "veteran." This was evidenced by the fact that on his breast was pinned the emblem of America's greatest military honor, the "Distinguished Service Cross."

An American Red Cross woman came along and said, "How splendid that you have this medal, how wonderful!" He said, "Yes, but in the getting of it I took an awful risk. Never again!" And, as he said it, he smiled and displayed a row of badly neglected teeth—little realizing that with his mouth as it was, he was daily taking a mortal risk, by harboring a cruel and unscrupulous germ enemy.

The conversation continued. It developed that the soldier was one of the patients of the great hospital on the hill, that he had been taken there for threatened appendicitis; had been treated; was temporarily at least out of his trouble; and was soon returning to duty. Notwithstanding the army's usually strict supervision of such matters, this fellow, in the rush of the great drives, had somehow gotten by without having his teeth put in a sanitary condition, and he was apparently still unaware of the fact that many cases of appendicitis are traced to germs that come from just such neglected teeth and gums.

A TRIVIALITY

HE had a peculiar wart or birthmark on his chest. It was rather an ugly, unusual looking thing. When he was in swimming and other men remarked about it, he always laughed it off as his "beauty spot." Once, during a medical examination, a doctor had told him it should be removed, lest it give him trouble in later life. It happened that the doctor was a surgeon. For that reason, the man with the "beauty spot" took the attitude that all surgeons are over-zealous to carve you, and did nothing about it. Why should he distress himself, he said, for such a triviality?

Meantime, he was forever picking at the thing. It was a habit. He could not seem to let it alone. One day it got a little

sore; and he picked at it some more. And it got sorer.

At first this worried him, in a vague sort of way. But he did not go to the doctor. He felt too sure of what the doctor would again advise. He was thoroughly sure he would tell the doctor, "Nothing doing—it is only a triviality!"

Finally, he had the sore so long he got accustomed to it and it ceased to worry him. One can get accustomed to almost anything. Then, suddenly, the "beauty spot" took a radical change for the worse. And then he had to go and face an awful fact. He had cancer.

Busy doctors in general practice complain that once or twice a month someone is sure to come to them with a malignant growth resulting from just such a "triviality." Some little place like a wart, or a birthmark, or some little sore, even one like that formed on the nose or behind the ear from the irritation of spectacles, may have been ignored until a malignancy of slow development has attacked it. There is a man in one of the New York hospitals suffering from cancer of the jaw from the mere "triviality" of a sore on his gum caused by a defective bridge.

Just as from very small seeds some of our mightiest trees develop, so from some of the so-called "trivialities"—which might so easily be taken care of in their early stages—do some of our worst malignant diseases develop, baffling science and terminating fatally.



THE ART OF BEING MIDDLE AGED

"BEING middle aged is not only a new experience to the men and women who are reaching that time of life," says Dr. William J. Mayo. "It is a new experience to the human race."

"Three hundred years ago, the average length of human life was only twenty years. In those days, communicable diseases were so rampant—plague, for instance, and small pox, yellow fever, typhoid, and so forth—that most people died young. Poets and philosophers might well have written about

the 'sorrows of youth.'"

"Advances in medical and sanitary science have enabled mankind to survive the early years and to pass on, in health, to middle life. It is only very recently that the average length of life in the United States has reached forty-five years. Being forty-five is, therefore, quite a new adventure to the human race.

"We do not find it, however, all that joy might wish. We discover that it is a period of life sorely afflicted with illness. Having struggled through youth and fought its disease enemies with success, we find that middle age is still a struggle. Often we hear a man, upon being congratulated for something deprecate his position by calling attention to the fact that at the same time he is middle aged—that is, something not to be envied, something already inferior, a condition to humble any man. When I was a boy, it was difficult for a man over forty to find new job and, for a man of fifty or over if was practically impossible. Write ever speak about the 'joys of youth' and the 'sorrows of old age.' Youth is likened to the spring, whereas middle and later life spring has vanished with the rose and the nightingale has left the bough.

"And yet, every man who has come to middle life knows that he has arrived at his greatest capacity for work, enjoyment and happiness. His real appreciation of things seems only then to have dawned upon him. He wonders how he could have been so unseeing, lacking in understanding, in youth.

Often enough it is only at middle age that one gets the twist of business success. 'If only I had done this twenty years ago,' is a very frequently expressed regret. In a profession, he has only just become established. In an art he is getting his best insight. His appreciation of living is at its highest, and there is no reason why middle age should not be the happiest time of his life."

A HUNDRED MILLION NEIGHBORS

By William G. Shepherd

FOR the past four years our picture of Russia has been a mosaic of murder, of famine and revolution. Have you never wondered, however, about the great mass of people in that country who are not connected with any political movement? How have they been able to support life amid such intolerable conditions? How have they been able to secure food and clothing, to keep their families together and retain any hope in the future? In this article Mr. Shepherd gives the extremely interesting explanation. It will make you pause a moment the next time you begin to speak of Russia, for it reveals one of the most remarkable instances yet recorded of simple faith and goodwill between man and man.



A Business of Sixty Millions was transacted at the great Nizhni Novgorod fair last year despite the chaotic conditions in Russia

TODAY, out of the blackness and mystery of Russia comes the word that Russia is living not by government nor by politics nor by statesmanship but by simple, good-hearted neighborliness. Neighborliness is the strongest power in Russia today. It is a great steel curtain against which Bolshevism has beaten in vain. Every other institution in Russia has gone down before Bolshevism, but neighborliness has only grown stronger by opposition. The Russians live by it. The black-jowled madmen who have tried to rule the land have dared to lay their red hands on everything they have found in Russia—except neighborliness. That, they dare not touch; and that, if the wonderful thing that is happening in Russia today will but continue, is sure, in the end, to bring the tyrants of Russia low.

This neighborliness in Russia, by which scores of millions of Russian men, women and children survive today and are able to look forward toward the future with hope, is no vague creation of morality or ethics. It is a very tangible thing that can be measured by

figures, and put down in account books as so many kopecs and rubles; or it can be taken to a bank and turned into silver and gold or to the market and turned into flour and meat.

Of Russia's one hundred and eighty millions, one hundred million people have no real government for themselves today, except that of neighborliness; and the other eighty millions would have turned their backs upon civilization and be on the return trip toward barbarism if it were not for the neighborliness of the hundred million.

Moreover, this neighborliness of Russia has been organized. And it has been organized with an efficiency that kills forever the story that the Russian is not systematic and amenable to organization. One almost dares to say that there was nothing finer and more effective in America's quick organization for war than there has been in the organization of Russian neighbors, during the past three years. That country, right under the noses of the helpless Bolshevik leaders, is becoming a neighborhood where men live not by the help of government but by the help of each other.

It takes a magnificent people from which to build such a structure of neighborliness as is growing up in Russia today. They must be a people with common sense; the common sense that comes from contact with the realities of life, not from reading vast quantities of misinformation and half-told facts. They must be a strong people—millions of these Russians have come up through centuries of oppression. They must be a patient people—these Russians have been patient for centuries. They must be workers—these Russians, in better days, produced such a wealth of food and minerals that they were able to supply not only their own millions but helped greatly to keep the rest of the world going.

All of the facts about the new growth of neighborliness in Russia are available to any person who wishes to investigate the unprecedented progress of the Co-operative societies in Russia. But I was not satisfied with figures alone. On the face of them they overwhelmingly prove that the Russians are today being drawn together in one great and helpful organization that defies its bad govern-



Sorting and preparing wool for making felt, in the great warehouse of the Irkutsk branch of the Russian Co-operative Union

ment and all its red evils and that promises, in time, to push that government aside as a voiceless, useless and withered thing. I sought some one who could measure the great new movement in Russia in terms of human nature, and Alexander Zelenko, one of the Russian Co-operatives here, told me more about the story of the Co-operative movement in Russia than all the figures I had been able to gather. He is well known in American and English Co-operative circles. He is an engineer with an enviable reputation both here and in Russia. He is one of the world's experts on the affairs of Co-operatives. Otherwise, as the outside world which knows so little about Russia might say, he is only a Russian.

But, more than all these things, he is one of the most convincing missionaries that ever came to us from anywhere; he is a missionary of the creed of neighborliness.

When I expressed surprise at the growth of the Co-operative movement in Russia and the new strength which it was displaying against the elements of destruction in that land, he took me back into Russian history to show me that there was nothing new in it. Neighborliness has played a great part in Russian life for centuries; it only needed to be organized to make it a great power.

"Organized neighborliness in Russia goes back a thousand years," he told me. "The first trace we have of it in Russian history is in the great forests

and on the bleak sea-coasts. Whenever a group of men in a village decided to go into the forest to cut wood they would first meet and organize what they called an *artel*. This *artel* would elect a foreman and would apportion not only the work but the proceeds of the work to each member. The fishermen on the seacoasts would elect a fishing *artel*, choosing their own skipper and deciding on how the profits were to be divided. No one knows how this *artel* system was started; it grew up among the people, like a folk-song or a tradition, but our earliest known history finds the *artel* system as much a part of the life of the people as their religion or their homes. It appeared first in the hazardous callings but soon it crept into agricultural life. Every year when the men in the north would leave their villages and march down into the south to help reap the great harvests, they would first organize an *artel* for the trip. This *artel* would leave the village and go away for the summer and all the affairs of the village would be conducted by the women; you might even see a woman policeman and a woman mayor in such a village, when the men were gone. The carpenters in a town would organize themselves into an *artel*. This *artel* would take contracts for work and apportion out the work to its various members. As time went on, Russian village life was practically conducted by *artels*. The members of a family might belong to several *artels*. Grandfather, in all likelihood, would be

a member of the village *artel* of beekeepers during the summer and, in the winter, of the *artel* of toy carvers. The father of the household might belong to an *artel* of carpenters or of flax-growers or wood cutters. His wife might belong to an *artel* of weavers or fowl raisers or egg-gatherers. The sons and daughters of the family might belong to any one or more of several *artels*. *Artel* affairs in such a household would be subjects of common discussion. Meetings of the various *artels*, conducted in true parliamentary form, would be commonplace affairs among these peasants, whose inability to read or write would not prevent them from conducting such meetings and the affairs of the *artel* in thorough business fashion.

"In Russian museums, you can see roughly notched sticks, hundreds of years old, which were the records of the *artels* made in a time when no one in the village could read or write. The accounts of all the members of such *artels* were kept on such sticks, showing the amount of work done and the amount paid to each member.

"Every Russian took the *artel* system for granted like he took the air or the sun or the wind. It was the Russian way of doing things. No Russian government ever thought of interfering with *artel* affairs. The *artel* was a system so deeply ingrained in Russian life that the government no more thought of breaking up the system than it did of forcing the peasants to stop all work. It never occurred to any government

that there might be a menace in the *artel* system until a certain nobleman in Russia, thinking that even greater benefits might grow out of the folk-system, if it were properly organized, introduced the Co-operative system in Russia, based on the organization and the work of the *artels*.

"This was in the '60's. Up to then there had been no central organization of *artels*. The *artel* system had been purely local. But this nobleman worked out a plan whereby the *artels* in every village should organize not only for production but also for consumption; for savings and for farm credits.

"His first Co-operative Society was formed in 1865 but the Czar's government saw something sinister in the movement and discouraged it in a most active manner. In thirty years the societies grew to number only about 350. The government did not attempt to disrupt the *artels* but it did oppose their organization under a central directing power.

"The war, however, ended the government's opposition to the unionization of these *artels*. The Co-operative movement flamed forth all over Russia. It fed and clothed the people; it helped greatly to feed and clothe the army. It spread to the great factories.

"The overthrow of the Czar found the movement going like wild fire all over the country. The overthrow of the Czar really gave the Co-operatives their greatest opportunity to prove their lasting value. In the villages,

after all other economic systems had failed to keep Russian economic life going, the Co-operatives saw to it that the *artels* of peasants got their raw materials for home work, for carving, weaving and tool-making; they saw that the *artels* of farmers got their seeds and their scythes and farming implements. When a peasant, who had worked for long days and nights in his home, carving or making tools, brought these to the local bureau of the Co-operatives, the bureau advanced him eighty per cent. of their value and gave him the remainder, minus a percentage for the expenses of handling, after the wares had been sold. Farmers were given advances on their crops by the Co-operatives. Money was loaned to farmers to improve their lands. Co-operative stores in the villages were kept supplied with the things most needed by the peasants, and the peasants, seeing the value of the Co-operative movement, became active members of the local Co-operative Society. Whole neighborhoods, both as individuals and as *artels*, joined the Co-operative movement.

"Home manufacturing in Russia is more extensive than anywhere else on earth. Factory life was confined to the great cities. A vast proportion of all the manufactured products used by Russians is made in the homes. In the midst of tumult and revolution, the Co-operative movement has saved home industry in Russia. The Co-operatives stepped in at a time when it seemed as

if even home industry must go by the boards because of the economic chaos, and, by encouraging the peasants, giving them advance payments on their products and supplying them with raw materials, has not only kept home industry going but has tremendously increased it.

"And, by doing this, the Co-operative movement has developed into a tremendous power and influence in Russian life within the past two years. The greater the chaos became, the greater and stronger became the Co-operatives, because the people kept turning to them, more and more, as other agencies failed.

"Two-thirds of the people of Russia today belong to Co-operative societies. And the other third patronizes the Co-operative stores and in other ways shares in the benefits.

"The Central bank of the Co-operatives is the Moscow Narodny bank. It has been nationalized by the Soviet government, but, with all its vast wealth, it has split into two parts, without injury to the movement. One part functions in Soviet Russia and the other in non-Soviet districts. This bank, with its branches, is always ready to lend money to a new Co-operative society and to furnish credit to members of Co-operative societies.

"The great central organization of the Co-operatives, whether consumers or producers or distributors, is a central congress which today represents over 100,000,000 Russians, who have banded



Inside the Co-operative Union shoe factory which the Irkutsk branch is running at top speed, even under the present confused conditions

A Hundred Million Neighbors

together to help each other in the struggle for existence.

"The Co-operative idea has fired the Russian masses with new hope and a new loyalty. Railroad men, who were members of the Co-operative societies, kept the railroads going many times when their only reason for doing so was loyalty to their fellow Co-operatives. Order grows out of chaos when the Co-operative exerts its influence in a Russian town.

"The latest development among the Co-operatives is toward education. Schools have been established to teach Co-operativism. Co-operative theatres, libraries and many other Co-operative public institutions are rising in Russia. The Co-operative movement is spreading as rapidly in Soviet Russia as elsewhere. There is nothing political about it. It is an organization of the people, by the people, for the people."

Any American could have seen the growth of the Co-operative movement in Russia, as I did, during the dark days after the Czar's overthrow. All of the interpreters I had, during almost a year, were members of some new Co-operative society and obtained their clothes and much of their food through Co-operative channels. In Petrograd and Moscow, in those days, parlor talk was about the Co-operative movement, much as our parlor talk in America today has to do with the solution of the problem of high costs. One of the causes for the tremendous depletion of population in the great cities after Bolshevik starvation processes were well under way was the help which Co-

operatives gave to their members to leave the gloomy, hopeless cities and go into the country towns.

The spirit of organized neighborliness and self-help swept over Russia like a cyclone. The darker the future, the stronger the wave; the less they could look to their mad government for help, the more the Russian folk began to look to themselves, until today the power of their movement is incredibly great and gives an answer to the world's question: "How can the Russian people live?"

Even the children of Russia are today organizing Co-operatives. In the village of Ilsk, in the district of Kuban, 150 children in a school, following the lead of their daddies, started a society to cut down the price of school supplies and, incidentally, to make money for themselves. They started a store in which slates, books, pencils, paper, ink and all other school supplies, purchased at wholesale rates from a central Co-operative bureau, were on sale. Before long the adults of the town, attracted by the low prices in the school store, bought their stationery supplies there and, at the end of the first year, the children, of their own free will, set aside their profits—about thirty dollars—in a fund to which they gave the puzzling name, "The Children For The Children." Out of this fund they gave some money to orphans of soldiers, intimating that, if the old folks couldn't take care of the children the children would have to take care of each other. At last reports, the Ilsk school co-operative had been admitted to the general union of Co-operative societies.

There are reports of scores of these

children's co-operatives in Russia. In the business college, at Tomsk, the students got together and decided that, while they were learning typewriting and bookkeeping and other items of business technique, they ought also to learn the elements of Co-operation. A Co-operative store was started, in which all the students took part and, at the end of a year, the ninety members donated their net profits to orphans of soldiers.

A school teacher at Cirkatkovsk, noticing a few of his pupils "playing store" during recess one day, got them to organize a Co-operative Society. At the end of the first year, 1918, each child in the school took out thirty cents profit and this after having bought, throughout the year, all of his or her school supplies, as well as candy, below cost.

Twenty kopeks apiece was the sum that school children in the town of Uman put into their Co-operative Society, which originated entirely among themselves. After four months they found they had tripled their money. They declared a dividend of 14 kopeks apiece and gave the rest to soldiers' orphans in their town.

In one school in the heart of Siberia last June there was a hot fight in a Co-operative Society of school children. Two hundred pupils met to consider what to do with their earnings, 84 rubles. One proposition was to divide it outright among the members. Another was to give a big party. The third was to organize a "Children for the children society" and give the money to that (Continued on Page 74)



The All-Russian Central Union of Consumers carries on a nation-wide candy business. This is a scene in one of its caramel-wrapping rooms



THE MARCH OF THE RED CROSS

A continued story of accomplishment; the new force in American affairs and how it is beginning its work at home; Red Cross Service

and its meaning to our communities.

THREE things occurred simultaneously the other day. The last one hundred and ninety-nine members of the American Expeditionary Force landed in New York harbor and were greeted by the Red Cross on the dock; the government at Washington announced the withdrawal of the army and the Red Cross from Siberia; and a threatening epidemic of influenza broke out without warning in the cities along the Atlantic Seaboard, notably New York, calling forth all the efforts of the public health authorities and the active units of every Red Cross branch in the metropolitan district, making necessary the zoning of the city, the establishment of supply centers and the enrollment of workers.

The conjunction of the three events illustrates admirably the change in direction of the whole Red Cross machine in the last fifteen months. From a strictly war machine, devoted to the sole purpose of helping win the war it is gradually swung around until today its efforts by one foreign fields of effort are being gradually left behind and its aim and endeavor are here at home.

THE Red Cross has not allowed its heart to run away with its head. It is realized from the beginning that it could not alleviate the distress of all the world. It has stayed in Siberia all these months principally because the army has stayed, meanwhile endeavoring to

be of the utmost assistance to every human being within the scope of its operations, whether Russian, American, Czechoslovak or Japanese. For all these months it has waged a desperate fight against typhus and smallpox, all the way from Omsk to Vladivostok, trying to help in every possible way with hospital supplies, trains and hundreds of workers. The full story is one of exceeding heroism. And yet all along the Red Cross has known that the day would have to come when it must leave. That day has come with the departure of the American army. Not until some time in March will the evacuation be complete. Meanwhile, however, most of the Red Cross workers are rapidly joining the army in Vladivostok. From Irkutsk and the towns along the Siberian railway they are coming eastward. They are not simply abandoning their work. Instead, they are doing everything possible to preserve for the Russian people the usefulness of the operations in which they have been engaged. The hospitals established at Irkutsk and Verkhneudinsk are being turned over to the Siberian authorities, and the Russian Red Cross is being left in charge with as many supplies as circumstances allow. The children's colony on Russian Island is being maintained until

proper arrangements can be made, as is the supply service to hospitals in Vladivostok. At this writing, Red Cross volunteers are

being recruited in Vladivostok to remain there and direct not only that work, but the distribution to civilian refugees of the three million dollars worth of supplies on hand. By April, nevertheless, the Red Cross will have left Siberia. It is the end of the Asian adventure.

THE landing of the last members of the American Expeditionary Force in New York from France calls attention to the fact, too, that the Red Cross forces which remain in Europe are more in the nature of a rear-guard than any main effort. It is a rear-guard busy with rather more than usually diversified work, even considering the emergency nature of Red Cross work generally. In the last month, for instance, the job has varied from collecting Polish refugees behind the Bolshevik lines in Russia and bringing them into Poland, to aiding thirty thousand Italians in Mediterranean seaports to return to this country, which they left to fight in the world war.

In Serbia, moving pictures showing the Serbians how to fight tuberculosis, malaria, smallpox, typhus and cholera have been touring the country as a "follow-up" to the Red Cross poster campaign for health started some time ago in the Balkans. At every hamlet last month the peasants were coming



Chinese children preparing a Junior Red Cross celebration for Lincoln's birthday with dances in national costume, in Public School No. 8, New York City. How many Red Cross buttons can you count?

from dozens of miles around to see these pictures. Many of the mountaineers, their wives and children, had never seen moving pictures before the Red Cross started this part of its educational campaign.

To Poland, a stream of Red Cross shipments of women's coats, boys' coats and all kinds of children's wear have been going to relieve the destitute people in that country. These are needed for the emaciated and ill-clad refugees brought through the Bolshevik lines on the Red Cross relief trains. The largest number yet brought through was recorded the other day when the train disgorged twelve hundred wretched souls in the station at Warsaw.

PROBABLY the busiest force of all at the present moment is the Baltic Commission with its bases at Riga and Reval. There, actual warfare is still in progress and the Red Cross is actively engaged—at a twenty-hour schedule clip!—in furnishing supplies to twelve hospitals; in treating at the dressing stations the civilians injured during the bombardments, and doing practically all the emergency work. At the present writing, three steamships are on the ocean carrying over seven thousand tons

of hospital supplies to those cities. The rear-guard is a busy affair!

AND yet it is all only the last scene of the world war drama so far as the Red Cross is concerned. A few months, and the curtain will have fallen on the European adventure also. The governments and the League of Red Cross Societies will be in charge of all those things formerly the aim of our own Red Cross acting alone. America will be the main scene of Red Cross effort—an effort by Americans for Americans, in America.

What will that effort be?

Well, roughly, it might be called something like "Americanism."

Speaking from a national viewpoint, the Red Cross consists of about thirty-seven hundred chapters, and twenty-five million adult and junior members. Its first duty, of course, is to our army and navy, in peace as in war. This means that it must look after about one hundred and twenty thousand men in the navy, with nineteen thousand marines in addition. In the army, above two hundred thousand will be in its keeping. Added are approximately fourteen thousand sick and wounded boys in the fourteen military hospitals

of the United States, who are receiving and will continue to receive all the service the Red Cross can give them. They are naturally the peculiar responsibility of the national organization.

BUT from a social viewpoint, the case is quite different. Everywhere in the country, at the moment, the Red Cross is either uniting with other organizations to help achieve those things which all have at heart, or it is guiding other different agencies to unite under its leadership, or it is taking the field itself when no other course is left open. The lines along which the effort has gone so far include a great variety of things: the many kinds of health education in which American communities are interested; the preparedness measures for both disasters and epidemics; the many and varied social service activities which have been included in the term "Home Service"; the work among the children by the Juniors; the different kinds of first aid instructions and the many other kindred subjects. Taken all together, they show quite clearly that the Red Cross effort is rapidly becoming a distinctly local community effort, advised and guided by a

(Continued on page 7)



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"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts

A School House in a Factory

(Continued from Page 10)

informally for all sorts of purposes and it is natural to go there to talk things over, if that is what is needed.

What I mean can possibly be illustrated by a meeting that I saw last December. The management was not satisfied. The question of production was troubling them. Here, as everywhere, after-war production had slowed up. Here, as everywhere, the after-war morale of the worker was low. The confusion of the sudden change from making war material to the old business of the concern, altering machinery, rearranging rooms, shifting positions, all of this had caused confusion, delay and general disorganization. Comparison of the output of 1919 with that of 1914 and 1915 was made and it did not look good to the management. Something had to be done. Here was what went on in the School House in this case: Five or six hundred superintendents and foremen were called together and the situation put bluntly and squarely to them, man to man fashion.

"Something is the matter with our production. Wages are better; conditions are better; hours are shorter; but we produced less this year, 1919, than we did in 1915. What is the reason? We have some idea, but you, being closer to the task, must know more. Let every man in this room give us his ideas. Write them out," said the speaker, the head of the manufacturing department, "and I will answer the question to the best of my ability. If I can't answer it, I will take it up in our directors' meeting. What we want is to get down to the bottom of the difficulty and we want your help in doing it."

THERE was no time lost. The answers came firing in, tumbling over one another, short and to the point, questions that challenged the management, one department after another, the man at the machine, the hours, the profit-sharing scheme, the wages; challenged everything, the economic system, the federal administration included; indeed, they reached all over the upheaved world.

Many challenged the statement that production had fallen off and brought out point after point to show that it should have been qualified by this or that consideration, and more than one point the chairman admitted to be well taken. They demanded to have it proved to them, these five hundred or more men, that there were not reasons that would be satisfactory to the management itself for the falling off in production. I learned more in 40 minutes about the running of the factory and the intricate problems involved than I could have done in many days of casual observation.

They challenged the worker. He had a fear of doing too much, feared his

piece-rate would be cut; and here came a violent declaration from the chairman that if he found anybody cutting a piece-rate there would be a change in that foreman and if any worker had any reason to suppose that his piece-rate would be cut, it was for him to come straight to the head of his department and put in his proof.

THE hour was up. There was still a grist of questions to be read. One felt the thing had only been started. The President of the Company announced that the meetings would continue to go on until the questions raised had been thrashed out. They did go on for ten consecutive days, 500 executives, heads of departments, supervisors, foremen and job foremen devoting two hours a day to finding out what was the matter.

Hundreds of questions were sent in. It was not long before it was obvious that the great bulk of them were directed at what those who asked them thought to be weak places in their neighbor's armor. Each man found something wrong, not with himself, but with somebody else. Through the first three or four days the whole body was worked up into a frenzy of criticism, and then a wave of humorous appreciation of the fact that each man was looking outside of himself seems to have struck them and somebody suggested a banner to be put up over the platform, a banner bearing the slogan, "SAME OLD STUFF."

They began to see and to say to one another: "These are the same old troubles, same old problems, and the only way we can handle them is to stop blaming other people, put more heart into our work and co-operate. This return to good sense was immediately followed by a grist of helpful, constructive suggestions and a new banner took the place of the old one. It read: "THE TIDE HAS TURNED."

Now anyone will agree, I think, that the directing body had been taken in, had had a fair man to man chance to discuss the matters which were troubling the factory; but there still remained the 6,000 or so of the rank and file. The problem now was to say to John Jones at his machine: "What do you think about these matters?" "What is your opinion of the profit-sharing scheme?" "How does this new idea about hours, or piece-work rate, or what not, seem to you?"—to say that to him and to get his answer back as frankly as the answers had been coming back from the 500 men in the directing body. After all, here is the most difficult and delicate of all our industrial perplexities and the one which has the greatest need of being straightened out.

The management did not shirk it, because they knew that what had been going on in the School House was

getting over to John Jones and his fellows. These 500 superintendents, foremen and job foremen were spending their working hours, it should be remembered, among the 6,000, one to every 15 of them. Ninety per cent of them had come out of the ranks of the workers. They were holding places which 90% of those at the machines would some day in the future be holding. Most of them had the habit of communicating with these men and women whose work they were directing. They were their neighbors. They travelled back and forth from home to factory in the same cars. Inevitably what had been going on in the ten days' discussion was filtering out through the body of workers. But the management was after something more direct than that and so, at the end of the tenth day of discussion, they sent out through the factory this notice:

"We will continue to hold meetings until a satisfactory solution has been reached for the problems of wages, hours, profit-sharing, piece-work rate, etc. It will take some time and we need the co-operation of every man and woman in our organization to do it."

THE announcement that they would call in men from the rank and file was immediately acted on. They began with departments, and followed the procedure they had used with the directing body. Whether they are getting as frank a response as they did from that body, I am not able to say as I have not had the opportunity of attending any of the meetings. It would be surprising if they did for the men and women concerned have not had the education in expressing themselves that the directing body has had. But this should be remembered as in favor of the undertaking: these men and women have the habit of using the School House. They are often called upon to give opinions there or to make request for a song. Almost every week somebody comes out of the rank and file in the School House to sing a song or to give some kind of a public performance. This very familiarity with the place will make discussion easier. But whether the N. C. R. reaches at once the result it seeks is of far less importance than the fact that it has seen the possibility of this institution it has for so long been building up and is eagerly seeking to take advantage of it. It is one of those things which in any case is "all to the good."

The Little Red School House, as said before, has made this nation. In industry the application of its principle is both practical and promising. There is no end to the good it may do in an industrial body; above all, is it useful as a forum for the exchange of ideas and the solution of the problems—human and mechanical—which are new every day in a great factory.



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The Lost Beautifulness

(Continued from Page 39)

house," he said, turning to Hanneh Hayyeh. "I'd smash down everthing for spite. You got nothing to lose. Such a murderer! I would learn him a lesson! 'An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth!'"

With unseeing eyes she rose and blindly made her way to her house.

As she entered her flat she encountered her husband hurrying in.

"Oi, weh! Oi, weh!" he whined. "I was always telling you your bad end. Everybody is already pointing their fingers on me! And all because you, meshugeneh yideneh, a starved beggerin, talked in into your head that you got to have for yourself a white-painted kitchen alike to Mrs. Preston. Now, you'll remember to listen to your husband. Now, when you'll be laying in the street to shame and to laughter for the whole world."

"Out! Out from my sight! Out from my house!" shrieked Hanneh Hayyeh. In her rage she seized a flat-iron, and Jake heard her hurl it at the slammed door as he fled downstairs.

IT was the last night before the eviction. Hanneh Hayyeh gazed about her kitchen with tear-glazed eyes. "Someone who got nothing but only money will come in here and get the pleasure from all this beautifulness that cost me the blood from my heart. Is this already America? What for was my Aby fighting? Was it then only a dream—all these millions people from all lands and from all times, wishing and hoping and praying that America is? Did I wake myself from my dreaming to see myself back in the black times of Russia under the Czar?"

Her eager, beauty-loving face became distorted with hate. "No—the landlord ain't going to get the best from me! I'll learn him a lesson. 'An eye for an eye!'"

With savage fury she seized the chopping axe and began to scratch down the paint, breaking the plaster on the walls. She tore up the floor boards. She unscrewed the gas jets, turned on the gas full force, so as to blacken the white-painted ceiling. The night through she raged with the frenzy of destruction.

Utterly spent, she flung herself on the lounge, but she could not close her eyes. Her nerves quivered. Her body ached, and she felt her soul ache there—inside her—like a thing killed that could not die.

THE first grayness of dawn filtered through the air-shaft window of the kitchen. She looked at her dish-closet, once precious, that she had scratched and defaced; the uprooted geranium box on the window sill; the marred walls. It was unbearable, all this waste and desolation that stared at her. "Can it be I who done all this?" she asked herself. "What devil got boiling in me?"

What had she gained by her rage for vengeance? She had thought to spite the landlord, but it was her own soul

she had killed. These walls that stared at her in their ruin were not just walls. They were animate—they throbbed with the pulse of her own flesh. For every inch of the broken plaster there was a scar on her heart. She had destroyed that which had taken her so many years of prayer and longing to build up. But this demolished beauty, like her own soul, though killed, still quivered and ached with the unstilled pain of life. "Oi, weh!" she moaned, swaying to and fro. So much lost beautifulness—so much lost beautifulness!

For hours she sat so, her head in her hands, silent, motionless, a lost figure in the ruins of her lost world. The Hanneh Hayyeh of old was gone—just a broken, desolate, half-mad woman left in her place. Aby, Jake, the "beautifulness"—all were forgotten, all overwhelmed in the tragedy that had engulfed her.

Hanneh Hayyeh did not even hear the shattered door pushed open. She did not even hear the eager footstep as they crossed the floor to her. It was the voice that brought her back, the happy, strong voice.

"Ma! Ma, dear! What is it? It me! It's Aby! I've come back. I'm here with you again. Look at me, mother."

BY now he was down on his knees beside her, and the strong, soldier's arms were about her. For an instant she stared at him, dully with unseeing eyes. Then his head was upon her breast and there broke from her lips a great cry of joy. Hanneh Hayyeh was herself again.

"Aby! My life! My heart," she cried. "My only joy—light from my eyes—"

She kissed the curling black hair, the dear face, the brown hands, in such gust of mother-passion that the baby could only look at her in loving wonderment.

Then she arose and strode away from him—on the left shoulder the golden Statue of Liberty—the wou stripe—the service bars—the medals that his country—her country—had given him.

"Aby, my son," she said at last, pointing to the havoc around them. "What is me! What did I done? What didn't I better wait and think of you instead of trying to get even with the landlord? The robber raised me out and—"

"You don't have to tell me nothing, ma, dear." He patted her. "I know what you were up against. But look only on me? I'm stronger now than I ever was, and I'll get my job back. From a uniform pocket he drew a fold of bills. "See, ma," he said. "I got my back pay—it's all yours—"

Flinging herself into his open arms she cried happily through her tears. "Thank the Highest One! So long! I got you back—together we'll yet build over the lost beautifulness."

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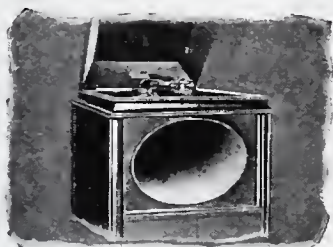
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The Magic of Youth

(Continued from Page 25)

"And you have the mortgage, Uncle?"
"Eight per cent."

"The widow's husband was killed in the war, wasn't he?"

"Dan? Shot at Bull Run."

No more was said but Bess understood only too well that the grandmother was now slaving to pay the eight per cent.

BESS was busier than ever during the next few days. In answer to the questions of those she invited, she replied with a laugh.

"Why, it's nothing but a sociable! Just the kind you used to go to up there. Uncle thought it would be jolly to renew old times."

So it happened that on Friday night the old mansion on the hill came to life again. Every window glowed with a kindly welcome in the frosty night and strangers passing by gazed wistfully at it. Within, all was bright with candles and crackling fires and clusters of autumn leaves. The big room had been cleared of everything except the long tables which were loaded with pop corn, apples, nuts, cold meats, dainty slices of bread and huge pitchers of sweet cider.

Bess came in to give a final inspection and found the Squire standing with his back to the open fire. For the twentieth time she fixed his black silk tie and kissed him.

"Bout time for some of 'em to get here, ain't it?" he asked.

"Before long, Uncle."

She glanced at the clock and then went into the front room to peer out the window down the village street. She was a trifle uneasy. But she returned and busied herself about the tables.

"They do look pretty," said the Squire, "But suppose you've got 'nuff? You asked a lot, didn't you?"

"Everyone in the village, most."

The old clock's hands relentlessly covered another hour. The Squire had seated himself where he could watch it.

"Mebbe they won't come 't all," he suggested.

"Of course they'll come," she answered.

But to herself, she murmured. "If they shouldn't! It would be a cruel revenge!"

The thought once expressed, haunted her. She returned to glance out the window at the vacant street and then back again at the big room looking now, in its holiday dress and with the absence of guests, almost funereal. The old man rested his head in his hands wearily.

"Couldn't blame 'em none," he muttered, "I've been mean, I reckon. But ef they had come—"

The girl raised her head.

"What's that?" she asked.

IN the distance, she heard the boom, boom, boom of a big drum. As they listened, the tap of a snare drum and the squeak of a fife was borne to their ears. Roden rose to his feet with a grin.

"I'm durned if that don't sound like

the Canbury Fife and Drum Corps. I ain't heard it for years."

Boom tap-tap! Boom tap-tap! Boomity-boomity-oom-tap-tap! On it came, the sound of the fifes growing more and more distinct until the two heard clearly the strains of "*When Johnny Comes Marching Home.*"

Seizing the old man's hand, the girl drew him after her into the front room. As they looked out the window they saw the crowd coming up the hill.

"Oh, they're coming here, Uncle! They're coming!"

It seemed as though the whole village was in line, men, women and children. Straight up the hill they marched until finally they stood in the dooryard and played with all the strength there was in them.

"You—You let them in, Bess," said Roden trembling.

She threw the front door wide open and bade them enter. She flushed when she heard someone in the crowd propose her name for a cheer and felt a queer tickling in her throat when it was given with a vim.

THERE was a great stamping and scuffling of feet on the piazza, noisy laughter and loud voiced jokes as they flocked in like so many school children. When they had taken off their wraps, she led them out to Uncle Roden, who was trying to keep his eyes clear. He shook withered hands he had not felt within his own since the days when they were full and firm. Mary Foster was among the last to hobble up.

"I'm glad to see you here again, Mary," he said simply.

"And I to come, John."

Mary! John! How the years rolled away!

In a short time the rooms were alive with the buzz of talk and laughter. By the time the music had begun and the dancing was in full swing, the house on the hill was as young as ever it had been. Uncle Roden led the grand march with Mary Foster and Bess followed with old Bill Smith, much to the disappointment of Bill Smith Jr. After this, the elders resigned the floor to the younger ones and, gathering in little groups, looked on in the enjoyment of the memories the music revived.

And the Squire was the centre of a dozen old men who called him John, forgetting all about the last forty years. Then came the supper.

It was as merry a group as ever sat about a table. Someone proposed a toast to "The Old Days" and then Bess sprang to her feet and proposed "The New Days." Then they called on the Squire for a speech. He rose with all the confidence of his younger days; but, when he faced them, his eyes blurred and his tongue refused to move. He gripped his chair and said, unsteadily,

"I—I am glad to see you all here. —I hope you'll come agin."

Then he sat down amid noisy applause.

ELEANOR FINDS A WAY

By OLIVE CARTER

ELEANOR awoke with a start. Was it a footstep she had heard? She sat up, listening intently. Then, slipping out of bed, she crossed the dark room and looked at the little clock on her dresser. It was midnight. Wide awake now, she sighed nervously.

But just then she heard the floor creak under a muffled tread. She opened—there it was again—and in! Was there really a burglar in her house?

She stole to the door of her room, and peered out the dark hall. There was a thin sliver of light beneath the closed door, the room her parents occupied. Maybe her father was ill! She recalled she stood there that for months he seemed to be getting all the while a little more stooped and tired looking!

With a new fear clutching at her heart, Eleanor tiptoed down the hall, was about to tap on the door when she heard her father's voice: "I wish it's going to be a terrible disappointment to her, but we can't send her away to school. I don't know how even going to buy her the clothes she needs right now! My salary hasn't increased with the cost of living. Two years ago it was ample, now it won't provide us with a comfortable living and—I'm discouraged, mother!"

His voice trembled, then almost broke. Eleanor stood transfixed—she seemed unable to move or think! When she heard her mother speaking, "I had no idea things were so bad, so sorry! If only I could help you!"

Oh, you can, you do, dear—all the while!" her father replied hoarsely. "It's no fault of ours! We've never been extravagant, but these last two years have been terrible! Everything has doubled and tripled in price—and I've had only one small increase in salary. Our bank balance tonight is just \$13.07! What happens, though, don't tell Eleanor!"

the words a great feeling of love and pity swept over Eleanor. Her first impulse was to rush in and try to comfort him both. But knowing that she had overheard would only disturb them the more! So with tear-filled eyes she tiptoed back to her own room. Turning on the light, she dropped into the little chair before her dressing table.

"I will help them," she whispered. "I'm strong enough to go to work now—and I will! What can I do?"

For a long time, she sat there thinking. Then she picked up the magazine she had been reading that evening. She looked at a story, wondering if she could write fiction. Or could she make some money taking magazine subscriptions? Finally, she seemed to get an inspiration, she closed the magazine and as she sat, resting on her palm, a glad expression came into her eyes.

As soon as her father had gone to the office next morning, Eleanor confided her plan to her mother, and it was agreed that it should be kept a secret. Somehow there was a much more cheerful atmosphere in the household from that morning on. Eleanor had never seemed so happy and her mother shared her gladness.

One night, though, Eleanor almost betrayed her secret. It was her nineteenth birthday, and after dinner, her father had passed into her hand a crisp \$50 bill and told her it was her birthday gift from him and her mother. He said they had wanted to get her a nice party dress but thought she would enjoy selecting it herself.

As he drew her into his arms and told her he wanted her to have everything to make her happy, Eleanor thought she detected the same break in his voice that had preceded her heart that night in the hall.

She burst out: "Oh! No! Father! Don't give me all this money! I don't need it." She was going to say "as much as you do!" Then she remembered that her father didn't know she had heard his words that night. She took the money and almost smothered him with kisses.

For two or three months, things went on as usual in the Morton home. Eleanor, however, did not select the birthday dress—and it bothered her father a little. Nearly every evening he asked her when she was



For a long, long time, she sat there.

going to get it. But Eleanor put him off—she said she was not going to get it till she found just the right one.

THEN, finally, one March evening the whole secret came out in a wonderful way. At last Eleanor had the long-expected dress. She had telephoned her father that she was going to wear it to a party that afternoon and would surprise him when he came home that night.

Really more interested than he would have admitted, Mr. Morton reached home before Eleanor had returned from the party.

As father and mother sat talking together in the living-room, they heard the outside door open and someone tripped lightly up the stairs and in just a moment came down again—and what an Eleanor stood before them!

The walk in the wind had coaxed the pink of rosebuds to her cheeks, her eyes were sparkling with sheer happiness and like a rare jewel in a perfect setting, all her natural attractiveness was brought out and emphasized by the dainty, stylish, little frock she wore.

For several moments no one spoke. Then turning around, Eleanor asked:

"Well, don't you like it, father?"

"It's perfect, dear!" and both pride and wonder shone in his face. "It's the most beautiful dress you've ever had—and well worth waiting for! But where did you buy such a wonderful dress for \$50?"

"That's the real surprise! I didn't buy it at all—I made every stitch of it myself, didn't I, mother? And here's another part of the surprise!" Eleanor exclaimed, and taking his hand in both of hers she placed in it a crisp \$50 bill like he had given her on her birthday.

"But—I don't understand!" Mr. Morton began. "I didn't know that either you or mother could sew at all—let alone make a dress like that!"

"WELL, father," Eleanor said, "a few months ago, it came to me suddenly that I ought to help you and mother in some other way than just assisting with the housework. But at first, I didn't know of any way to do it.

"Then one night the solution of my problem came to me in the form of a magazine article. It told the story of an institute of domestic arts and sciences that had developed a wonderful method by which any woman anywhere could learn right at home to make becoming clothes.

Illustration by WILL GREFFÉ

"I saw right away that if I could learn to make stylish and becoming clothes for mother and myself it would mean the truest kind of economy. So I wrote at once and asked the Woman's Institute to tell me all about the plan.

"Well, the information I received was a revelation to me. The Institute provided just the opportunity I needed, so I joined and took up dressmaking. When my first lesson came, I realized that any woman could learn dressmaking by this wonderful new plan! The language is so simple a child could understand it, and the pictures are simply marvelous.

"The best part of all is that right away you begin making actual garments. Why, from the third lesson I made a beautiful waist. I have lots of pretty clothes to show you—they're in my closet upstairs, where I hid all my lessons and my work.

"Why, father, it's been such fun to make them. The course can easily be completed in a few months by studying an hour or two each day. The text-books foresee and explain everything. And the teachers take as personal an interest as if they were right beside you.

"Besides learning how to make every kind of garment at a saving of half or more, I learned the all-important thing in making clothes—what colors and fabrics are most appropriate for different types of women, and how to add those little touches that make clothes distinctively becoming.

"And now, father—and this is really the best part of my surprise—the Institute has taught me the way to help that I wanted so much to find.

I know you wonder how I could have this beautiful dress and so many other clothes and give you back the \$50 beside. Well, my first plan was simply to surprise you by making instead of buying my dress and then show you that by spending that money for materials only I had been able to get the dress and ever so many other things, too. Three weeks ago this dress was done and I was going to put it on and tell you the secret that night but some of the girls came in and I couldn't resist showing it to them. They were simply wild about it and begged me to make some dresses for them.

"I'd never dreamed of sewing for others, but then the big thought came that I could not only save on mother's clothes and mine, but I could make some money, too. So I agreed to do three dresses for the girls and I earned this \$50 making them. I finished the last one yesterday.

"And today the other girls at the party wanted me to make something for them. I'll have more than I can do for weeks! I've got it all planned to turn that sunny side room into a little shop—and, father, isn't it wonderful how it's all come out?"

"Wonderful!" and he held her close—maybe so she couldn't see what glistened in his eyes—"why, it's a modern miracle—and you've made me the proudest and happiest father in the world!"

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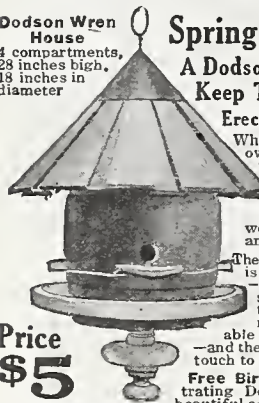
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It was nearly midnight when, tired and flushed, he stood alone again by the girl's side. He placed his arm over her shoulder and gazed into the rozy embers. Slowly and solemnly the clock struck twelve. The month was ended.

She freed herself gently and held out to him the purse containing the remainder of her allotment.

"You're boss again," she said. "It's all over."

He stared stupidly at the purse, not understanding.

"All over?" he asked.

"It was to be for a month."

"All over?" He drew her towards him. "No, Bess," he said hoarsely. "No, it's just begun! The—the other is all over. I felt tonight almost as though She was here."

The next morning as, light of heart, she was starting for the post office, he handed her a bulky envelope.

"Wish you'd mail this," he said, trying to look unconcerned.

She could not help but notice the address. It read "Mrs. Mary Foster, Canbury, Maine," and looked suspiciously as though it contained some legal document—a mortgage deed, for example.

"An' there's another thing," he said, "What size gloves d'ye wear?"

The next day he made his will without the least bit of difficulty."

Dead Men's Shoes

(Continued from Page 50)

She came in, clad in the simple dress she had worn in the office so many, many mornings. Her face was pale and yet he thought he had never known her look so sweet. She put out her hand.

"I hope," she said very gravely, "you are not ashamed of me for sailing under false pretenses? I have grown to hate anything false."

He nodded. "Honor bright," he said, "no matter what happens, I think it's up to all of us to be true."

"Honor bright," she echoed the words after him, "do you know you have made me realize—what that means?"

There was nothing for him to say. He sat there with the steady cheerfulness back in his eyes, though none but himself and God knew what an effort it was for him to keep it there. You see, he was thinking all through it, "She is going out of life for me, and I must get used to it."

"I—I have lived all my life," she added hurriedly, "in a world where one does not speak of honor. One is supposed to be born with it, along with other things, and we get to taking it for granted, and keeping it out of sight until it grows rusty, and when we do bring it to the light some of us are ashamed, and—and some of us just forget we ever had it at all. Do you know what I mean?"

He nodded. "Yes. But it's—it's really a thing for everyday use, isn't it?"

She appeared not to hear him. There was evidently something more which she wanted to get over saying. "When you took me to dinner that night, with

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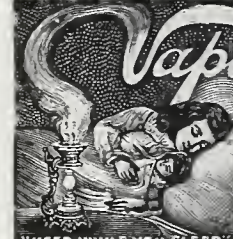
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—with the little masseuse, and Miss Minns and the lame boy, I saw it painted all over you and that shabby beautiful room. Honor and human kindness and unselfish thought! I was especially unhappy, because I had engaged myself to a man who has all his life thought first of himself, and who thought he was doing a big thing to let me in on it and think several times a day of me! You see," "the most horrible thing about it was that something made me want him to keep on doing it, because he was the biggest man I knew in—in made-to-order clothes! But that night," she paused and then went on still hurriedly, "I told him I had met someone bigger in an old office coat."

MR. WILLIS stood quite still. His eyes, seeking her face, found some new brightness upon it that steadied him at a time when something was tearing at his heart. He told himself again, and yet again, that there was nothing he could say.

She said it for him, "I want to be friends. Will you—go that far on faith?" She was reaching out her hand.

He took it humbly, holding himself in control, though her fingers, slipped into his, set his pulses beating. "To be your true friend," he said, "through all the years of my life would be the most beautiful thing that could happen."

"The most beautiful?" She was breathless and looking at him strangely.

His face turned colorless, but he kept himself steady in spite of the pain to him of what he must not say. Then suddenly it seemed to him that she would understand, that after all, between them truth was best.

"The most beautiful," he said steadily, "but one, which will never happen, because—there are stars fixed in heaven which men may not draw down."

"Wait," she said, "and—and let us be honest. It—it was Tessie who told me that—that a girl is not straight who doesn't play fair—and—and that you had grown to care, and that I must play fair with you. She said you were not eating, or—or sleeping, and that I might be good society but that I was a pretty poor article if I drew you on as a stenographer and dropped you as a swell!" She was laughing now, through inexplicable tears. "Oh," she said breathlessly, "can't you see that Tessie knew my end of it, too, and that when she came to me here last night she showed me my own heart?"

He was pulling himself together. "You mean—" he began, but his voice faltering, died out.

"I mean," she said, "that I love you because you—you wear shoes that are made for a man! And you are going to manage books for the Mercantile, and for both of us. Both of us!"

To Mr. Willis, as he bent to kiss her hand and pledge his fealty, it was the beginning of a new heaven and a new earth!



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The March of the Red Cross

(Continued from Page 62)

unified Red Cross Service reaching from Washington into every part of the United States, but an effort nevertheless by the community to solve community problems.

It is a noteworthy thing that so far this effort, considered solely as a distinct Red Cross effort has forged far ahead in the smaller communities of the country. Towns like Danville and Winchester in Virginia, and Perth Amboy in New Jersey, have become alive to the situation and have invited the Red Cross to help them make a survey of their town and as a result have thoroughly aroused their citizens to the necessity for a definite community effort. They have become alive to the need for public health measures, for recreational programs, for family welfare and for legislation protecting human life, and have realized that the Red Cross is the logical body to which to turn for help in finding a solution for local problems.

In places like Saginaw, Michigan, all the chapter activities are housed under one roof and inspiring work is being done. In country districts in South Dakota the nursing program has already taken hold so strongly that county after county is ready to put on county nurses as soon as they are able to get them.

In many rural districts the Red Cross has become an organization embracing all the people of the community. In Logan County, West Virginia, for instance, a mountainous coal-producing county, over five thousand people are back of the Red Cross in this new program compared with an enrollment of sixteen hundred for war service. Not only the heads of sixty coal camps of the region are enthusiastically behind the chapter, but every man, woman and child as well. This result has not been easily attained as difficulties of all kinds are encountered in working in such a country. Transportation, for instance, has been an exceedingly difficult problem many of the roads being in creek beds or simply cow tracks across the mountains. Quite often the workers have been misjudged in their purposes and looked upon with doubt and suspicion by people who had no understanding of the Red Cross. Personal contact, however, and unremitting work and service have changed all that and the Red Cross is now on a firm foundation for peace time work.

It is almost impossible, indeed, to give any adequate idea of the marvelous variety of the problems which the Red Cross workers have set themselves to solve; of the different community plans and solutions which are engaging their attention. The field of their endeavor includes small towns in California fruit districts, which have lived peacefully for years with little conception of what their growing Slav, Japanese, Italian and Mexican elements were bringing to the community. It includes lumber districts with fifty per cent foreign populations where

ranching has been slowly developed and where the civilization is still that of the typical early settlers. It embraces Americanization problems in counties where the foreign population is mostly Hindu or Chinese and the American poor whites from Georgia brought by the lure of high wages paid to cotton pickers, and living without decent recreation or housing facilities amid terrible heat. A list of Red Cross service, indeed, could be extended almost indefinitely if the plans on record in Washington, received from Red Cross chapters all over the United States, could be given space. It would be complicated almost endlessly, too, by the list of what the larger cities are doing where the work has more generally merged itself into a community effort with the Red Cross simply a partner and backer, as the preparedness work in Troy; the health work in St. Louis; the fine emergency work in the influenza epidemic in Chicago and New York City and many other large places.

It is difficult, indeed, to estimate what this widespread enthusiasm means, or to predict how far it will take us. The Red Cross First Aid work, for instance, which started in 1909 has grown to such proportions that last year over twenty thousand people attended the classes. These people were scattered throughout all kinds of industries, adding twenty thousand more to the hundreds of thousands who already had learned how to care for people who are badly injured. In the anthracite fields virtually every industry has been covered. More than half a million railroad men alone have taken the course. Last year, over one hundred thousand women took the course in nursing and household sanitation and this year the number will be tremendously increased. Apply such a nationwide effort to our community problems as well as to our national health, and it is easy to see what a real, tremendous force for a better America the Red Cross bids fair to be.

THE Junior Red Cross has already started upon its share of the new program. Few people realize that the Juniors, as a matter of figures, have fourteen million American boys and girls enrolled at this moment—a much larger membership than they ever had during the war. They are carrying even now what almost might be called a miniature Red Cross. In Bellville, Texas, as an example, a little girl with a crippled knee was made the special case of one of the Junior Auxiliaries in the city and now is well and attending school every day. In Carthage, Kansas, the Juniors are buying shoes for needy children. In Hutchinson, Kansas, they have opened a small hospital. In Pittsburg, Kansas, they are financing the distribution of milk in the poor districts by means of a truck. The milk is sold at one cent a cup. In Nebraska

Carolina cotton mill centers, warm lunches are being furnished to school children. In schools all over the country children are making toys for homeless children, whether these be in their own towns or in distant Siberia or Europe. By the time this magazine appears a great cargo of toys will be on its way to Paris to be distributed among the countless children in Europe who have forgotten how to play. In the boxes will be dump cars, ironing boards, acrobats, trick elephants, canons, horses and riders, big Dutch girls and little Dutch girls, wooden soldiers, pile drivers, carts, giraffes, radio birds and jumping jacks and all the other familiar creatures of toyland. And all made by our industrious little juniors. There has already sailed from Seattle a ship for Vladivostok with a consignment of toys for the Russian children in the barracks at Russian Island to help make their enforced residence there a little easier. In all the chapters scattered along the North Pacific slope the children are collecting overcoats and clothing and boxing them up for refugees in Siberia. The juniors at Tacoma have even appropriated One Thousand Dollars with which to purchase those things which they have not been able to collect.

Not all these ways—and a dozen others, which could be mentioned—the Junior Red Cross has begun to realize its slogan,—“Happy childhood the world over.” Under its plans, our children are being given every opportunity to extend a helping hand at home and to aid movements for the health and happiness of the children of Europe. And while so doing they are being taught as well to study their own communities and their own kind and to realize the needs of their own America; to ascertain what their part may be in making it a better place in which to live. Viewed from all its various sides, therefore, it is clear that the great Red Cross machine has finally executed its great change of direction and is now headed towards the tremendous work that awaits it here at home—a work for Americans, by Americans, in America!

We have found that we are unable to present in this number, “The Gifted Child,” an article by Angelo Patri, announced last month. We shall have to further postpone this contribution because we have just received from Mr. Patri a very timely article which will appear in the April number, called the “Public Schools are Falling Down.” It is a report of actual conditions and an appeal to all of us to help to keep the whole public school system from further decline on account of the lack of teachers and the inability or unwillingness of the citizen body to pay for the teachers’ services.

In an eloquent plea for the children, the author says, “It is to-day that counts with the children! It is the teacher who is in the classroom to-day that counts. The notion that it won’t do any harm to place a cheap teacher in charge of the children is absurd. It is to-day that counts with your child. An unfit teacher will mark him for life!

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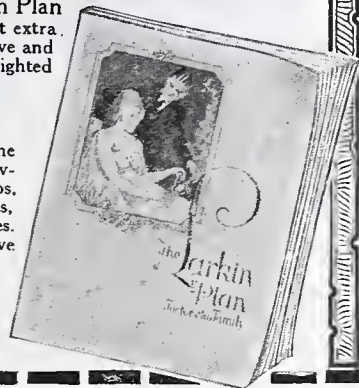


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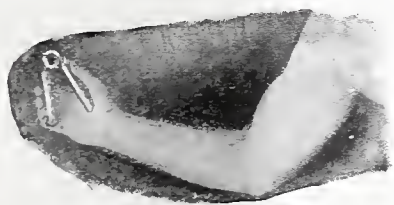
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A Hundred Million Neighbors

(Continued from Page 60)

organization. The first proposition got three votes; the second got none and the third carried almost unanimously. The "Children for the Children" society bought nature books with the money.

Battaplanchinsk school children raise honey and potatoes every year. They sell at almost half the market price, but, in 1918, they made a profit of 250 rubles, after helping greatly in the task of feeding the neighborhood. Not one of the 118 members was over 12 years of age.

I have told about these children's societies to emphasize the interest in the Co-operative movement which is sweeping over Russia today.

The really full-fledged Co-operative Societies in Russia, those which grew up early in the war or were established before the war began, are exercising an influence which is almost incredible. One of these societies is at Kiskovi, in the Minsk district. It has built a \$25,000 meeting house for the people. It has a wool factory and a creamery and a bank. It operates an agricultural school and gives a yearly exposition. When it investigated school conditions in the town it found that 80 per cent. of the children were illiterate. A school was started and, within four years, illiteracy among the children dropped to 20 per cent. And, just to put a finishing touch to its efficiency, it built a five-mile electric railway line to connect with the nearest railroad.

Staraja-Barda, in the Tomsk district, is one of the star Co-operative towns of Russia. The folks there, through their various Co-operative Societies, sent off and bought an electric turbine plant, which they put in the river. The town is 300 miles away from such civilization as there is in that region, but today, in Staraja-Barda, every house and every stable is lighted with electricity. The creamery is operated by electricity. Grain is ground by the same power. The houses are built of power-mill lumber. Electricity has done the work of the town so well and so cheaply that the Co-operatives have been able to build a library and fill it with books; to erect an auditorium where plays are given and even to have movies, which is the limit of luxury in Russia.

The dream of the big Co-operative societies in Russia and of the even bigger unions of Co-operatives is to utilize electrical machinery. The first demand that Russia will make upon the world, after the Bolsheviks have been superseded by sane men, will be for agricultural machinery; the next will be for electrical plants.

These demand heavy expenditures which are possible only to Co-operative societies, but these societies have grown so tremendously in the past two years that, when the "clouds roll by" in Russia, manufacturers in the United States will discover that Russia will be a rich and insatiable field for even their heaviest and most expensive machinery.

Neighborliness in Russia could not be killed by bayonets or locked up in a cell and it fought with nobler and stronger weapons than Lenine and Trotsky, with all their power and madness, could summon to their aid.

When the Bolshevik, desperately, seized the Moscow Narodny Bank, it failed to get its hands on Co-operation. The bank merely split into two parts: the Soviet-Russian bank and the Anti-Soviet bank. In Soviet Russia last year the turn-over of the Co-operatives, under the Soviet-Narodny bank, was a billion and three-quarters rubles, with profits of 20,000,000 rubles which the Bolshevik must permit to remain in Co-operative hands.

When the Bolshevik killed all insurance companies in Russia, on the theory that every working man would make so much money that he would not need life insurance and that the welfare of his wife and children, under a proletariat government, would be forever assured, the Co-operatives proceeded to organize the All-Russian Co-operative Insurance union. Lenine and Trotsky tried in vain to kill this union. The folks had decided to join together as neighbors and look out for the future of themselves and their families and that decision remained unchanged in spite of all the murderous opposition of the Red theorists.

At the last reports, the Bolshevik authorities had not only ceased to oppose this insurance union but had entered into negotiations with it, whereby it would insure all the cattle owned by the Bolshevik government.

Co-operation has more than doubled itself in Russia within the past two years. It has squared and cubed itself in the last generation. Russia lives by co-operation. It has become THE land of Co-operation. When, at last, the barriers are down and the merchants of the world find themselves able to trade with Russia, the first trade-hungry Russians that come out to meet them will be the spokesmen of neighborized Russia. And these spokesmen will have behind them all the real money in Russia—all the millions of silver and gold coins that have been buried for the past four years in the soil of the country districts of that great land.

The Russian people today are weaving for themselves a vast protective tapestry of unbreakable, invincible steel cables. Interwoven in it are the love of Russian men and women for their children; the dreams of Russian men and women for a better day for those children; the sacredness of home; respect for human beings and human life and human liberty and the infinite eternalness of humble righteousness. It is a tapestry worthy of being hung up against God's stars. It is as wonderful and beautiful as they, for in it are pictured all the good things that God has ever put into the minds and hearts of men. And the name of this tapestry is "Neighborliness."

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Learn
at
Home

A Red Cross Flat

(Continued from Page 43)

other sister took sick, the Red Cross nurse showed me right away on a dummy; she told me about the difference between having her on her back and on her side, and about taking care not to hurt the appendix. If only I had known it all before, I might have saved my sister.

Down at the flat is not the only place where busy housewives of New York may go for instruction in home nursing and home dietetics. There are various stations scattered over the city.

At the Girls' High Schools of New York City the same courses are given. One of the interesting lessons, on the day that I visited the classes, was instruction in how to give a spoon-bath to a patient in high fever.

Our patient lay in a beautifully comfortable white bed. First, the girls—ages from sixteen to seventeen—were instructed in what things they needed to get ready for all simple appointments available at any home; then, how to arrange the bedding, how to handle the patient, and finally the procedure of the bath. As we progressed, our fevered patient suddenly had a violent reaction, took a severe chill. She shivered, her teeth chattered, her lips grew blue, and her whole condition became critical. The girls rose to the occasion admirably, like young angels. They had previously received theoretical instruction and this was their opportunity to make a practical application of it. To save a woman's life, perhaps, water bags were applied, blankets were fully tucked around, hot drinks given, a "humane" bed arranged to make the patient comfortable in the crisis, simple medical remedies administered which were waiting for the doctor and together such quick and intelligent service rendered that, though ill in bed in but a few minutes her lips were pink, the shivering ceased, and warm, quiet and comfortable finally lay the patient—an old bisque doll!

Marvellous Red Cross teacher—do you do it?

When the doll is really "the patient" the lesson is happy, indeed. The girls learn how to sew on the little body-band—no pinning for days!—and how to set it skilfully so it not stick the baby's little arm. They learn how to put on diaper and really scientific way that is comfortable and hygienic; how to bathe the baby, not holding it in a sitting position, supporting the back of its head, keeping it flat and turning it from side to side—doing these things then in actual experience—and how to care for the baby for the day and what to do at night. Dear fascinating teacher! When baby's put to bed, you're sure she's kissed good-night!

The Red Cross flat has proved that the good old fundamental instincts hold strong. Give them but a chance! And through them hold fast to the whole human race!

How 4 Minutes a Year May Add Twenty Years to Your Life

By Robert Madison

WHY is it that even though you are apparently in good health, you frequently have all sorts of strange and pains, a depressed feeling, and days?

Some days you'll wake up in the morning ill with the joy of living. "It's great to be alive!" you exclaim. Your brain is wonderfully clear. There is lightness in step and joy in your heart. You feel bubbling over with life and energy that is a pleasure. You get it done in no time and get keen enjoyment out of it.

Even the most difficult tasks come to you. Your whole being functions perfectly that you forget you have a body. Then comes a day—or a series of days—you feel like a flat tire. Gone is your step and your cheerful outlook to life. Things that formerly gave you pleasure now bore you dreadfully. Your work is hard to do. And it may be that aches and pains stab you here and there—coming much in themselves, but sufficient to tell you that something is wrong somewhere.

These are experiences which have come to all of us, even to those who seem to be in perfect health. You've often asked yourself why you cannot enjoy exuberant health every day of your life—every thinking man asks himself this question. And at last the answer do you arrive? Well, it always ends with, "I wonder why?" And the answer is as far as you can get.

Good Health Is Natural

There is no reason why anyone who is not afflicted with a chronic disease of long standing should ever experience anything but vigorous health. All those strange aches and pains, feelings of depression and gloomy days are wholly unnecessary. You need not have them. Get this firmly fixed in your mind—good health is natural. Illness is unnatural and you needn't experience it unless you want to, which, of course, you do not.

See earliest history the question of health has been shrouded in mystery. The search for patent medicines to sell have added to this mystery. But now it is beginning to be understood that good health is natural. You needn't do anything out of the ordinary to get and keep good health—just live as Nature intended you to, and good health will automatically result. People do not die, they kill themselves. "Life is as true today as it was three thousand years ago when Seneca, the great philosopher, first expressed this thought. The human body contains in itself everything necessary for perfect health. If let alone and not abused it will function long perfectly, and aches and pains and depressed feelings will be conspicuous in their absence.

The trouble with most people is that they are not content to run along in Nature's way. They continually break Nature's law. And they pay the price with illness. You can't play the fool with Nature. Play the game her way and she rewards you with a keenness of thought, a peace of feeling and a vigor that is the envy of all. But try to "put one over" on Nature by breaking her laws and you find she

is an inexorable taskmaster. You pay the price, and you pay it in full.

It is possible, by means of common-sense living, not only to enjoy vigorous health literally every minute of the day, but also to prolong our youthfulness by from ten to twenty years. We need not grow old at 40 or 50.

Instead of dying at 60 or 70, we may live to the ripe old age of 90 or 100 years. This can be brought about by living in accord with the simple laws of Nature. And we can do this without interfering with our usual life in the slightest and without taking up any fad or "ism."

The constant drive of business leaves little time to give proper thought to health. Yet there is a way requiring only four minutes of your time a year, to insure perfect physical condition and to prevent the premature cutting off of your life.

The constant drive of business leaves little time to give proper thought to health. Yet there is a way requiring only four minutes of your time a year, to insure perfect physical condition and to prevent the premature cutting off of your life.

There Is No "Sudden Death"

We hear of many cases of where people are "suddenly" stricken with illness which may or may not prove fatal. Now the first thing to get in mind is that there is no such thing as "sudden" illness. Nature does not work that way. She plays fair and always gives us warning when something is wrong.

Aches and pains are not sent to plague us. They are Nature's way of telling us that something is wrong; they are like the switchman on the railroad track waving a red flag. They are simply a warning that we should take prompt measures to remedy the condition that causes them. So, when you have an ache or a pain of any kind, remember that it is a danger signal from Nature warning you to look out before the smash comes.

Now Nature goes even farther than this in her desire to protect us. There are certain signs which, when we understand them, will give us warning of the aches and pains that are due to come—a sort of double advance warning. Thanks to Nature's kindly warning we can head off illness by discovering the slightest tendency towards illness, and we need not suffer from any aches and pains. We can actually enjoy vigorous health at all times and have the reasonable certainty of living to a ripe and vigorous old age.

Heed These Warnings

Thousands of men and women throughout America—among them hundreds of prominent people—are now literally insuring active, vigorous health and the practical certainty of adding from ten to twenty years to their life. They do this by periodically undergoing a simple health-test. This test requires but four minutes of your time per year. It is made every three months. You need not leave your home, you need not consult a physician. And you need not remember to make the test for you are reminded regularly, and automatically.

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This surely is life insurance in its most practical form. It means that in ordinary circumstances there is little or no possibility of your ever becoming afflicted with chronic illness or disease. Any trouble you may have is caught before it becomes serious.

You are practically guaranteed a vigorous, healthy and happy life and the likelihood of a ripe old age. And not only this, but the reasonable certainty that your present state of health will be greatly improved—your digestion strengthened, your mental alertness and physical vigor increased, and that you will enjoy carefree, vigorous health literally every minute of the day.

These things alone should be sufficient inducement for anyone to take the simple tests that practically guarantee perfect health. Then think also of getting that big load off your mind of worrying about your health—of wondering if and when you will be laid low by illness. It's safe to say that most people suffer more from thoughts of illness than from actual illness itself. By this new plan you are not only practically guaranteed vigorous health but are saved all the worry about the possibility of ill health.

Interesting Booklet Sent Free

No thinking man or woman will refuse at least to look into such a remarkable proposition as this. Merely mail the coupon and full information will be sent to you by return mail, together with the interesting booklet entitled "Why Men Die Too Young." You will find this booklet full of surprising facts and well worth reading. It may show you, as it has shown thousands of others, how to add twenty years to your life in return for only four minutes of your time a year.

Do not wait until you are laid low by illness and have heavy doctor bills to pay. Prevent illness, insure vigorous health and the reasonable certainty of a ripe old age, by mailing the coupon now, or simply write a post card or letter to the National Bureau of Analysis, 1921 P. C., Republic Bldg., Chicago, and the interesting facts will be sent to you at once, post paid.

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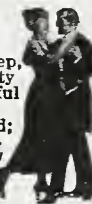
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The Red Cross Carries On

(Continued from Page 20)

nutrition. The Red Cross is conducting classes in home dietetics. These are and must continue to be community efforts.

"And now how to co-ordinate the disjointed health activities which I mentioned a while ago. The establishment of Health Centers, now going on, seems to be a logical step to bring about the desired result. These health centers will serve to draw local and regional health activities to a common center; they will serve as clearing houses.

"This plan is not designed to kill, overshadow or absorb agencies already existing, but rather to strengthen them and stimulate their initiative. We must and will co-operate with such national organizations as the National Tuberculosis Association, The National Child Hygiene Association, the National Social Hygiene Association and the various Federal, state and local health agencies.

"The Red Cross now is supported by the membership dues of millions of American citizens—one dollar contributions!

"I don't want to see our Red Cross stand for anything but organized Americanism! It represents no single class or creed. It stands for the great essential in any democracy—service.

"I hope I shall never hear The Red Cross referred to as a charity organization, or this or that 'society.' It must always stand for the ideal of unselfish service which came into full expression during the war.

"You can't solve the economic and social problems of this world until you have solved its health problems. Italy, France, England and Japan independently have come to the same conclusion. For America the Red Cross as developed by the war seems to offer the best unofficial agency to deal effectively in the coming years with the problem of decreased vitality. That is one of the reasons why we must carry on.

Billy Brad

(Continued from Page 53)

Do you know why?"

For a moment Billy Brad rubbed the dust out of a crack in the walk with the toe of his shoe, and then he looked up at Uncle Peter Henry's tortoiseshell glasses.

"Because—because we don't want to spoil each others' gardens, Uncle Peter Henry!" Uncle Peter Henry clapped him approvingly on the back.

"You've hit it, Billy Brad!" he said heartily; "You've hit it right spang in the bull's-eye!"

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Irving Bacheller

(Continued from Page 14)

ase and sly and sensual and in the
ory which he has written for this
agazine he has made his hatreds
ain. The vulgar play, the cheap low
ng, the false and corrupting moving
cture, all come in for his condemna-
on. "Why should all these wonderful
encies for the education of the people
turned over to the conscienceless
ew York exploiter of the young?" he
quires.

Just now he is full of a new project
Americanization. He is dreaming of
vast out-door permanent stage where-
the great drama of our National
development may be re-enacted for
e instruction of those men and
omen who know America only as a
dowed place a little less miserable
an the one from which they fled and
ose children know only the sordid
y ward and precinct in which they
re born. Bacheller would embody
e traditional America for the immi-
ant American. "I would assist the
ung Jew, Pole, Lett or Slovak to
ualize the work and character of
men who made the civilization
ich he is about to inherit, by placing
this mighty stage certain epochal
mes in the century-long march of the
neer—the prairie schooner, the clear-
of the forest and the battles with
ians. I would put before the 'New'
merican, scenes like Valley Forge,
Surrender of Yorktown, Lincoln's
tysburg Address, The-Meeting of
nt and Lee at Appomattox, and
er of the splendid events of our
ory."

It is of no use to tell him that his
h is too costly, he continues to
am his dream and, whether it comes
ealization or not, a discussion of it
serve to point the moral of his
is, which is, that we should not sit
tly by and permit the forces of
to monopolize the recreational
cies of the people.

is deeply heartening to remember
this very successful man has never
ten a line that is base or suggestive.
Stories are simple in structure, his
characters helpful and his philosophy
rful and altruistic. Such a man
ves that success is not dependent
a sensationalism or mawkish senti-
tality. Through all his written
oters he still remains the genial and
ly interpreter.

the first installment of Irving Bach-
er's new novel, "The Prodigal Vil-
g" will appear in the April number
of THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE. This is
a novel which Mr. Garland describes
as complete expression of Bacheller's
for his native land.



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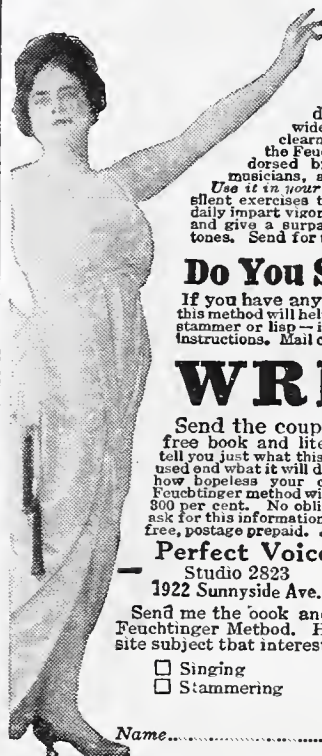
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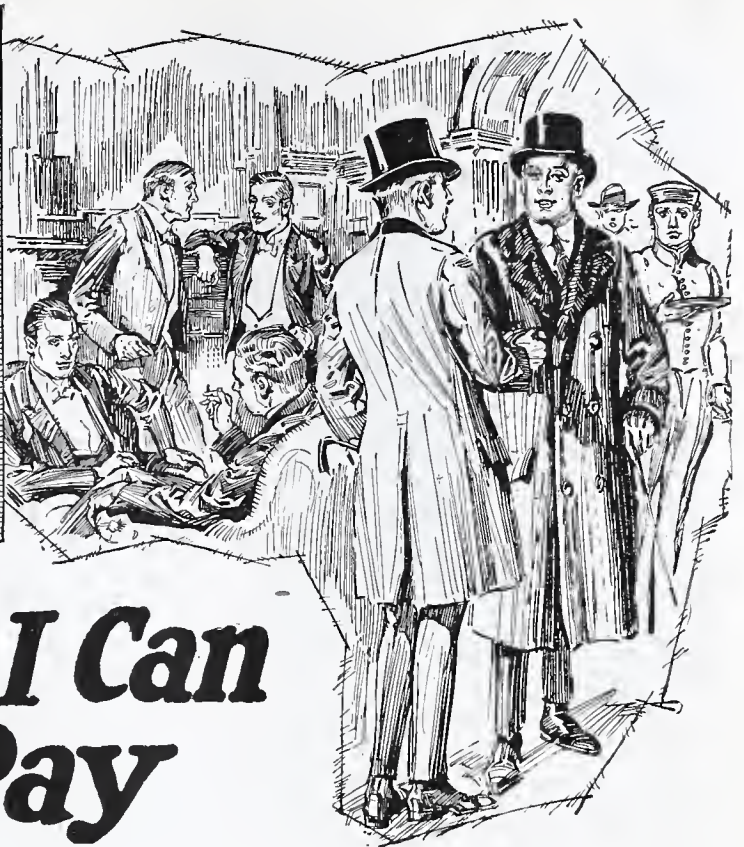
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JOHN S. PHILLIPS, Editor
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LET'S have a little chat about getting ahead—you and I. My name is Pelton. Lots of people call me "The Man Who Makes Men Rich." I don't deny it. I've helped thousands of people—lifted them from poverty to riches. I am no genius—far from it. I'm just a plain, everyday, unassuming sort of man. I know what poverty is. I've looked black and blue in the eye—had failure stalk me and hoodoo everything I did. I've known the bitterest kind of want. But today all is different. I have money for all of the things that money will buy. I have health, happiness and friendship. Few people have more of the blessings of life than I.

It was a simple thing that jumped me up from poverty to riches. As I've said, I'm no genius. But I had the good fortune to meet a genius. One day this man told me a "secret." It was all about getting ahead and growing rich. He had explained it himself with remarkable results. He said that the only way a wealthy man knew this secret—that is why he was wealthy—was by using the "secret." It was a good test. At a time I was flat broke. More than that, for I was worth a thousand dollars in the bank. I had about given up when I put the "secret" to work.

At first I couldn't believe the sudden change in fortune. My money actually flowed in on me. I was thrilled with a new sense of power. Things I couldn't do before became as easy for me to do as opening a door. My business boomed and continued to leap ahead at a rate that startled me. Poverty became my partner. Since that day I've never known what it is to want for money, friendship, happiness, or any of the good things of life.

That "secret" surely made a change in every sense of the word. A sudden rise to riches naturally surprised others. Many people came to me

and asked me how I did it. I told them. And it worked for them as well as it did for me.

Some of the things this "secret" has done for people are astounding. I would hardly believe them if I hadn't seen them with my own eyes. Adding ten, twenty, thirty or forty dollars a week to a man's income is a mere nothing. That's merely playing at it. In one case I took a rank failure and in a few weeks had him earning as high as \$2,000.00 a week. Listen to this:

A Young man in the East had an article for which there was a nation-wide demand. For twelve years he "puttered around" with it, barely eking out a living. Today this young man is worth \$200,000. He is building a \$25,000 home—and paying cash for it. He has three automobiles. His children go to private schools. He goes hunting, fishing, traveling whenever the mood strikes him. His income is over a thousand dollars a week.

In a little town in New York lives a man who two years ago was pitied by all who knew him. From the time he was 14 he had worked and slaved—and at sixty he was looked upon as a failure. Without work—in debt to his charitable friends, with an invalid son to support, the outlook was pitchy black.

Then he learned the "secret." In two weeks he was in business for himself. In three months his plant was working night and day to fill orders. During 1916 the profits were \$20,000. During 1917 the profits ran close to \$40,000. And this genial 64-year-old man is enjoying pleasures and comforts he little dreamed would ever be his.

I COULD tell you thousands of similar instances. But there's no need to do this as I'm willing to tell you the "secret" itself. Then you can put it to work and see what it will do for you.

I don't claim I can make you rich over night. Maybe I can—maybe I can't. Sometimes I have failures—everyone has. But I do claim that I can help 90 out of every 100 people if they will let me.

The point of it all, my friend, is that you are using only about one-tenth of that wonderful brain of yours. That's why you haven't won greater suc-

cess. Throw the unused nine-tenths of your brain into action and you'll be amazed at the almost instantaneous results.

The Will is the motive power of the brain. Without a highly trained, inflexible will, a man has about as much chance of attaining success in life as a railway engine has of crossing the continent without steam. The biggest ideas have no value without will-power to "put them over." Yet the will, altho heretofore entirely neglected, can be trained into wonderful power like the brain or memory and by the very same method—intelligent exercise and use.

If you held your arm in a sling for two years it would become powerless to lift a feather from lack of use. Because we don't use our Wills—because we continually bow to circumstance—we become unable to assert ourselves. What our wills need is practice.

Develop your will-power and money will flow in on you. Rich opportunities will open up for you. Driving energy you never dreamed you had will manifest itself. You will thrill with a new power—a power that nothing can resist. You'll have an influence over people that you never thought possible. Success—in whatever form you want it—will come as easy as failure came before. And those are only a few of the things the "secret" will do for you. The "secret" is fully explained in the wonderful book "Power of Will."

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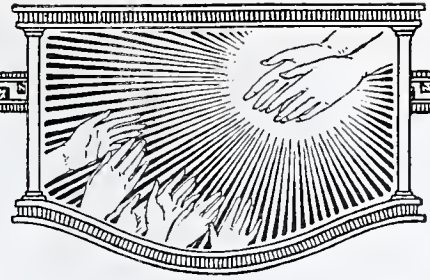
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LEST WE FORGET

The poem was written by the author just before he was going to the operating table for the third time. We are publishing it to pass on the reminder to you.

THE TOTALLY DISABLED

By Stuart N. Lake

MOST of the guys we knew in France,
Are back in civil life,
Where the only reminder that war is hell,
Is a scrap now and then with the wife;—
But we must battle on and on
And never dare to quit,
For a brand new fight is on our hands
And we must do our bit—
We're Totally Disabled!

Up from the South the warm wind comes
With the news of another Spring,
And the guys we knew in the A. E. F.
Are out where the birdies sing;
The blood in our veins is just as red
As it was three years ago,
And we still can yearn to the thrill of sport,
Though it's all in vain, we know,—
We're Totally Disabled!

Most of the guys we soldiered with
Can answer the season's call;—
They'll be up in the stands or out on the lot
When the umpire yells "Play ball!";—
We can only squirm in our plaster casts,
Or shift our crutches a bit,
And memory must substitute
For the whang of the three-base hit!—
We're Totally Disabled!

In the stirring warmth of the sportsman's sun
The whole of the world's at play,
And the gang we knew in the A. E. F.
Is out in the van, they say;—
But we must do our playing, now,
On the field of some sporting sheet,
And play a game that is new and tough,
And never brook defeat—
You can't when you're disabled!

Eighty bucks, the government says,
Is to be our monthly pay;—
A million a month could never make up
For the unsated urge to play!
You guys that we knew in the A. E. F.
When the game gets hot, recall
That, mentally, every one of us,
Is in there, lamming the ball!—
Though Totally Disabled!

THOMAS FOGARTY



Painted by Thomas Fogarty

THE LITTLE SHEPHERD OF THE BIRDS

*"He was a spirit untouched by evil
thoughts—unbroken to thorny ways.
He still had the heart of childhood
and saw only the beauty of the world"*



THE PRODIGAL VILLAGE

By Irving Bacheller

Author of "A Man for the Ages", "The Light in the Clearing", "Keeping up with Lizzie", etc.

Illustrated by Thomas Fogarty

MR. BACHELLER wrote this story for you. He knows your confusion, your doubts and your worry at the trend of present-day affairs. You stand disturbed, harassed, aghast before the great sweep of unrest—the rising costs of everything—the problem of help—the

disaffected worker—and the steadily gnawing deterioration of the old American ideals. He knows that, and in this story he shows the clash of the new, corroding, materialistic aims with the old, sturdy, strengthening American ideals that still hold us steadfast to the good

CHAPTER ONE

*Which Introduces the
Shepherd of the Birds*

THE day that Henry Smix met and embraced Gasoline Power and went up Main Street hand in hand with it is not yet forgotten. It was a hasty marriage, so to speak, and the results of it were truly deplorable. Their little journey produced an effect on the nerves and the remote future history of Bingville. They rushed at a group of citizens who were watching them, scattered it hither and thither, broke down a section of Mrs. Risley's picket fence and ran over a small boy. At the end of their brief acquaintance, Gasoline Power seemed to express its opinion of Mr. Smix by hurling him against a telegraph pole and running wild in the park until it cooled its passion in the fountain pool. In the language of Hiram Blenkinsop, the place was badly "smixed up." Yet Mr. Smix was the object of unmerited criticism. He was like many other men in that quiet village—slow, deliberate, harmless and good-natured. The action of his intellect was not at all like that of a gasoline engine. Between the swiftness of the one and the slowness of the other, there was a wide zone full of possibilities. The engine had accom-

plished many things while Mr. Smix's intellect was getting ready to begin to act.

In speaking of this adventure, Hiram Blenkinsop made a wise remark: "My married life learnt me one thing," said he. "If you are thinkin' of hitchin' up a wild horse with a tame one, be careful that the tame one is the stoutest or it will do him no good."

The event had its tragic side and whatever Hiram Blenkinsop and other citizens of questionable taste may have said of it, the historian has no intention of treating it lightly. Mr. Smix and his neighbor's fence could be repaired but not the small boy—Robert Emmet Moran, six years old, the son of the widow Moran who took in washing. He was in the nature of a sacrifice to the new god. He became a beloved cripple, known as the Shepherd of the Birds and altogether the most cheerful person in the village. His world was a little room on the second floor of his mother's cottage overlooking the big flower garden of Judge Crooker—his father having been the gardener and coachman of the Judge. When the spring arrived that garden with its birds and flowers became a source of joy and companionship for the little lad. Sitting by the open window, he used to talk to Pat Crowley who was getting the ground ready for sowing. Later the slow procession of the flowers

passed under the boy's window and greeted him with its fragrance and color. But his most intimate friends were the birds. Robins, in the elm tree just beyond the window woke him in the morning. When he made his way to the casement, with the aid of two ropes which spanned his room, they came to him lighting on his wrists and hands and clamoring for the seeds and crumbs which he was wont to feed them. Indeed, little Bob Moran soon learned the pretty lingo of every feathered tribe that camped in the garden. He could sound the pan pipe of the robin, the fairy flute of the oriole, the noisy guitar of the bobolink and the little piccolo of the song sparrow. Many of these dear friends of his came into the room and explored the rubber tree and sang in its branches. A colony of barn swallows lived under the eaves of the old weathered shed on the far side of the garden. There were many windows there each with a saucy head looking out of it. Suddenly half a dozen of these merry people would rush into the air and fill it with their frolic. They were like a lot of laughing school boys skating over invisible hills and hollows.

With a pair of field glasses, which Mrs. Crooker had loaned to him, Bob Moran had learned the nest habits of the whole summer colony in that wonderful garden. All day he sat by the open window with his work, an

The Prodigal Village

air gun at his side. The robins would shout a warning to Bob when a cat strolled into that little paradise. Then he would drop his brushes, seize his gun and presently its missile would go whizzing through the air, straight against the side of the cat, who, feeling the sting of it, would bound through the flower beds and leap over the fence to avoid further punishment. Bob had also made an electric searchlight out of his father's old hunting jack and, when those red-breasted policemen sounded their alarm at night, he was out of bed in a jiffy and sweeping the tree tops with a broom of light, the jack on his forehead. If he discovered a pair of eyes, the stinging missiles flew toward them in the light stream until the intruder was dislodged. Indeed, he was like a shepherd of old, keeping the wolves from his flock. It was the parish priest who first called him the Shepherd of the Birds.

Just opposite his window was the stub of an old pine partly covered with Virginia Creeper. Near the top of it was a round hole and beyond it a small cavern which held the nest of a pair of flickers. Sometimes, the female sat with her gray head protruding from this tiny oriel window of hers looking across at Bob. He used to call her "The little old woman that lived in a tree!" He thought her an ill-natured person who scolded her husband more than was quite becoming.

WHAT a theatre of unpremeditated art was this beautiful big garden of the Judge! There were those who felt sorry for Bob Moran but his life was fuller and happier than theirs. It is doubtful if any of the world's travelers saw more of its beauty than he did sitting beside his window of a summer day.

He had sugared the window-sill so that he always had company—bees and wasps and butterflies. The latter had interested him since the Judge had called them "stray thoughts of God." Their white, yellow and blue wings were always flashing in the warm sunlit spaces of the garden. He loved the chorus of an August night and often sat by his window listening to the songs of the tree crickets and katydids and seeing the innumerable firefly lanterns flashing among the flowers.

His work was painting scenes in the garden, especially bird tricks and attitudes. For this, he was indebted to Susan Baker who had given him paints and brushes and taught him how to use them, and to an unusual aptitude for drawing.

One day Mrs. Baker brought her daughter Pauline with her—a pretty blue-eyed girl with curly blonde hair, four years older than Bob who was thirteen when his painting began. The Shepherd looked at her with an exclamation of delight; until then he had never seen a beautiful young maiden. Homely, ill-clad daughters of the working folk had come to his room with field flowers now and then, but no one like Pauline. He felt her hair and looked wistfully into her face and said that she was like

pink and white and yellow roses. She was a discovery—a new kind of human being. Often he thought of her as he sat looking out of the window and often he dreamed of her at night.

The little Shepherd of the Birds was not quite a boy. He was a spirit untouched by any evil thought, unbroken to lures and thorny ways. He still had the heart of childhood and saw only the beauty of the world. He was like the flowers and birds of the garden, strangely fair and winsome, with silken, dark hair curling about his brows. He had large, clear, brown eyes, a mouth delicate as a girl's and teeth very white and shapely. The Bakers had lifted the boundaries of his life and extended his vision. He found a new joy in studying flower forms and in imitating their colors on canvas.

Now, indeed there was not a happier lad in the village than this young prisoner in one of the two upper bedrooms in the small cottage of the widow Moran. True, he had moments of longing for his lost freedom when he heard the shouts of the boys in the street and their feet hurrying by on the sidewalk. One evening, as his mother sat reading an old love tale to the boy, he stopped her.

"Mother," he said, "I love Pauline. Do you think it would be all right for me to tell her?"

"Never a word," said the good woman. "Ye see it's this way, my little son, ye're like a priest an' it's not the right thing for a priest."

"I don't want to be a priest," said he impatiently.

"Tut tut, my laddie boy! It's for God to say an' for us to obey," she answered.

WINTERS he spent deep in books out of Judge Crooker's library and tending his potted plants and painting them and the thick blanket of snow in the garden. Among the happiest moments of his life were those that followed his mother's return from the post-office with *The Bingville Sentinel*. Then, as the widow was wont to say, he was like a dog with a bone. To him, Bingville was like Rome in the ancient world or London in the British Empire. All roads led to Bingville. *The Sentinel* was in the nature of a habit. One issue was like unto another—as like as "two chaws off the same plug of tobacco," a citizen had once said. Its editor performed his jokes with a wink and a nudge as if he were saying: "I will now touch the light guitar." Anything important in the *Sentinel* would have been as misplaced as a cannon in a meeting-house. Every week it caught the toy balloons of gossip, the thistle-down events which were floating in the still air of Bingville. The *Sentinel* was a dissipation as enjoyable and as inexplicable as tea. It contained portraits of leading citizens, accounts of sundry goings and comings, and teas and parties and student frolics.

To the little Shepherd, Bingville was the capital of the world and Mr. J. Patterson Bing, the first citizen of Bingville, who employed seven hundred

men and had four automobiles, was a gigantic figure whose shadow stretched across the earth. There were two people in his thoughts and dreams and conversation—Pauline Baker and J. Patterson Bing. Often there were articles in the *Sentinel* regarding the great enterprises of Mr. Bing and the social successes of the Bing family in the metropolis. These he read with hungry interest. His favorite heroes were George Washington, St. Francis and J. Patterson Bing. As between the three he would, secretly, have voted for Mr. Bing. Indeed, he and his friends and intimates—the four bed-posts and the rubber tree and the little pine bureau and the round nickel clock—had all voted for Mr. Bing. But he had never seen the great man.

Mr. Bing sent Mrs. Moran a check every Christmas and, now and then, some little gift to Bob, but his charities were strictly impersonal. He used to say that while he was glad to help the poor and the sick, he hadn't time to call on them. Once, Mrs. Bing promised the widow that she and her husband would go to see Bob on Christmas day. The little Shepherd asked his mother to hang his best pictures on the walls and to decorate them with sprigs of cedar. He put on his starched shirt and collar and silk tie and a new black coat which his mother had given him. The Christmas bells never rang so merrily.

THE great white bird in the Congregational Church tower—that being Bob's thought of it—flew out across the valley with its tidings of good will.

To the little Shepherd it seemed to say: "Bing—Bing, —Bing—Bing—Bing—Bing! Com-ing, Com-ing, Com-ing!"

Many of the friends of his mother—mostly poor folk of the parish who worked in the mill—came with simple gifts and happy greetings. There were those among them who thought it a blessing to look upon the sweet face of Bob and to hear his merry laughter over some playful bit of gossip and Judge Crooker said that they were quite right about it. Mr. and Mrs. J. Patterson Bing were never to feel this blessing. The Shepherd of the Birds waited in vain for them that Christmas day. Mrs. Bing sent a letter of kindly greeting and a twenty-dollar gold piece and explained that her husband was not feeling "quite up to the mark," which was true.

"I'm not going," he said decisively when Mrs. Bing brought the matter up as he was smoking in the library an hour or so after dinner. "No cripples and misery in mine at present, thank you! I wouldn't get over it for a week. Just send them our best wishes and a twenty-dollar gold piece."

There were tears in the Shepherd's eyes when his mother helped him into his night clothes that evening.

"I hate that twenty-dollar gold piece!" he exclaimed.

"Laddie boy! Why should ye be sayin' that?"

The shiny piece of metal was lying on the window-sill. She took it in her hand.



Susan sent in a summons with the apple pie. She would be glad to see Mrs. Bing in the kitchen after dinner

"It's as cold as a snow-bank!" she exclaimed.
 "I don't want to touch it! I'm shivering now," said the Shepherd. "Put it away in the drawer. It makes me sick. It cheated me out of seeing Mr. Bing."

CHAPTER TWO

The Founding of the Phyllistines

ONE little word largely accounted for the success of J. Patterson Bing. It was the word "no." It saved him in moments which would have been full of peril for other men. He had never made a bad investment because he knew how and when to say "no." It fell from his lips so sharply and decisively that he spent little time in the consideration of doubtful enterprises. Sometimes it fell heavily and left a wound, for which Mr. Bing thought himself in no way responsible. There was really a lot of good-will toward him. He didn't mean to hurt anyone.

"Time is a thing of great value and that's the use of wasting it in idle play," he used to say.

One day, Hiram Blenkinsop, who was just recovering from a spree, met Mr. Bing at the corner of Main and School streets and asked him for the loan of a dollar.

"No sir!" said Mr. J. Patterson Bing, and the words sounded like two whacks of a hammer on a nail. "No sir," he repeated, the second whack being now more emphatic. "I don't lend money to people who make a bad use of it."

"Can you give me work?" asked the unfortunate drunkard.

"No! But if you were a hired girl, I'd consider the matter."

Some people who overheard the words laughed loudly. Poor Blenkinsop made no reply but he considered the words an insult to his manhood in spite of the fact that he hadn't any manhood to speak of. At least, there was not enough of it to stand up and be insulted—that is sure. After that he was always racking his brain for something mean to say about J. Patterson Bing. Bing was a cold-blooded fish. Bing was a scrapper and a grinder. If the truth were known about Bing he wouldn't be holding his head so high. Judas Iscariot and J. Patterson Bing were off the same bush. These were some of the things that Blenkinsop scattered abroad and they were, to say the least of them, extremely unjust. Mr. Bing's innocent remark touching Mr. Blenkinsop's misfortune in not being a hired girl, arose naturally out of social conditions in the village. Furthermore, it is quite likely that everyone in Bingville, including those impersonal creatures known as Law and Order, would have been much happier if some magician could have turned Mr. Blenkinsop into a hired girl and have made him a life member of "The Dish Water Aristocracy," as Judge Crooker was wont to call it.

The community of Bingville was noted for its simplicity and good sense. Servants were unknown in this village of three thousand people. It had lawyers and doctors and professors and mer-

chants—some of whom were deservedly well known—and J. Patterson Bing, the owner of the pulp mill, celebrated for his riches; but one could almost say that it's most sought for and popular folk were its hired girls. They were few and snuffy. They exercised care and discretion in the choice of their employers. They regulated the diet of the said employers and the frequency and quality of their entertainments. If it could be said that there was an aristocracy in the place they were it. First, among the Who's Who of Bingville, were the Gilligan sisters who worked in the big brick house of Judge Crooker; another was Mrs. Pat Collins, seventy-two years of age, who presided in the kitchen of the Reverend Otis Singleton; the two others were Susan Crowder, a woman of sixty, and a red-headed girl with one eye, of the name of Featherstraw, both of whom served the opulent Bings. Some of these hired girls ate with the family—save on special occasions when city folk were present. Mrs. Collins and the Gilligans seemed to enjoy this privilege but Susan Crowder, having had an ancestor who had fought in the Revolutionary War, couldn't stand it, and Martha Featherstraw preferred to eat in the kitchen. Indeed there was some warrant for this remarkable situation. The Gilligan sisters had a brother who was a Magistrate in a large city and Mrs. Collins had a son who was a successful and popular butcher in the growing city of Hazelmead.

That part of the village known as Irishtown and a settlement of Poles and



They had a long talk about Gordon King that night in Phyllis' bedroom. At the end, Mrs. Bing repeated that familiar injunction, "Don't tell father!"

Italians furnished the man help in the mill and its sons were also seen more or less in the fields and gardens. Ambition and Education had been working in the minds of the young in and about Bingville for two generations. The sons and daughters of farmers and ditch-diggers had read Virgil and Horace and plodded into the mysteries of higher mathematics. The best of them had gone into learned professions; others had enlisted in the business of great cities. The girls who had not had the taste or

preparation for teaching had caught the lure of stenography. All had fled from the irksome tasks which had roughened the hands and bent the backs of their parents. Some few were the local merchants and mechanics and their wives and these were in comfortable circumstances. That, briefly, explains why the hired girls were few and snuffy.

Early in 1917, the village was shaken by alarming and astonishing news. True, the sinking of the Lusitania and our own enlistment in the World War

and the German successes on the Russian frontier had, in a way, prepared heart and intellect of Bingville for shocking events. Still, these disasters had been remote. The fact that the Gilligan sisters had left the Crook and accepted an offer of one hundred and fifty dollars a month from wealthy Nixons of Hazelmead was an event close to the footlights, so to speak. It caused the news of battles to take rightful place in the distant background. Men talked of this event in stores and

on street corners; it was the subject of conversation in sewing circles and the Philomathian Literary Club. That day, the Bings whispered about it at the dinner table between courses until Susan Crowder sent in a summons by Martha Featherstraw with the apple pie. She would be glad to see Mrs. J. Patterson Bing in the kitchen immediately after dinner. There was a moment of silence in the midst of which Mr. Bing winked knowingly at his wife who turned pale as she put down her pie fork with a look of determination and rose and went into the kitchen. Mrs. Crowder regretted that she and Martha would have to look for another family unless their wages were raised from one hundred to one hundred and fifty dollars a month.

"But, Susan, we all made an agreement for a year," said Mrs. Bing.

Mrs. Crowder was sorry but she and Martha could not make out on the wages they were getting—everything cost so much. If Mary Gilligan, who couldn't cook, was worth a hundred dollars a month Mrs. Crowder considered herself cheap at twice that figure.

MRS. BING, in her anger, was inclined to revolt but Mr. Bing settled the matter by submitting to the tyranny of Susan. With Phyllis and three of her young friends coming from school and a party in prospect, there was nothing else to do.

Maggie Collins who was too old and too firmly rooted in the village to leave, was satisfied with a raise of ten dollars a month. Even then she received a third of the minister's salary. "His life being a swell leddy who had no time for wurrurk, sure the boy was no sooner married than he yelled for help," Maggie was wont to say.

All this had a decided effect on the economic life of the village. Indeed, Hiram Blenkinsop, the village drunkard, who attended to the lawns and gardens for a number of people, demanded an increase of a dollar a day for his wages on account of the high cost of living although one would say that his effect upon him would not have been serious. For years the historic figure of Blenkinsop had been the destination and the repository of the cast-off clothes and the worn and shapeless shoes of the leading citizens. For a decade, the venerable derby hat, which once belonged to Judge Crooker, had survived all the incidents of his adventurous career. He was, indeed, as complete with suggestive memories as the graveyard to which he was wont to repair for rest and recuperation in summer weather. There, in the shade of a locust tree hard by the wall, he was often discovered with his faithful dog Christmas—a yellow mongrel, a good-natured cur—lying beside him, and the historic derby hat in his hand. He had persevering pride in that hat. Mr. Blenkinsop showed a surprising and commendable industry under the stimulation of increased pay. He worked hard for a month, then celebrated his prosperity with a night of such noisy, riotous

joy that he landed in the lockup with a black eye and a broken nose and an empty pocket. As usual, the dog Christmas went with him.

When there was a loud yell in the streets at night, Judge Crooker used to say "It's Hiram again! The poor fellow is out a-Hiraming."

William Snodgrass, the carpenter, gave much thought and reflection to the good fortune of the Gilligan girls. If a hired girl could earn twenty-five dollars a week and her board, a skilled mechanic who had to board himself ought to earn at least forty. So he put up his prices. Israel Sneed, the plumber, raised his scale to correspond with that of the carpenter. The prices of the butcher and grocer kept pace with the rise of wages. A period of unexampled prosperity set in.

Some time before, the Old Spirit of Bingville had received notice that its Services would no longer be required. It had been an industrious and faithful Old Spirit. The new generation did not intend to be hard on it. They were willing to give it a comfortable home as long as it lived. Its home was to be a beautiful and venerable asylum called The Past. There it was to have nothing to do but to sit around and weep and talk of by-gone days. The Old Spirit rebelled. It refused to abandon its appointed tasks.

The notice had been given soon after the new theatre was opened in the Sneed Block and the endless flood of moving lights and shadows began to fall on its screen. The low-born, purblind intellectuals of Bohemian New York began to pour their lewd fancies into this great stream that flowed through every city, town and village in the land. They had no more compunction in the matter than a rattlesnake when he swallows a rabbit. To them, there were only two great, bare facts in life—male and female. The males, in their vulgar parlance, were either wise guys or suckers; the females were all "my dears."

Much of this mental sewage smelled to heaven. But it paid. It was cheap and entertaining. It relieved the tedium of small town life.

JUDGE CROOKER was in the little theatre the evening that the Old Spirit of Bingville received notice to quit. The sons and daughters and even the young children of the best families in the village were there. Scenes from the shady side of the great cities, bar-room adventures with pugilists and porcelain-faced women, the thin-ice skating of illicit love succeeded each other on the screen. The tender souls of the young received the impression that life in the great world was mostly drunkenness, violence, lust, and Great White Waywardness of one kind or another.

Judge Crooker shook his head and his fist as he went out and expressed his view to Phyllis and her mother in the lobby. Going home, they called him an old prude. The knowledge that every night this false instruction was going on in the Sneed Block filled the good man with sorrow and apprehension. He

complained to Mr. Leak, the manager, who said that he would like to give clean shows, but that he had to take what was sent him.

Soon a curious thing happened to the family of Mr. J. Patterson Bing. It acquired a new god—one that began, as the reader will have observed, with a small "g." He was a boneless, India-rubber, obedient little god. For years the need of one like that had been growing in the Bing family. Since he had become a millionaire, Mr. Bing had found it necessary to spend a good deal of time and considerable money in New York. Certain of his banker friends in the metropolis had introduced him to the joys of the Great White Way and the card room of the Golden Age Club. Always he had been ill and disgruntled for a week after his return to the homely realities of Bingville. The shrewd intuitions of Mrs. Bing alarmed her. So Phyllis and John were packed off to private schools so that the good woman would be free to look after the imperiled welfare of the lamb of her flock—the great J. Patterson. She was really worried about him. After that, she always went with him to the city. She was pleased and delighted with the luxury of the Waldorf-Astoria, the costumes, the dinner parties, the theatres, the suppers, the cabaret shows. The latter shocked her a little at first.

THEY went out to a great country house, near the city, to spend a week end. There was a dinner party on Saturday night. One of the ladies got very tipsy and was taken up stairs. The others repaired to the music room to drink their coffee and smoke. Mrs. Bing tried a cigarette and got along with it very well. Then there was an hour of heart to heart, Central European dancing while the older men sat down for a night of bridge in the library. Sunday morning, the young people rode to hounds across country while the bridge party continued its session in the library. It was not exactly a restful week end. J. Patterson and his wife went to bed, as soon as their grips were unpacked, on their return to the city and spent the day there with aching heads.

While they were eating dinner that night, the cocktail remarked with the lips of Mrs. Bing: "I'm getting tired of Bingville."

"Oh, of course, it's a picayune place," said J. Patterson.

"It's so provincial!" the lady exclaimed.

Soon, the oysters and the entree having subdued the cocktail, she ventured: "But it does seem to me that New York is an awfully wicked place."

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Godless," she answered. "The drinking and gambling and those dances."

"That's because you've been brought up in a seven-by-nine Puritan village," J. Patterson growled very decisively. "Why shouldn't people enjoy themselves? We have (*Continued on page 62.*)

THE PUBLIC SCHOOL IS FALLING DOWN

By Angelo Patri

Drawings by Angus MacDonall

THE American Public will not believe it. They have a blind faith in the idea that the Public School is beyond harm's reach. They have made a National Habit of the Public School, so much of a habit that they have relegated it to their sub-conscious mind and gone about their business and forgotten all about it. It will take a shock to bring the Public School back to the consciousness of the people.

"Hasn't it always been there? Haven't they always taken care of the children? Of course! Naturally! Well, they always will. This fuss is only temporary. The teachers will soon return and things will go on as usual. Don't worry!"

But the Public School is falling down. The teacher is the school and the teachers are going out of the schools and they are not coming back until the people decide to pay them enough to let them stay in the schools.

Those who take their places are not going to stay if they are worth-while teachers; those who are not worth while will stay forever to the everlasting detriment of America.

John Finley, Commissioner of Education for the State of New York, warned the world in the last years of the war:

"None of the nations of the earth will come out of this catyclusm unscathed. The nation that will rehabilitate itself first, will be the nation that takes the best care of its children."

Is America's answer to be the rapidly emptying schools?

In February, the president of a State Normal School resigned his position to accept one with a big industrial concern which paid him five times what the State paid him. It was a tragedy to the teacher, the State and the Nation. The people gave it little thought.

The Public School is falling down but the people are unconscious of it.

For a quarter of a century, that great teacher had dreamed and lived in that school. He planned it. He talked and wrote and worked for it's building. For twenty-five full years he gave it his

*The Public School is falling down,
falling down, falling down,
The Public School is falling down,
farewell, Lady.*

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS have always been with us. Good Public Schools, as the foundation of our civilization, is an inherent part of our mental thinking. But it isn't so any longer. It isn't true. The cornerstone of our civilization is crumbling in front of our eyes and we must do something. The situation will not correct itself. We must—one and all—take this matter home. Help—not next year—but now, this month

best thought. He devoted his life to the school that trained teachers to teach the children of the country he loved.

The people of the town liked him. "O yes, he is a fine man! He runs a good school." When he took charge of the school, they paid him three thousand dollars a year. Once during his twenty-five years of service they raised his salary by five hundred dollars.

When he could stand the pressure no longer, he accepted the position the big business concern offered him. He had declined many offers during those years of service because he loved his school. Now he must go. The industrial people gave him money and prestige.

For a quarter of a century he had served the people and they slipped him into a wrinkle in their subconscious minds and forgot him.

Shocked into consciousness by his empty chair, they say, "My, that's too bad! We can never replace him. Wonderfully clever man. Think of it! Fifteen thousand dollars!"

There is a respect in their tones for the Industrial Expert that was never there for the Normal School President. Is America's appreciation a purely commercial one?

The Public School is falling down!

The teacher, who after all is a full-brained human being, is thinking on these things. For a generation, he has accepted the notion that he was a part of the integral life of this nation; that he was in service as truly as the soldier and the sailor; that on his shoulders rested the life or death of a great people. He must serve them loyally, faithfully, even unto death.

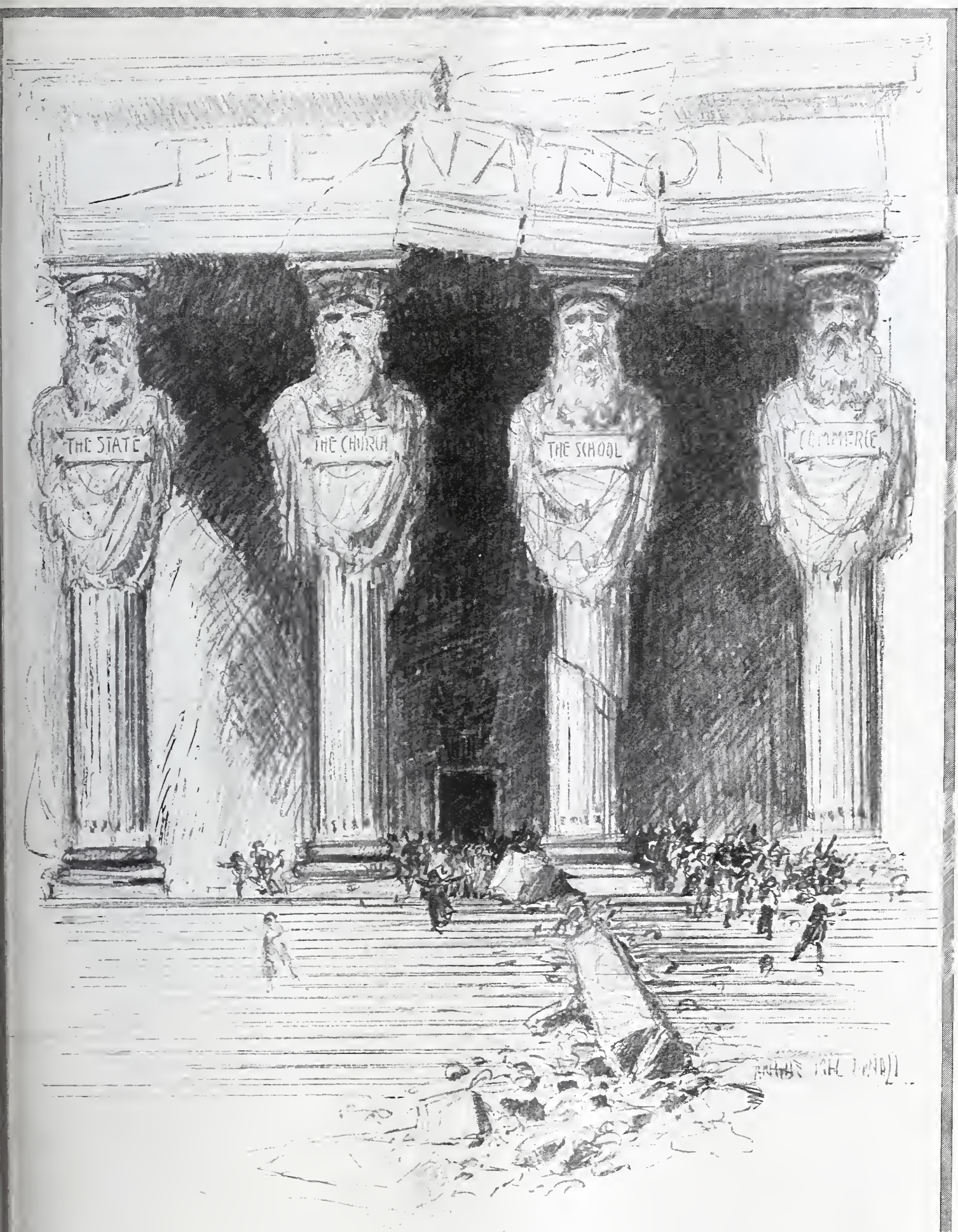
Then came the war. The Government said, "You are not an essential industry. You may have no building material. Your supplies must be curtailed. As I need the teachers, I shall call upon them and they must come."

Somewhat bewildered but loyal to their profession of faith in America they accepted all this "This is war. We must do everything to help. Afterward, we will

make up all the lost time. We will get our buildings, supplies will come again the teachers will come back. It will be but a short time. We will work harder to even things up when we have ended the war. We will sell Liberty Bonds, do Red Cross work, lead the drives and make speeches to help thing along."

The school became the center for Community War Work. The school work sagged. It was classed as unessential. A teacher did more for his country by selling bonds and following up allotments than by teaching the children. The public said so and the public acted so.

The Government wanted clerk Teachers made good clerks. The Government paid more for clerks than the Boards of Education paid for



In one day twenty thousand children were sent home in one city alone—because there were no teachers. A saving in upkeep is undermining and if not corrected will eventually destroy the whole structure



*The right teacher to-day—and you
will have the right citizen to-morrow*



teachers. More than that, the people appreciated the war-worker. Every where the uniform brought a smile of appreciation. Clerks did not have to work as hard as teachers and they were paid more and commanded greater respect. Clerks had to please the head of a department. Teachers had to please all the parents and all the children in the town. Why not be a clerk?

Teachers made good bond salesmen. They met business folk and enjoyed them. They discovered that the technique of the great business world was easily acquired by a teacher. Handling bonds was easier than handling children. Selling was easier than teaching. Landing a customer was much more exhilarating than giving a lesson. One could measure his success or failure almost instantly in the business world. The give and take of the office was much more interesting than the routine of the class room. Why not sell bonds?

Teachers made fine aides for disabled soldiers. Many of them traveled hundreds of miles from their schools for this service. Life in the convalescent hospital was thrilling. One wore the uniform of service to her country. People took their hats off to the girl who wore that uniform. They never noticed the girl who taught their children.

THE work-a-day world was big, quick, breath-taking to the teacher. One got real money for interesting, congenial, necessary work—work that people approved of and appreciated. Better than money, more thrilling than work, more inspiring than service, to the teacher, is appreciation and approbation. These had long been denied to her. The Public had made a habit of her, forgotten about her.

So the Public Schools were falling down, falling down.

The teachers did not return to them after the war work was finished. They sat down and thought it all over:

"They tell me that I am the bulwark of the Nation.

"Yet they pay me less than the least of the workers!

"They tell me that without my work the Nation must perish.

"Yet they classed me with the unessential workers!

"They tell me that the school house is the heart of the people.

"Yet the school house I teach in is on a barren hillside. It is beaten by the sun in summer and by icy winds in winter. It has not been painted in twenty-five years. It is dirty. Everything about it is neglected and forlorn! This office building I work in is beautiful inside and out. It is heated and lighted and ventilated.

"THEY tell me that my product, the Youth of the Nation, is priceless. It is the immeasurable treasure of the Nation.

"Yet they have turned the children loose. In my place, they hired a cheaper teacher. She had no training for teaching, she has no appreciation of childhood. Why trust her with the immeasurable treasure of the Nation?

"They tell me that I am a Defender of the Faith even as the soldier in the army and the sailor in the navy.

"Yet they would not have me in their homes. They force me either to bring my whole family to the town where I serve or to live in a room in some down-at-the-heel hotel.

"They salute the soldier and the sailor. They strike medals for them, make elaborate decorations for them, pay them the final honors of their service when they die.

"I serve my country yet I do not receive even these poor rewards.

"As a business worker I command the salary that enables me to live. I command the respect of my fellows. I am of those who carry the business of life forward to the great to-morrow of the Nation.

"As a teacher I cannot command a decent salary. I am forgotten and neglected by the people who hire me.

Those who notice me are sorry for me.

"I am going to forget that I ever was a teacher. Here I stay!"

The Public Schools are falling down!

The teacher is the school and the teachers are leaving in a steady stream. In the City of New York one day in February, six hundred classes were dismissed for lack of teachers. On another day, four hundred and ninety-four teachers were doing double duty. They were teaching the classes of other teachers as well as their own.

Do you know any other class of workers that would do that? It is impossible for teachers to stand up under such a strain.

In one day twenty thousand children were sent home in one city alone. How many were sent home that day all over the United States of America because there were no teachers?

The Public School is falling down!

Theodore Roosevelt said, "If you want to do anything permanent for the average man, you must begin before he is a man. The chance of success lies in working with the boy."

IT is to-day that counts with the children. It is the teacher that is in the classroom to-day that counts. The notion that it won't do any harm to place a cheap teacher in charge of the children is absurd and worse.

The teacher that is entering the schools to replace the teacher who costs too much is a menace to your boy and girl now, to-day. That teacher going to stay there and do irreparable harm to your children. The unfitted teacher is not a temporary nuisance. She is a permanent disease.

Your teacher has gone. You must have somebody. The children must be kept off the streets. This woman or man isn't so good as the real teacher, of course, but he'll do for the present. You place the teacher in the school and you throw the matter off your mind. But remember, you have thrown the teacher upon the life and soul of your child. It is to-day that counts with

that child. That unfit teacher will mark him for life.

The Public Schools are falling down, falling down, but the Public sleeps on.

A mother entered the office of the principal of one of the schools in a big city.

"How long is Miss Patience going to be absent?"

"A lifetime," said the weary principal. "A lifetime. Miss Patience has resigned and is never coming back."

"But my goodness! are you going to put Thomas out every day until you get a substitute who may not materialize for weeks?"

"I wish I could hope she would materialize in weeks. It looks more like years."

"This is awful. I can't have that child home under foot all the time. Can't you place him in some other teacher's class? One of the teachers that are here every day?"

"No, I can not. The other classes are full."

"No room even for one little bit of a boy?"

"Not even for a sardine. These classes are crowded to the limit now."

"Well, couldn't you teach him yourself?"

"I'd love to. After what I have been doing these past few months teaching Thomas would come as a great relief. This building is five stories high. I've had days when eighteen of the teachers have been absent at once and nobody here to take a class. I've practically had one foot in the basement and one on the roof to keep this place moving at all."

"When I sent the children home to allow the others to work, you mothers promptly sent them back to school to play. They swarmed about the yards and corridors and I had nobody to take care of them. Eighteen classes without teachers is not my idea of a good time. I'm sorry, but I shall have to forego the pleasure of teaching Thomas until I get a little more assistance."

DURING the month of February one of the largest Federations of Women's Clubs held a general meeting. Four thousand women filled the hall. They were cultured, educated, thoughtful women who worked for the welfare of the people.

The presiding officer rose and addressed the meeting; "Ladies: There is a crisis facing the schools of the city. Teachers have resigned. Many are ill. Others are leaving. The children of the city are sent home by thousands daily. Among us there are many who have been teachers. The schools must have teachers. They offer four dollars a day for substitutes. Will any woman who will accept a substitute's place, please rise?"

Nobody rose.

The Public Schools are falling down!

Four dollars a day is what the washer-women are commanding. Shall the teacher go out and let the washer-woman come in?

A substitute offered her services to one of the schools. She was stout and elderly. Weight had flattened out her feet and robbed her of outline. "Crude, uncultured, without vision and appreciation," thought the principal. Still she was armed with a license and perhaps she was better than she looked. One class less to turn loose would be a blessing.

She was assigned to a class of little boys whose teacher had left to take a position with a publishing house. She had been a fine teacher. The little boys had liked and trusted her.

Shortly after the installation of the substitute, a little chap opened the door of the principal's office and asked if he could come in.

"What's the matter," said the principal, for the little face was the picture of woe.

"I don't know what to do. My mother sent me to school. She said I was well enough. I have laryngitis and I have to cough sometimes and the teacher says if I cough again she will take the rule to me. I'm afraid of her."

"Better go home to mother and tell her that you are coughing. She will help you."

Later, the principal asked the substitute if she had threatened the child. "Sure! I told him if he made any more noise with his cough, cough, coughing, I'd take the ruler to him."

The principal decided that that class would be better off at home until he could find a teacher.

Somebody steps forward and says in loud tones, "Can't get teachers? Nonsense. You can get all the teachers you want if you stop this silly nonsense of examining for them. 'Give any intelligent young person that asks for it a certificate for teaching and you will get all you want.'"

This, in the face of the facts that there are already in the schools of the country over one hundred thousand young persons teaching without any preparation whatever for that career. This, in spite of the figures that show a steady decline in the number of rejections by the Examining boards.

Did you ever have to eat meals that somebody cooked holding the cook book in front of them the while? How you longed for

the real cook to come home!

That is about what happens in the classrooms. The poor, inexperienced person that tries to teach a class does the best he can. He does just about as well as you would do under the same circumstances.

There are so many things the novice knows that are not true. There are so many that he doesn't know that are true. So many things turn out differently from what he expected.

One did not know that little children had to have a recess. The program, to be sure, called for it. But it was such a nuisance to take them to the yard and bring them back again. The things that happened in that room would better be left to the imagination.

Another thought it would be a fine scheme to do arithmetic for one whole day, reading for another whole day, geography for another and so on until she finished the Course of Study. She thought that she would finish sooner that way. So did the principal. But it would be the children that were finished, not the course of study.

One thought that if a small boy challenged her to chase him, she should do so. There were eight aisles in the room, good wide, long ones. Some of the good little boys left their seats to help her chase him and they had a merry Marathon until the principal heard the racket and the race ended.

As the noise in the room mounted day by day the enthusiastic disciple of law and order whacked and shouted the louder. The riot grew. Soon she whacked the disturbers and they fought back. That ended her usefulness.

ONE lady thought that a ruler was necessary to enforce the rules of the class room. With every order she gave, and there were many, she struck the desk a resounding whack. It was a perfectly good desk but she soon reduced it to splinters.

One unfortunate thought that the way to the small child's heart was through his covetousness and she spent all her salary in bribes of different sorts. The bribes were useless, the young rascals shamelessly accepting them and feeling under no obligations whatever to the giver. Their contempt and the expense of the method brought that resignation very soon. (Cont. on page 76)



GLIMPSSES OF THE

By Lewis
Our Staff



In the upper picture is a nourishment class in a New Jersey school. All pupils, who are ten per cent or more below normal weight, have a lunch of cocoa and sandwiches. In this instance, work is carried on by the local Civic Association, whose volunteers visit the homes of the families every week and teach the mothers how to plan for their families better and more nourishing food. In many places, the Red Cross is co-operating with local agencies and promoting such activities



At Center Moriches, Long Island, Red Cross activities are carried on in the community house (center picture), which also houses the activities of the Village Improvement Association and the Civic League. The school girls go over to the recreation room, play games, read and dance at noon after school and at other times.

Off in the wilds of Long Island is a little rural school (lower picture). The teachers wished to arrange for hot lunches, so the Red Cross chipped in and bought a kerosene stove and started the plan. In a short time the sum was paid back and now the Red Cross acts merely in an advisory capacity.

NEW RED CROSS

W. Hine

Photographer

activities are as varied as America itself. We hardly realized this ourselves until we asked Mr. Hine to go out and get us a few glimpses of what the Red Cross is doing. He studied the situation for three weeks and then informed us that our magazine was not large enough to contain even half of the list, so he went to the first chapter at hand and this is the result.

We hope to be able to give a series of such pictures from month to month as he goes about the country watching the different chapters at work.



The first steps in disaster relief at the Hampton chapter, Southampton, Long Island (upper picture). The material is gathered and held in a Loan Closet for disaster emergencies and clothing and other supplies are given out when need arises. Part of a sign can be seen in the upper corner, reading: "Clothing wanted for a boy of 7 years: girl, 8 years." This picture shows the way in which the material is assembled and prepared for instant use.

class in home nursing and care of the sick, workers Branch of American Red Cross (center picture). This was the first colored class to graduate from this chapter and was one of the best classes of the year.

The Employment Service of the American Red Cross helps to place ex-service men and their families in positions. The woman talking to him is in charge of the employment bureau. The husband and wife are the background want to get positions together on one of the neighboring estates so that they can have the child with them





Go on the principle that the other driver is an idiot with a wabby steering gear. The worst that can happen to you is a surprise

THE GASOLINE KNIGHT

By Howard Brubaker

Drawings by Albert Levering

AS the winter surrendered to mild breezes and drying roads, it became evident that one more kind husband and indulgent father had caught the great American malady. Although this disease is comparatively new, its symptoms are familiar. Where once it numbered its victims by the thousands; now, it strikes down millions. It is most infectious in the spring; science believes that the germ comes out of the ground with the frost and attacks constitutions weakened by months of indoor life. The stricken one gets catalogues by fair means or foul and retires to some secluded place, denying himself to callers and neglecting his means of livelihood. He is often discovered studying his check book and figuring upon the backs of envelopes. When he walks abroad he may seem perfectly normal yet suddenly be stricken dumb and motionless at the sight of a passing automobile. The odor of gasoline seems to have a fascination for him and he frequently follows the scent into garages and enters into conversation with low, greasy-handed characters until discov-

HAVE YOU the Spring germ of car buying? Then you must meet Hank Risley—Hank who could dive deep into engines and wrap himself around ailing parts, who never molested the public schools but who educated himself by the touch system. Hank will tell you things you never thought of about driving a car

they knew that father would never be cured.

Once the great decision was made—in favor of a Baby Blitz—father became his normal, intelligent, logical self and showed again that pedagogical ability which had made him at forty the superintendent of the Millbrook schools. It was clear that he had been doing some serious thinking while the germ was gnawing at him.

"The motor car," he said to his assembled family, "has long since ceased to be a rich man's toy, thanks largely, to the small town and the farm. Now, I expect the rural districts to take the lead in a new movement."

With the best of intentions, father had never been able to separate his professional and domestic manner. He addressed his family as if they were at morning exercises in the Assembly Hall.

Gregory Slayback had exhibited all these symptoms and, by the coming of April, had reached the advanced stage of gloating over maps. The younger half of the family, Geraldine and Thaddeus, were almost openly exultant, for now

"The time has come when the motor car should cease to be an adult's toy. From a mechanical point of view, boys and girls who are big and strong can drive cars as well as adults. The trouble

psychological; youth lacks seasoning, the instinct for caution and concentration. Once we can overcome this difficulty by training, there is no reason why our children, for example, should not be allowed to run a car."

A murmur of appreciation greeted his thought.

"I am going to hire an experienced man to teach us to drive it, and it's going to be a thorough job."

"Hank Risley?" asked Thad, explosively.

"Yes, Hank would do very well. Then we shall work out some definite rules and stick to them literally." He developed his theme further. "The driving of a motor car is a privilege but also a responsibility. He who steps upon a thirty-horse-power engine leaves the carefree spirit of youth behind. One who personally conducts a ton or more of metal along a highway at twenty-five miles an hour has no time for monkeyshines. The motorist exists by the sufferance of the walking classes; if they let him live, the best he can do is to reciprocate. The interests of the pedestrian are paramount. The pedestrian! May he ever be right but, right or wrong, the pedestrian! This is a treaty. I myself agree to it, without reservations. How about you, Thad? Take it or leave it?"

"I agree," said Thad, with the seriousness that the occasion seemed to demand. Thad was fifteen, though he might have passed for older to the casual eye, especially since his recent graduation into long trousers. But though his spindly, lengthening legs had disappeared from public view, his heart was still young. He had been in the high school since the previous September but he had not as yet set the academic world afire. Thad was dark of hair and skin, a good color, his sister maintained, for one who was so habitually grimy.

"Very well, we'll put you on probation," said father after an impressive pause. "How about you, Geraldine?"

Gerry was happy and thrilled and more than a little scared. Seventeen, attractive, popular, entirely self-confident in the world of parties, amateur theatricals, skating and Cicero's orations, she had yet an abysmal ignorance on the subject of machinery.

"I'm crazy to learn," she said. "I'll try very hard." All the same she had the sticky and hopeless feeling of looking to a strange new textbook.

"And now," father ushered in his grand climax with a little bow, "mother!"

But mother, in the deplorable language at Thad and Gerry affected, "spilled the beans." The climax and climax was total loss.

"No!" said mother—one of those placid, sweet, self-effacing mothers who yet somehow

succeed in bossing a whole establishment. "No. It was all I could do to learn to run a baby carriage. I'll be private this time. Every army ought to have a private."

"You will ride with us, of course?" asked father anxiously.

"Whenever I feel that I can do so safely."

These admirable people were playing the age-old parental game. They could not have done better if the scene had been rehearsed.

"I see," said father. "You are reserving yourself as a prize for efficient driving."

"I'm the prize package! Anybody who really learns how can haul me around."

So the machinery of commerce and industry was cranked up; valuable consideration passed; an order took its place in line, and the Slaybacks made a garage—by the simple device of putting a concrete floor in the carriage shed of the barn. Thad now inhabited that edifice at every leisure moment. As mother said, "I always know where he is now." He made a work-bench complete with a vise and the family tools, collecting about it the by-products of years of mechanical endeavor; the essentials of a wireless outfit that had been without employment since the Government had ordered boy operators to get out of the ether; the works of an old clock; a set of baby carriage wheels that had passed through numerous incarnations; simple little treasures in copper and iron; wire screws; nuts; odds and ends of hardware that

Company, everybody unnecessarily informed everybody else and the stricken Slaybacks promptly did all the things that people ought not to do in case of fire. Father promptly frowned upon this excitement, commanded people to be calm and himself set an example of dignity and restraint as he strolled out to inspect the new possession. But he was never able to explain why he took with him the

THE pedestrian—may he ever be right but, right or wrong—the pedestrian!

framed photograph of his wife which adorned his study table!

The appointment of Henry Risley as guide, philosopher and friend to the motoring Slaybacks was an excellent move; one could not have found a man better suited to this task in a Blitz day's journey. When automobiles first entered the world, the youthful Hank was doing things to bicycles. He promptly transferred his affections to the new invention and grew up with the industry. Hank owned the first "horseless carriage" seen in town, a one-lunger which advanced down the startled street by a series of irregular explosions and usually "died" somewhere between Market Street and the depot. Hank's feet sticking out from under his comic machine had been one of Millbrook's best views.

As if Nature were moulding him for the part he was to play, Hank grew up long and flexible; he could dive deep into engines and wrap himself around ailing parts. After passing the sixth grade, Hank had never molested the public schools; thenceforth, he educated himself by the touch system. He could not always make his grammar behave, but he could make an internal combustion engine eat out of his hand. Thad admired him inordinately—his knowledge, his strength, his dirty arms—and wished that his own father, whom he loved and even respected, might have adopted a noble calling like Hank's instead of wasting his life superintending schools.

But if Thad idolized Hank, the account was balanced, for the repairman worshipped at the shrine of "Professor" Slayback (everybody called the superintendent "Professor" except his pupils who, of course, referred to him as Ol' Swayback!). Hank believed that the superintendent's head was packed with wisdom as a universal joint is packed with grease. He pointed out his idol once to a stranger who was buying gasoline: "That man can talk in some of the foreignest languages there are!"

This Hank, admired and admiring, was the stork who delivered the Baby Blitz, said Baby humming a contented tune and hitting on all four cylinders. Hank liked being a stork. He called out jovially: "Well, here we are, Professor, right out of the oven. Do we put her away or do we ride her a little?"

What a question!

The term, Baby Blitz, does not imply anything tiny any more than does baby hippopotamus or Lesser Antilles or minor poet. The machine was simply the

"THEY shall not pass!" is a poor motto for a motorist

had been shaken off passing automobiles; the brass hubcap of a Ford; a cross piece from a tire chain; a sparkplug that had emitted its last earthly spark. When the resources of home and highway had been exhausted, he took little journeys into the domain of Hank Risley, bringing back inside information, his fingernails full of graphite and a valve-lifting tool that was all right except that it was cracked. Meanwhile the wheels of commerce and industry were turning slowly until at last they ground out an important rumor.

Upon a certain Saturday morning in May, father thought it necessary to warn everybody to go about his duties as usual; probably nothing would happen anyhow. He thereupon seated himself at his desk and gazed out the study window. Geraldine's work seemed to keep her near the upper front elevation; mother with unwonted nervousness broke a vase; and Thad sat upon the front steps ostentatiously

taking the morning air, and tried to pull his fingers off one at a time. Otherwise everybody went about his duties as usual.

When a shining miracle of beauty rolled up the driveway, a motion poem straight from the Blitz Manufacturing

HE who steps upon a 30 h.p. engine leaves his carefree youth behind



A car will run a long way for a chance to die on a railroad track. It will break through gates, if necessary

smaller member of the famous Blitz family—a cozy runabout seating four in close harmony. It was a middle-sized car built for average families with medium purses, and if all the incipient drivers were to be taken out for a lesson at once there would be no room in the car for mother—who accepted her fate with a cheerfulness that was almost unflattering.

"Practice by all means," she said, "but not on me! When her family is learning to drive, a woman's place is in the home."

That night, father confessed to her the faith that was in him as illuminated by the day's experience: "I believe we have here the makings of an interesting educational experiment."

"Special research work under Professor Hank?"

Father smiled indulgently and went on.

"It will teach self-reliance, the exercise of judgment. Of course the instruction will gradually become less specific. We can take away the props. Thad shows a great desire to learn everything about the mechanics of the thing. *Including the mathematics!*"

"Maybe we can sneak some mathematics into Thad by the back door."

"Exactly! I'm going to get him some easy technical books for encouragement. It's astonishing what a boy will often get out of a book that bears upon some vital interest. They both know how to steer automatically—Hank says that comes from bicycle riding. I think we

might encourage a little competition between them. Thad has more mechanical ability but Gerry has more judgment."

"Thad's lost what little reason he ever had," said mother. "He's taken part of the car to bed with him."

"What is it?"

Mother measured off a section of her forefinger.

"Some kind of thingumbob. What do I know about machinery?"

"The switch-key, I fancy. What about Gerry? Is her temperature normal?"

"Perfectly. She's talking about a

THE motorist exists by permission of the walking classes. If they let him live, the least he can do is to reciprocate!

motoring costume already—including a streamline cloak, whatever that is."

In a week of after-school and Saturday lessons, the rising young motorists had mastered the mysteries of the steering wheel, clutch, gear, and brakes. They no longer threatened innocent telephone poles or stalled their engine or caused shrieks of anguish while shifting gears. Since the first day Hank had not driven the car, but had sat in the other front seat, shedding advice freely and holding himself in readiness to avert disaster.

"Now, I think you'll do," he said at the close of a Friday afternoon lesson. "All the rest will come with practice."

Father was in complete preparedness for this announcement.

"Then this is a good place to begin. Now that we have learned to drive, we must learn to drive safely. Some people spend their money for accident insurance. I'd rather invest my money in you. You're the best accident insurance I know of."

"Here's where I take the bread out of a poor insurance company's mouth," said Hank.

"Now I want you to hammer it in for us for all it is worth, the whole business. You're to be in complete authority. The captain of the ship is the boss whether the owner is aboard or not."

"If everybody'd learn to drive like that, we'd all be better off"—a whimsical smile came to Hank's face—"except us repairmen."

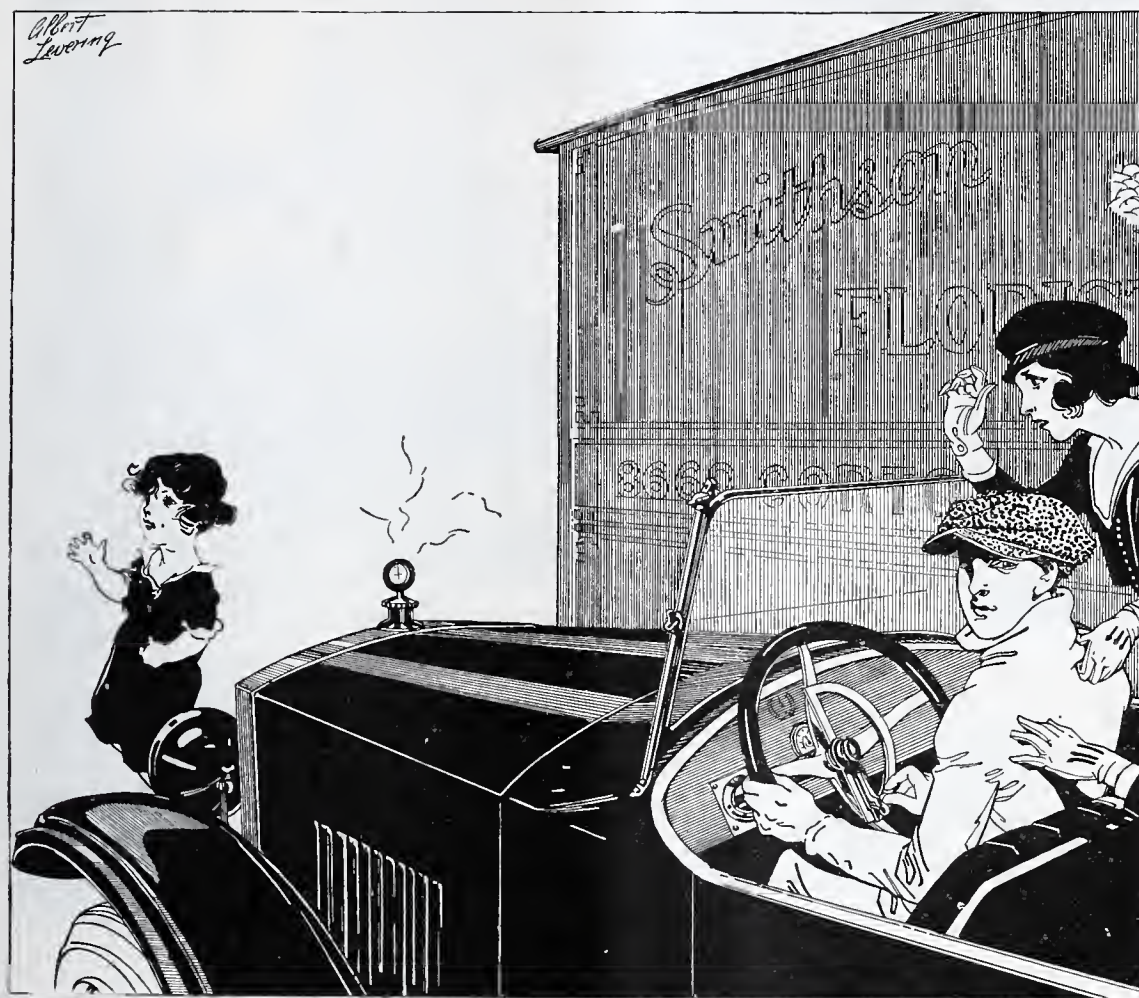
In entering upon the new phase of his duties on Saturday morning Hank again took the wheel.

"I'll take Thad for my sidekick," he said, indicating the adjoining front seat. "We'll do everything all proper and square with a little chatter as we go."

"Illustrating precept by example," said father.

"That's highbrow for it. Now we'll slow down and hug the rail on this turn in case the other fellow should take too much of the road."

"He'd have no right to do that," said



Give a child and a chicken time to make up their minds. They are fine creatures in their ways but slow on the pickup

the sidekick.

"We'd better have our rights crumpled up than our mudguard. How's this, professor, for a whatcha-call-it—precept? Go on the principle that the other fellow is an idiot with a wobbly steering gear. Then the worst that can happen to you is a little pleasant surprise."

Father agreed that this was a perfectly good precept. They took the turn of the road without passing any other driver, sane or idiotic, but they at once overlooked a wagon and the slow speed came handy for passing it. There was a straight clear road ahead then and Hank stepped on the accelerator. He also pilled some chatter on the subject of speed.

"Of course speed laws have a lot of foolishness in them. Fifteen miles an hour down at Market and Main is more dangerous than forty out here on the turnpike. Just the same, you'd better keep an eye on the speedometer and be your own cop. I know a guy who spends about half his time in police court for fast driving. Counting in the time wasted, I figure that his average speed is about the same as that five-ton truck trying to climb up hill."

Upon catching up with that ponderous vehicle, Hank shifted into second and tailed behind at a safe distance.

"We can't pass it because we don't know what may be coming over the top of the hill. A hill's the same as any other kind of a curve. You don't always know what's ahead of a big thing like

that, anyhow, to keep you from slipping back to the right, or what's behind you to come buttin' in. And if the road is wet or rough, it's all the worse. There are about forty-seven things to think of before you try to pass the car ahead. If you forget one of them you may find yourself all speeded up with no place to go."

Hank refreshed himself with a pause. "See there, you might think I ordered it." Over the brow of the hill came a passenger car at full speed. "We'd have made it by a tight squeeze but I'd

IF you beat a train over a crossing you save ten seconds to waste some other way. You have nothing to lose but your life

have been shown up as a bum driver. And if that old mudscow had decided to shake another three miles an hour out of its system at that moment we might have been pocketed. Then, good night! Baby Blitz."

After they had passed the hilltop, also the "mudscow," Hank resumed:

"That's another thing, if a fellow wants to pass you from behind, let him. Don't race him."

"They shall not pass" is a poor motto for a driver," said father, helpfully.

"Or a school teacher," added Gerry.

"Speaking of schools," said Hank, "here is where we slow down to fifteen."

"No use, it's Saturday," said Thad.

"Slowing down on Saturday is very good practice for Thursday."

Here father unloosed another of his favorite theories, the consolidation of rural schools: "The motor car is going to abolish the little red schoolhouse some day."

"Meanwhile," said Hank with ready repartee, "it won't be necessary to abolish the school children."

The Baby Blitz started to speed up again but changed its plans on account of a hen.

"Give a chicken and a child plenty of time to make up their minds," said the oracle. "They are fine creatures in their way but slow on the pickup."

Thus Hank went on, slowly and carefully weaving his fabric with threads of sound advice and appropriate action. Thad looked upon him with something like reverence; it was clear that he had elected Hank the captain of his soul. Gerry drank in his gospel eagerly and father reflected that a splendid teacher had been ruined when this man went in for repairing automobiles, for Hank had the rare faculty of making information stick to smooth young minds. The instructor touched upon a great variety of subjects; signaling with the hand; slowing up for intersecting roads and for anything that might harbor a hidden pedestrian; the proper treatment of bicyclists; of children playing ball; of



Just the same you'd better keep your eye on the speedometer and be your own cop

loads of hay; moving vans; barking dogs; narrow bridges; motorcycles; policemen and all other public nuisances. Also grade crossings—but there was a special chapter on grade crossings!

"Here's where we stop and think things over," said Hank as they approached the unguarded track of the railroad. As there was no sight or sound of a train the Baby Blitz toddled safely across the track.

"These grade crossings ought to be done away with," said father.

"They will be some day—personally I want to live to see the time—that's why I always come to a stop, or nearly so. Of course, you can make a dash for it and probably win. If you beat a passenger train over a grade crossing you will save ten good seconds to waste in some other way; you have nothing to lose but your life. Or you might have all the time in the world and then stall your engine on the track."

"An experienced driver doesn't stall his engine!" Thad handed this down like a court decision.

But Hank was a constant reader of motor periodicals and was fortified with statistics.

"Thirty experienced drivers stalled their engines on railroad tracks last year. A motor car doesn't care any more about its life than a hen. It will run a long way or the chance to die on a railroad track. It will break through gates if necessary. They've even been known to choose that spot to run out of gas."

On the way home the instructor had another good chance to point a moral when they encountered a fellow motorist displaying his tire troubles on a curve of

the road. Hank had to crawl around this obstructionist with great caution, spilling, meanwhile, the following chatter:

"Always hunt a good place to change your tire; otherwise you may have to change more than a tire. Better run her flat for a few yards than give up motoring entirely." The tire changer got this part of the lecture free.

"Do you always follow these rules when you are driving your own car?" asked Thad.

"Don't talk to the motorman," was Hank's reply. "That's another rule."

That night at dinner the talk was all of life awheel; of gears; speed and pick-up; until mother gently applied the brake.

"I still belong to the walking class."

HE who personally conducts a ton of metal along a highway at 25 miles an hour, has no time for monkeyshines

It would be more polite to talk about something I can understand. Feet, for example. Now personally I have the greatest admiration for the human foot."

"Mother's simple tastes!" Gerry giggled.

But if it was hard for the other two fanatics to keep off the subject, for Thad it was next to impossible. He tucked the Baby Blitz into its bed at night and got up early to see how it had slept; he kept it cleaned and polished and went about tightening everything in sight. He racked his brains for new places to

oil. He wanted to clean the carbon out of the cylinders before the carbon had time to collect in them. He removed tires and changed them around in a mad effort to establish a new speed record and he put on chains every time the sun went behind a cloud. He brooded over the brakes and steering gear; he took the spark plug to his room at night to clean it when he might have been better occupied with geometry. Once a vital organ of the commutator spent the night with Thad. Any auto thief who had designs upon the Baby Blitz would have done well to come with a good supply of spare parts.

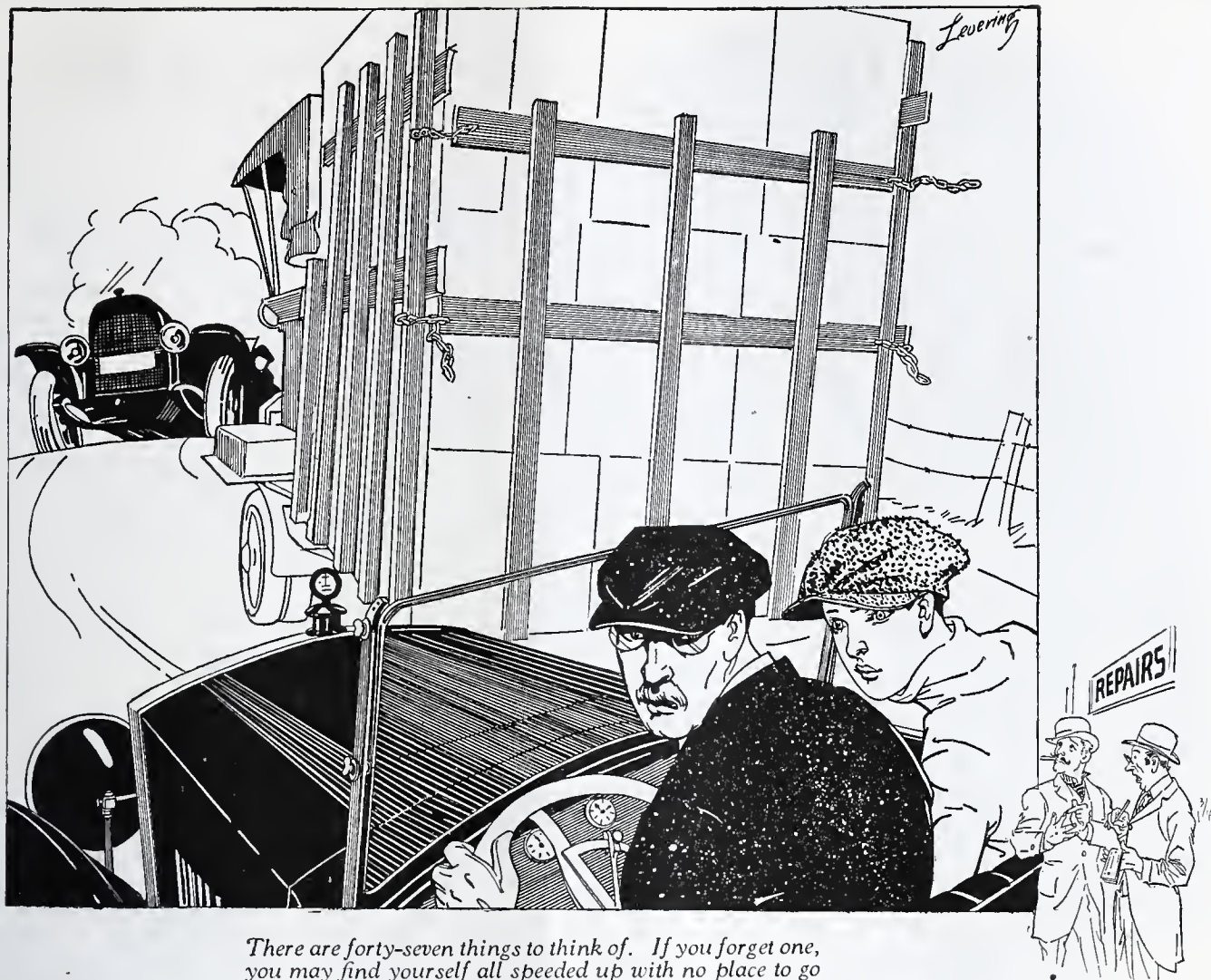
"He's keeping elaborate records on gasoline, oil and tires," said father one night, in defense of his theory that motoring is a liberal education. "He has learned a lot of computations on stroke and bore and piston displacement. He's read two books to pieces and he has studied all the maps in the guide book."

"If he knew that the guide book was geography, he'd be very angry," mother chuckled. "How is he doing about the driving?"

"Not so well as you might expect. He knows too much to follow advice. It's like learning to play golf. Out at the club, Mac says that he'd rather teach greenhorn than a fellow who knows how to play a little. What little he knows is sure to be wrong."

"How about Gerry?"

"Gerry's trouble is the other way—she's a little lacking in confidence. She's probably arrive first, though, at the driving stage. But Thad knows more about the insides of the critter than she will ever know. To Gerry, the engine



There are forty-seven things to think of. If you forget one, you may find yourself all speeded up with no place to go

simply a necessary evil—something complicated and greasy.”

“When I go out to take the air,” said mother, “I’ll have Gerry for chauffeur and Thad for mechanic.”

It was surprising how the two youthful Slaybacks could show such different reactions to the same Baby Blitz. Gerry’s ideal was a limousine with herself inside illustrating “what the well-dressed motorist will wear.” Thad’s soul panted for a stripped chassis so that he could see the wheels go round. He envied the drivers coming through on road tests from a nearby factory, seated on pine boxes and looking very, very mechanical. He wore several holes in his mind trying to invent an electrical device that would embarrass a would-be burglar but would not hurt members of the immediate family, a sort of electrical watchdog. He also had a firm conviction that he could take the doors off the car and put them back properly but a tyrannical parent refused to allow this theory to be tested.

Thad wanted to buy an outfit and “take in” vulcanizing, but he never had money enough at one time because he was always buying desirable little wrenches with which to tighten newly-discovered nuts. He was now habitually lumpy in contour and walked with a pleasing brassy sound as of tire-gauges, valve-parts, spark plugs and keys jangling together. Here and there a cotter pin stuck out of him, menacing his relations. When he decanted himself a greasy flood of steel-bearing balls, from Hank’s junk box, rolled out upon the floor.

But, although Gerry ridiculed her brother’s infatuation as a case of “wheels

in the head”; though she commonly averted her face from him as if he were slightly unsanitary; it was she who constantly outpointed him in driving.

“A person doesn’t have to be greasy clear up to the eyebrows to run a car successfully,” she told her brother.

“Miss Slayback is a good driver,” said Hank in a kind of farewell address. “She could go it alone right now.”

“What would she do if she had a puncture?” asked the scornful Thad.

“I’d shriek for help,” said Gerry.

“And I’ll bet you’d get it,” said the gallant Hank.

In time, the Slaybacks went forth in a family party with the neophytes taking turns at the wheel, but neither Gerry

HE couldn’t help the smash-up, but he could have helped passing at high speed in a thickly settled district

nor Thad was as yet allowed to take out the car alone. Thad felt this injustice keenly, yet he would continue to forget the rules and was constantly being reduced to the ranks for transgressions.

“Lon Miller drives their car all the time!” he complained. “He’s no older than I am and he doesn’t know as much about a machine.”

“Mr. Miller is not a public servant,” was father’s reply. “He can live his own life. If Lon has a smashup they can afford a new car; not that I am defending him for letting Lon drive.

The boy is pretty reckless.”

And sure enough, Lon’s recklessness did come home to roost one day in a mixup which involved a Polish laborer, a two-horse farm wagon and the high-powered Miller car. The pedestrian escaped injury but the farm outfit suffered and the Miller car would never be the same again. Lon was believed to have got off easy with a bad cut from the windshield. His father suffered considerable financial damage and, what hurt him more, the loss of his license for the rest of the year.

“It was that Polish fellow’s fault,” said Thad as the matter was up for dinnertime discussion. “He stopped square in front of the car and Lon—”

“You’re forgetting the code,” said father. “Think again. Now, whose fault was it?”

“But how could Lon help it?”

“He couldn’t help the smashup but he could have helped passing a wagon at high speed in a thickly settled district and without sounding his horn. He was violating the most fundamental of all rules—go cautiously past anything that hides part of the road. Until you learn that you may not drive alone. By the way, I have been having a talk with Rod Bulkley, the constable. I told him about our course of training and promised that you children would not run the car until I was personally satisfied that you were able to drive it. I think Bulkley appreciates our efforts for safety. Of course, nobody under eighteen is allowed a driver’s license or is permitted to run a car alone.

Rod Bulkley, in addition to being constable and. (Continued on Page 66)



WHY NOT DO AS SAGINAW DOES?

By Clare Tree Major



Wallace Craig Smith, leader and organizer of the Saginaw idea. The Club Room where the service man is welcome

“JUST folks, working together to make the other fellow a little healthier, a little happier, and a little better fitted to meet life's problems.” That is how Wallace Craig Smith, chairman of one of the most efficient Red Cross chapters in the United States, describes the enthusiastic band of trained leaders and volunteers in the City of Saginaw, Michigan. They are regarded as, “Just folks” by the people of Saginaw County, folks to whom they can take their troubles, or offer their little contribu-

tions of service. To be “just folks”—kindly, helpful, practical and efficient, is the keynote of the splendid work that is being accomplished by this unusual organization.

The Red Cross has but one home in Saginaw. Mindful of lost time in other cities, the chance visitor carefully explains to the taxi driver, “Please take me to Red Cross Chapter headquarters; not the Home Service, not the Health Centre, but the Chapter headquarters.” The man looks puzzled for a moment, then says, “There

ain't but one Red Cross here; it's in the Armory.” Armory? Then it must be Home Service! But you decide to drive there anyway, since at least they can tell you where to find the Chapter office. You alight at the Armory, feel distinctly comforted at the sight of the big Red Cross flag over the doorway, and go up the broad stairs to the first floor. There, if you are an idealist, you stand stock still and refuse to believe your eyes. A Red Cross Chapter going full blast and all under one roof! To convince yourself that you are not

Clare Tree Major

dreaming you make a tour of the spacious floor. To your right is a doorway marked "Dietitian," another is marked, "Visiting Housekeeper," a step takes you past the accounting department, and a few more bring you to a doorway with the sign, "Clinic." The big carpeted waiting room looks so inviting that you decide to enter here, so you walk past the neat desks and comfortable chairs to the other end of the room, to see what the two doors you notice there may disclose. First, you look into the one on the right and find yourself face to face with an efficient looking, white-gowned nurse. She smilingly invites you into her domain and you hesitatingly step into a perfectly appointed, gleamingly-white enamel and nickel surgical room, whose well-stocked cases of instruments and pungent odor of disinfectants seem far away from their usual setting—a modern hospital.

The nurse explains to you that this is the City Clinic—given house-room and a nurse by the Red Cross—where all persons who handle the food supply of Saginaw must come every six months for examination for communicable disease. No person is permitted to work in any industry affecting in the slightest degree the food of the people without a card from this clinic. In this way, Saginaw intends to build up the health of her people. Listening to the bright faced nurse and noting the efficiency of her equipment, you know that the effort will be successful.

The door to the left opens into another spacious room, which contains the desk of the City's social welfare worker. By extending the hospitality of office accommodation to this official, The Chapter co-operates in social relief work, and there is no duplication of effort. Your sense of the far-sightedness of such a policy reminds you that you have at yet met the man responsible for this interesting organization, and you hurry out to continue your tour of inspection.

Next to the clinic, you pass a door marked, "Store Room" and you have visions of neat closets filled with first aid supplies and all the other equipment which might be needed at any time to take care of a possible local catastrophe. Past the broad stairs and on the other side of the hall you pause again. On the wall outside the first door is a blackboard, on which is announced a meeting of the American Legion and another of the Sanitary Corps. Through the glass door, you see a large room, attractively carpeted, furnished with a big library table covered with magazines, a player piano, and a wealth of comfortable chairs placed just where they will be most appreciated. At the end of the room is the desk of the worker

whose business it is to see that visitors are taken care of and their needs attended to. It is all so homey and comfortable that you look for some sign to tell you more about it and you find it above the door, "Soldiers and Sailors Club Room." Now, your pulses begin to leap indeed. Here is no bare, uncomfortable room where only the unfortunate come to tell their stories and ask for aid. This is the service man's room, where he may drop in to exchange yarns of the old days with his buddies, where the man still in uniform may spend an idle hour, where the spirit born in the great struggle on the other side of the Atlantic may grow into a new and better ideal of brotherhood.

Opening into the club room is the Home Service Department, with its corps of workers, and further along the hall you find, at last, the office of the author of this practical demonstration of inspired idealism, the Chairman of Saginaw Red Cross Chapter.

WALLACE CRAIG SMITH is a busy man and like most men who really do things, a very modest one. He isn't interested in talking about himself or, to any great extent, about his co-workers. It is only when you talk of the work; of the things Saginaw chapter is doing and hopes to do for the people of Saginaw county; that you glimpse the strength of the man. He will quietly outline for you a plan of welfare and health work so complete and far-reaching that it almost takes away your breath. He tells you that Saginaw Chapter employs seven visiting trained nurses, whose first duty was to care for the families of service men, but whose work was soon extended to take in needy cases of illness among civilians and, in addition, the nursing director now holds classes in home nursing and the proper feeding of the sick. He tells you it is his hope and plan to place a visiting nurse at every point in the rural

districts where she is needed, a nurse who will live with the people, ministering to their needs, and making her office a health and teaching center for the community. Already, one such center has been established in Chesaning, a village from which the nurse can conveniently reach the rural schools and the people of the surrounding territory. As more nurses are secured they will be placed at other convenient points.

Mr. Smith believes in the trained, paid worker. Every department of welfare work in the Chapter is under such direction. Even the volunteer must submit to a course of training if she would do efficient work. To use his own words, "The service must be intelligent. Something more than a kind heart and good intentions are required for a successful social worker. A little well-meant bungling at a critical point may wreck a family or ruin a life." So he sends on his errands of mercy, people he can trust to be tactful, human and understanding, as well as practical.

"It isn't always money that people need," he explains. "We seldom give material relief. That is the work primarily of the Associated Charities. Mostly it is just the sort of helping hand that only the Red Cross can give; the idea that somebody knows and cares; that somebody is standing by to see that a man makes good." Then he will perhaps tell of a case like this. A sugar beet factory outside Saginaw brought from Detroit a man who had a family of twelve children. The man expected the work to be permanent but when the summer was over he was discharged. At about the same time, Red Cross attention was called to the need of the mother, who was sick, and a nurse was sent to care for her. It was too late, however, and the mother died. The case was taken up by the civilian relief department and a successful effort was made to interest the man's late employer. He agreed to move the

family into Saginaw, where the man might find work, and in addition paid a bonus of \$25.00 to start the family in its new home. The man was a good worker and a position was found for him. The visiting housekeeper went each day to the home; taught the fifteen year old girl, who was now the home-maker, just how to shop, what foods were most necessary, and how to cook them. She taught her how to plan her work so as to keep the house comfortable at the least cost in strength to herself. She arranged to send the younger children to school and a part-time job was found for the eldest boy. It is only a month since the family was moved to Saginaw but already the daughter has become so efficient that the housekeeper calls only twice a

(Continued on Page 77.)

WE are in the midst of a great unrest—following the war. We've lived through the worries and dreads of a great coal strike and a dangerous steel strike. Do you want to know just what is the background of a steel worker's life—what his aims and ambitions are? Do you want to know how a coal miner's environment looks to him? We shall publish just that in May. Whiting Williams, financial secretary, social worker, authority on labor problems, has spent seven months in actual work with the steel laborers and the coal miners. He knows them—their lives—their hopes—their fears. His article will throw light on one of to-day's crucial problems



A typical courthouse in Kentucky where a clinic for blindness is being held. The horses of patients are hitched along the fence

FIGHTIN' THE BLINDNESS

The struggle against the shadow that hangs over the Kentucky mountains

IN THE summer of Nineteen Seven, a certain Miss Linda Neville heard about people "with troublin' eyes" up in the Kentucky Mountains who didn't know that anything could be done for them. She heard about one girl, for instance, who had been sent down to Lexington by one of the settlement schools. This girl was newly blind. She had not acquired the "long patience" of the mountain people. She was restless and unhappy and it was hard to know what to do for her. Miss Neville asked what treatment the girl had had while she was going blind. The answer was that she had had none. She had not known anything could be done. Her parents had not known. She had tried herbs and bandages, and these failing, had slowly, in a mood of dumb rebellion, gone blind at eighteen. And, although the settlement school had sent her away to be taught weaving and spinning, and such things as the blind could do, she stubbornly refused to learn. "I don't want larnin'," she said, "if I cyant see."

Miss Linda Neville listened to this story. Then she went to Hindman, Kentucky, to investigate. Here she heard of another instance—a man, in

By Hortense Flexner

a remote place, who had sent word by a traveller that "his eye had busted and that he wanted to have it healed." There was no doctor or oculist near enough to him to make an examination.

The third instance came home to her. She was sitting on the porch one morning, when a young man came feeling his way to the gate. This man was about twenty-five, strong and hearty-looking but quite blind. He said that he had heard of "the folks as had gone on the railroad and been healed!" and he had sold his banjo for six dollars so that he, too, could go on the railroad and be healed.

From that day, Miss Neville has fought the fight of the blind and those going blind in Kentucky. She has literally saved thousands of eyes, although she is neither doctor nor nurse, but just "a motherin' managin' woman," who has known what to do and has never spared herself in the doing of it. Miss Neville has followed a simple but an exacting program. She

has brought the people with "sufferin' eyes" to the doctors, or the doctors to them. On Caney Creek, Cow Creek, in Sore Heel Goller and on Poor Fork, on Greasy, Cut-Shin and in countless other places, she has ridden from settlement to settlement, talking of the "brought on" doctors and nurses who were coming. She has been asked "to light and take a night," in small windowless cabins, and she has done so. For Miss Neville is "plum common," the mountain people say and that is the opposite of "plum stuck up." When she starts away on her mule in the morning, she has either the promise of the patient to come to the clinic or his tempered assurance that he will be there "apt as not."

In addition, she has carried on a steady campaign of education. She found where travelling clinics were most needed and went to these places with doctors, nurses and supplies. She made the hopeless, steady, "endurin'" mountain people realize that something could be done "for troublin' eyes." Then she saw to it that it was done!

For it is one thing to go blind in a city where the touch with life may be partly maintained and quite another

go blind like the men and women in the Kentucky mountains. Men and women, who have seen their own parents grow blind and who know the bleak monotony of blindness in lonely places, "mistrust" with good reason the darkness coming down on them. They know the full meaning of that darkness. They know the emptiness and the long sitting still and the chill of being set apart. They see themselves, these gray people with the cloud in their eyes, feeling a doubtful way about the walls, stumbling at the doorstep, or being led to the well by a child. And they are afraid of that day when the neighbor will say those grim words of comfort, which are as old as the Kentucky mountains themselves: "There's been others before you. What has been stood, can be stood!"

It has been known for years, of course, that blindness is a plague in the Kentucky mountains. This condition has been brought about by the neglect and spread of trachoma, a disease of the eye, that has, in some unknown way, been carried to the remote places of the mountains. Trachoma, of course, may be cured by simple treatment in its early phases, and may be greatly helped, even when it is advanced. Nevertheless thousands of people have gone blind year after year, simply because they have had no treatment.

The settlement schools have sent down to hospitals in Louisville and Lexington such patients as they could persuade to come and arrange to have taken. But the schools are forty and fifty miles from the railroad and people with partial sight cannot take such long, rough journeys alone. So it has come about in certain neighborhoods and along many of the more backward creeks that there have been found over and over again communities or "nests" where serious diseases of the eye are practically epidemic. For while trachoma does not blind all whom it attacks, it invariably impairs vision, and in time destroys the sight of the great majority. The communicable nature of the disease has caused it to take root and spread, and to



attack old and young alike.

So all these years the people of the mountains have not known how to combat this plague. They have not indeed, up to now, thought of combatting it. Rather they have accepted it as "a judgment of the Lord." They said that a neighbor, whose eyes showed the first inflammation, had been "stricken," just as people who were stricken with plague are spoken of in the Bible. Men and women who felt a burning under their eye-lids thought "twas writ in the Book" that they were to be blind. Sometimes they tried herbs or patent medicines as a remedy, but as a rule it was recognized that there was no help for the "judgment of the Lord." Those who had trachoma knew they "jest had to set down to bein' blind," and that was one thing that made the "judgment" dreadful.

Since Miss Neville began her work, she has brought children and adults to Lexington who had never seen a railroad or a telephone. Once, she brought a child of twelve, who had never seen a two-story house and had to be taught to walk upstairs. When patients came to the clinics who could not be treated in a few days, arrangements were made for their care in hospitals of the larger cities. Physicians, oculists, hospitals, and the railroads, by giving free transportation to the indigent, have co-operated in the work and helped to keep expenses down.

In the beginning there were no funds. Then the Mountain Fund was started. This fund was only a small varying sum of money, never more than a thousand dollars in any one year, often only three or four hundred dollars, put at the disposal of Miss Neville anonymously by friends.

Now that the work has been established and the United States Public Health Service and the Red Cross have brought their powerful resources to the fight against blindness, that early struggle seems far away—those long days of going ahead and wondering where the money for medicines, artificial eyes and supplies was to come from; when there were no beds to be had in free hospitals,



The picture above shows how some of the younger patients, while waiting for their turn, while away the time singing "Barbara Allen" and other old-time songs. The lower picture shows the kind of cabin "back in the mountains" where the shadow of blindness is darkest



Miss Neville starting across the mountains with five cases too serious to be handled at the local clinic

when it seemed almost impossible to reach some emergency case delayed by "a tide in the creek."

In 1912, a trachoma survey was made in seven counties of Eastern Kentucky by Surgeon John McMullen of the U. S. Public Health Service. The tabulation showed that out of 4,000 people examined, 500 had trachoma. Later, a survey of all the mountain counties was made and 33,000 cases of trachoma were reported in a population of 550,000. Many of these cases were found in the schools and among very young children. As a result of the report, the Government opened three trachoma hospitals in Knott, Leslie, and Breathitt counties.

IN the meantime, Miss Neville was educating the people of the state.

"This is Kentucky's problem," she was saying, "and I am doing everything I can to make prevention of blindness an integral part of every social movement in the state. I am getting myself invited to clubs, missionary societies, banquets and meetings, and I am insisting on telling what is happening in unknown parts of Kentucky. Sometimes I have been quite unpleasant about it and once at a large meeting, it was found that I had no right to be speaking at all! So I had to stop, though I had so much more to tell. I hadn't even got to the story of little Surry Ann, who came down to the children's hospital for an operation. After she had almost recovered, I was permitted to take her out for her first walk. We came to some sparrows twittering and hopping about and Surry Ann stopped, delighted. 'See them birds! Them gintle city birds!' she said. 'See how gintle they are. They don't throw at them here like they do at home.'"

In 1914, when the National Committee on Prevention of Blindness was organized as a result of the co-operation of the Rockefeller and Russell Sage Foundations, Miss Neville was placed on the advisory board. The New York Committee had previously urged her to form the Kentucky Society for the Prevention of Blindness and she had been named executive secretary of the Society and, with its backing and that of the New York Committee, had succeeded in having the Legislature pass two laws of great importance.

The last great help given the movement has come from the Red Cross. Men with trachoma had enlisted as soldiers and, on being questioned, reported similar cases in their families and neighborhoods. So the Red Cross went with the United States Public Health Service into districts where help was needed and established clinics, to which all persons with eye trouble were free to come.

It is with the Red Cross that Miss Neville works to-day, organizing clinics and adapting herself and the clinic to the special needs of the community. Sometimes she is a manager and sometimes a helper. Again, she will speak at a moving picture performance, arranged to entertain the patients.

SHE described one of her experiences the other day: "It was a mountain clinic, held in a small town surrounded by beautiful hills. As usual, all our supplies had to be shipped in and we were fortunate enough not to lose instruments or blankets, as sometimes happens. The Lake Division office lent cots and blankets; towels, gowns and more blankets were lent by the Mountain Fund. We arrived at F—— at noon, having come twelve miles over a

bad road. Arrangements were made to hold the clinic in the court house. There was no other place and we were glad to hear that there was 'very little lawing' in the county and that we were not likely to be disturbed."

OUR first problem was to get the court house clean. As the local Red Cross had invited the clinic to come, we had many helpers. I put the Superintendent of Schools to work at sweeping the floors. The Mayor of the town dropped in and we asked him to have the little smoky kerosene lamps cleaned. The Mayor, however, knew nothing of kerosene lamps and we finally had to give the work to somebody else. By the next day we had things in order. The County Judge's room had been turned into a temporary store-room, the Circuit Court room was a hospital with twenty cots. The juror's room served as an operating room and we gave the anaesthetic in the witness room. I had washed out 100 towels in cold water—and we were ready to begin."

"But we were greatly disturbed by the water question. There had been a long drouth, the wells had dried up, and the only way water could be had was to haul it from the river. We sent for a barrel but were told that there wasn't a barrel in town. A hunting party was sent out and discovered one standing by the river bank. It was quickly filled but the dry weather had warped it and it leaked. Here was an emergency. The patients were due to arrive the next day and there would be no water. We put the barrel in the river, moored it to the shore and hoped that the boards would swell up and fill the cracks. This plan was successful and in the morning we had our barrel of water ready."

The difficulties of advertising a clinic in such a country are many. The posters ask all people "with weak or sore eyes" to come to the Court House, but many people cannot read and may not hear of the clinic.

"I usually take a position on the main street of the town," said Miss Neville, "and I stop everybody going by. The people look at me a little strangely but they spread word of the clinic. Sometimes, I go to the schools with the doctor. In a certain district we wished to reach four schools and the roads were so bad that it took us an entire day to cover the ground between them. At the schools, I hear of people whose homes should be visited. A child with trachoma in the school, means three or four cases at home."

MISS NEVILLE remembers one clinic, however, at which there was too much advertising. It happened in one of the small rural villages. The clinic had just been opened but it was noticed that the patients were vanishing. They were traced to the hotel of the town, where it was discovered that a representative of some spectacle firm from another state had set up shop and was offering to cure all diseases of the eye for ten dollars. They immediately "had the law on him!" and after making him pay a fine of fifty dollars, sent him back to his own state.

The next morning, the town was fairly humming, for a clinic is an occasion. The hitching-bar in front of the Court House was as full as on court day. Patients arrived early, men who had ridden into town the afternoon before with a "poke" (bag) of corn or a chicken to sell; whole families that had walked and others that had come in wagons. The waiting room was soon crowded. There were women wearing shawls or strange old-fashioned jackets, sitting silent and troubled with their babies in their laps. There was a lovely young girl of fourteen and her brother with a black rag tied about his eyes. An old man with cataract drew down his cap and stared vacantly ahead. A gray and wrinkled mid-wife who had walked from Black Mountain held her gnarled hands over her eyes and slept while she waited. In a far corner, a young man in a coon-skin cap and brown leggings leaned his chin on his stick, quite lost to what was happening around him. The room was very still, even the children were still, though they watched eagerly the trained nurse who came to the door to summon the patients.

There were many bad eyes in the room, and a number of operations were necessary. Some were done

with cocaine, others under ether. But there was little show of fear. The pretty girl wanted to know if there would be a scar on her eye-lid and one of the mothers decided at the last moment that she couldn't wait to have her children treated, because she had to go home and water the cow. Miss Neville used all her powers of persuasion, but the woman insisted that the cow had to be watered.

Another and a different kind of mother came to this clinic, having walked fourteen miles in one day, with six children, the youngest in her arms. Every one of them but the baby had trachoma and several operations were necessary. When Miss Neville told her, she said, "I'm trustin' you—and if you say it's for the best, I ain't aiming to dispute with you. I want 'em all to have good sight!"

Late in the afternoon, a powerful man with iron-gray hair, iron-gray eyes and a grave, masterful bearing carried his small son into the room. The man stood at the door and there was about him the authority and stern dignity that men in important places exhibit on serious occasions. When Miss Neville asked him about the boy, he said, "He haint seed good for four years. I brought him 'cause I'm aimin' to have him see!"

IT was clear why the boy had not seen for four years, although he did not have trachoma. Miss Neville, after consulting the surgeon, told the father that if he would allow the child to go to Louisville, she would have the trouble corrected but that the treatment would require several weeks. The man was silent a moment. "I want him to go with you," he said, "but I've got to ask his mother. She's plum crazy about the boy. The influenzy come into the family and killed mighty nigh all the children, and I won't send this un away till she says he can go!" Miss Neville pointed out that the boy needed attention. "I'm aimin' to send him," the man repeated, "but his mother's got to know it."

Another mountaineer brought his daughter, a pitiful child with the worst

case of trachoma that came to the clinic. The two had walked that day over Pine Mountain, which is more than six miles. The child was operated on at once and the father stayed in the ward with her until she was able to start home.

"We have many men who come to take care of their children," said Miss Neville. "These fathers are rarely in the way. We take them into the ward, where they wait on 'whomever needs them. I have waked up in the night and seen a grizzly mountaineer giving his child a drink, drawing a cover over a feverish boy and generally looking after the patients."

"It is not everybody, however, who understands the purposes of the 'furriners.' One father, the best known and the most aimless beggar in the district, brought his five-year old son, who needed an operation. But the father could not make up his mind to give his permission. At last, after a prolonged argument with the surgeon, he "signed his name but signed it unwilling." While the child was waiting his turn, an older brother came running to the clinic, saying that the father had changed his mind and that the child could not be operated on. But it was too late, although the older boy declared 'there's a gun at home and Pap's like to shoot hisself!' The father did not shoot himself, however, and the child is now quite well."

After a clinic, there are always patients to be brought down on the railroad. "The patients who come down with me," said Miss Neville, "are not all ignorant and not all of them are poor. Very often they are both, but then again there will be people well able to pay, who come because there are no doctors to be had at home. Perhaps my most eventful trip of this kind was taken one autumn with five patients, four of whom were helplessly blind. One of these was a woman who said, when I asked if she had permission to be operated on, 'Haint nobuddy cares!' She lived two and one-half miles beyond our starting point and was to meet us on the road."

"Another patient was a child, who said, when she finally got to the railroad after the forty-mile drive, and sat down in the car, 'Well, it's jest like settin' at home.' There was also a little girl who was lame and almost blind and an older child, the daughter of one of the most intelligent men in the district. We were to meet still another, a



One of the difficulties in the transportation of trachoma cases in the mountain districts

Fightin' the Blindness

'yarb' doctor, on the way. So we started on our forty-mile ride, sitting in a springless jolt wagon. We had cases of instruments with us, and the roads were so bad and the load so heavy that everybody but the helpless got out and walked up the hills. A heavy rain came up in the late afternoon and made our progress slower than ever. We had hoped to get to a roadhouse—an "All-night stayingest house"—before dark but we saw that we could not. So we huddled under the canvas cover and tried to keep up our courage."

"But my companions were silent and depressed, starting out, as they were, into unknown country to be cared for by strangers. The starting had required effort enough and now the gloom and noise of the rain on the canvas top of the wagon seemed to weigh down the spirits of the tired travelers. 'Hit pears like twan't right to come,' said the woman beside me, 'cause the flood was sent to turn us back.' I was trying to discourage this idea when suddenly there was a snap outside. The driver jerked up the mules, put on the brake, and told us we should have to get out. A piece of the harness had broken. Far down the road, probably an eighth of a mile, I could see a light and I knew it was the inn. I thought it better to walk that far rather than to wait on the uncertain chance of the harness being mended. So I got out and lifted or helped my five patients out into the mud and pouring rain and started with them to walk to the light. I think it was the longest walk I have ever taken. They were so tired and 'low-sperrited' and only two of them could really see that the light was getting nearer. But

at last we did stumble into the house and were given two rooms, all there were to spare, with our clothes and shoes drying at a rather meagre fire."

Miss Neville added that great anxiety attends such trips because she must see to it that the infection of the eyes is not spread. She herself washes out the basins with a disinfectant; sees that clothes are properly cared for; and informs the landlady as to the way in which the towels must be washed.

On another of these journeys, Miss Neville was to bring down several children from one of the creeks where there was much disease and misery. Two of the children had serious diseases of the eye and the third was almost deaf. "Still they had a very fine time on the train," said Miss Neville. "I remember especially how happy little Polly Ann was and how she told Leanna, whose vision was not so good as her own, the sights we were passing. Even the deaf child, Abasha, was bright and talkative. Finally, we fell to discussing names of people and I asked Polly Ann what her other sisters and brothers were named. There was a Lethy, an Orene and Arleny. Then she asked if I had any sisters and I told her one, named Mary. She looked at me seriously, repeating 'Mary.' Then she said, 'I never heard that name!'"

A little fellow came down from the mountains and stayed at Miss Neville's home. The boy grew very homesick and Miss Neville was much put to it to entertain him and keep him satisfied. Finally he "lowed" he was leavin' the next day. His eyes were not well and Miss Neville trying to persuade him to stay, told him the story of Helen Keller. He listened very respectfully for a

while, then put out his hands and stopped her. "I see you're laying me a parable," he said, "but I'm aimin' to leave tomorrer anyways."

Occasionally, a patient brought down to a hospital by Miss Neville, would develop some contagious disease, which made it impossible to keep him.

"Children have sometimes developed diphtheria in Lexington and we had to move them from the hospital. The first time this happened, we did not know what to do. After a while, I remembered an empty cottage on our block and, as it was summer, we had a cot moved into this house and kept the child there until he was well. Another time, a youth of twenty had been brought down for an abdominal operation. While he was under observation he developed the itch. We told him he could not remain but that he would be moved to this same cottage which served as a sort of emergency ward. I remember his astonishment at our serious treatment of this, to him, harmless malady. 'Hit ain't nothin' but the eech!' he told me, as we were getting him ready. But when he was able to go back to the hospital for the operation he seemed to have lost courage. He told us that his parents had given the doctors permission to 'put him to sleep' in Louisville, not Lexington, and that he did not believe the Lexington doctors knew how to 'put people to sleep.' I assured him this was not the case but he insisted and we sent him home. We never operate on any person who has not obtained written permission from his parents or guardian authorizing the step."

There are many mountain children who have never (*Continued on page 77.*)



A trachoma patient travelling to a clinic on a homemade stretcher

*The flivver, the cookie-jar,
the judge, and*

MA FISHER'S BLACK SHEEP

By Elizabeth Cooper

Illustrated by J. E. Allen

MRS. FISHER stood on the top cellar step with a dishpan of potatoes resting on her generous hip and watched with interest the woman who was slowly coming up the pathway. Her face plainly showed the pleasure she felt at the sight of her visitor and her blue eyes shone a welcome as she extended her hand to Mrs. Carlyle, the wife of a New York lawyer, who always came to spend the summer in the pretty bungalow built on the border of a little lake hidden in the hills of Pennsylvania.

"How do you do, Mis' Carlyle. I'm real glad to see you agin'. I was feered you might not come up this Spring, it's so rainy." They went into the kitchen, a chair was brought by a little girl for Mrs. Carlyle, another for Mrs. Fisher, who seated herself with the pan of potatoes on her lap.

Mrs. Fisher sighed as she seated herself.

"Well, I'm glad you come up at this time. I mortal hate to peel potatoes but it's the only time I git to rest my legs and run my tongue. Have your folks in well this winter?" she inquired.

The two women talked for a time regarding the health of their respective families, not without many interruptions from the children who passed in and out of the room, asking questions of the mother or receiving reprimands in no uncertain tones as her keen eyes watched them at their work or play. Finally she grew impatient of their noise and said:

"Wait a minit, Mis' Carlyle, til I git these young'uns to doin' their chores, then we can have a minit to ourselves." She went to the door and called to a boy who was making the air resound with summer blows upon some piece of old machinery that he was evidently trying to put together.

"Johnny," she called. "Stop that summering and git your night's wood. Ummy, git your calf feed ready. Willie, I catch you playin' in them tomato plants agin, I'll thrash the daylights out

of you. We ain't got enough plants this year as it is, without you diggin' 'em all up. Go feed your chickens and see if you kin find that rat hole in the coop. The rats is takin' our little chickens somethin' awful this year!" She watched with interest a little girl of about nine years of age come through the yard. As the girl came to the door, her mother said:

"My land of Goshen, child! What you got on your head?"

"It's a ribbon Mis' White give me," answered the little girl.

"Yes, but what you got it tied around that way fer?"

"It's the new style. It's like she ties hers."

"Is it? Then I don't think much of it. Looks as if you had a headache. Why don't you make a bow of it instid of wrappin' it around like a rag."

"Mis' White says that ain't stylish now."

"Stylish fiddlesticks! What's stylish fer city folks ain't stylish fer us. Take it off and keep it fer Sunday."

"Oh, Ma!" the little girl protested.

"Don't 'Oh Ma' me. Git that ribbon off and go change your apron. Help Edna git in the clothes and remember it's your night to wash the dishes. Sammy'll wipe and Jennie'll set

up. Hurry along now."

A boy pushed past her, threw an armful of wood into the woodbox, then started hurriedly out through the front door of the house, but his evident desire to escape was not lost upon his mother, although her back was towards him. She turned quickly.

"Johnnie! No, you don't," she cried to the retreating form. "Git another armful of wood and some chips. That box ain't full yet."

"But I want to play ball, Ma. Floyd has come over," he said in an aggrieved voice. "He's waitin fer me."



Mrs. Fisher watched with interest the woman who was slowly coming up the path

Ma Fisher's Black Sheep

"Never you mind!" was the answer in a tone that showed refusal might be dangerous. "You git in your wood. Don't you say nothin'," as the boy started to speak. "You do as I say or I'll git the strap."

She left the kitchen door and again sat down with the pan of potatoes on her lap.

"The boys are all goin' crazy 'over the new ball team that Floyd Brannin' has got up and they chase around and yell every night fit to split their lungs. Well, I guess we kin have a spell of peace now and I'm glad as I'm plumb tired out."

"I see you washed to-day, Mrs. Fisher. Did you have a big wash?" inquired Mrs. Carlyle.

"Mortal big and I ain't through yet. I got to the dark clothes and there's some overalls and rowdies that's turrible to wash. I'll let 'em soak till to-morrow."

"You ought to have a washing machine," said Mrs. Carlyle.

"Yes, I know it and I'm goin' to git one when I sell the black heifer. Pa's bin goin' to git me one every year fer six years when he sold the hogs. But somethin' always happened that we couldn't spare the money, what with sickness and other things that had to come first."

"How did your canning come out last year? I left while you were in the midst of it. Did you put up many vegetables?" inquired Mrs. Carlyle.

"YES, quite some," was the answer. "I put up two hundred and fifty-seven quarts of tomatoes, a barrel of sourkrout, and would 'a put up more but the cut worms got into the cabbages and took off a lot before we could paris green 'em, and I done about sixty quarts of plums and cherries and apples and pie plant, and made some crab-apple butter and currant jell, and would 'a put up more but sugar was so high. There was quite a lot of odds and ends from the garden, like peas and beans and corn that I done a new way and they kept real well. I didn't lose nothin' but some cold tomato catsup which spiled on me but I guess my rubbers was old. It never pays to use old rubbers but, when cannin' time comes, I need so many things that I have to skimp on some and I skimmed on rubbers, which is foolish."

Mrs. Carlyle looked at Mrs. Fisher as she sat there peeling the potatoes and she asked, as she had asked many times before, "Mrs. Fisher, how *do* you do it?"

"Well, it keeps me what you might call busy! But it ain't so bad now Edna is bigger and takes a lot off my shoulders. But with the washin' and the ironin' and the mendin' and the patchin' and the cookin' and puttin' in the garden in the Spring and cannin' in the Fall, and keepin' the young 'uns fit fer school, I don't git no time to be very sociable. I ain't bin off the place but twice since you was here last Fall. One was to go to my brother's when he lost his oldest son and the other was when Ben's wife had a baby."

"By the way, how are the boys?" asked Mrs. Carlyle.

"They're all doin' real well. Ben's got a lot paid off his mortgage on his farm and bought some more cattle. He's milkin' forty head now. Claude's got the lumber contract over back of Honesdale and's haulin' props. He's got two teams over. Burt's workin' at the same place he was last year and Fred's drivin' an oil truck for the fuel company. It's awful hard work to drive a big truck over them roads but Fred's a good driver. You know he drove an ambulance in France!" she said with pride in her voice.

"Are the boys all back from France?" asked Mrs. Carlyle.

"Yes, they all come back all right."

"How many went over?"

"Three. They could 'a had five, if the Government had showed sense. When I heard there was a call fer the boys and that lots of 'em was gittin' out o' goin', claimin' they had families to support, I wrote my married boys that if I heard they were tryin' to git out of fightin' fer their country by hidin' behind their women's backs, they'd hear from me. I told 'em to send their wives and kids home, we had plenty of potatoes and lots of room in the attic to put up cots and I guess we could manage some way until the war was over. But the Government only took one married one. They said Claude had a rupture. Fiddlesticks! I guess if he could load props all day in the woods, he could carry a gun. But they wouldn't take him and Burt had something wrong with his eyes. I was mad clean through and wanted to write the man in Milford and tell him what I thought of him but Pa wouldn't let me. Jim and Ben and Bot went and they're back all safe and sound."

"Has Jim been back since he came home?" inquired Mrs. Carlyle.

THE mother hesitated for a moment. She was wondering if Mrs. Carlyle had heard any of the gossip regarding Jim since he had come back. He was the black sheep of her family and, although the father and every one else condemned him, the mother never gave up the hope that "it would all come right some time" and although for months she would not hear from him, regularly once a fortnight Jim received a letter from her or a box of cake or an apple pie or something to remind him of home and tell him that mother was thinking of him.

Finally she said, "No, he ain't bin home yet but he's workin' real hard and ain't had much time. He's drivin' a taxi in New York now!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Carlyle. "His stand is near my husband's office. He sends for Jim when he needs a taxi."

Mrs. Fisher turned eagerly towards her visitor. "Is that so?" she said. "Well, I'm real glad! Then I kin hear from you how Jim is from time to time. Does he look well?" she asked.

"Yes, he looked very well the last time I saw him," answered Mrs. Carlyle. She did not tell the mother

that she had talked with Jim about his mother and that he had said he wrote home every week. Jim, of all the numerous Fisher brood, was no favorite with Mrs. Carlyle. The two women were quiet for a moment. Mrs. Carlyle wondering if it would do any good to speak to the mother about her son. She knew that it was only Mrs. Fisher that had any influence with her grown sons. This mother with her sharp tongue and her "strap" was the dominating character of the home, as the father was a kindly, good-natured man, too lazy to correct the children, too lazy to exert himself to move from the shady side of the porch in the summer and warm side of the stove in the winter, except when called to the table. Mrs. Fisher realized all of "Pa's" shortcomings and in moments of anger would tell him quite frankly that he "was good fer nothin' but to set." But she was loyal to him and would allow no one else to say a word against the head of the house. When a neighbor said one day in her hearing that "old man Fisher was jest too lazy to breathe well!" she turned on him with flashing eyes and said, "He ain't lazy, he's jest tired. He's got the rheumatiz and can't work like some men do." That was not all she said and the unfortunate man retired from the scene, vowing never to mention Mr. Fisher's delinquencies again, at least in the presence of his wife.

MRS. CARLYLE decided to change the subject.

"How did that new cake receipt I sent you come out?" she asked.

"Grand!" Mrs. Fisher replied and the spirit of the creative artist shone from her face. "I made a drippin' pan full and they et it all fer supper."

Mrs. Carlyle knew her neighbor's love for making new dishes to tempt the appetites of her family which, although never showing any lack of zeal in their labor three times a day at the table, still grew tired of the eternal salt pork and potatoes that usually formed their diet in the winter time. She had seen the same light in Mrs. Fisher's eyes as they surveyed a cake or pie that one sees in the eyes of a sculptor as he surveys his handiwork. The joy of creation, which is the same whether the work is a marble statue or simply a perfect rice pudding is one of those gifts of the gods which make the world a possible place in which to live.

"You must send your hired girl up and I'll show her—"

Mrs. Fisher was interrupted by a boy appearing in the doorway with a special delivery letter in his hand.

"Is Mis' Carlyle here?" he asked.

Mrs. Carlyle said, "Yes, what do you want?"

"Pa got a long distance telephone this morning sayin' to send me right over with this letter when it come. He said he'd give me a dollar if I'd hurry and I come over the hill in twenty minutes," said the boy proudly.

"Pa" was the postmaster at the station two miles away and Mrs. Carlyle wondered what could be amiss



"Do you mean to tell me," she said, "that you'll let our boy go by, only twelve miles away, with money that ain't his'n in his hand and not try to make him give it back?"



*They went up hill and down dale, over thank-you-man
Fisher sat upright at the wheel; her face flushed, h*

that would necessitate such haste with a letter, when a telegram would have come sooner.

She opened the letter and read: "Jim Fisher is in trouble. He took a bag containing a thousand dollars from a taxi-cab which he was driving. Judge Holden and I forgot the bag. When he remembered it, the man was gone and we have not been able to locate him. I put a detective on his track and am told that the boy bought a ticket for Scranton today. If he goes, he will pass through Hawley on 27. Can you get his father to meet the train and see if Jim will not come back and give himself up. The Judge is wild and swears he will send the boy to the penitentiary. You know the Judge—just, but not generous! I did not telegraph as we don't want the whole countryside to talk, until we see what can be done. Get some one busy."

Mrs. Carlyle did not speak. Her face, as she looked at the mother opposite her, showed that she was troubled. Mrs. Fisher noticed the expression and said:

"I hope it ain't bad news! Is Mr. Carlyle sick?"

"No," said Mrs. Carlyle hesitatingly. "It's—it concerns you—"

"Concerns me—what about me?" Then she leaned forward in her chair and her voice betrayed her anxiety. "It ain't about Jim, is it? He ain't sick, is he?"

"No," said Mrs. Carlyle. "He isn't sick. He's—he's in trouble."

"In trouble—what trouble?" and the mother's voice was sharp.

"I—I—hardly know how to tell you. I think you had better read the letter," said Mrs. Carlyle.

She handed the letter over to Mrs. Fisher who pushed it back.

"Read it to me, I ain't got my specks and it's hard fer me to read handwritin.' Read it to me!"

Mrs. Carlyle read the letter slowly. Mrs. Fisher never moved. She looked at the woman opposite her for a time, then she seemed to sense the words and her face blanched. She grew white to the lips.

"My boy a thief!" she said to herself in a voice hardly audible. Then she put up her head and said again, as if contradicting some one who was accusing the absent, "No, he ain't! It's some mistake. Jim ain't never done it. It's a mistake!"

Mrs. Carlyle said nothing. She felt there was nothing to say that would bring the colour back to that white face.

Finally Mrs. Fisher, turning to her eldest daughter who had come into the room and was looking inquiringly from one to the other, said, "Edna, where's your Pa?"

Edna said, "He's out in the cow barn."

"Go git him," commanded Mrs. Fisher curtly.

Nothing was said until Mr. Fisher shuffled into the house. She said, "Read him the letter, Mis' Carlyle."

As Mrs. Carlyle read the letter, Mr. Fisher's stolid face expressed nothing but he changed the great lump of tobacco in his mouth to the other cheek and she knew that what few emotions he possessed, were aroused.

"What'll we do, Pa?" asked Mrs. Fisher.

The man said nothing for a moment and she waited anxiously for his answer. Finally, he drawled, "I don't see that we kin do nothin'."

"But we must do somethin'," she said sharply, and she rose and went towards the man, who was leaning

against a table. "We must do some thin', Pa!" she repeated.

"I don't see as there's nothin' w kin do. Jim's done somethin' oughtn't to and he'll have to pay for it."

An angry light came into Mr. Fisher's eyes and a little flush rose on her cheeks. She began to walk up and down the room nervously.

"He's on that Scranton train! What time is it now?" she asked in a quick, jerky voice.

Mr. Fisher drew out his old silver watch. "Five-forty," he replied laconically.

"The train goes through Hawley seven-five. Kin you drive there time, Pa?" she asked.

Mr. Fisher looked at her in astonishment.

"Drive to Hawley? What do you mean?" he asked.

"Jest what I say. Kin we catch the train that's takin' Jim to Scranton?"

Mr. Fisher looked at her in a stupid, slow way, then he laughed. "I guess Ma, this has turned your head. You know we couldn't and I ain't a goin' to Hawley. I couldn't do nothin' with Jim anyway."

Mrs. Fisher turned on him like an animal fighting for her young.

"Do you mean to tell me that you set here and not try to do somethin' with Jim? That you'll let our boy go by, only twelve miles away, with more than that ain't his'n in his hands and not try to make him give it back?"

"What good'd it do? I can't do nothin' with Jim and never could."

"Well, I kin! Ain't you goin'?" she asked in a low, tense voice.

"No I ain't," said Mr. Fisher in a tone that plainly said that he, for one, was going to be obstinate.



That made Mrs. Carlyle hold her breath while Mrs. Bonnet fallen back, her bright eyes on the road ahead

Mrs. Fisher looked at her lord and master with an expression that evidently penetrated the armour of Mr. Fisher's pride, because he turned away from her and started towards the door.

Mrs. Fisher took off her apron. Well, I'm goin'!" she said.

Mr. Fisher turned. "Don't be a fool, Ma. The team is in the upper field and by the time you'd git it here and hitched up, you'd miss the train."

Mrs. Fisher stopped.

"What'll I do?" she said. "What'll I do—I don't know—but—but I'm kin' to my boy!"

Mr. Fisher went to her and put his hand on her arm. "Now, Ma, be sensible. What could you do?"

"I don't know," she said, and her voice broke for a moment. "I don't know, but he's my boy and he's in trouble."

"He's done wrong—" commenced the father.

"I don't care what he's done. He's my boy, I tell you. Yes, you're agin me. Every one'll be agin him but his mother won't and I want him to know."

Perhaps he has done wrong but—he's my boy and I'm goin' to see him and see what kin be done." She was quiet for a moment, evidently trying to find some way out of the difficulty—finally, she turned to Mrs. Carlyle.

"Kin you run that Ford you got down there?" she asked.

"No," replied Mrs. Carlyle. "I have never touched it."

"Well," said Mrs. Fisher in a determined voice. "I'll run it! I don't know much about a car but I drove Ed's truck around the calf lot once and I know there's one thing you put your foot on when you want to go ahead and another when you want to stop. I kin go ahead all right and

the station's good and strong and'll stop me when I git there so, if you'll let me, I'll take the car."

She began to smooth her hair.

"Do you mean it?" inquired the astonished Mrs. Carlyle.

"Of course I mean it! I'm goin' to Hawley and catch that train!"

Mrs. Fisher left the room and returned in a moment with the black skirt and the shirt waist that was her Sunday best. She was tying an old fashioned bonnet on her head. Her daughter looked at her.

"Oh, Ma! Don't wear that old thing. It belonged to Grandma!" she said.

"I don't care if it belonged to Methusaleh," was the answer. "I'm not goin' to have no hat that'll blow and bother me. I'll need my hands fer somethin' else than holdin' on a hat. This is the only thing that has got strings." Edna started to say something and Mr. Fisher commenced remonstrating but "Ma" waved them both aside. "No, don't talk to me. I'm goin'. Now Edna, you must set bread to-night, there ain't more'n enough in the house fer supper, and don't let the boys set up all night with them White boys, and be sure and see Mary has her medicine in the mornin' and don't let Sammie forget his chickens. Come on, Mis' Carlyle, we must hurry."

The two women, with Pa following, went down to the garage. Mrs. Carlyle went into the house for her hat and when she returned the car was out of the garage and Mrs. Fisher was red and nervous but with a determined look on her face that said plainly she was going to drive that car. "I am going with you," said Mrs. Carlyle as she took her place beside the driver, who did not reply being too busy trying to start the car up the inclined roadway.

They drove to Hawley. That is all that can be said. They went up hill and down dale, over thark-you-mams that made Mrs. Carlyle hold her breath and pray that something would not break. Once in a while Mrs. Fisher would ask the time and at the answer a little more gas would be turned on and they would go flying along the road; sometimes perilously near the stone walls lining the roadway; often too close to the ditches for the comfort of mind of the passenger. Mrs. Fisher sat upright at the wheel; her face flushed; her bonnet fallen back from her head, held by the ribbons around her neck; her bright eyes on the road. But at last they arrived at their destination and "Ma" turned into the street leading to the station. Smoke seen in the distance told them that the train was coming and Mrs. Fisher put on more gas and drove down the quiet little street at a rate of speed that caused every one to turn and stare at the car. But as Mrs. Fisher had said, the station was strong and helped to stop the car. The wheels had hardly stopped revolving before she was out of the car and had started for the train, but her thought for others even in her trouble made her turn around and say, "Ollie James'll take you home, Mis' Carlyle. He's at Watt's garage. He'll be glad to git a chance to see his folks who live just above us."

The train was in. Mrs. Fisher, without bothering about a ticket, climbed up the steps. As it was pulling out, she thought of the brood at home and grasping the railing with both hands she leaned over and called to Mrs. Carlyle as the train swept by: "Tell Edna not to forget to set the bread."

The next morning when Mr. Carlyle came to his office, he found Mrs. Fisher

Ma Fisher's Black Sheep

and Jim waiting for him. He took them into his private office and had a long talk with them. Finally he said, "Mrs. Fisher, Judge Holden is very obdurate and says he will prosecute Jim when caught. He says he must be made an example of. I am afraid he is very stern. He prides himself upon his justice, and it is justice without mercy. I have been talking with him since I received your telegram saying you were bringing Jim back but he will not listen to me." The lawyer was quiet for a moment, studying. Then he raised his head. "I think I will take you to Judge Holden, Mrs. Fisher. At least we can try what you can do with him."

Mrs. Fisher and Jim followed the lawyer obediently and they went to the office of Judge Holden.

They left the boy in an ante-room and entered the private office of the Judge, who was the terror of every criminal who came before him.

The Judge listened coldly to the words and arguments of the lawyer but shook his head. "No," he said. "The boy is a thief and he should be punished. If he is let off this time, he will only commence again. He must be taught that he can not break the laws with impunity."

THE mother watched the hard face intently, then she said, "Judge, will you let me talk a minit? I've brung Jim back an' all of the money except sixty dollars and we'll sell the black heifer and give you that. You won't lose nothin'."

"It is not the money, Mrs. Fisher," said the Judge in his cold, calm voice. "The boy must pay for his acts, even if the money is recovered."

Mrs. Fisher was quiet for a moment, then she looked up at the Judge and all her mother heart was in her eyes.

"Judge, he ain't nothin' but a boy and it's the first time he's done real wrong. He won't do it agin if you give him a chance."

"How do you know he won't? These taxi drivers here in New York are a bad lot and evidently this boy has bad friends."

The mother interrupted eagerly.

"That's right, Judge, but he won't stay here in New York. I'll take him back with me. He won't do nothin' wrong in the country."

The Judge looked at her.

"But he won't stay in the country, Mrs. Fisher. He has had a taste of city life and he'll never be satisfied in the country."

Mrs. Fisher leaned towards him eagerly.

"Judge, will you give me a try? Give me six months, and if it don't come out all right, if he won't stay, I'll bring him to you myself and you kin do what you want to with him. Just give me six months' try?"

The Judge looked again at the eager face opposite him. "How will you keep him in

the country? I say, he won't stay!"

"But I say he will!" answered Mrs. Fisher. Then she laughed a little tremulously. "I was a-thinkin' of that in the cars when we was comin' down. I near wore my throat all out a-talking to Jim makin' him see that he must come back and give you the money. I was tired and I put my head back on the car seat and shut my eyes and thought what I would do if you'd let him off and it all come to me at once." She laughed again a quiet little laugh, "You know Judge, there's just one kind of a halter that'll hold a young colt and its—its—love. And as I was a-wondering what to do, little Mina Norton's face come to me. She's the daughter of a widow woman that lives right across the Lake from us and she's as pretty as a wild apple blossom. Jim ain't never seen her and I jest planned it all out. I'll say Edna is lookin' peakin' and I'll send her over to Fred's for a few days, then I'll tell Mis' Norton that I don't see how I kin git my work all done on my bakin' day, and she'll send Mina over to help me. You know, Judge, I'll have Jim see her first when she's dressed in her big blue apron, that's jest the color of her eyes, and her face all flushed from lookin' in the oven, and her hair all in soft curls around her face that's got a little flour up on the temples where she's brushed the curls back, and—and—Judge, I jest *know* he'll stay!"

Mrs. Fisher looked anxiously into the Judge's face and evidently she saw something that gave her hope. The Judge was playing with a paper knife and the hard lines were softened around his stern mouth.

"Bakin' day!" he said to himself. "It makes me see my mother—and I can hear her say, 'Johnnie, take your hand out of that crock, you've eaten enough cookies.'" Then seeming to notice the silence he looked up.

"You were saying, Mrs. Fisher—yes,

but when the romance is over—"

"The romance won't be over, Judge. I won't let it finish till the marriage bells ring—and not even then I hope. The widow needs a man on her farm. She can't do nothing since Mr. Norton died and Jim is a good farmer and he'll do well fer her."

"But how about the girl?" said the Judge. "She might not care for Jim."

"He's a good lookin' boy, isn't he?" inquired the mother.

"Yes," replied Judge Holden. "He's a good looking scamp!"

The mother frowned at the last word.

"I'm a little hard o' hearin' at times, Judge, and I jest didn't catch your last words, but I heard you say he was good looking, which he is. And Mina is jest at the age when she's lookin' fer romance, when she sees a possible sweet-heart in every boy that comes near. She's lookin' fer a hero to worship and I'll make Jim a hero if I have to throw her into the Lake and git him to rescue her. Jest leave it all to me, Judge, I'll make it come out all right."

The Judge was quiet for a moment, then he looked up and said, "Mrs. Fisher, I'll give your boy a chance. Take him back with you and see what can be done. Perhaps I'm foolish—but—well, take him home with you and let me know in six months how it all comes out."

FOR the first time in the interview Mrs. Fisher's lips trembled and her eyes filled with tears. She fumbled with something in her lap and started to say something but evidently could not trust her voice. Finally she stood before the Judge and holding out her hands towards him said:

"I can't say what I want to—I jest can't—but—but—Judge, do you like cake?"

The Judge smiled into the face before him that was trying so bravely not to show what the heart was feeling, and he said, "Why, yes, although I have not eaten much these last years. It doesn't taste like it used to!"

Mrs. Fisher started toward the door and the Judge politely followed her and opened it.

"Judge, I can't thank you. I can't say nothin' and can't do nothin' but—" she laughed a little brokenly, "but—you're goin' to git the bes cake and the best batch o cookies that you ever set you teeth in, since your mothe slapped your hands fer stealin from the cookie jar!"

"Nothing I'd like better," said the Judge, and something in his voice gave Ma Fisher to understand that the cake would receive a royal welcome. She caught Jim by the arm and hurried away down the corrido.

As the Judge turned back to his desk, Mr. Carlyle gave him a quizzical glance.

"A good woman," said the Judge emphatically, "a good woman is above the law!"

THE masterpiece of America is her human product—her men and women. Her lawyers sit in the councils of the nations and their words are words of wisdom. Her doctors go out over the world carrying healing to suffering humanity. Her women keep step with the men. Her machinists, her workers, are carrying the world on their shoulders. They are America! Yesterday America was at war. The whistle blew—Time! The job was done. America straightened her back, wiped her brow, and smiled. Peace had come. But to-day America faces the greater task—the work of Peace. To it, America: Speed up your wheels, your ships, your Soul.

A. P.



Be it known that his name is Franklin Chase Hoyt, and his title, Presiding Justice of the Children's Court of New York

WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND

By Frank Ward O'Malley

Sketches by Angus MacDonall

WHEN Hugh Walpole came from England to New York the other day, he first—being a good Britisher—paused only long enough to shut off the steam heat in his hotel bedroom and open a window, then grabbed his hat and asked to be directed to the Children's Court. No native he ran across could tell him the hand where the building was located. But on his first real day in America he found the Children's Court and entered it.

"Galsworthy told me I mustn't miss this above all things," said Hugh Walpole. "Galsworthy said that the New York Children's Court was the most interesting thing he had seen in America."

Which may or may not have been a tribute to the court. One must remember that Galsworthy's "Justice" and other writings are proof positive that to the Galsworthy mind penological stupidity and penological barbarity are of tremendously gripping interest. The fact is outstanding, however, that these visitors from far off, and others I might name, show an interest in the Children's Court that is worse than rare among New Yorkers of the present day.

If the man living in the shadow of the court does not so much as know the name of the young man in whose power it lies to make or remake—or break—the thousands of little souls constantly passing before him; then the residents of the hinterlands where, if there is a children's court, his influence is also being felt, cannot be blamed, perhaps, for their ignorance of his work and personality. Let it, therefore, be made known herewith that his name is Franklin Chase Hoyt; that he is on the sunny side of middle age; that he is a grandson of a strong figure who loomed large in a great period of American

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history, the late Salmon Portland Chase; that his job is officially known as Presiding Justice of the Children's Court of the City of New York and that he is the beginning, present and end of that court and all its works and pomps.

"See the bench there," said a court attendant, indicating the low dais and small-sized desk at one end of the room, on the day when I first visited the court. "Justice Hoyt did that. I don't mean he built it, of course, but he wouldn't let the carpenters drive a nail until he had personally figured out just how high that platform should be, exactly the way Belasco might work out a little detail in a stage setting and for the same reason."

All of which was true and interesting but not particularly illuminating. Was it possibly indicative of a mind merely finicky, over-meticulous, fussily precise? While I wondered the judge entered and the daily grind began.

All day long they—the little ones—stood before him with bowed heads. There were benches at the rear of the room where others might have sat and watched and listened, but I, alone, was the audience. There were spectacular cases, tragic cases, sordid cases and just plain cases. I might select one of the spectacular cases to tell about here, in all its details, but the result would be—well, perhaps, merely spectacular. On the other hand the plain case, the average case, is an average case because it is enormously more frequent during the day's grind, therefore more illuminative of an institution which men of the intellectual calibre of Galsworthy and Walpole found "the most interesting thing in America."

WE might select at random, for instance, the case of a little lad, whom we shall call Tommy Tucker, and his "gang," following the troubled Tommy from the day I saw him first enter the court until, about a week later, he was again and, for the last time, brought into the presence of Justice Hoyt at the "continued hearing" of Tommy's case.

Tommy's trouble didn't seem a trouble at all in the beginning; quite the contrary. Joyously along sunlit Avenue A Tommy had trooped with his companions—Jimmie, leader of the "gang," and Abie and Eddie and Tony. Beside the poultry dealer's outdoor stand, unguarded, invitingly stood the box of "dressed" chickens. The poultry man was far in the rear of his shop. Jimmie, the forceful gang leader, had had past dealings with women of the neighborhood—Mrs. Smolz and Mrs. Hooper and Mrs. Slovak—who would pay a boy a whole dollar for a turkey or a pair of chickens, and no questions asked.

Done! And then for Tommy and his "gang," a delirious day of great wealth; movies and candy and subway rides and more movies that night! Midnight and great weariness from a surfeit of illicit joys; Tommy's tired legs at last climbing the tenement steps, black forebodings weighing on his heart; then the stranger, he of the metal badge, who is sitting, waiting, beside

Tommy's weeping mother and Tommy's stern-faced father as Tommy cautiously opens the door and enters; the instant of black, freezing horror as the big man with the badge steps forward and says to Tommy: "Come along."

Follow now the long hours in the detention rooms of the "Croolitics" building, with visions of a gray, terrible court room awaiting,—a sombre, ominous court building it will be, no doubt, all ribbed with iron bars, echoing with the harsh cries of a beetle-browed judge, who probably will pound his fists on a desk and shout at one and send one onward at last through clanging gates, there to remain until at last one is bundled off to that horror of all horrors, the far-away "Instooshun," there to be separated for months—or will it be years?—from Pop and Mom and home and friends!

One cannot altogether blame Tommy if bitterness begins to succeed his first wild terrors. He never done nuthin' before, certainly never'll do nuthin' wrong again, if they only'd let bygones be bygones and call quits. And why pick on me, Tommy Tucker—why didn't the cops pinch Jimmie, who started everything, and Abie and Eddie and Tony, too? Jimmie is a bad boy—"a real crook"—even Tommy is ready to admit that; and yet, here is a cruel, indiscriminate "justice" bent upon insisting that Tommy is as bad as Jimmie, which he isn't, and about to send Tommy to the "Instooshun," send him to physical and spiritual damnation.

One can quite believe that when Tommy is brought from the Gerry Society's rooms the next morning and led into the Children's Court building his mental state is such that he takes little note of the fact that his preconceived notions about the building were all wrong. Perhaps he is only vaguely conscious that there are no iron bars, no clanging gates; that for him and his kind has been erected an edifice of graystone and Italian marble and Flemish oak and noiseless elevators and wide clean rooms, a thing of quiet simple beauty. There is nothing prison-like about the big room—the waiting room with the long line of benches stretching away like church pews—into which he is led from the elevator.

SEATED now beside his red-eyed mother, with no guard near him, he might, from all outward appearances, be sitting in the well-appointed marble and oak waiting room of one of New York's great railroad terminals. Up and down the wide aisles from time to time move certain business-like yet kindly-faced men or women, who carry notebooks and sheaves of long yellow papers. These are the unpaid, the unsung "Big Sisters" or "Big Brothers"—Jewish, Catholic or Protestant volunteer workers in the Children's Court—heroes and heroines all, who, alone of all the citizenry of the metropolis, seem to take the slightest interest in little Tommy's plight. These, a "Big Brother" or a "Big Sister" or perhaps an official probation officer of the court, quietly beckon to a child and its mother or to a group of children and

their parents at varying intervals, whereupon the individual defendant or little group rises and disappears through the great door leading to the softly lighted court room adjoining. And there they meet with—what?

Well, I think that even the jangling nerves of Tommy must have felt some of the spell of the peace and content permeating that room—with its soft richness of Flemish oak walls, its ceiling that is partly a sky of creamy and delicately tinted medallions and partly a great square of leaded glass skylight. Perhaps, however, it is supposing too much to say that our particular Tommy found the room especially inviting, for I know that just as Tommy was approaching the door to the courtroom he had suffered another great shock. Converging toward the door simultaneously, each called from waiting-room benches beyond Tommy's ken, came Eddie and Abie and Tony and the arch-conspirator of all, Jimmie.

Hully chee! The hull gang! Mebbe—mebbe—it won't be such a cinch to say, "Naw, I didn't do it," seein's the cops knowed just who to pinch!

One or two court officers are quietly working away at desks along a side wall of the court but to Tommy and his companions there is, at this mighty moment, only one figure in the room, in all the world. There he sits, a keen-eyed young man, wearing a flowing, impressive robe of black silk, gazing silently, appraisingly, through big, round, glinting spectacles straight across his desk into one's very heart. He could reach right over that desk, against the outer edge of which one's jacket buttons press, and shake one savagely. But there is no movement, no sound except the deafening ticking of the thin gold watch lying beside his loosely locked fingers. Gosh, if he'd only begin!

UP on the little platform and at this terrible being's left is a roomy chair. Somebody, a grownup, is standing in front of the chair with right hand raised. The oath is solemnly intoned by the awesome Judge—not chattered, as sometimes, often, happens in other courts. . . . "And nothing but the truth—so—help—you—God!" And now the grownup is seated and has begun the scathing tale of accusation, a tale that Tommy and Jimmie and all the gang know is fearsomely true.

The accusations have all been made. The probation officer or "Big Sister" standing beside Jimmie's end of the line is scribbling a note or two. Sighs, hard swallowings, behind the culprits remind them that the mother or father of each boy is standing just behind him. Silently, almost expressionless, the frightful judge again for a moment sends his glance along the row of bowed heads. "Jimmie," he begins at last, and his tone is quite casual, "you have heard the charges just made against you. What have you to say about them, Jimmie? Look up—don't be afraid. Did you take one or more of those chickens, Jimmie?"

"Naw, sur."

Silence again. The young judge



Beyond that open doorway await momentous decisions—decisions that may change the future for that mother and make a sturdy and reliable citizen of her boy

riefly scans some papers. He puts the papers aside, leans back in his chair easily and once more addresses Jimmie in a matter-of-fact fashion. Gosh, this Judge ain't so fierce after all!

"Er—let's see, Jimmie—you've been arrested before, haven't you?"

"Naw, sur."

Bam! The crack of a pistol shot could not be more startling than the angry smack of the Judge's palm on his desk, the instant change that has come over him, the quick way he leans forward intently, righteous wrath crackling back of the big round spectacles.

"How dare you stand there and brazenly lie to me like that, Jimmie! You storms—and he snaps out the words with machine-gun rapidity. "You were before this court on May 4 last and again on May——"

"B-b-but I was b-b-before Judge Collins both them times, Judge. I—I

thought, Judge, you meant wuz I ever before you. Judge, when yuh asked——"

"Stop! Don't pile up the lies, Jimmie, I asked you a simple question. You understood it. Your answer was a lie!"

Cripes! This guy in the gown *kin* git mad, can't he?—when a feller lies to him. But his stormy moments seem to pass as quickly as they come. He turns to Tommy, next in line, and again his tone is almost casual.

"Tommy, what have you to say? Did you take any of those chickens, Tommy?"

"N-n-no, sur."

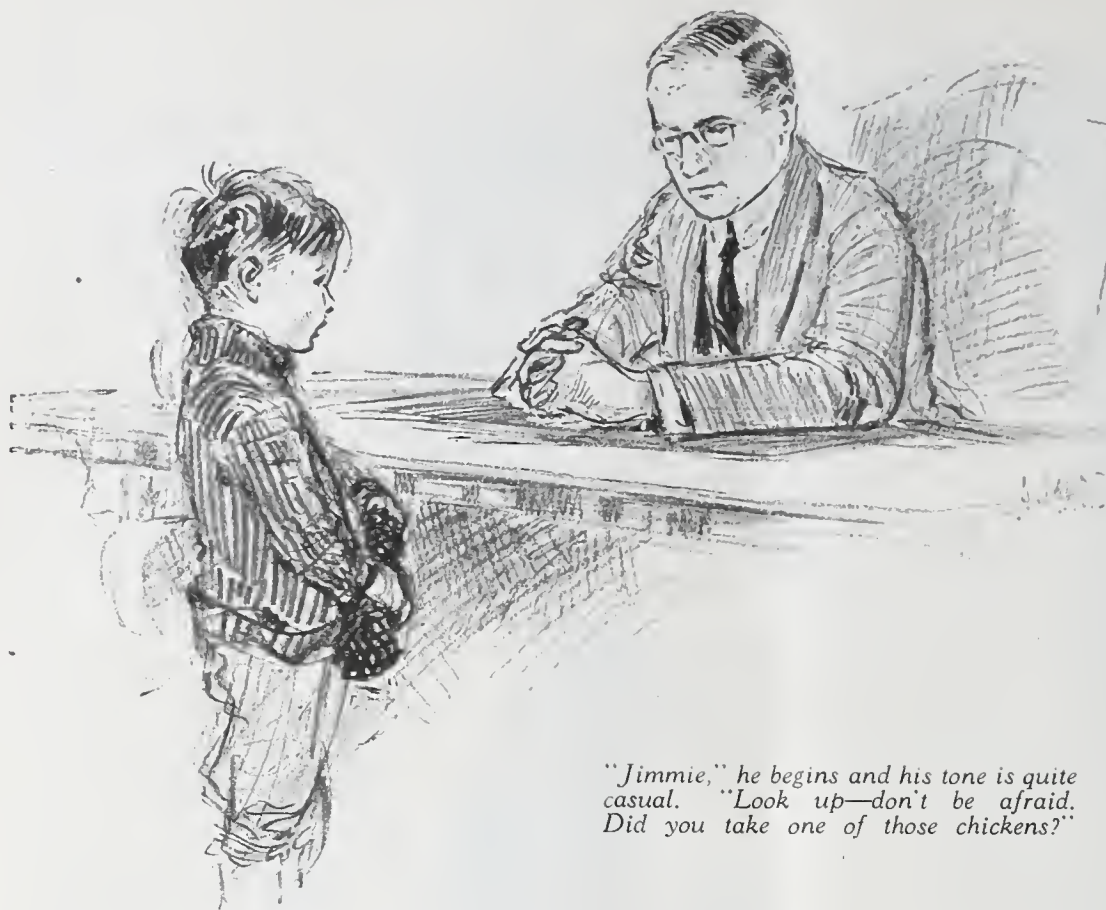
Another long minute of silence. The question is put to Abie and Eddie and Tony. No, no, no. The chickens undoubtedly stole themselves!

But this Judge has not lost hope. Within a few minutes he has learned from the complainants or from a probation officer or Big Brother or Sister

sufficient to convince him that Tommy and Jimmie *et al.*, are guilty. It is evident, however, that he is not minded lazily to "settle" the case then and there by imposing punishment or by a reprimand and freedom. This young Judge, in fact, intends never to end the case. If Tommy's troubles are to be ended, Tommy must end them himself.

And as the little defendants are being led away to make room for the next case the worried souls of Tommy and his pals foster three elemental ideas, all implanted by the young Judge—that on a given day a week or so later they are to be brought into the presence of the Judge again at a "continued hearing" that in the meantime they will be more or less constantly under the supervision of certain grownups; that when they appear again in court their fate is to be decided.

I made it a point to be present on the



"Jimmie," he begins and his tone is quite casual. "Look up—don't be afraid. Did you take one of those chickens?"

day that was to make or break Tommy Tucker. Tommy and I and all the "gang" saw immediately that the "continued hearing" was noticeably different from that first day in court. In the first place, the young Judge was not sitting in the big court-room but in "Part II," a room which, despite its impressive title, seemed to be just a fair-sized office, intimate in tone and beautiful but simple in its appointments. And now the judge wore no black gown to keep one aloof from such everyday articles as pin-striped business suits and colored cravats. Yet dignity had not departed; it merely was graciously permitting one to approach closer to it in this room called "the heart of the Children's Court." But not too close.

AT his desk, in the little room, sat the Judge, more years seemingly having been cast off his young shoulders with the shedding of his robes. In and out of the room came and went, as they had come into and gone from the big "Part I" a week before, Gertie, not yet in her teens but charged with, and guilty of, revolting immoralities; a prosperous businessman and his wife, jealously holding a richly garbed infant at one end of the Judge's desk while orally the Court scarifies the souls of a hangdog group at the other end of the desk—criminal parents and other relatives of the infant who, by attempts at blackmail, are making life burdensome to the business man who adopted the baby when its parents had deserted it; and, always passing in review before the Judge, the interminable line of innocent children and guilty parents charged with improper guardianship.

Yet when Tommy and Jimmie and their "gang," followed by their mothers, once more find themselves lined up before Justice Hoyt's desk they can

not be blamed for believing—as each little protagonist in the endless stream of Children's Court dramas must always believe—that the Judge, his court, the court's entire time, all the beautifully equipped building has been brought into being solely to consider Tommy's particular case.

Instantly the young Judge seems to remember the first name of each. Better still—or worse, according to the viewpoint—the Judge at this "continued hearing" in some uncanny way appears to have a startlingly intimate knowledge of one's home life, school life, street life. He knows how many brothers and sisters Tommy has; how much his father earns a week; the sanitary and moral conditions of Tommy's home; all about the physical and mental condition of Tommy, Jimmie and all the rest; how much rent the lad's parents pay; whether the family goes to church; what their pastor thinks about them; the school teacher's brutally candid opinion of each lad; how many days they have been absent from school during the entire year; the exact number of persons in each of their homes; the precise number of rooms; the number of families in the building; the type of architecture and the way the house is kept in repair—even about that sister of Tony's that was taken to a hospital and is dying now of tuberculosis.

HE knows all these things about every boy and girl that enters "the heart of the Children's Court," these and countless other items too delicately intimate even to hint at here. A glance through the long, yellow sheaves of paper on his desk—the remarkably compact and comprehensive "Investigation Reports"—tells him these things. Justice Hoyt originated and perfected these reports. No other court in the world has them. And so it is that when he begins his

second, and, in this case, last talk with Jimmy and Tommy *et al.*, he knows, on the testimony of physician, pastor, teacher, landlord, neighbors and others, more about Tommy than Tommy knows himself. And, as he gives a final glance at the yellow papers before putting them down, he mumbles something about "truancy."

Now he has settled back comfortably in his chair and is about to wade into the big job that has become his one absorbing interest—the spiritual, mental and bodily reconstruction of the pitiful thousands of little ones whom he, almost single handed, must save from themselves.

"Miss Kelly," he remarks in an aside to the "Big Sister" who is standing at one end of the double line of children and parents, "please

make a note that Tony is to be sent over to our clinic for a mental and physical examination. Better have the doctor look Eddie over too.

"Well, boys," he begins, turning the big round spectacles full blast upon the quick breathing "gang" again. "You all seem to be absent from school many half days, some of you many whole days, each month. How many of you play hookey? Come on, boys—if you find it hard to answer in words just raise your hands."

THE five grimy pairs of hands remain as motionless as the desk behind which the hands are hidden.

"Now boys, there's one thing you don't seem quite to understand. Telling the truth never hurt any boy or girl in this court. Sometimes the truth helps him! I don't mean, remember, that truth-telling saves him from punishment when he deserves to be punished but I do know that there never has been a boy before me who hasn't found out that telling the truth is better than telling me a silly lie. You all have sense enough to know that it's not hard for this court to go elsewhere and get proof that you did or did not play hookey or, for that matter, to find out whether or not you are telling the truth about other and more serious wrong doing you may be accused of. And now, let's begin all over, boys. How many of you played hookey on those days when you were absent from school? Raise your hands."

Reluctantly, a dirty hand that belongs to Tommy appears above the edge of the desk and very slowly is raised a few inches. The court makes a brief acknowledgment of Tommy's belated truthfulness—not an enthusiastic acknowledgment but a matter-of-fact word of appreciation of a matter-of-fact act. Now Abie's hand steals aloft.

ow Eddie's, now Tony's. There is an appreciable stretch of silence while the universe stands still, waiting for Jimmie. Jimmie's hand, at last, goes up!

"Now, boys, boys!" says the young judge, his voice threaded with real sorrow, "why did you refuse to raise your hands, why did you act a foolish one, in the first place? Isn't it better and don't you all feel better now for having it last told the truth? Of course you do. A terrible thing, a lie is, boys. Terrible! Terrible!"

"You may put down your hands, boys. And now I'm going to ask you to tell me something else and this time tell me with your lips, not merely by raising your hands. And I want you to think seriously before you answer and to remember what I have just said—that telling the truth may not help a boy to escape deserved punishment but that it never, never harms his case. Well begin, I think, with Tommy. Look at Tommy. Don't be afraid."

I believe that, as the Judge leans forward and looks into Tommy's eyes, Tommy is thinking there is nobody else in the world except this young Judge. I am absolutely certain that for the moment, in the mind of the Judge, no human creature ever lived, lives or will live again except Tommy.

"Tell me, Tommy—come on, boy—look right at me—tell the truth—did you help steal those chickens?"

"Y-yes, sur."

And Abie, Eddie, Tony, Jimmie—when Jimmie—at last have said the yes, sur," that is the beginning of the end. Time and patience are needed but success at last is achieved.

"Good! You are beginning to show the right spirit now, boys," the Judge is saying. "Jimmie, I noticed, was slow to follow your example and I'm afraid I'll have to talk seriously to Jimmie now."

"Jimmie! Listen to what I have to say. From the first moment you came before me until now, you have been the most truthful of all the boys before me. Time and again in the past this court has given you a chance and you've always refused to accept it. During the last week, I have talked to Justice Collins about you and I learn that time and again while on probation you have broken your promises. Now I find you assisting, even leading, other boys to steal. You must understand, Jimmie, that, although I am tremendously interested in every boy or girl that comes before me, that interest, great as it is, always comes second to my greatest interest and duty—my duty to society—to all the other Jimmies and Tommys and Tonys and everyone else, big and small, in this great city.

"You persist in harming others, Jimmie. You will not even try not to harm yourself. I don't believe you're hopeless, Jimmie—far from it. I do know that chance after chance has been given you and you still refuse to try to make good. Very well! We shall have to try another method."

There is a sharp gasp from the thin, white-faced woman standing just back of Jimmie—Jimmie's mother. Quicker than Jimmie, she senses what is in the

young Judge's mind. And, as the Judge rapidly signs his name to a paper and a court officer steps to Jimmie's side, her wild scream rends the room. Insane with terror; her piercing screams rising higher and higher; clawing, fighting the court officers who have grasped her arms; calling on God and the law and all mankind to save her Jimmie for her; she is half carried from the room. Jimmie, shaken with sobs, is led along behind her.

"God in Heaven—my Jimmie—I'll

work my fingers to the bone, Judge, if you'll let me have my Jimmie! I'll keep him from—"

The door is closed upon her. Faint and fainter her screams come back from the corridors to the little courtroom—where now four ashen-faced little boys stand, frankly weeping, where five had stood a moment before. Only the sobs of the four remaining mothers, unstrung by the quick tragedy, break the awful silence. The "Big Sister" still stands motionless, her head bowed. And the



"And now, boy, you can start all over again—now!—and grow up to be a good citizen of this wonderful city and country of ours"

When a Feller Needs a Friend

head of the young Judge is also bent low as he sits at his desk. His eyes are closed—have been tightly closed since Jimmie's mother first screamed. This young Judge, you see, has a wife and a baby of his own at home.

Slowly he raises his head at last and he opens his eyes and turns a troubled look toward the four pale, silent boys before him.

"Well?" he says at last, and there is a world of meaning in the word.

"There isn't any boy standing at your right now, is there, Tommy?" he goes on slowly. "Out in another room, boys, they are making last arrangements before taking Jimmie away. And during all the long winter months to come, his poor mother's heart will be breaking in her little home because Jimmie is not there and because of the disgrace he has brought upon himself and her. And I think, boys, that during the months that Jimmie is separated from his mother, from his little friends, his home, there will be many nights when Jimmie, too, will cry himself to sleep."

The young Judge straightens up in his chair. A new note comes to his voice. His eyes flash! No time now for dramatic, impressive pauses, but only a quick flood of words that overwhelms one.

"And why, boys? *Why?* He broke his word! Not once, but time and time again. He would not let us help him. He would not help himself. I'm not responsible for Jimmie being sent away, boys. HE IS!

The sudden fire dies from the Judge's eyes. After a moment his voice goes on calmly again.

"And now, boys, I'm going to tell you what I've decided to do with you. You have committed a great wrong, a terrible wrong, but I am going to give you just one chance to show me that you are ready and willing to start right in and make what amends are possible. You never can right that wrong but you can start all over again—now!—and behave yourselves and so grow up to be good citizens of this wonderful city and country of ours. You may go back home now with your mothers on probation until—"

Great sighs of relief, something approaching grins lights up the line of faces. Quickly the Judge checks himself and again he is stern.

"Don't think this case is ended, boys," he cries. "You are not to go out from this building, like some boys I've known, and say to your companions, 'The Judge was easy—he let me off.' I'm

not letting you off. I couldn't even if I wanted to. Probation doesn't mean that. Probation means that you are to go to school regularly; obey your parents; stay off the street at night; go to bed at a decent hour; stay away from bad gangs; behave yourselves—and report to the probation officer at stated times, until I am convinced that you really have become good boys. I shall never end this case. If it is to be ended at all, you must end it by behaving. If you don't—well, always keep Jimmie in mind."

Then the final word which, in one form or another, every little potential good citizen hears as he is started along the narrow path:

"But you can end it, Tommy—and you, Abie, and Eddie and Tony—all of you. Why, boys, the minute you came before me the other day I could

see that you had the right stuff in you. It was a frightful thing you did, boys, but you're going to wipe that terrible misdeed out as far as possible now, aren't you? Why, of course you are! That's all—for the present."

And if young Justice Hoyt were given to gambling, he could add enormously to his bank account by betting even money he would never again see Tommy or any of the other boys or girls brought before him on any given day. The odds would be exactly seventeen to three in the young Judge's favor or enough to make him wealthy. In other words, just eighty-five out of every one hundred children who are brought before him for wrongdoing "go straight" ever after.

Every delinquent boy and girl who passed before him during the days I was in his court received exactly the same

attention he gave to Tommy, the details of the treatment and time devoted to each case varying, of course, with the varying natures and misdoings of the different culprits. And, in between, he was giving the same intelligent attention to the appalling list of court cases that have to do not with juvenile delinquency but with moral laxness on the part of parents. How he manages to give so much attention to each little defendant and at the same time keep his court from being clogged I don't know. I don't think Justice Hoyt knows. But rich or poor each boy receives the same careful attention. Little Harold of the ringlets and leather leggings sits side by side with ragged little Tony or Mickey or black-faced little George and their fate lie together in the palm of one young man's hand.

TO tell of the daily court assistance and the "follow up" work of the "Big Sisters," "Big Brothers," and probation officers; of the medical clinics secured by Justice Hoyt for his court; of the rents paid, the belated marriages brought about, transportation secured for entire families to distant cities; the food and clothing supplied—these more or less extraneous activities of the Children's Court could scarcely be told even in a separate article. All that can be attempted here is to convince Pop and Mom that even Junior does bust that plate glass window some day. I probably will escape the "Instooshun" and damnation—if Junior has the right stuff in him—and if President Justice Franklin Chase Ho and his associates are still in the job.



"Probation means that you are to go to school, obey your parents, stay off the streets at night, give up bad gangs and behave yourself"



John McDowell, aged fifty. At eight years of age he was a boy coal miner, until he was injured. To-day, he might be called the "Voice" of the Presbyterian Churches where social and industrial questions are concerned

WHERE THERE'S A WILL

By Francis R. Bellamy

EXPERIENCE of life is, of course, a matter of personal contacts. For most of us, circumstances—Fate if you like—limit that experience. It is only the unusual man who defies Fate. For him, life takes on a wide range and a vital meaning. He becomes a leader and a prophet because he has seen his fellow men and understood them. Seldom, however, does a man accomplish this by accident. Behind the accomplishment, there is always that supreme quality that has dominated the Caesars and Napoleons of the world, as it has produced our Lincolns, our Columbuses, our Roosevelts, as it has given us our great literature, our great music, our great inventions—the power of an indomitable will!

Consider Carlyle, amidst the ashes of his manuscript of the "History of the French Revolution," sitting down, undaunted, to reconstruct the labor of years; Stevenson on his bed of pain in Samoa, waking in the dawn to carry on "The Weir of Hermiston"; exiled

Wagner in his Parisian attic, defying the ridicule of his age to pen the harmonies of Lohengrin; Fabre, still bending down at eighty over the spiders in his garden in Southern France to extract one last secret! History, indeed, is the saga of the indomitable human will. Herewith, one more tiny piece of that great mosaic.

FORTY-TWO years ago this Spring, from a cheap frame house above the coal mines on the hills about Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, there came a tow-headed, freckled-faced boy of eight, John McDowell, with a little Scotch jaw and eyes a trifle deep-set. In his mind was a childishly tragic picture of the frame house he had just left; of a Scotch family in sad straits; a God-fearing, dour father and a mother, trying to make ends meet and not succeeding, eating oatmeal and living up to the very last comma of the Shorter Catechism—with always more Catechism than oatmeal—and, in their

minds, one eternal question, "Should a child grow up stunted, or go to work to keep the wolf from the family door?"

Childish minds, however, do not retain tragic pictures. For a moment only, this boy stood by the straggling fence, looking down at his nondescript overalls and heavy shoes. Then he set off cheerfully down the road toward a distant group of shacks and chimneys surrounded by great piles of coal. Twenty minutes later, he took his place on the grimy side of the coal-breaker in the choking dust and dirt, his eyes watching the sooty lumps fly by, his hands busy pulling out pieces of worthless slate. He had said goodbye to his childhood and gone to work!

IN the Pennsylvania coal mines forty years ago existence was a curiously simple, bare affair—an existence that knew want and trouble and violent death as daily comrades. For young McDowell, however, it was an existence that first taught him that what his God-fearing



Coal mining is hard, lonesome work at best. The picture at the left shows miners drilling with augurs in a twenty-inch vein of coal far underground. The picture below shows how the work used to be done with pick and shovel when McDowell was a boy



father and mother said around the lamp at night was indeed the truth of the world. To the McDowells, religion was fundamental. There might be no oatmeal in the house on the hill but from first to last there must be a pew in the church in the village, and a family pew. "Religion is fundamental!" said the elder McDowell. From the beginning, every year in the mines reinforced that truth in the boy. No discussion at night, when the shift changed, that did not center finally about that ever-present topic. Few talks, too, that did not end with Robertson, the big Scotch miner, hitching his trousers, as he rose to enter the cage and saying, as he looked around on his rough companions, "A weel, a mon's a mon for a' that!"

Childhood, indeed, doesn't forget such nights as the one when Tom Phillips touched off the powder in the mining pocket and the backfire exploded instantly and the heavy boom told the boy at the shaft of the tragedy. Jack McDowell never forgot how he plunged into the smoke and found Tom on the ground, tried to carry him and felt the blood running over his arms and heard his last words, "Take me home to Bessie, Jack!" Nor of how he staggered out and said to the men about the cage, "Tom's killed!" and the silence that fell on the group of rough men. No midnight dinner that night, only a silent assent to putting back the canteens on their racks and a sentence from the one criminal of the shift: "We can't go back, lads, wi'out a prayer for Tom!"

It is impossible, however, for childhood to find life hard. John McDowell

did not find existence unbearable at all. Work might be the portion of childhood as of old age but there were the stars at night when the shift changed and the men talked of mystical things beneath the midnight sky. There were the snowball fights at the mine head and, in winter evenings, the lamp in the parlor of the frame house. And, in the late summer afternoons, there was baseball. When the gang got together, too, there was the fun of mimicking your elders and your companions, particularly Bill Jock who stuttered. There is usually a mimic among a gang of boys. McDowell was the mimic in his. Stuttering was his specialty.

At fourteen, he no longer picked slate from the breakers. He had become a real worker—a car boy down in the mine, driving a mule in the tunnels and switching a car on the inclines. He bade fair to be a good, upstanding miner with a gift of mimicry.

I say bade fair, for that was

the moment when Fate chose to enter the drama of his existence and deal him the staggering blow. She followed him down into the mine one day and waited until he ran ahead of his car to switch it. Then she tripped him. And the heavy car ran him down! The heavy car dragged him and ground him and

tore him, and only stopped as he fainted and shoved out his boot to keep it from killing him in the darkness. He had just enough sense as he fainted to shove off the mule and the mule ran out of the shaft and the men came down after what was left of John McDowell. His left arm torn off at the shoulder;

At right, a typical scene at the mouth of a slope mine in the anthracite region. Below, hauling coal to the shaft by mule power. It was amid such surroundings as these, that John McDowell got his first convictions on industrial and religious questions



lay. "I'm afraid, my boy, you will have only a brain left," he said.

"And a will!" McDowell tried to add with Scotch courage. But the final blow came with the effort. The nervous affliction caught at his throat, and he found that he could only stutter.

"The judgment of God!" the frame house said.

Well, we are moulded in our youth, perhaps more than we realize. That the Scotch family in the company house felt no bitterness against the world which could sacrifice its children in this fashion; that there was only a bowing to the will of God—all this had its effect upon the boy in the weeks that followed as he slowly grew well and stared at his shattered body and wondered what would become of him in a world where brawn was the one necessity. There was no realization in his mind that he had had six years experience of an existence close to life and death and the eternal things of men; no conception that life

Such a boy went to school, perhaps, and made his brain of some use, he decided. For he did have a brain and he knew he could gain knowledge.

That thought was both the beginning of life and the beginning of struggle for John McDowell. At fifteen, he decided to put himself through school.

Forty years ago, however, the schools of the mining districts of Pennsylvania were not much like our schools of to-day. Rude buildings, simple, crude teachers, and a limited curriculum formed their characteristics. A graduate of such schools found himself at the end of his course no better fitted so far as the world was concerned, than the miner who had never entered their doors. If they had been the beginning and the end of opportunity for John McDowell, his story would have been a vastly different one.

It is curious, in this case, to notice how far the influence of a great personality reached, like the ripples on the shore hours after some distant ocean steamer has passed. One of the great evangelists of that day and the founder of one of the great schools of this country, was the man we remember as Dwight L. Moody. Few people there were, who did not go to hear him at sometime or other during those years. It was the first summer that McDowell was at public school that Moody came to Wilkes-Barre and most of the miners flocked to town to hear him. Among them was the wife of the pastor of McDowell's church. In the auditorium at Wilkes-Barre, she listened to Moody's description of his school and his dream

crushed body and an injured throat was the verdict as they laid him on the bed in the house on the hill and wondered if he would recover.

On the bed, the boy begged for the truth. "How will I come out, doctor?" he asked.

The doctor looked at him where he

already had given him a foundation for a philosophy and an industrial faith that could carry him far. As he lay on the bed, indeed, he only knew that he had been injured in a vocation that offered no livelihood for a cripple. What did a boy do in this world who had only a brain and a will left him at fourteen?

of helping young men and, in her mind, rose the tragic picture of young McDowell, with his broken body and Scotch will and sunny smile.

So she talked to the boy after Sunday school the next Sunday. "John," she said, "would you like to go to Moody's school in Massachusetts and prepare yourself for college?"

Tears filled his eyes.

Would he! "I will give you \$100," she said, "if you can do the rest yourself."

If he could do the rest!

It seems almost unnecessary to record the fact that in the autumn he went to Mount Hermon, Moody's school.

Putting one's self through school is usually a struggle for a livelihood, at first, anyway. But a boy brought up in the rough school of the mines soon solved such problems. McDowell quickly enough found numberless jobs around the school that paid him enough to keep him going. So that he found himself fairly started on the livelihood part of his problem almost before he knew that he had done the job.

IT was not until he entered the class room, however, that his real battle came. It came then, not in an inability to learn the lessons but from an entirely different direction that almost made it seem as if Fate had decided finally against him. Of a sudden, he found himself unable to recite. His stuttering had become worse than ever. For a whole term, he did not recite although he learned his lessons. He was spending his time getting together money enough to go to New York and have his stuttering cured. Before he could save it, however, examinations came on and the issue was joined.

His teacher marked him too low to pass, although he knew he had written a perfect or practically perfect paper. In despair he went and asked her why she had marked him so low.

"Because you are never prepared in class," she answered.

"I thought you understood," he stammered. "I can't recite. I stutter."

She told him that she was sorry but the rules of the school required recitation.

For a moment his heart failed him. He had stuttered for years despite heart-rending attempts to cure himself. How could he recite? Then his Scotch will asserted itself.

"Very good," he said bravely. "I will recite to-morrow."

The text book was Swinton's History of the world that term and the next day's recitation was Caesar's Campaign in Gaul. Perhaps you remember that Caesar with such names as Ver-tingetorix and the Allobroges and other simple words. When he rose to recite, the class snickered. This would be funny.

It was—at first!—for he caught on the very first sentence and hung there

IF anyone knows the true terms of the capital and labor problem, it is John McDowell. He began life as a car-boy and lost his arm in the black depths of a Pennsylvania coal mine at the age of fourteen. He has since become a social worker, clergyman, strike arbitrator and has had an experience of life such as is vouchsafed to but few men. He says that if industry is to serve humanity, its attitude must be changed from one of fear to one of faith. The democracy which will do this must be more than a form. It must be a spirit of justice and brotherhood upheld and strengthened by the church.

stuttering and stammering. No, he could not recite.

"That will do, Mr. McDowell," came the voice of the teacher.

It was like Armageddon to McDowell. "I will recite," he said desperately and he began. He waded through word after word while the teacher called to him to sit down. He set his teeth and went on. The class roared with laughter. But not for long. Five minutes later it fell silent. McDowell was reciting. Ten minutes later the class wept. Then it applauded. And still McDowell waded through that hideous recitation. At the end of an hour he sat down. He had read a full page and won for life the admiration of every person in the room. He walked out into the street a conqueror. He never stuttered again! His will had conquered completely for the first time since he was injured.

He knew then the stuff he had in him if he could only bring it out. And he went out and looked longingly at the baseball field, his passion.

No, he could never play baseball again, nor football either, he decided. But tennis—could he play that with one arm? He decided he could. He did. He invented a method of serving with his one arm and he played. He played month in and month out and he played better and better. He played so well that he became tennis champion of Moody's school. And at nineteen he knew that accomplishment was a matter of will, whether one was born a Pennsylvania miner or an Emperor's son.

LIFE for most of us is determined by the strong personalities with whom we come into contact, drawing us this way or that. For McDowell, life seemed almost predetermined. Clothe a will and a brain in the characteristics of a Scotch miner, add the influence of a stern, Covenanter home, send him to work among the real, simple men of hard, physical toil, and then consider the swift impact of a pastor and his wife; a Bible-reading father; Dwight L. Moody;

the professors of Princeton University; and what do you think will be the result?

Picture, too, a childhood in which religion had always been one of the stern realities of existence, the one fundamental without which there was chaos, both in individual, human life and in society. Glimpse for a moment the East side of New York twenty-five years ago, with its thousands to whom religion was a thing to be hated, a thing to be feared, and the church a symbol of persecution; and you have some idea of the youthful drama of John McDowell, Princeton graduate, spending his first summer doing social work, before he made a decision as to his life vocation.

Just a social worker for the summer—that was the job he took his first summer out of Princeton, with the Institutional Church over on First Avenue and East 63d Street.

It was a curious mixture of human beings that crowded the streets of that part of New York in those days—Jews, Russians, Poles, Germans and all the races of Southeastern Europe. Nor were they just races of men, either. Every variety and kind of sect and opinion known to mankind, from Free-thinker to Anarchist, flourished and argued and mixed in the poverty-stricken district at the doors of the Institutional Church. That church which was succeeded by the present Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church.

THE church itself was an up-and-doing affair for those days, too, with a relief fund, among other things, for helping these strangers so close to its gates. To administer this fund, and mix with and get to know the poor of the district so that the money would be wisely expended was young McDowell's first job.

For a whole summer he mixed on intimate terms with almost every kind of foreigner these United States can boast of. For, with youthful, naive enthusiasm, he made a complete survey of his district and tried to know everyone in it. He did not succeed in that, of course, but he did succeed in administering his relief fund with rare ability.

What is more, he got a brand new view of existence. And he found, somewhat to his surprise, that everyone did not believe in God and the Bible and the Shorter Catechism as they did in the Pennsylvania hills! Every one did not believe in the plain, simple things of man! Although they were plainly just men themselves, underneath, they did not seem to recognize other men as just men also, with men's ambitions and hopes and fears. They seemed to lose sight of such human attributes in others, and to use such terms as capitalists and proletariat, as classes and masses and direct action!

The thing hit McDowell between the eyes. Why, here was a colossal ignorance! A dangerous ignorance, an

ignorance which called a church, for instance, a corporation, an institution! Certainly the fact that these people were of different races from the miners of his boyhood could not explain that. Underneath, these people must be like everyone else. His own life had taught him that old Robertson, the Scotch miner, had said the truth when he remarked that "a man's a man for a', that!" It must be that these people had lost sight of the truth.

During all the weeks of the summer while he administered his fund; while he grew acquainted with his neighborhood; the question knocked at his mind. It grew even stronger as he got to know the heterogeneous mass of people who lived in the tenements and as he became able to sit at their tables and talk to them as a friend. Why, these people seemed to have lost sight even of the Biblical rules of life and character, to say nothing about their conception of the meaning of a church. Simply to remind them of the truth, would be a task calling for all the brain and will any man yet born could wish to possess!

IT is curious to consider, is it not, that the idea that he, himself, might try to do it, did not seem to occur to him. Not until Korner, the German Jew, drove it home, and he saw the thing clearly, forever. This Korner, an anarchist, lived in a basement just off Second Avenue.

"I don't want you or your church around here," he told McDowell suspiciously in the early summer. "What's the idea of your job?"

"Simply a friend in need," McDowell told him pleasantly.

"Huh!" sniffed Korner. Religion was hypocrisy, of course. Churches were leeches. They weren't good friends with anyone! How did this boy think he could tell him a thing like that?

And he jeered, while McDowell smiled the smile of his boyhood.

It was just six weeks later that the anarchist's little girl was run over by a street-car on the Avenue, just at dusk. McDowell knew her almost instantly, as he stepped from the platform to see who had been injured. Shy, little Dora Korner, with the life crushed nearly out of her!

It was the first time that McDowell thanked God for his fund. Men with funds can call ambulances and order rooms at hospitals with marvelous quickness! Not until two hours later, could he go down the street in the darkness to tell Korner of the tragedy of his child. He found the Jew in a bare room, under the gas jet, staring at a dispossession notice before him.

"I been put on the street," the Jew said.

And McDowell's heart went out to him.

"Not while I know it," he said. "I'm your friend."

It was one of the last uses that McDowell made of his fund and his job. Five weeks later, Korner stopped in at the church.

"You been a true friend, my boy," he

said. And he trembled with emotion. "A real friend. I want to shake your hand."

"Only, I haven't been your friend," McDowell told him at once. "The Church has been your real friend—the people who come here and get together the money I spend. I'm simply their agent."

For a minute, Korner stared at him. "Well," he said at last, "then I take it all back. The church is all right. I dare anyone on the Avenue to say it ain't! I'm going to get in it myself!"

It was the deciding voice for McDowell. If the church was good enough for Korner, it was good enough for him as a life work. . . .

That fall he went to the Seminary. He had always studied the Bible just as he had always specialized in science and mathematics. Now he would learn its application to society and the industrial drama of which the East Side was one scene.

In the Seminary, he took all the theology that came his way. And he took it with all the warm understanding and human sympathy with which nature had blessed him. He took it, too, with one eye always on what existence had taught him thus far. And he came out at twenty-seven, a full-fledged minister of the Gospel.

His first pastorate was in Steelton, Pennsylvania. For him, of course, it was like going back home. Once more, he could work with the sons of toil; could listen to their stories at night; could help carry the water, and talk to his own kind. And once more, too, he could find renewed assurance that he was right. The laboring man had not changed since the days of Bill Jock and Tom Phillips, even though the years had rolled around and he, himself, was the "dominie" now and no longer the boy on the coal-breaker.

THREE years of that and then the scenes of life shifted once more and he found himself at the head of a big church in Detroit, close to the life of a city—a growing, industrial city. And he knew that he had struck his lifework. His achievement now would be measured only by his force of will!

There is no space here, however, in which to record the years John McDowell spent building up his church in Detroit nor of the obstacles he met and overcame, just as once he had overcome the obstacles of his youth. Nor of all the men who became his friends—men like John Mitchell, William Livingston and many others. There is only space for an anecdote or two. He ran one of the big clubs for men wherein all classes were included and all shades of opinion represented and which had for its only rule the obligation of each member to conduct himself in debate and in the meetings as a gentleman, on pain of expulsion. For three years, the club discussed every subject under the sun without anything untoward occurring. Then one night, the leading Single Taxer and the leading Socialist fell into a bitter argument which ended by the Single Taxer using some lamentable language.

Immediately, the members were on their feet, calling for a vote on the question of the Single Taxer's claim to the title of gentleman. McDowell put the question with some reluctance.

"It is only with regret," he said, "that I ask every member to rise who considers that Tom has forfeited his title as a gentleman."

To his surprise, every man in the room rose on the vote, including the Single Taxer himself! He looked around on the assemblage with a smile.

"I do not think," he remarked, "that we can call for either a more unanimous judgment than this, or a more sincere evidence of Tom's repentance. Don't you think he should be reinstated?"

And he was.

THE vital thing, the real thing, is that all the while there was growing up a steady conviction in this Scotchman concerning social and industrial questions. A conviction strengthened year by year by the experiences that came his way—experiences not only in church work and club work but in printers' strikes, laborers' strikes and finally in the big Detroit street-car strike where he did duty as the third arbitrator.

It was his conviction, first, that the social question of to-day was the legitimate child of Christianity, not only in the impulse that gave it birth but in the spirit which had nourished it throughout the centuries. Secondly, it was his conviction that it was at bottom a matter of human relationships—a demand for equality of opportunity. Thirdly, it was a conviction—and one that would not waver—that it was his duty as a man and a clergyman to face that question and attempt courageously to solve it, no matter if it involved all his relationships with the society in which he lived.

For a moment, he had a vision of what a church, which applied itself rightly to the social question, and of what a country-wide church movement would mean.

It was a vision of a Church at whose door no movement for the betterment of mankind and the purifying of society should ever knock in vain! A Church which, in the person of her members, should direct and infuse with its spirit every effort which aimed at any human welfare. A Church which would seek to give leadership to all education, recreation and legislation which affected the vital interests of the individual, the home, the school, the church and the state. A Church which should be a mighty boiler beneath the social conscience of the nation! A Church which would preach always the doctrine of equality of opportunity in religion, in education, in politics and in industry!

DAY in and day out, then, he began preaching the duty of the church. For five years, he preached it and talked it and lived it in Detroit. When he moved to Newark, in nineteen-five, to a great church in that New Jersey city, his aim in life had become the attainment of this settled goal—the turning of the churches (Continued on page 73)

*It's mighty good as it is
but it ought to be a*

B E T T E R

Some true tales of folks and



THEY AWAKENED A CITY

By Hugh S. Fullerton

COLUMBUS, Ohio, is a sedate, aristocratic, agricultural city in process of evolution into a soft coal center of manufacturing. The older aristocracy, which lived a contented, prosperous, undisturbed life, has rather resented the soft coal smoke which has filled the valleys and driven them back into the suburbs, and has not been pleased to see the hustling, aggressive younger generation taking the helm and leading in transforming the beautiful, sleepy old capital city into a metropolis. Youth and energy, soft coal and steel, however, are relentless and will not be denied. Those older families, who always capitalized the P when they spoke of themselves as the People, felt a great deal as you would if you owned a beautiful, peaceful home in a grove of old trees facing a beautiful park and someone came along and built a garage next door.

That was the condition in Columbus when a group of men decided that the city needed a modern Young Men's Christian Association, with two man-reclaiming and boy-building plants; one for the white, the other for the colored citizens.

The older element could not quite understand the necessity. They had built one of the first and finest of the Y plants and, because they did not fully understand how rapidly the city was being changed, they did not under-

stand why greater and better equipped plants had become necessary. But the men who knew the needs of the city announced a campaign to raise more than half a million dollars in two weeks, one hundred thousand of which was to be given to erect the colored branch.

The situation among the negroes in Columbus at that time was disheartening. Some of the older inhabitants spoke of a "negro problem" and deplored the great increase in the colored population. They charged that most of the crime in the city was due to the negroes and cited records of arrests to prove their statement. And the statement was true! But they looked at the effect and forgot the cause. The truth was that in the entire city, there were but two respectable places of amusement, outside of the churches, to which the young negro men might go. If all of them had desired to spend their leisure time in decent surroundings there would not have been standing room for one-tenth of the young negroes in those two places and churches. One of the places was the negro Y, a small, old-fashioned residence, in bad repair. It was crowded day and night.

After the first rush, the campaign lagged. The workers were earnest, they canvassed, pleaded and argued, even begged. But the conservatives, who hold the bulk of the city's wealth, were only mildly interested. Some gave liberally and worked hard but others held back, seeing little need, and giving sparingly and without enthusiasm.

The whites had asked the negroes to raise \$25,000 among their own people. Ten teams, a hundred and ten negro men, mostly young, went among their people telling them the need of a place where the young men of the race might meet. They were working for a chance for the negro boys. The enthusiasm among the colored men and women was intense. They passed the mark the whites had set for them. The leader of a jazz orchestra, with tears streaming down his face announced the gifts to his team each night. A Pullman porter prayed aloud for help and turned in his tips. More than a hundred came

each night and prayed and shouted and cheered as the fund grew.

But among the whites the work lagged. For the success of such a campaign it is generally necessary to get some large gifts. Some of the wealthy gave freely; some even gave beyond their means and I know one who pledged almost the last of a fortune that has been given away in good works—but the Class was not awakened.

The leaders faced failure. It looked as if nothing short of a miracle could enable them to complete the task they had set for themselves and the city.

One morning two of the older men in the colored campaign, leaders of their race, received a message asking them to call at 40 South Neil Street, because Dr. and Mrs. Noah Elliott wished to make a gift to the cause.

Dr. Elliott was well known in Columbus. He was more than ninety years of age and the oldest colored physician in the state. Both he and his wife had been slaves. He had learned medicine in the plantations of the South, and he had a shrewd knowledge of the use of home remedies and the concoction of roots, herbs and barks. When he came to Ohio, after the Civil War, his knowledge had enabled him, under the lax system then in force, to secure a license to practice medicine and he had found a field among his people.

Such practice is not remunerative. He and his wife lived in a small cottage and, as they grew old, were accounted poor.

The two solicitors, responding to the call, found the old couple waiting. "We want to give something," said the old doctor. "We want to help the colored boys. Be sure to put it down as a gift from me and my wife. We both helped make it and she saved it."

His wife, while he talked, was moving around cautiously. She pinned newspapers over the windows of the room made certain that no one was spying and, lifting the mattress, reached under it and drew out a pile of money. "Take it," she said. "It'll do the boys good and we ain't goin' to need it much longer."

There was \$500 in the bundle, old money, ragged money, in one dollar bills, five and tens, with a few twenties. It was their savings of a long lifetime of toil.

"You need not pay it all at once. You can pay in three instalments if you like," stammered one of the visitors.

"Laws, child!" said the doctor, "we may not be here to pay any instalments."

So the callers carried away that bundle

If you love your country
you'll want to help it

A M E R I C A

things that show a people's heart

of toil won money. That night, the workers gathered at Linden Hall to report. One team had raised \$12; another \$40; another \$4.60. Then the gift of Dr. and Mrs. Elliott was announced.

Colored men stood up with tears rolling down their cheeks. Others shouted their approval. Cries of "Glory to God" and "God's in his Heaven" arose. One old man stood with uplifted face and prayed silently unheeding the sobs and shouts around him.

And, in the morning, a newspaper told quite simply the story of two old slaves who had given the savings of their lives to the end that the next generation of colored boys might have a home and a decent meeting-place. That day, the city awakened. Those who had been indifferent became interested. Some came voluntarily to increase their subscriptions. The teams working to raise the fund found the conscience of Columbus stirred. By evening it was certain that the campaign would succeed and, a day or two later, came the announcement that the fund had been over-subscribed and that gifts were still pouring in.

BETTER TIMES

THE smallest newspaper in the world! *Better Times* is thus heralded. The description refers to its size, however, for there is nothing small about its purpose. It is theouthpiece of the United Neighborhood Houses of New York.

We used to call them "settlement" houses but, although they still style themselves Henry Street Settlement, University Settlement, Union Settlement and so on, the word "settlement" gradually passing away. Neighbor-

hood Houses, we call them now and there is something significant in the new title. It means that we no longer think of groups of people, intelligent, educated, aflame with the fire of service, going from the outside into the crowded sections of New York and settling themselves for unselfish work among the Italians or the Russians; but of a house, a meeting place, for the surrounding blocks; a house growing out of the neighborhood, belonging to it, built to serve its particular needs and to furnish it with health, education and recreation. And in the *United Neighborhood Houses* we go one step further. Before March, 1919, each neighborhood house went its own way, doing its best among its own people. If it wanted to run a big

organization. He, it was, who hit upon the striking scheme of the "smallest newspaper." Moreover, although diminutive in size, it is a regular paper. Besides news of the neighborhood houses and community life, it publishes editorials, cartoons, photographs, jokes; and one of Mr. Hecht's plans is to feature an interview with some prominent person every month. *Better Times* hopes to become self-supporting—the War Camp Community Service financed the first number—but it is not a commercial enterprise.

There is something rather significant in the name, is there not? *Better Times!* That really is the thought behind it, the purpose of its little pages—to make better times for everybody!

Extra

Better Times
SMALLEST NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD

PRICE
5c

Vol. 1, No. 1 Published Monthly by the United Neighborhood Houses of New York Jan. 1920

Roosevelt says Neighborhood Houses Make Links out of Hyphens; War Camp Continues its Community Work on Peace Basis

Community Service Carries On
New York Community Service is the unassuming but hopeful offspring of a concededly worthy parent, New York War Camp Community Service, which, during the period of the War rendered service to upward of three million men in uniform. As "War Camp" served uniformed men in war, so in peace its successor, Community Service, will carry on to serve even more millions wearing the uniform of every day life.
Community Service has been called upon to continue this work among uniformed men and to extend it to all the people who make up the great Community of New York City. This call has come from many organizations and individuals, each one saying (Cont. on p. 6)



YOU SEE HARRY WE HAVE THE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSE JUST LIKE YOU HAVE THE W.C.C.S.

Government Praises Settlement War Work.
New York City and the United States Government should be proud of the war service rendered by the settlement houses of this city, according to Hon. Carter Glass, Ex-Secretary of War. (Cont. on p. 7)

Volunteer Workers Wanted
The United Neighborhood Houses of New York has begun a campaign for volunteer workers to help carry on the activities of the forty-odd houses belonging to the organization. The (Cont. on p. 2)

Praises Houses For Americanization Work
"Much of the extreme radicalism in New York City arises," said Lt. Col. Theodore Roosevelt to a representative of *BETTER TIMES*, "from immigrants who do not speak the English language nor have the slightest conception of the fundamental principles of the institutions of this country. Americanization work in New York City is of the greatest importance. Nearly half a million people in this city cannot speak English. About 150 foreign language newspapers and magazines are published in New York. Everyone who knows the conditions in the immigrant districts must realize the great need for Americanization work. There are more than half a hundred neighbor-

hood campaign, it started, regardless of whether one of the forty-five other houses was doing the same thing. Now, however, that is changed. The neighborhood houses have got together and formed a clearing house for their own work, an organization that co-ordinates individual efforts and puts through their big undertakings.

It is this organization that is speaking through the pages of this little 4 by 6-inch newspaper. To foster interest in the United Neighborhood Houses; to tell the big general public, which so often struts along blithely blind, of the community work—that's another word that is creeping into its rightful place in the English language—being done in our big, material and seemingly heartless city of New York; that is the purpose of the tiny sheet. Americanization, neighborhood nursing, co-operative enterprises, the activities of other neighborhood houses; these are some of the things that *Better Times* will tell us.

The idea came from Mr. George Hecht, who heads the Publicity Committee of the

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A WHOLE GANG

REFORMS

By Herbert Asbury

THEY were the Seventy-first Street gang in New York City not so many months ago—a group of boys ranging in age from fifteen to twenty years, some of them with reform school and prison records. They were mean and mischievous, and at their doors the police laid all manner of fights and petty thefts, and the policeman on the beat had to watch them constantly. But this is changed now. What was once the Seventy-first Street gang is now the Starlight Pleasure Club, all members in good standing of the Lenox Hill Settlement Boys' Club.

"You would never know these boys now," said the old policeman. "They're not at all what they used to be. I don't have any trouble with 'em at all any more. They're good boys."

AND all this because Emory F. Hanaburgh, Director of the Boys' Work of the Settlement, had vision enough to let the young gangsters join the club when they asked for membership. There was plenty of advice against it, because the Seventy-first Street gang had a bad name, and the mothers of the youngsters already members didn't want their children to associate with them. But Hanaburgh believed he could handle the boys, and he put the proposition up to the leading members of the gang as man to man.

"You let us in the club," said the boys, "and we'll cut out the rough stuff. Nobody'll ever have any more trouble with us."

And they have kept their word. The regeneration of the Seventy-first Street gang is complete. The Starlight Pleasure Club is the busiest of the several organizations that go to make up the Boy's Club. There is always plenty for them to do at the clubhouse, because it is equipped with a moving picture show, games of all sorts and a workshop and, besides these activities, the boys give dances and parties and picnics and get out a newspaper, and they hold two business meetings a week that parliamentarily are amazing things. There is nothing flowery about the language they use either at their meetings or in the columns of their paper, but the principal thing after all is that these boys are now as good as any boys in the district, and they promise to develop into decent and useful citizens.

Hanaburgh located the club in what had been the Little Bohemia Saloon and, since the beginning, the place has not been large enough to accommodate all the boys who wanted to join. He has had a great deal of trouble with the little girls of the district, too. They have never been able to understand why they couldn't be members of the club, and one day a group of them came and asked about it.

"You can't belong because you aren't boys," said Hanaburgh. "This is a boys' club."

"Could we join if we had trousers on?" they asked.

"Of course," said Hanaburgh, smiling.

But the next day there came a band of very determined little girls, some of them wearing bloomers and two or three dressed in the Sunday trousers of their young brothers.

"Can we join now?" they asked.

ALL TOGETHER—PULL!

THERE are jobs and jobs! Most of us workmen and working-girls have sampled a few varieties, but the job, where we aren't just a cog in a big machine, doing our little bit to keep it running, where we feel that we count, and that we, along with the rest, are building up a big organization, which somehow we feel is ours—that is the job we like. For at the bottom we humans are all individualists. We don't like to be one of a mass, to take impersonal orders and work for people; we like to work with them. We like to feel that our strength and our brains are of value, and we like to have a little personal interest in the work of our hands.

Out in Nebraska, the Omaha Flour Mills Company has found a way to bring this about. They have installed the Leitch System of Industrial Democracy, which just means that they have a House of Representatives, composed of workmen and elected by them; a Senate of foremen and superintendents; and a Cabinet, the owners; and that these bodies discuss and settle all questions which rise between the men and the firm. At these meetings, the men can criticize any superintendent without fear of losing their jobs; make any suggestion or ask for any information. They are an important part, an integral part of the Company.

Before putting in this System, the Omaha Flour Mills Company had more or less labor unrest. They had one or two strikes. They had to clean out entire crews. Whenever there was a show-down, they were able to win, but they knew that all the while they were really not winning. The seeds of trouble were still there just the same, ready to crop out; and they felt that their relation with the men was not what it should be.

THIS situation was brought home especially to Mr. Chauncey Abbot, Jr., Vice-President of the Company. He came from a small town where he had been with a flour mill for eleven years. There, labor conditions were different. Most of the men were married men and had their own homes near the mill. He had known them for years, had grown up with them, and nine out of ten of the men in the mill called him by his first name, and they would not hesitate a second to hail him if he was driving along in his machine, and ask for a ride.

So one of the first things he noticed when he came into a larger city was that the managers instead of being welcome as they were in the small town were looked upon with distrust whenever they came into the plant, as if their presence was merely tolerated, and almost resented. The men would barely nod.

The Leitch System, however, has changed all that. No longer can Mr. Abbot, or one of the other managers go through the plant in thirty or forty minutes as he used to. Now every other man that he passes will stop and want to talk—he may have some idea that he wants to present; or if he hasn't, he will stop anyway, and ask whether it is warmer out.

Of course, there are still men in the plant who are not in harmony with the system. The firm could fire them, but it doesn't. It is trying to win them over, for the managers of the company have found that the great majority of their men are level-headed people, and that they only needed an opportunity to take a real active interest in the business. They really want to take an interest, and now that they have a chance, they do. Their suggestions for improvement and betterment have amazed the managers, and they have discovered leaks and losses which never would have been known under the old system. You see, they are working with the Company now. It goes fifty-fifty with them on anything they can save, whether in power, or number of sacks broken or number of men employed. Furthermore they get the highest wages in any similar plant in the locality.

HERE are a few instances of how this saving scheme works out:

One day, a superintendent came to Mr. Abbot and said that two of his men had talked to him asking him to discharge a certain man, whom we will call Smith. Now the superintendent was a level-headed man and he wanted to go to the bottom of the matter.

"Why do you want to let Smith out?" he asked them.

"He isn't the kind of fellow to hang around this plant," they answered. "He is a loafer and a slacker, he doesn't do as much work as the others, he's cutting into the company's profits and our dividends, and we won't stand him on the job."

The superintendent suggested that they bring up the case before the House of Representatives for handling and decision. But the men decided that with the superintendent's consent they would warn the man before they put his name up before the House. The next morning the superintendent saw these two men with the other fellows backed up into the corner and they were laying down the law to him, telling him just exactly how he had to work if he wanted to stay on the job. The man stayed till noon and then asked for his time. "I won't work that hard for another one," he said.

Another time the officers of the company were very much surprised

receive a memorandum from the House of Representatives demanding an explanation as to why a certain assistant foreman was kept on the job. They alleged that they had no hard feelings against the man but that the man did not handle the men under him to good advantage, in fact, the man was really not necessary, and they wanted to know why \$140.00 a month of the company's money was being wasted, and they stated that, under the present system of Industrial Democracy, no assistant foreman was needed for that particular work. The managers found that this was true.

At different points in the mill and in different departments, the men have instituted valuable methods of saving. They even watch little things such as shutting off lights that are burning unnecessarily. The amount of flour that is spilled on the floor in packing has been reduced to about 20 or 25% of what it used to be, and the same thing applies to the number of sacks broken. "This is going to be the darndest workhouse in Omaha by spring," one of the men was heard to say gaily to a fellow worker.

If the men want certain little changes here or there for their personal comfort or betterment, all they have to do is to bring them up at the meetings. The House of Representatives thought that the men would like to have hot meals at three different times in the twenty-four hours. So the Company put in a restaurant for them. But not only are the men insistent that it be self-supporting, but they also fix their charges voluntarily themselves, upon such a basis so that the cost of equipping the restaurant for them will be returned to the Company. The House of Representatives has also formed an insurance company, the men themselves dividing the cost with the Company.

The whole atmosphere has changed. The men working in the mill seem different. For to them the Company is no longer a big, impersonal outside thing. They are part of it and they are working with everybody else, from the managers down, for its benefit, and their own.

AN HOUR A DAY

Minneapolis fathers have promised to devote one evening a week and one hour every day to their sons. Some people may say "That isn't very much! I should think they'd do that anyway!" but think of the fathers who hurry off to work early in the morning without even seeing their children and likewise those who erect a wall of silence and the newspaper between them and their families. One evening a week and one hour a day. That is really a lot. So often our American fathers are so busy earning money in order to give their sons certain advantages that they forget to give them the greatest advantage of all—the companionship of themselves.



OUT OF OUR DAILY LIFE

OFTEN these days we get discouraged about our America. We read the headlines of the newspapers and we think: what is this country coming to? Our minds are full of our nation's shortcomings, and perhaps we don't stop to measure its accomplishments. Over all this wide country of ours, interesting things are being done, worth while things, things that are contributing to a Better America. Take, for instance, the children of our schools and our towns, the increased care, the increased benefits we are giving them.

IN Louisville, Kentucky, the schools have organized a Music Memory Contest, not for the pupils of the high school but for the elementary grades. The purpose of this contest is to interest the children in music and to familiarize them with good music. And the children like it. Eagerly they gather around the phonograph and listen with rapt faces. The teacher explains each record, giving a simple analysis of the composition, an account of the composer and the opera, if it is taken from an opera. The compositions have been selected with great care, so they will not be too difficult for the child to grasp. The Prologue from Pagliacci, Haydn's Surprise Symphony, the Intermezzo from Cavalleria Rusticana, Mendelssohn's Spring Song are some of the pieces which the children hear. In the contest, they have to identify both the composition and the composer, and prizes are offered for the winners, in the schools for negroes as well as in those for white children.

MINNEAPOLIS has installed for its schools the first movable dental clinic in America. It is an ambulance donated by the Red Cross, and equipped with a dental chair and dental acces-

sories. At the first intimation of a toothache on the part of a child, it can rumble to the rescue.

DALLAS, Texas, is trying to make scholarship as popular as dancing and athletics among its schools. The Bryan High School has formed a "Better Scholarship Club." Any pupil who is making an average of 80 per cent. is eligible and receives a diploma: "This certifies that ——— is making an average of 80 in class work in Bryan High School and is entitled to membership in the Better Scholarship Club." This is given as an expression of appreciation from the faculty of Bryan High School. The Club isn't a literary or high brow organization at all. It has meetings every month and part of the purpose of those meetings is to plan "good times."

WE have all of us heard on the streets and in the trolley cars the harsh nasal voices, the "ain'ts" and the "he don'ts" and the slang of America's youth. Principals and teachers have heard them, too, and in many places, Detroit, Louisville, New Orleans, the schools have set aside a week for a "Better Speech" campaign. The boys and girls have written essays; they have made posters—they have given plays; and Detroit's Northwestern High School presented a big pageant in which "Bad English" hobbled around like an evil demon and once appeared without his head. One girl, at the close of her essay wrote: "Remember, girls, when the right man comes along and asks the most important question in life, don't grunt but say 'yes.'"

IN New Orleans, the children don't have to hurry home for lunch or worry because they haven't enough money to ease their growing appetites. In one of the schools, a cent is all the child needs. With a penny in his hand he can walk into the lunch room and get a good meal: corned beef and potato stew, or spaghetti and tomato sauce, or salmon croquettes. Of course a penny does not really pay for his lunch but the School Lunch Guild makes up the deficiency by its 5, 7, and 19 cent lunches. In three schools, the lunch rooms, where the meals are 5 cents, are self-supporting. System, good management, discounts from wholesale houses, volunteer workers, these are the reasons the Guild gives for its successful fight against the high cost of living.

THE schools of Cleveland did not neglect winter sports or forget the fun of skating, particularly skating in a race for a prize. Boys and girls of all ages and grades, in sweaters, in furs, in mackinaws, with their precious skates slung over their arms, appeared Saturday mornings at the different parks for the Municipal Skating Tournament. First there were races between the children of the different elementary schools, divided into classes according to age. Then there (Continued on page 65.)



There sat those four kids, all talking for dear life about their lessons. I asked what it meant. "They're teaching one another," the mother explained

BRINGING UP THE BOOTH BOYS

By Walter B. Pitkin

Illustration by Lejaren A. Hiller

THIS is a brief history of the beginnings of the Next Revolution, as set in motion by Elias N. Booth of Dill Glen. Some may call it rank sedition but we who've been watching it think otherwise. And we wonder how it strikes the rest of the United States.

Elias, his wife, and four boys moved to the Meade farm two years ago. And they hadn't been there a month before folks began saying they were queer. They plowed and planted differently. They didn't daub their barn with water paint but used real white lead and linseed. They bought a washing machine and a hay tedder and a number of other contraptions. But the queerest of all the things they did was to keep their boys out of Dill Glen School.

"It's a shame!" said Miss Hawkins, who has been teacher there for seven years. "They make those poor kids work at home. I saw them up back of the barn this very morning, slaving away. We've got to get the law onto

HERE is a story based upon experience and containing ideas and information for families, teachers and others who are concerned with the education of boys

them!"

A couple of us from the school committee dropped in on Elias the next day, to see how the ground lay. And sure enough! There we found all four boys fetching and carrying for Elias while he was building a hog pen. We asked Elias how old they were. Four-

teen, twelve, ten and eight, he said—and I think he was grinning.

"I don't know what State you come from," said I. "But here we have a law requiring children of those ages to be in school. We believe in education, we do."

"So do I," said Elias. "That's why I'm keeping my four home."

"Huh?" was all I could say to that. It sounded like a downright insult to Miss Hawkins and the whole community. We had always been proud of Dill Glen School and Miss Hawkins. Miss Hawkins was better than the run of teachers we used to have; she'd been a year in high school somewhere and she was spry as could be, for a woman of fifty, and she never complained of her wages which were forty a month and board which is as good as most country school teachers draw anywhere.

"What's more," Elias added, "I've had set against sweat shops and wage slavery. No Dill Glen School for me."

"What's the idea?" I asked. "I'll show you," said Elias.

you're quick at figures. How many pupils has Miss Hawkins got?"

"Thirty-eight," said I.

"How many grades does she teach?"

"Four this year. Sometimes six."

"How many subjects?"

"Spelling, reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, singing, history—oh, I guess about eight or nine."

"And she gives around six hours a day, five days a week to this, doesn't she?"

"Yes," I had to admit.

"Well now," Elias glittered, "tell me how many minutes a day Miss Hawkins can give to each pupil on each subject."

"Give me a pencil," I asked.

"Oh bosh! Any one of my boys can do that problem in his head," Elias chuckled. "Here you, Jim! Answer that, will you?" He summoned his ten-year-old.

"She has 360 minutes a day total," said Jim. "With 38 pupils, she has 9 and 18-38th minutes per day to give to each. If she teaches all 9 subjects every day, she can give to each pupil 1 and 2-38ths minutes for each subject—"

"OH, come now!" I broke in. "That's all rubbish, man! Miss Hawkins doesn't teach each pupil singly. That'd be crazy! She teaches them in classes, of course. Teaching isn't like pumping water for cows to drink. When you pump, what one cow takes another doesn't get. But when Miss Hawkins passes out a fact to ten pupils at once, they all get it. See? So your figuring's preposterous."

"I know," Elias shook a mournful head. "That's what people have been saying for a million years. But it isn't true, and saying it ten million years more won't make it any truer. I went to a one-room country school and know what I'm talking about. When Teacher was talking to the class or listening to one fellow recite, what were the rest of us doing? Taking in the precious truth? No siree! We were chewing gum or throwing spitballs or sticking pins into the pretty girl in the seat ahead or writing love letters or putting our initials in the benches. As I look back with unsentimental eyes on my school days, I see that I got just about two or three minutes a day of actual instruction and personal attention. I don't blame the teacher. Not at all! The poor thing couldn't do better. She was up against a System. He was up against the notion that a school is a sort of factory and intellectual Bottling Works, where you fill a lot of empties with a precious stuff called Truth, clap an air-tight top onto the head, and send the receptacle out to a cooling room called the World, where the contents proceed to work like hot beer."

"But what can we do?" I protested, or I had to admit the point of the criticism. "This township can't hire a Miss Hawkins for each of those thirty-eight pupils. We'd go bankrupt if we did. We've got to bunch the work."

"There's another million-year-old

notion that's as wrong as wrong can be." Elias picked up his hammer. "Say, I'm busy now. But if you'll get here at seven-thirty to-morrow morning, I'll show you how you can solve that problem—without anybody going bankrupt either."

YOU can bet that we were on hand at seven-thirty. Elias was down in the village selling some hens but his wife was on hand to receive us. She was a plain little body, Mrs. Booth was. Not much different from a million other wives, except that she took her four boys and their upbringing seriously.

"Why shouldn't I take them seriously?" and she laughed, as I watched one of the boys set the breakfast table, while another sliced bacon. "They're the most expensive live stock on the farm. I give one hour a day to looking after the hogs and another hour to the chickens. So it seems fair to give twice that much to the boys. And that's just what I do. Four hours a day, no more, no less!"

"Hm," was all I could say. "It sort of takes it out of you though, doesn't it? I see you have a late breakfast. Most folks around here finish breakfast by seven, and lots before six."

"Oh, Elias and I had breakfast at six," said she. "We let the boys sleep. They need it. They get their own meals."

Sure enough! In a few minutes all four youngsters marched in with bowls of oatmeal, regular army fashion, and got out their plates and knives and forks and fell to. Mrs. Booth took me upstairs while they ate and showed me their rooms. Everything spick and span! Again regular army style! Windows wide open. Bedding all thrown back, floors swept, clothes in order. And their mother marked down a score on a paper attached to the door.

"They're graded for neatness, of course," said she. "After breakfast, they make their beds and ours too. That's something Miss Hawkins can't mark them for! And it's more important than the names of the Presidents of the United States, too!"

WE went back to the dining room. Mrs. Booth brought some books and slates out and looked over some papers while the boys were making beds upstairs. When the four came down, the mother fetched in a pan of quinces; said she had to can them and told the boys to get busy while she was peeling the fruit. Then she fell to talking to me, about the news of the day, while I went dizzy; for there sat those four kids, all talking to one another for dear life about their lessons. I didn't see what they were doing, so I asked.

"They're teaching one another," the mother explained.

Sure enough! Fourteen-year-old Henry was expounding the mysteries of the multiplication table to eight-year-old Fred. Twelve-year-old Dick was commenting on the scrawl of six-year-old Bobby which was meant to be "*This is a cat.*"

"They teach one another better than I can teach them," said the mother. "The older ones like to show off their superior knowledge to the younger. And they also sense the difficulties of the tasks better than I can. Of course, they do make mistakes sometimes which only a grown-up can check. And they do get playful now and then. That's why I brought the quinces in here. I'm just a policeman and occasional adviser. It's lots easier now than it was when I had to get the two older boys started."

"I've heard Miss Hawkins say that nobody really learns anything until he tries to teach it," I remarked. "I suppose you're capitalizing that idea too?"

"Exactly!" Mrs. Booth nodded. "I found that out for myself. It's gospel truth! I'm improving my own education every day, just by teaching these tots. And it works the same with them, too. When I started Henry at teaching multiplication to Fred, Henry wobbled on his seven-times-seven table. Well, when Fred reached nine-times-nine, Henry showed signs of worry. Then, one day, he sneaked off to the barn with the arithmetic and when he came back around supper time, he was grinning. Next morning, I heard him reeling off the whole table up to thirteen-times-thirteen."

AROUND ten o'clock, the R. F. D. carrier brought the mail. Henry opened the morning paper and read aloud some two columns of first page news, while mother and the boys listened. When he stumbled over a new word, his mother corrected him and, as he finished each article, she explained very briefly the gist of the news. Dick the twelve-year-old next took the sheet and waded through half a column or so, with a good many hitches. Next Mrs. Booth marked off a few inches of reading matter for each boy to study spelling from. And she gave them half an hour to work at it, while she went out into the kitchen.

One by one, the boys came out to the kitchen and, while the mother worked away over the stove, spelled off the words he had been given. After this, all of us went up to the hen-house to gather the morning eggs and put fresh water in the cups and throw in some sulphur and ashes. The boys did all this work as if they liked it. And the mother proudly showed off their wisdom by asking them all sorts of questions about hens. The answers those boys gave were amazingly correct.

At noon Elias came home from town. They urged us to stay to dinner; and we did. You couldn't have pried us away from the place. Elias, while serving the victuals, quizzed the boys on their morning's studies. Then they began talking about the news of the day. Each of the three oldest boys read off a paragraph or so in the morning paper and Elias discussed it. Fred struck an item about a mayor—out in Kansas, I think it was—being caught selling moonshine and going to jail for it. Elias asked (*Continued on Page 70*)



HOW TO KEEP IT, IF YOU HAVE IT
HOW TO GET IT, IF YOU HAVEN'T IT

HEALTH

A Department Conducted by

Merritte W. Ireland, *Surgeon-General U. S. Army*
Wm. C. Braisted, *Surgeon-General U. S. Navy*
Rupert Blue, *Surgeon-General U. S. Public Health*

POPULAR DELUSIONS

I WAS BROUGHT UP THAT WAY

A MIDDLE-AGED woman arrived at a large sanitarium in a very serious condition. She was weak and anaemic and all the functions of her vital organs were impaired. After putting her on a scientific diet and prescribing special baths and exercises, the sanitarium doctors, who had had a great deal of experience with cases of this type, prescribed outdoor sleeping for her. The roof of the sanitarium had been fitted up with comfortable sleeping cots, a nurse was in charge and, during the long beautiful nights of summer, some of the patients most in need of this extraordinarily hygienic measure were allowed the privilege of sleeping there. But the patient was aghast. She said, "Why I never did such a thing in my life!"

No, indeed! If she had, she probably never would have been obliged, finally,

to visit that sanitarium for the weak and anæmic condition in which she found herself.

Bringing a person up by a certain method does not establish that method as the best for his particular health.

Although all changes from established habits should be made gradually, the fear of departing at all from old customs, even when there is every evidence that they are harmful, often constitutes a great obstacle to improvement. A woman, who was afflicted with one cold after another, all winter long, was told by one of her healthy neighbors that the colds were due to sleeping in a warm room with none of the windows open. But the woman immediately replied that she had to sleep in such an atmosphere because she "was brought up that way." She was so caught in the thrall of this idea that it proved an insuperable barrier to the improvement

MAN is the victim of catch phrases. Some colloquial phrase takes hold of his imagination and, no matter how false the application, he is held enthralled. These little stories are examples of how certain hoary old catch phrases are erroneously used to describe certain conditions

of her health.

Perhaps it is from an innate love for our parents and especially a loyalty toward our mothers and the natural feeling that everything they do for us is for our best good, that we so often fall into the error of regarding the ways of our youth as necessarily the best for our health. But, as a matter of fact, our health is often ruined by our "bringing up," long before we are old enough to control the matter for ourselves. Many cases of tuberculosis are the result of being "brought up the way"—that is, in impure air. Bright disease and heart trouble frequently arise from wrong conditions of eating and neglect of the teeth and tonsils during the period of "bringing up." However well-intentioned the method, if contrary to Nature's strict laws of health, it will not save us from the infamous and much-traveled road which leads to ill health. Former generations had limited opportunities for knowledge of hygiene, nor were they so often endangered by the possibilities of excesses as are the very ones for whom they lived temperately and in self-denial. The world moves onward and we were "brought up that way," which has been is not necessarily better than what may be.



"TORPID LIVER"

WHEN somebody ascribed torpid bowel action to torpid liver, he caught the imagination but did not hit upon a truth. Constipation has little known relation to the liver.

The liver has various functions, according to what we know of it at the present time. One of them is to act as a nourishment supply storehouse. An important portion of our nourishment is so-called carbo-hydrate material; that is, sugar, and starches that turn to sugar. This material is digested, inverted and absorbed into the blood, and thence carried as fuel to supply the muscles with heat and energy. The sugar content of the blood must, however, always remain at a certain percentage, according to a physiological law. If an excess of carbohydrate material is absorbed, it is therefore not rid of immediately, and one method of disposing of it is to store it in the liver, where it may be drawn upon

one of its causes, but there are evidently other causes of which little is known. Hardening is often preceded by an enlargement or fatty liver.

If the liver ever becomes torpid; if, in other words, it does not properly hoard excess nourishment; or un-poison the blood; or secrete bile; constipation is no particular evidence of it. The usual cure for torpid bowels, wrongly described as torpid liver, is to increase the amount of coarser foods eaten, such as green salads, coarse vegetables, whole wheat bread, oatmeal and so forth; the drinking of plenty of water; mild outdoor exercise; and nervous control.

Do not let yourself be caught by the bait of a "liver pill." Someone is intriguing your imagination to make money out of you.

"FAT AND HEALTHY"

HE was one of the leading characters of the town, a man rotund of stomach and ruddy of countenance. He was described by his admiring fellow townsmen as "fat and healthy," the extra fat being somehow a symbol of his extra health.

It was at the time of an important local political campaign and our fat friend, physically conspicuous, loomed large as a candidate for a position that had to do with an improvement scheme.

In the campaign a "skinny little fellow," as his enemies described him, had the temerity to run against the fat and healthy individual but received very few votes (one of which, however, was cast by the village doctor!) the people of the town not being much impressed by him. The fat man was easily the victor. He seemed to symbolize in his own physique the superior prosperity into which he promised to lead his fellow citizens.

In carrying out his work, which often called for long and arduous labor, the successful candidate ate more as he worked more. As a result, he grew still fatter and, if that was anything to

go by, healthier. And then, one day, right at the height of things, this man of the large waistband and the florid countenance—supposedly as rich in health as he was in fat—was taken with a fainting spell. Healthy? On the contrary, he suddenly revealed himself as a bankrupt in health. He never ate again. In a few hours he died. And it did not take the village doctor long to diagnose the trouble as death due to fat. It was the "skinny little fellow" whom they had to call upon to carry out the job, which needed a sure and steady hand for long years!

As one of our highest medical authorities states; "Fat is no sign of health." According to the best available statistical information, it is a fairly true indication of health impairment. Our life insurance companies—whose business it is to find out what sort of people live the longest—have found that the lean ones, after age 35 as a class, enjoy the better health. Of course, by "lean-ness" is not meant emaciation. This when excessive, is also an indication of ill health.

There are various causes of fat, the principal of which is the simple habit of eating too much food—or too freely of the substances from which our body fat is derived—while leading a sedentary life. This does not necessarily mean too much food in bulk, as the limitations of the stomach generally safeguard against that, but rather too much in nourishment value, that is, foods too rich, too concentrated. A tablespoonful of olive oil has as many units of nourishment as has a pound of tomatoes. Our ex-President, Mr. William H. Taft, reduced his weight by decreasing not the bulk of his meals, but rather their nourishment value. He adopted a system of eating more freely of vegetables, fruits and green salads, and less freely of fats—on meats or in the form of butter or oil—and less freely, also, of sweet things. Thus he lost a great many pounds without any particular hardship or self-denial.

Another cause of too much fat is an exhausted or abnormal condition of some of the glands. They play some mysterious role in fat metabolism. Anyone who is truly a small eater and yet given to decided overweight should, therefore, consult a reputable physician. A recent theory regarding some cases of overweight is that they are due to sluggishness on the part of the kidneys.



time of need. Another function of the liver is to protect the body from poisons. Power-poisons are generated when food is digested, and absorbed along with the nourishment into the intestinal blood. This blood is not allowed to join the general blood stream, which passes through the heart, until it has first been filtered and un-poisoned by the action of the liver.

Another function is to secrete bile. In the early days of physiological science, this used to be considered the liver's only function, but it is now known to be merely one of the several important purposes of the liver. Bile is a fluid which aids in the emulsification and digestion of oils and fats, and also acts in the neutralization of poisons, at the same time checking fermentative and putrefactive changes.

When one considers the prevalence of sluggish bowel action, indigestion and constipation, diseases of the liver are seen to be comparatively rare. One disorder that involves the liver and its biliary tract is gallstone disease. The stones are rarely formed in the liver itself, however. They are usually developed after inflammation of the gallbladder. The only other common disease connected with the liver is the condition known as cirrhosis, or hardening. The continued use of alcohol is



Some very prominent stage folk, to whom fat and its attendant loss of good looks was a tragedy, have been restored to normal figures and apparently to much improved health by physicians working on this theory. In all cases, as in the case of our friend of the small town, the term "fat and healthy" is a paradox. The words Fat and Unhealthy are truer synonyms.

Patent medicines advertised for reducing fat are highly dangerous. Not only may they not do what they claim; they may prove positively harmful!

"STRENGTH FROM MEAT"

A YOUNG lady, in one of our eastern cities, was thin and sickly, lifeless, lacking in strength. The inferior quality of her physique was exaggerated by the presence on her face of very disagreeable looking blotches. They were obviously not due to any particular infection, but they were so repulsive that she did not go on the street without a heavy veil. Apparently the blotches were somehow associated with the mal-nutrition and consequent frailty of which she was a victim. Her physical weakness in itself might not have distressed her had it not been associated with the other condition, which was of course a constant humiliation. She made every effort, therefore, to gain vigor and good health. She put her main reliance on a strengthening diet, partaking almost exclusively of good meats and particularly of the famous strength-giving steak. But her thinness persisted through long discouraging months and years and her face did not improve, until, just by chance, a neighbor who happened to be one of the country's greatest hygienists, noticed her condition.

He made inquiries regarding her habits of eating. She told him of her efforts to gain strength and, in particular, of how she was taking the most strengthening diet she knew—plenty of meat! He gave her a little advice. He suggested that she cut out some of the steaks, and indeed most of them, advising her to eat meat not more than a couple of times a week, and to try olive oil for gaining weight with plenty of vegetables, salads, cheese, a couple of eggs a day, fruit, and milk. In two weeks, a miracle began to take place. A condition that had lasted for

STRENGTHENING DIET



THE SEEMING MIRACLE



years began to clear away and a new bracing of the whole system occurred.

One of the foods about which we have the most delusions is meat. While in meat there are large quantities of muscle-building substances, the body can use only a certain amount of them—a very definite minimum—and all the meat taken in excess of that quantity perhaps only one small portion each day, has to be used for some other purpose as, for instance, body fuel, for which it is an inferior substance. Our cereals and other foods make much more satisfactory fuels, for body economy. Even though the muscles are used very strenuously, curiously they do not require more than this minimum of the meat element in our diet. They need a certain amount of the muscle-building nourishment, and that is all there is to it, exercise or no exercise. This is not true, however, of the other elements in our diet which furnish body fuel—cereals, fats, vegetables, and so forth—for of these the more we exercise, the more we need.

In meat, furthermore—a food in converted form which has already been once used by some other animal—certain organic salts necessary to the body welfare are missing. So that, should one attempt to live on meat alone, very grave digestive disturbances would be likely to follow. It was apparently the lack of such salts, which are found in milk and fruit, vegetables and greens, from which the weak young lady of the eastern city was suffering, and from supplies of which her complexion so readily improved after she placed reliance for strength in a diet of good variety and low in meat.



PURIFYING THE BLOOD

LIKE the vision of muddy, dirty water rendered sparkling and clean by simple processes, we picture the "purification of the blood" in some simple way, making dull, dark, muddy blood, contaminated by body poisons, clear and red again. Pleasant and soothing as the picture may be, it does not portray

known possibilities.

Blood is said by scientists to have hundreds of functions and to be "one of the most complicated substances known." Chemically, the blood has a slight alkaline reaction. Only in death does it become acid, or in advanced stages of certain diseases that are fatal. Physically, it consists of a colorless fluid in which float millions of red and white corpuscles, the red predominating and giving it their color.

One of the main functions of the red corpuscles is to carry oxygen from the air, as it comes into the lungs, to the tissues throughout the body. A function of the white corpuscles is to protect the body from harmful bacteria. The white corpuscles can migrate, by some mysterious method, right through the wall of the blood vessel, and overcome the germ enemies either by "eating" them, or by forming a poison in which they cannot live.

In different diseases, various conditions in the blood become deranged. In simple anæmia, for instance, there may not be enough red corpuscles, or they may be sufficient in quantity but lacking in their content of hæmoglobin, the substance that absorbs the oxygen. In pernicious anæmia, the red corpuscles may be greatly diminished, the blood being abnormally fluid, altered or immaturely formed. In leucæmia, on the other hand, a drop of blood is abnormally sticky, spreads with difficulty, and the number of white corpuscles is greatly increased. In rheumatic fever, certain of the white corpuscles may increase from a normal of 5,000 to 7,000 per cubic millimeter, to 12,000 in pneumonia, at the time of the crisis,

they may increase even to 100,000. In the condition commonly known as blood poisoning, there is an invasion of the blood by harmful microbes. In gout, the blood contains an excess of uric acid and its derivatives. In diabetes, often an excess of sugar and fat is found. Sometimes tuberculosis of the internal organs of the body is traced to an infection of the lungs and

(Continued on page 5)

BILLY BRAD AND EVERYONE ELSE

By Ellis Parker Butler

Author of "Pigs is Pigs"

Illustrated by J. R. Shaver

DO YOU think you can live without the rest of the world? Billy Brad thought so. He is only six but his story has a message for you. Like Billy Brad you can learn not to overlook what your fellow man is doing for you daily

"There wouldn't be any ice cream man, would there, if you were the only person on earth?" he said. "And your money wouldn't be worth having, because there would be no one to sell you things. And you would not need to buy anything, because everything would be yours anyway. You could just go down town to-day and take all the ice cream you wanted, and you could go down town to-morrow and take all you wanted, and you could go down town the next day and take all you wanted."

"But—but it would all be melted, Uncle Peter Henry," said Billy Brad.

"That's so!" said Uncle Peter Henry, as if he had never thought of that before. "Ice cream does melt, doesn't it? Everything melts or decays or rusts out, or gets to be useless in one way or another. There wouldn't be any ice cream in three or four days."

For a moment Billy Brad looked solemn; then he brightened.

"We—we could let the ice cream man be alive, Uncle Peter Henry," he said eagerly.

"Why, so we could!" exclaimed Uncle Peter Henry.

"To buy ice cream from," said Billy Brad.

"Of course! We can't have the ice cream man off the earth when we need him," said Uncle Peter Henry. "That would never do. So that's all right. It would be a lovely world—perfectly lovely—with just you and the ice cream man in it. You could eat ice cream all day and all night. You could have breakfasts of ice cream, and dinners of ice cream, and suppers of ice cream."

"And bread," said Billy Brad. "And butter! And chopped meat balls."

"Where would you get *them*?" asked Uncle Peter Henry.

"Why——," said Billy Brad. "Why——"

"There would not be any bakers, or butter makers, or butchers," said Uncle Peter Henry. "Unless," he added thoughtfully, "we left a few of them on earth."

ONE day, when Billy Brad was six years old, he felt quite happy, because he had a big, round birthday dollar in the Savings Bank, and his school garden was growing nicely and his mother had said she would buy his vegetables as fast as they were ripe. She had already bought some. She had bought ten cents' worth of radishes, and five cents' worth of radishes, and eight cents' worth of radishes and six cents' worth of radishes, so Billy Brad had twenty-nine cents. As soon as he got seventy-one cents, he would have another dollar to put in the Savings Bank. That would be fine, too, because every dollar added to what he had would make it one dollar more, and when he had enough dollars he could buy a pony, or anything he wanted.

Billy Brad was sitting on the lowest of the porch steps as he counted his money and thought how nice it would be to have enough dollars to buy a pony, or anything he might want, and he was quite happy because it was such a delightful thought to think.

As he sat thinking this delightful thought, another thought came into his head and it was so splendid and wonderful and impossible that it was like a fairy story. It was such a gorgeous and pleasing and overwhelming thought that it made Billy Brad's eyes grow big and made him say "Oo!" before he knew he was saying anything at all.

At the very moment when Billy Brad said "Oo!" his Uncle Peter Henry, who was quite bald and wore big spectacles with real tortoise-shell rims, and who looked as wise as an owl, came around the end of the porch.

"Well, Billy Brad," said Uncle Peter Henry, "what are you oo-ing about? You look like a little boy who has just seen a great, big enormous dish of ice cream, in a great, big saucer, with great, big, ripe strawberries all piled up around the edge of the saucer. What makes you so oo-ish this nice day?"

"Why——why——" said Billy Brad, "for because wouldn't it be nice if there wasn't anybody else in the whole world

but me? Oo! *Then*, I could have lots of dollars! I—I could have *all* the dollars. And *all* the cents. And *all* the dimes. And *all* the money. I could, couldn't I, Uncle Peter Henry?"

"Yes, indeed!" said Uncle Peter Henry.

"Oo!" exclaimed Billy Brad lustreously. "And—and I could have all the candy! And all the oranges! And all the ponies! And all the automobiles! And everything! For because there wouldn't be anybody else to have any."

"No, sir! not a soul!" agreed Uncle Peter Henry. "You would be the only one. It would all be yours. All the money. Billions of dollars."

"Oo!" cried Billy Brad rapturously. "and—and I'd take my money, I would, and I'd go down town, I would, and I'd buy——"

"Yes? What would you buy?" asked Uncle Peter Henry.

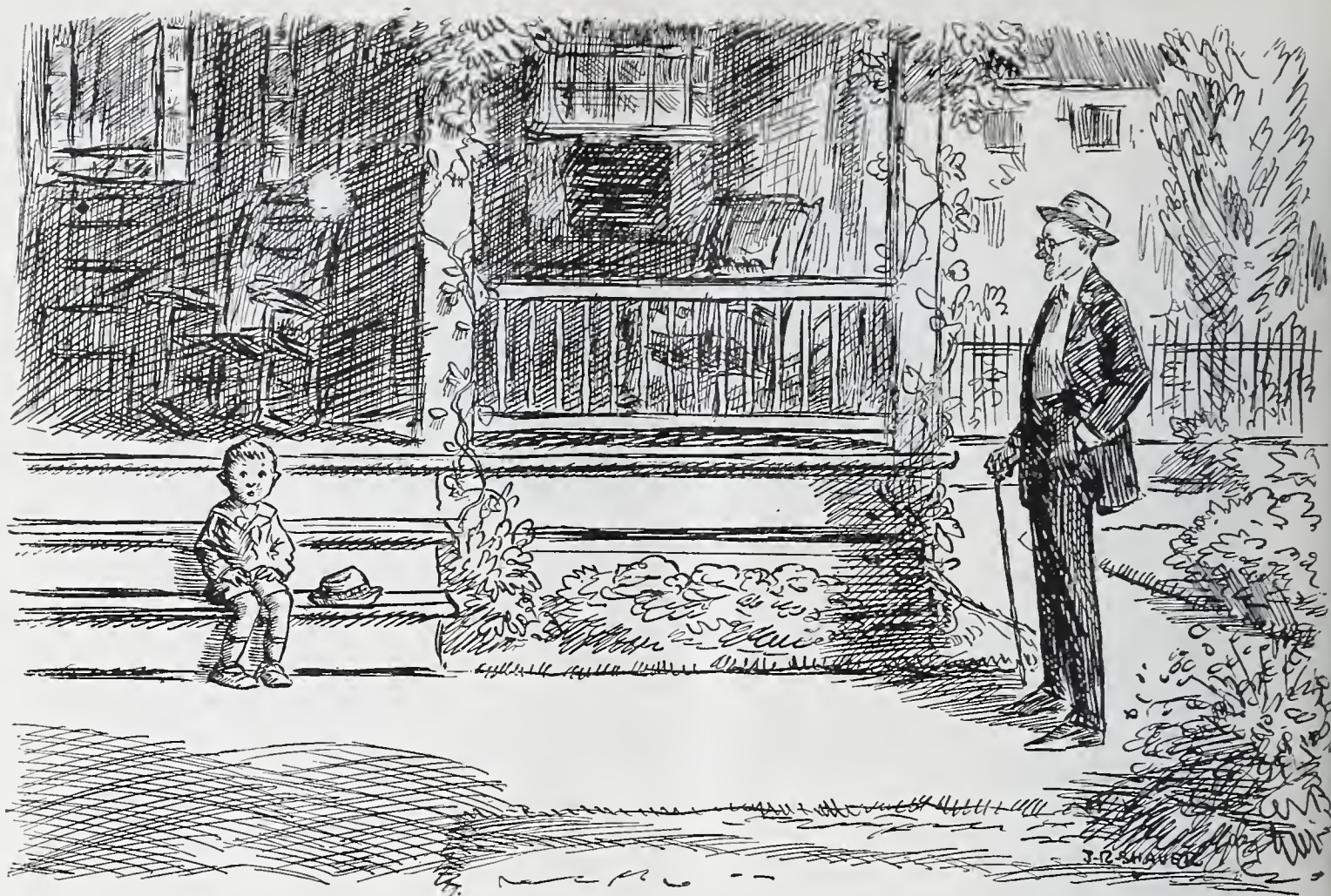
"Lots of ice cream," said Billy Brad. "Oo! Big lots!"

"Just so!" agreed Uncle Peter Henry.

"From whom?"

"Why, from——" Billy Brad began, and then he stopped.

Uncle Peter Henry smiled.



"Wouldn't it be nice if there wasn't anybody else in the whole world but me," said Billy Brad. "Oo! then I could have lots of dollars"

"Yes, let's!" said Billy Brad eagerly. "Let's, Uncle Peter Henry! Shall we?"

"We might," Uncle Peter Henry said, but very doubtfully indeed. "We might try it but I'm rather doubtful. I'm not sure the butcher would sell you any chopped meat."

"Why wouldn't he, Uncle Peter Henry?" Billy Brad asked anxiously.

"Well, you see, Billy Brad," Uncle Peter Henry explained, "he would hardly have time to chop and cook enough meat balls for himself. He would have to spend most of his time feeding his cattle, and cutting hay for them, and milking the cows, and taking care of the calves, and cutting and storing ice to keep the meat from spoiling."

"Yes," said Billy Brad.

"And cooking his meals, and growing the wheat for his bread, and grinding the flour, and tanning the leather for his shoes, and digging in the hills for iron ore, and making nails for his shoes, and knives to cut the meat, and growing wool and cotton for his clothes, and spinning the yarn, and weaving the cloth, and making his clothes——"

"Oo!" said Billy Brad, but in quite another tone.

"So, really," said Uncle Peter Henry, "it will hardly be worth your while to leave the butcher on earth unless you leave quite a few other people to do things for him so he will have time to chop more meat than he needs for himself."

"Yes, let's!" said Billy Brad eagerly. "Let's do. Let's leave them."

"I'm willing," said Uncle Peter Henry. "I do think, myself, that it may be just as well, because the ice cream man will be very much like the butcher. He will need shoes and clothes and food and a house——"

"And a delivery automobile," said Billy Brad.

"Of course! And tires and gasoline and——"

"And saucers when we go down town to eat our ice cream at the ice cream man's," said Billy Brad.

"Certainly, saucers," said Uncle Peter Henry. "But that means having potters and wood-cutters and coal miners——"

"And everybody!" exclaimed Billy Brad.

"I may say," said Uncle Peter Henry gravely, but with an eye-twinkle Billy Brad could not see, "I may say that, to keep on living comfortably as you are now living, Billy Brad, your world will need practically everybody that is now in it. I see you have some money there; how much is it?"

"Twenty-nine cents; it's mine, for because——"

"Ah! you say it is yours," said Uncle Peter Henry, "but where did you get it?"

"My mamma gave it to me, for radishes," said Billy Brad.

"Well, we must have your mother in this fine world of yours, Billy Brad, if she buys radishes from you," said Uncle Peter Henry; "but where did you get the radishes?"

"I grewed them," said Billy Brad ungrammatically.

"Grew them," Uncle Peter Henry corrected. "I see we need a school teacher or two in our world, too. And where did your mother get the money?"

"From my papa."

"And where did he get it?"

"Why, my papa works," said Billy Brad.

"For himself?" asked Uncle Peter Henry. "Does he work for himself and pay himself the money he gives your mother to buy radishes with?"

Even Billy Brad could see this was nonsense.

"He works for Mr. Bo'mum," said Billy Brad.

"That's it!" said Uncle Peter Henry. "Now we've got it, Billy Brad! Your father does something Mr. Bowman needs to have done and gets paid for doing it. So we say he is working for Mr. Bowman, but he is really working for himself and for you and for your mother and for everyone who buys or uses the things Mr. Bowman makes or sells or handles in any way. And when you grow your radishes we say you are working for yourself, but you are really working for yourself and for your father and for your mother and for everyone who will eat your radishes. Do you understand that?"

"Yes, Uncle Peter Henry," said Billy Brad.

"I really believe you do," said Uncle Peter Henry, who was very proud of Billy Brad. "And do you see that your ice cream man could not make ice cream for you unless other people made his shoes and hats and clothes and did innumerable things for him?"

"Yes, Uncle Peter Henry," said Billy Brad.

"Fine!" said Uncle Peter Henry, "and that's the way the world is, Billy Brad. No one can live in the world alone. No one can shut himself up and act as if he was in the world alone. Every turn and move we make, and everything we do, is tied up with the lives of everyone else. What are you doing now?"

Billy Brad looked up at Uncle Peter Henry questioningly. He did not know he was doing anything. He thought he was doing nothing at all.

"With your heel?" said Uncle Peter Henry.

"I'm kicking the old walk, I am," said Billy Brad.

It was a cement walk and a small piece had broken out close by the step on which Billy Brad sat, and he had been hitting the edge of the hole with the heel of his shoe.

"You are just a small boy sitting on a step, doing as nearly nothing as a small boy can," said wise old Uncle Peter Henry, who wore tortoise-shell rimmed spectacles and was bald and looked as wise as an owl. "And one might say, thoughtlessly, that at this moment you, at least, were not tied up with the people of the whole world, but you are. When you kick the edge of that hole in the cement you are wearing out your shoe, and men in Minnesota are growing wheat to make the bread to feed the Iowa farmers who are growing the corn to feed the Texas cattle that will furnish the hides to make the leather from which the shoemakers will make the shoes that a railroad will bring to the dealer who will sell the shoes to your mother for you."

"Oo!" exclaimed Billy Brad.

"Yes," said Uncle Peter Henry, "and a cent of the money your mother pays for the shoes will go to a coolie in Japan who weaves the straw matting for the bedroom floor of the engineer of the train that brings your shoes to market. And a cent will go to California to pay for the beans the Texas cowboy eats at noon while he watches the cattle that will furnish the hides for your shoes. Each cent will go on from one man who is doing a useful, needed thing to another man who is doing a useful, needed thing, until all the same cents, or other cents just like them, come back

to Mr. Bowman for the useful, needed thing he is doing, and Mr. Bowman gives them again to your father for the useful, needed thing he is doing for Mr. Bowman, and they buy you still another pair of shoes. No one can act alone; every turn and move in the life of every human being is bound up with the lives of everyone else."

"Yes, Uncle Peter Henry," said Billy Brad meekly.

"Are you sure you understand?" asked Uncle Peter Henry.

"Yes, sir," said Billy Brad.

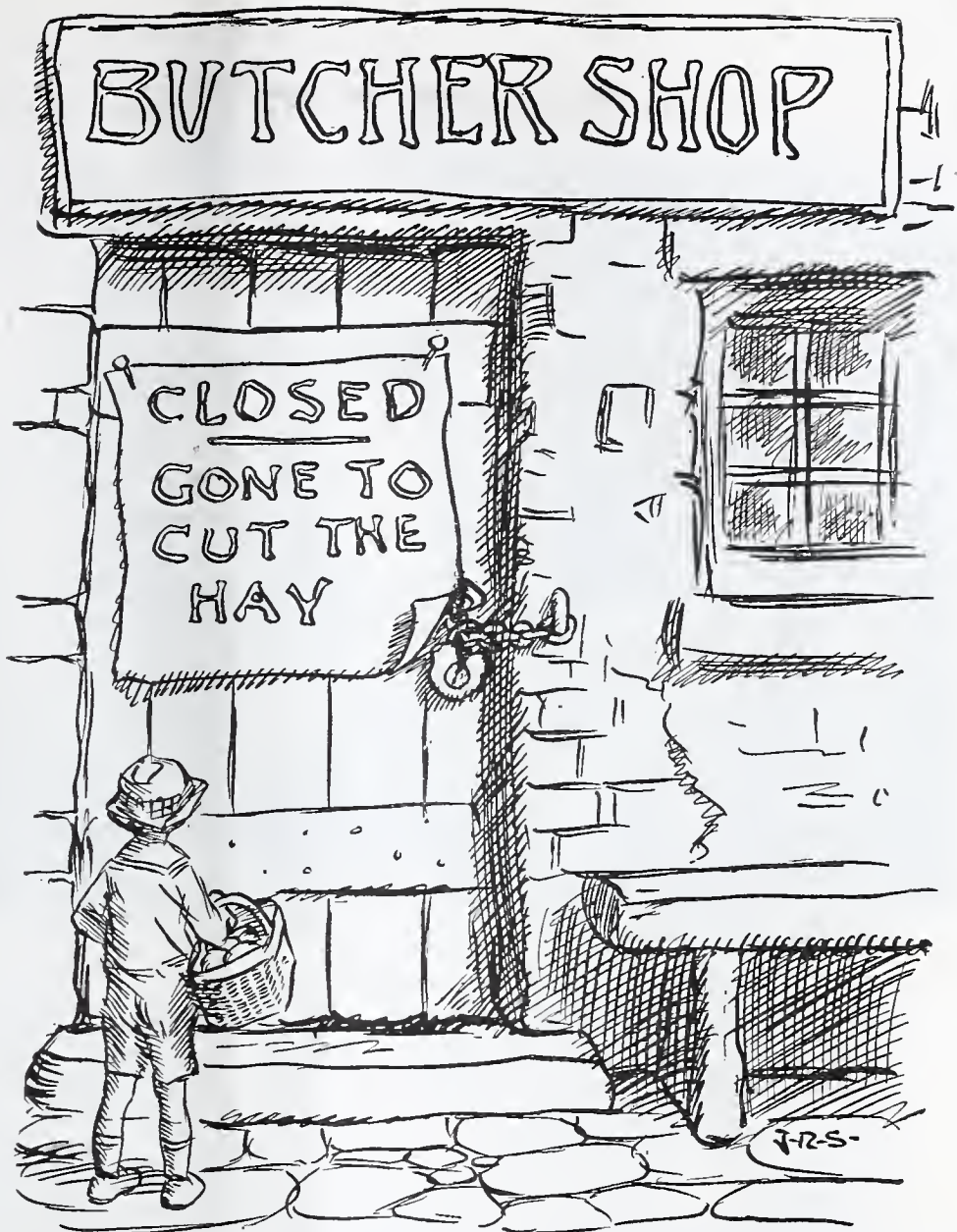
"Well, what is it you understand?"

Uncle Peter Henry asked.

"Why—why—" said Billy Brad, "I don't *not* want to have not anybody else in the world but me, for because if you tooked me down town to buy me some ice cream there wouldn't *be* any ice cream man."

"That's just about, pretty nearly, very closely, almost precisely the idea!" said Uncle Peter Henry. "That hits it exactly, Billy Brad."

"Yes," said Billy Brad, and then he looked up at Uncle Peter Henry shyly. "But there is an ice cream man down town to-day, Uncle Peter Henry!" he said.





THE MARCH of the RED CROSS

*Some of the accomplishments in Red Cross work during the month;
the story of the influenza epidemic and the realignment .*

of the Red Cross in America

AS INSPIRING and as courageous as anything that came out of the war, is the story that is rolling in to-day from all parts of the country relating the part the Red Cross workers took in the influenza epidemic which recently swept across America. From towns and villages and cities in all sections of the United States the evidence is the same, differing only in details, until to mention any one particular place would seem invidious and unfair were it not that all have shared equally in carrying the burden.

Easily among the finest pieces of work done was that in Portland, Maine—although it might equally have been Portland, Oregon! In the Maine city, when the epidemic began to assume unusual proportions, the city authorities made every effort to hold it in check. But only a few days were required to show that the means at their disposal were hopelessly inadequate. Not only were their trained nurses swamped but the city hospital, including the isolation wards, already filled with other cases, could not begin to give aid in a problem which meant home nursing and relief work, and a large amount of both, at once!

The Red Cross in the city rose to the emergency immediately and threw itself into the breach. For three weeks, the telephone rang night and day. The

surrounding country was ransacked for nurses, doctors and supplies. The visiting staff soon numbered twenty-three nurses who, in the space of eight days, cared for one hundred and seventeen families with an average of three patients to a home. Every part of the organization became a seething center of activity, irresistibly reminiscent of wartime.

Volunteers reported to the sewing rooms to make up sheets, towels, night clothes and other essential things of which there was sudden need. The canteen committee sprang into existence over night with supplies of broths, orange juice and other necessary accompaniments of illness. At first, these were prepared in the headquarters kitchen but as the epidemic grew steadily worse the increasing demands overtaxed the equipment and all kinds of efforts were brought into play.

Although the city had been in the grip of successive snow storms for a month and transportation was in terrible condition, the Red Cross supplies went out without ceasing to all parts of the community. Over one hundred and seventy-five of such trips were made. Nor did all this go to destitute families. Not by any means!

Many well-to-do homes found it impossible to secure help or supplies and were as helpless as their neighbors before the onrush of the disease.

The city was divided into districts, each in charge of a visiting nurse. Cases were reported directly to the Red Cross and high or low, rich or poor, were cared for as quickly as means would permit. One destitute family of four, all ill, was reported at seven o'clock one night as being without even the bare necessities of life. By nine o'clock their wants had all been supplied. Through it all, the Red Cross worked shoulder to shoulder with the other organizations of the city and gave a fine example of broad-minded, generous co-operation, until the epidemic was well in hand.

Such was the story in Portland! Other places duplicated and reduplicated it endlessly. Pennsylvania cities, Ohio cities, Virginia cities—the roster is endless. In some places, the motor corps returned to action. In others, corps of volunteer visitors were formed and went systematically through the streets calling at the homes of the victims, feeding them, cleaning their houses, teaching them, putting aside their own repugnance to conditions never before imagined—veritable Red Cross angels armed with scrubbing brushes and lysol!

The story is indeed inspiring! It has

March of the Red Cross

resulted in a demand for health education and more active work on the part of the Red Cross in chapter after chapter. It is not too much to say at the present moment, indeed, that it holds in it both a promise to those who worked so faithfully, and a rebuke to all those who considered their Red Cross work at an end, and their organization one to be kept merely in skeleton form for use only in case of some great foreign war.

EQUALLY inspiring and tinged with a 'Prisoner of Zenda' atmosphere of romance are the reports of the work done this last month by the Baltic Commission of the Red Cross in Europe. In the dangerous work in that part of the world only men are now employed. Shellfire and pestilence are equally part of the daily routine as assistance is given the Finns in their work of caring for the Russian refugees who are crowding over the border, or as clothing and medical supplies are distributed to the Letts and Esthonians. The Red Cross

workers have found themselves in many cases obliged to cross five or six different frontiers and take all the chances of actual warfare as the battlelines shifted. At the present moment an armistice of a sort has been arranged between the combatants. But disease knows no armistice and for the past few weeks health conditions in that part of the world have been growing steadily worse, despite all efforts to better them. At this writing, an additional reinforcement of forty doctors is being sent to Riga from this country, and every effort is being made to co-operate with our allies in keeping the section isolated.

It is gradually becoming plain, however, that the situation in Poland and the States bordering on Russia is too desperate for the Red Cross, with its limited funds, to handle. Late last summer, an admirably rounded out constructive program for public health education in those states, particularly Poland, was laid out by the Red Cross. It was hoped that this winter would see its accomplishment. To-day, little of

that program is in actual operation. Important work has been done in water purification; in the preparation of serums for hospitals; and in the training of native nurses. But, in all other respects, the Red Cross to-day is still engaged, as it was months ago, in the elementary task of clothing the naked, feeding the starving and healing, if possible, the stricken; so that later on there may be any Poland left at all. Despite the fact that at this moment more than one-half of all the foreign relief work of the Red Cross is concentrated in Poland, assistance has not quite been able to ward off the attacks of starvation and disease.

That the Red Cross workers have not shirked their share in this grim battle the number who have fallen victims to typhus mutely testify. It has been a matter of funds. At the moment, every dollar and every worker the Red Cross can spare from its other tasks is being sent to the aid of the Polish government to help it in its endeavour to keep disease proof (Continued on page 78)



The Red Cross is still engaged in the task of clothing the naked, feeding the starving and healing the stricken

The Prodigal Village

(Continued from Page 11)

trouble enough at best. God gave us bodies to get what enjoyment we could out of them. It's about the only thing we're sure of, anyhow."

It was a principle of Mrs. Bing to agree with J. Patterson. And why not? He was a great man. She knew it as well as he did and that was knowing it very well indeed. His judgment about many things had been right—triumphantly and overwhelmingly right. Besides, it was the only comfortable thing to do. She was the type of woman who reads those weird articles written by grass widows on "How to keep the Love of a Husband."

So it happened that the Bings began to construct a little god to suit their own tastes and habits—one about as tractable as a toy dog. They withdrew from the Congregational Church and had house parties for sundry visitors from New York and Hazelmead every week end.

Phyllis returned from school in May with a spirit quite in harmony with that of her parents. She had spent the holidays at the home of a friend in New York and had learned to love the new dances and to smoke, although that was a matter to be mentioned only in a whisper and not in the presence of her parents. She was a tall, handsome girl with blue eyes, blonde hair, perfect teeth and complexion, and almost a perfect figure. Here she was, at last, brought up to the point of a coming out party.

IT had been a curious and rather unfortunate bringing up that the girl had suffered. She had been the pride of a mother's heart and the occupier of that position is apt to achieve great success in supplying a mother's friends with topics of conversation. Phyllis had been flattered and indulged. Mrs. Bing was entitled to much credit, having been born on the bulk beer level "with a tin pail in her hand," in the slang of the street. She was pretty and grew up with a longing for better things. J. Patterson got her at a bargain in an Albany department store where she stood all day behind the notion counter. "At a bargain," it must he said, because, on the whole, there were higher values in her personality than in his. She had acquired that common Bertha Clay habit of associating with noble lords who lived in cheap romances and had a taste for poor but honest girls. The practical J. Patterson hated that kind of thing. But his wife kept a supply of these highly flavored novels hidden in the little flat and spent her leisure reading them.

One of the earliest recollections of Phyllis was the caution, "Don't tell father!" received on the hiding of a book. Mrs. Bing had bought, in those weak, pinching times of poverty, extravagant things for herself and the girl and gone in debt for them. Collectors had come at times to get their money with impatient demands.

The Bings were living in a city those days. Phyllis had been a witness of many interviews of the kind. All along the way of life, she had heard the oft repeated injunction, "Don't tell father!" She came to regard men as creatures who were not to be told. When Phyllis got into a scrape at school, on account of a little flirtation, and Mrs. Bing went to see about it, the two agreed on keeping the salient facts from father.

ADDRESSMAKER came after Phyllis arrived to get her ready for the party. The afternoon of the event. J. Patterson brought the young people of the best families of Hazelmead by special train to Bingville. The Crookers, the Witherills, Professor and Mrs. Renfrew and a number of the most popular students in the Normal School were also invited. They had the famous string band from Hazelmead to furnish music and Smith—an impressive young English butler whom they had brought from New York on their last return.

Phyllis wore a gown which Judge Crooker described as "the limit." He said to his wife after they had gone home; "Why, there was nothing on her back but a pair of velvet gallowses and when I stood in front of her my eyes were scared."

"Mrs. Bing calls it high art," said the Judge's wife.

"I call it down pretty close to sea level," said the Judge. "When she clinched with those young fellers and went wrestling around the room she reminded me of a grape vine growing on a tree."

This reaction on the intellect of the Judge quite satisfies the need of the historian. Again the Old Spirit of Bingville had received notice. It is only necessary to add that the punch was strong and the house party over the week end made a good deal of talk by fast driving around the country in motor cars on Sunday and by loud singing in boats on the river and noisy play on the tennis courts. That kind of thing was new to Bingville.

When it was all over, Phyllis told her mother that Gordon King—one of the young men—had insulted her when they had been out in a boat together on Sunday. Mrs. Bing was shocked. They had a talk about it up in Phyllis' bedroom at the end of which Mrs. Bing repeated that familiar injunction, "Don't tell father!"

It was soon after the party that Mr. J. Patterson Bing sent for William Snodgrass, the carpenter. He wanted an extension built on his house containing new bedrooms and baths and a large sun parlor. The estimate of Snodgrass was unexpectedly large. In explanation of the fact the latter said: "We work only eight hours a day now. The men demand it and they must be taken to and from their work. They can get all they want to do on those terms."

"And they demand six dollars and a

half a day at that? It's big pay for an ordinary mechanic," said J. Patterson.

"There's plenty of work to do," Snodgrass answered. "I don't care the snap o' my finger whether I get your job or not. I'm forty thousand ahead o' the game and I feel like layin' off for the summer and takin' a rest."

"I suppose I could get you to work overtime and hurry the job through if I'm willing to pay for it?" the millionaire inquired.

"The rate would be time an' a half for work done after the eight hours are up but it's hard to get anyone to work overtime these days."

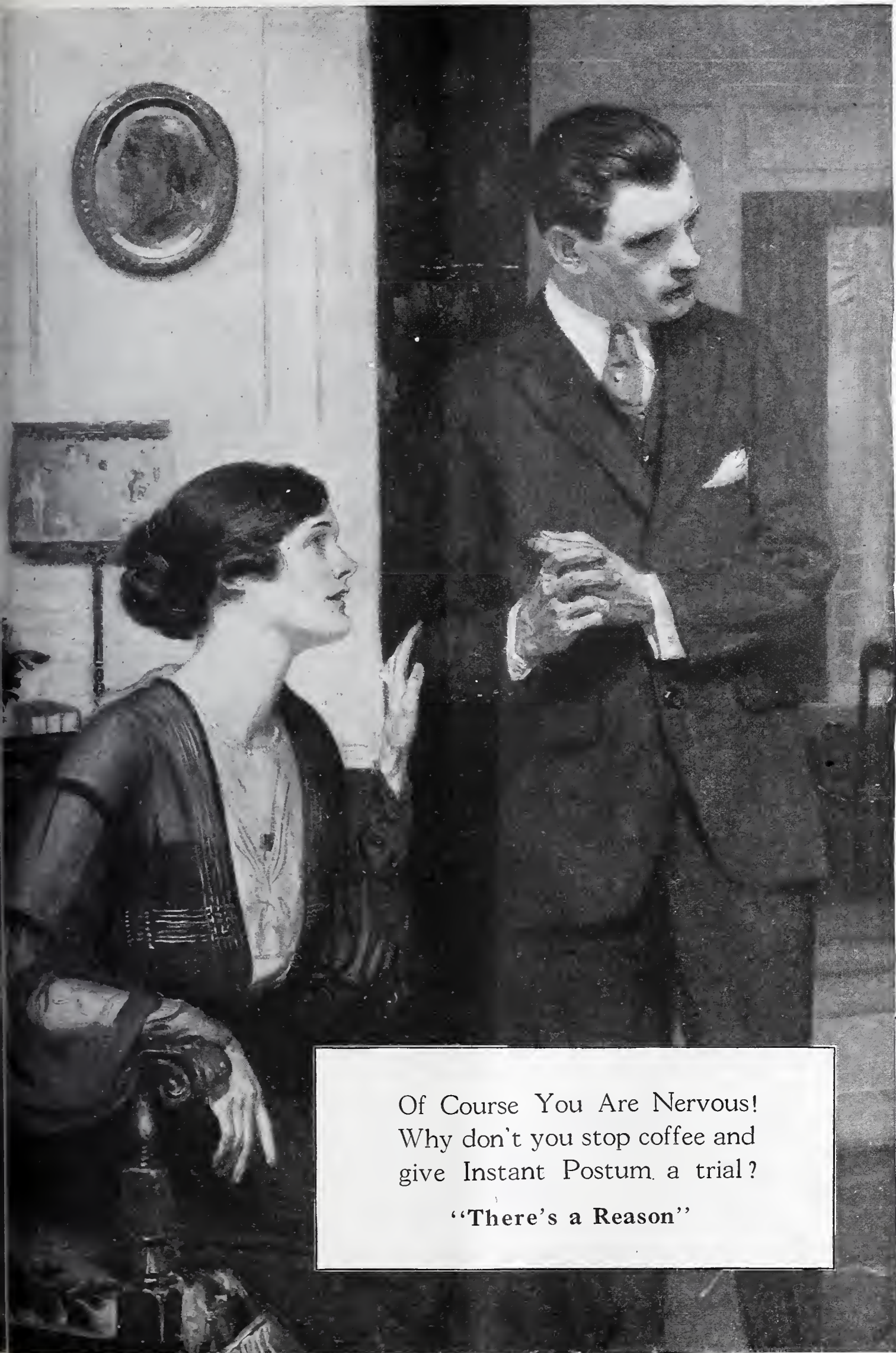
"Well, go ahead and get all the work you can out of the plutocrats of the saw and hammer. I'll pay the bills," said J. Patterson.

The terms created a record in Bingville. But, as Mr. Bing had agreed to them, in his haste, they were established.

Israel Sneed, the plumber, was working with his men on a job at Millerton but he took on the plumbing for the Bing house extension, at prices above all precedent, to be done as soon as he could get to it on his return. The butcher and grocer had improved the opportunity to raise their prices for he never questioned a bill. He set the pace. Prices stuck where he put the peg. So, unwittingly, the millionaire had created conditions of life that were extremely difficult.

SINCE prices had gone up the village of Bingville had been running down at the heel. It had been at best and, in the main, a rather shiftless and inert community. The weather had worn the paint off many houses before the owners had seen the need of repainting. Not until the rain drummed on the floor was the average, drowsy intellect of Bingville roused to action on the roof. It must be said, however, that everyone was busy, every day, except Hiram Blenkinsop, who often indulged in *ante mortem* slumbers in the graveyard or went out on the river with his dog Christmas, his bottle and his fishing rod. The people were selling goods, or teaming, or working in the two hotels or the machine shop or the electric light plant or the mill, or keeping the hay off the lawns, or building, or teaching in the schools. The gardens were suffering unusual neglect that season—their owners being so profitably engaged in other work—and the lazy foreigners demanded four dollars and a half a day and had to be watched and sworn at and instructed, and not every one had the versatility for this task. The gardens were largely dependent on the spasmodic industry of school boys and old men. So it will be seen that the work of the community had little effect on the supply of things necessary to life. Indeed, a general habit of extravagance had been growing in the village. People were not so careful of food, fuel and clothing as they had been.

It was a wet summer in Bingville.



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Why don't you stop coffee and
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The Petal-Texture of Baby's Skin



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TALCUMS**
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Flesh Tint, Cream Tint
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An apple tree in Spring glimmers with pink and white petals that fall in rosy showers or sway in clouds of bloom. There is nothing of fresher, more innocent beauty in the world, except—

Yes, a Baby! That tree might be the Tree of Life. Babies are like those blossoms. Or think of a rose-garden in the summertime. The tiny hands and feet of a baby are like those silken-soft, uncrumpling petals.

But, after all, a Baby is not a fairy, but an intensely sensitive little human organism that demands constant care and protection, needs plenty of healthful sleep, and is subject to tortures of physical irritation during its first years.

Also, there is nothing more helpless in nature. Even flowers are adapted to their environment and can protect themselves from the elements.

The first dictate of common-sense to the mother is care of that delicate, flower-soft baby skin by using constantly a safe talcum powder. The rest of the family may take a fancy to baby's talcum. They usually do. But make them buy their own MENNE'S. And remember that MENNE'S is the powder you want for Baby. It was the original Borated Talcum and there is nothing just like it for skin-comfort.

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Not Merely a Bird House —But "A Bird Homestead" It's the DODSON—

The Dodson Bird House attracts and wins the birds, and it's the same Dodson House to which the same little songsters return every year. A study of bird life has shown that returning birds, with uncanny accuracy, occupy the house they left in the Fall, if it is there.

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Order Now—Songbirds protect trees, shrubs and flowers from insects. Mr. Dodson will supervise proper location for his houses—insuring success if transportation and expenses are provided.
Free Bird Book—sent on request, illustrating Dodson line, giving prices; also beautiful colored bird picture free.
JOSEPH H. DODSON, Pres. American Audubon Ass'n.
777 Harrison Avenue, Kankakee, Illinois
Dodson Sparrow Trap guaranteed to rid your community of these quarrelsome pests. Price \$3.00. 48

The day after the rains began, Prof. Renfrew called at the house of sniffy Snodgrass—the nouveau riche opulent carpenter. He sat reading morning paper with a new diamond ring on the third finger of his left hand. "My roof is leaking badly and it must have to be fixed at once," the Professor announced.

"I'm sorry, I can't do a thing for you now," said Snodgrass. "I've got much to do, I don't know which way to turn."

"But you're not working this rainy day, are you?" the Professor asked.

"No, and I don't propose to work this rain for anybody; if I did I'd fix my own roof. To tell you the truth, I don't have to work at all! I calculate that I've got all the money I need. When it rains, I intend to rest and be acquainted with my family."

He was firm but in no way disagreeable about it.

Some of the half dozen men who like trouble, called on him for that day were inclined to resent his declaration of independence and devotion to leisure, but really Snodgrass was well within his rights.

It was a more serious matter when Judge Crocker's plumbing leaked and flooded his kitchen and cellar. Is Sned was in Millerton every day, working overtime more or less. He refused to put a hand on the Judge's pipes. He was sorry but he couldn't make a horse of himself and even if he could the time was past when he had to do it. Judge Crocker brought a plumber from Hazelmead, sixty miles in a motor car, and had to pay several dollars for time, labor and material. This mechanic declared that there was too much pressure on the pipes, judgment of whose accuracy we have abundant proof in the history of the next week or so. Never had there been such a bursting of pipes and flooding of cellars. That little lake up in the hills which supplied the water of Bingville seemed to have got the common notion of moving into the village. A dozen cellars were turned into swimming pools. Modern improvements were going to be of commission. A committee went to Hazelmead and after a week's plea got a pair of young and inexperienced plumbers to come to Bingville.

"They must 'a' plugged 'em up with gold," said Deacon Hosley, when the bill arrived.

New leaks were forthcoming, and Hiram Blenkinsop conceived the notion of stopping them with poultices of white lead and bandages of canvas bound with fine wire. They dripped and leaked, and the pipes of Bingville looked as if they were suffering from sprained ankles and sore throats but Hiram prevented another deluge.

The price of coal had driven the people of Bingville back to the wood for fuel. The old wood stoves had been cleaned and set up in the sitting room and kitchens. The saving had been considerable. Now, so many men were putting in their time on the house grounds of J. Patterson Bing and his new factory at Millerton that the wood dealer found it impossible to get the help he needed. Not twenty

cent of the orders on his books
ould be filled.

Mr. Bing's house was finished in
tober. Then Snodgrass announced
at he was going to take it easy as
ame a man of his opulence. He had
ught a farm and would only work
ee days a week at his trade. Sneed
l also bought a farm and acquired a
ling of opulence. He was going to
rk when he felt like it. Before he
kled any leaking pipes he proposed to
ke a few leaks in the deer up in the
irondacks. So the roofs and the
mbing had to wait.

Meanwhile, Bingville was in sore
uble. The ancient roof of its re-
ctability had begun to leak. The
ams and rafters in the house of its
rit were rotting away. Many of the
abitants of the latter regarded the
at J. Patterson Bing with a kind of
e—like that of the Shepherd of the
ds. He was the leading citizen.
had done things. When J. Patterson
ng decided that rest or fresh air was
ter for him, than bad music and dull
yers and sermons and that God was
lly not much concerned as to whether
an sat in a pew or a rocking chair or
tor car on Sunday, he was, probably,
te right. Really, it was a matter
ch more important to Mr. Bing and
neighbors than to God. Indeed, it
not at all likely that the ruler of the
verse was worrying much about
m. But when J. Patterson Bing
ided in favor of fun and fresh air,
Purdy—druggist—made a like de-
on and R. Purdy was a man of
manding influence in his own home.
daughters, Mabel and Gladys, and
son, Richard, Jr., would not have
n surprised to see him elected
sident of the United States, some-
e, believing that that honor was only
the truly great. Soon Mrs. Purdy
od alone—a hopeless minority of one
n the household. By much pleading
l nagging, she kept the children in
fold of the church for a time but,
and by, grew weary of the effort.
e was converted by nervous exhaus-
n to the picnic Sunday. Her con-
ence worried her. She really felt
ry for God and made sundry remarks
culated to appease and comfort Him.

(To be continued)

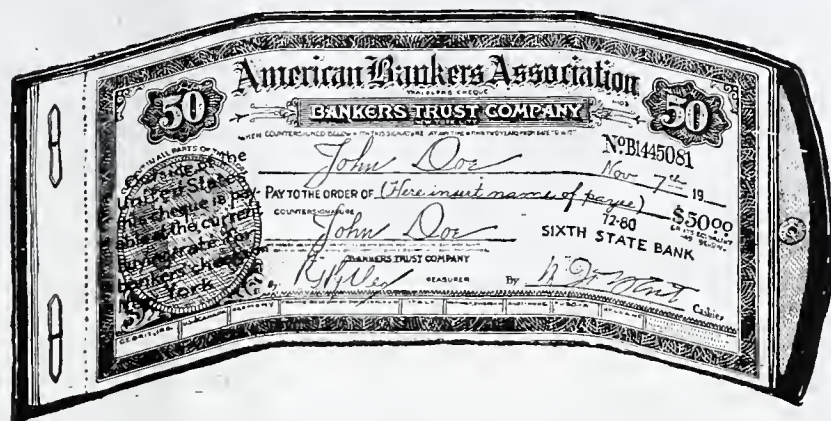
Better America

(Continued from Page 51)

e exciting matches between the high
ools, for which the prize was a silver
t. The ice was good, the medals
e attractive, the gallery was enthus-
aic. What healthier and more in-
esting way could be found in which
pend a Saturday morning?

n the June Number we shall
polish the prize winning stories
mitted in the Better America
test.

MANY THINGS HAVE HELPED TO MAKE TRAVEL PLEASANT, BUT NOTHING MORE THAN THIS—



No one thing has contributed more to the pleasure of traveling—in the United States, in Europe, in the Orient or in South America—than the Travelers' Cheques of the American Bankers Association, popularly known as "A. B. A." Cheques.

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What good would your check or draft do under such circumstances

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They are safe, convenient and comfort-promoting.

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BANKERS TRUST COMPANY
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This Smile Says "I Hear Clearly"

If you are hard of hearing you have embarrassing moments—so do your friends. Is it not worth while to see if all this embarrassment can be avoided?

400,000 deaf persons are now hearing clearly by aid of the Acousticon.

A New York physician says: "It is of great value to me. I should have been obliged to give up the practice of medicine long ago if I had not obtained this best of all devices for the aid of hearing."

We offer you the

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For 10 Days' FREE TRIAL
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Just write, saying, "I am hard of hearing and will try the Acousticon." Give it a fair trial amid familiar surroundings—thus you can best tell what it will do for you.

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Names, numbers, etc., in various styles of lettering, on very fine white tape. For marking clothing and household linen. Essential in hospitals, schools and camps. \$1. per gross (150 tapes) Samples free.

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Olivia Linens for Anniversary gifts. Exquisite work in cross stitch and embroidery, from original and exclusive designs. Luncheon and tea sets, runners, table squares, towels, napkins, tray sets, handkerchiefs, childrens sets, etc. Unusual Cross Stitch Patterns. Canvas and Floss. Reference for goods on approval. 1589 Fairfield Ave. FLORENCE OLIVIA VERNON Bridgeport, Conn.



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The Perfect Man

QUIT!

Pill, laxatives, saline waters and purgatives will not cure that constipated habit—you ought to know it by this time. Be sensible—you have been whipping your bowels shamelessly into action, and weakening their natural functioning more and more. Now you are full of ailments—your system is upset—your blood is poisoned—you are sluggish and dull witted—your food will not digest well—you lack stamina—you are nervous, listless, lack ambition—have no energy—no vitality—you are failing in manhood—it's all your own fault. No matter what your condition or ailment may be—under my method of physical and health upbuilding known as

STRONGFORTISM

you can be restored in vigor and vitality and be entirely free from constipation or any other ailment or disorder let it be what it may—whether you suffer from early excesses, induced by pernicious habits, or whether losses weaken you, or you feel your vitality waning—Strongfortism

will restore, rejuvenate. Send three 2c stamps to cover mailing expenses, and I will send you my book "Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy." Read this book. It is for your interest and welfare.

LIONEL STRONGFORT

Physical and Health Specialist

1233 Strongfort Institute

Newark, N. J.

The Gasoline Knight

(Continued from Page 23)

tinsmith, was an intermittent traffic policeman. On Saturday afternoons, Sundays and holidays, he donned a uniform and waved his hand at automobiles on the state road. Officer Bulkley's favor was a splendid prize to hold out to aspiring youth.

"I can have a driver's license next year," exclaimed Gerry, partly in elation and partly through a natural desire to annoy her younger brother.

"Not unless you pass your examination with me. You haven't as yet."

"There now, Miss Smarty," said her brother.

But Gerry was to have her say three days later when the family with father at the wheel was celebrating the first day of vacation.

"Stop, father! You're penalized," Gerry shouted.

He turned to learn the nature of his crime. His daughter pointed out that he had carelessly or feloniously passed a sign marked "Hidden Entrance" without honking or slowing down. Only a lucky chance, she said, had prevented someone from rushing out to destruction.

"Come on back here with the passengers," mother said. "Who said you were a driver?"

Gerry, as the accuser, was allowed to take the wheel and, though her brother watched her closely for faults, she kept her job to the end of the trip. "I didn't do it purposely," father whispered, "but I'm not sorry Gerry caught me. It's a good chance to hammer in the lesson."

"I feel perfectly safe with Gerry now," said mother.

"Yes, I fancy she is about ready for her diploma."

But Thad's chance was not far off. He had been trying exceptionally hard of late. The downfall of Lon Miller had sobered him and father's mistake of the other day had made him watchful. The day came when he was having his turn and was keeping out of trouble in a nervous kind of way.

THE Baby Blitz was proceeding at twenty-five miles an hour along a straight country road when it came within sight of a delivery car stopping in front of a house on Thad's right hand and incidentally facing the wrong way. Father watched the boy out of a corner of his eye but made no suggestion. Thad's action was automatic; he slowed down and started cautiously to feel his way around the obstacle. At that moment, a little child toddled out from behind the butcher's truck and, utterly wrapped up in its own affairs, started to cross the road. Thad put on both brakes and the car, thanks to the low speed, stopped instantly with two feet to spare. A frightened mother, who had been standing at the rear of the butcher truck, dragged the child back to safety.

"Well done!" said father proudly.

"Splendid!" mother exclaimed. "Now, I want to get out a minute and talk to the mother."

Thad drew ahead and parked at the side of the road in a workmanlike manner.

"His name seems to be Tham," said mother upon her return. "He is four years old and considerable of a darling. He is also going to have lunch with me one of these days. There are some toys in the attic—let me see—"

Thad didn't wait to learn exactly what old toys were to be bestowed upon the infant; he had a task to perform and he was eager to be at it—more eager than he had ever been for anything. Something had happened to him; in a flash he had acquired confidence; it was as if all his faculties had come together with a click. He knew now that he was the master of this game. He knew it as a swimmer knows when he first feels his buoyancy, or a ball player when the hit is square and clean; or the orator when he feels the first sympathetic throb of his audience. There came to him suddenly one of the highest of all joys, that of doing the job, whatever it is, to the last ounce of perfection. This feeling entered into Thad and dominated him, ran out through his fingers, his toes, into the steering wheel, the brakes, the gears, the horn. Now there was a burst of speed on the clear highway, now two ball-playing boys caused complete suspension of activities. Down into the town he drove, threading his way amid Saturday traffic, confident, cautious, calculating, past Officer Bulkley whose permissive wave was half a salute, then five more blocks with three careful turns, up the driveway with a mischievous moment of muffler cutout just to tell the world about it, then suddenly the engine was deftly shut off and the car silently glided to a stop at the front door.

"O-o-oh! boy!" said Gerry fervently.

"Any time that you are going out driving, I wish you would let me know," said mother. "You are good enough for me!"

That night the family indulged in a special ceremony in honor of the motor majority of its younger half. Father called it "conferring the gasoline knighthood," and he "dubbed" them both with an almost unnecessarily sharp whack on the shoulders.

"You will rescue pedestrians in distress, and keep the highway safe for little children."

"I'm thinking of little Tham," said mother, "snug in bed by this time with all his arms and legs and every hair on his curly head."

Thad thought the situation was getting a little too sentimental.

"Sam is the first pedestrian on my score card," he said.

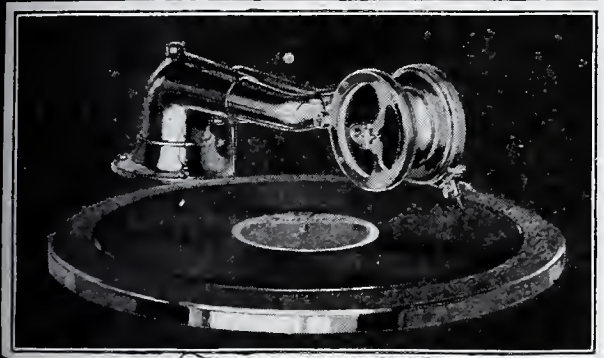
"Pedestrian," mother repeated. "Isn't that a pretty long name for such a short boy?"

Health

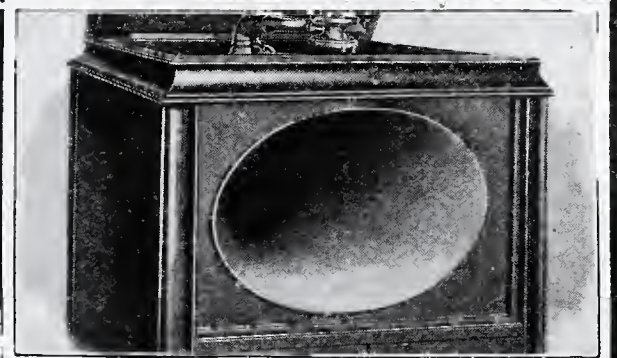
(Continued from Page 56)

passage of the tubercle bacilli through the blood stream, as likewise infection of the appendix and gall-bladder are often traced to primary foci of infection in the gums or tonsils. With all these facts in mind, the "purification of the blood" takes on a less simple aspect!

The Brunswick Method of Reproduction



The ULTONA
PLAYING A BRUNSWICK RECORD



The TONE AMPLIFIER

How to judge a phonograph

Follow this way of Brunswick owners

Before you buy a phonograph, we suggest hearing several. It will be to your advantage to make tone tests for yourself.

Please do not think that this is difficult or that it takes a musically trained ear.

In over 300,000 homes music-lovers en-

joy The Brunswick because they have followed the above advice. Critical people have chosen Brunswicks because they have come to appreciate the betterments afforded by the Brunswick Method of Reproduction.

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We introduced the Ultona and it created a sensation, for up to its coming no phonograph could play all records properly.

The Ultona was the only-all-record reproducer which, at the turn of a hand, would present to each make of record the proper diaphragm and the proper needle.

Then came as a second advancement, the Brunswick Tone Amplifier. After a long study of acoustic principles of phonographic reproduction we departed from the old-time idea of a cast metal throat. We moulded rare woods into an all-wood projection chamber and thus gave tonal vibrations that freedom of action which ended harsh and strident notes.

Now Brunswick records

We bring now as a further contribution to the phonographic art, our own make of records. We include all the fine standards of today,

yet add what we consider a vast improvement. And this we know will be the verdict of the public.

Each Brunswick Record is interpreted by a noted director or an accomplished artist technically trained in the art of recording. Thus we unite the talent of the artist with the genius of the composer. Thus we bring an additional element into record making.



We want you to judge Brunswick Records by those same severe tests with which people have judged Brunswick Phonographs. And that is by comparison.

Remember Brunswick Records will play on any phonograph with steel or fibre needle.

A Brunswick dealer will be glad to play The Brunswick for you, with Brunswick Records and with others.

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Brunswick
PHONOGRAPHS AND RECORDS



If the money we spent trying to catch Villa—

We sent our soldiers into Mexico to take Villa "dead or alive."
It cost us millions of dollars and settled nothing.

Suppose those millions had been invested through the churches of America. They would have provided in every city and town in Mexico of 4,000 inhabitants or more—

- a college
- a community center
- a strong vital church
- a modern hospital
- all four magnificently equipped

In addition, there would have been money enough to endow the school system of *each* of these towns with \$700,000; with \$15,000,000 still available for carrying out the world welfare program adopted by your church in cooperation with the Interchurch World Movement.

So long as Mexico is ignorant Mexico is a menace.

So long as nearly one-third of the children born in India die before their second year our own children are not secure.

So long as China has only one doctor for every 400,000 people every ship from China to our shores carries the possibility of plague for us.

Before 1914 we Americans used to glory in our splendor.





olation.

"What do we care what happens in Asia, or in Africa, or in Europe?" we asked.

But in 1914 an obscure Prince was murdered in the interior of Europe; and the cost to us was thirty billion dollars and sixty thousand men.

The world is shrunk to a neighborhood. Any movement that is less than a world vision is thinking in terms too small.

Thirty-one Protestant denominations have united in a great cooperative program to meet the religious needs of the world, and increase the spiritual and material resources of the churches.

The churches now *know* where men are needed and how many; they *know* the specific work which every dollar is to do.

The scope of their united enterprise must stir your imagination; surely its purpose and ideals will enlist your support.

The need is tremendous. The need is immediate. When your church calls upon you give—and give from your heart as well as your pocketbook.

INTERCHURCH WORLD MOVEMENT

The Evangelical Churches Cooperating in the Service of Jesus Christ

45 WEST 18th STREET, NEW YORK CITY



"You simply can't whip
your nerves like that!"



PUSHED to the wall by our wavering nerves, some of us turn to stimulants for aid, or to treacherous bracers. They exact a heavy toll for the temporary lift they give.

Not the goading whip of a stimulant, but the lasting help of a scientifically devised builder, a natural builder that actually adds to the substance of cells and tissues—this is the help your weary nerves need. And this, to judge from the voluntary testimony of thousands of physicians, is exactly what Sanatogen offers. As Richard Le Gallienne, the writer, himself a grateful user of Sanatogen, says,

"Sanatogen is no get-well-quick remedy. It professes no dishonest possibilities with nature. It does not lift you up one moment, to leave you in the lurch the next. But what it does, it does for good."

Give your nerves the constructive help they need today. Let Sanatogen help restore their balance, bringing better appetite, better digestion and more restful sleep.

Sanatogen is sold by good druggists everywhere, in three sizes, \$1.20 up.
Awarded Grand Prize at the International Congress of Medicine, London, 1913.

Write for interesting free booklet to

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Sanatogen

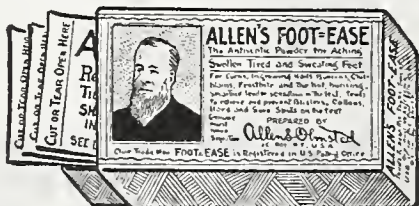
Endorsed by Physicians the World Over

To stop the pain of
Corns, Bunions, Callouses, Blisters, Tired,
Aching, Swollen, Tender Feet, use

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

The Antiseptic, Healing Powder to Shake
Into Your Shoes and sprinkle in the Foot-
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Sold everywhere. Be sure to get this
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is a valuable FREE booklet which proves that the
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Efficiency will teach you to Write Stories that Sell—
Literature that will Compel Attention: it will show you
how to Enlarge Your Stock of Words—Use the Right
Word in the Right Place—Prepare Sermons, Ad-
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Distinguished Novelist:
"Your Course is al-
most painfully needed
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writers and speakers. A
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Famous Writers, Business
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comes. It will do the same
for YOU. Send TO-DAY
for the FREE booklet to
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Bringing Up the Booth Boys

(Continued from Page 53)

the boys in turn which was higher, a mayor or an alderman. He asked what a jail was; what whiskey was; what moonshine was; why some darned fools drink whiskey, and why others object to their doing it. It was a Catechism on the World's Work, you might say.

After dinner, the boys followed Elias up to his little tool-shop and Elias said: "Get that partition in the wood shed fixed up by three o'clock. And five cents bonus if you don't waste a single board!"

You should have seen them go at it! There was a little quarrel over who should have the pleasure of using the best cross-cut saw and a sharp difference of opinion as to how certain boards should be cut. But Elias didn't notice it. He let the bunch work out its own salvation. This job done, well before three o'clock. Elias sent the two youngest boys off to play and put the two big ones at the churn. By four o'clock butter was all out of the way and the churn cleaned; and the sturdy young farmers were free to do whatever they liked until half-past six.

And what do you suppose they chose to do? Play hide and seek? Go fishing? Not at all! They hustled up to the wagon shed and there they tinkered over an old fourth-hand gas engine that Elias had bought for them. With only a correspondence-school book to guide them, those youngsters were toiling to bring the breath of life back into the old wreck.

"That's a mean trick," Elias," said I. "Those poor kids'll work themselves sore and stiff over that piece of junk and then not get it in shape to use—"

"Oh, you don't get the idea," said Elias. "I'm giving them that old wreck on the same principle that they give medical students material to cut up."

"How'd they ever come to be so interested in gas engines?" I asked. "Why is it that they don't go fishing? There's mighty fine pickerel down in Dill-Glen Brook—"

"Why, I've got a hunch," answered Elias, "that they think differently from the Dill-Glen boys."

"Man!" I cried. "You're a revolutionist. If you spread this notion, you'll wreck our public school system!"

"No, I won't," Elias retorted. "I'm a revolutionist and no mistake. But I won't wreck the public schools. Or the contrary, I'd make them do what they can do; what they ought to do, and what some day they will do."

"What's that?"

"Just two things, 'One is teaching kids, who can't be taught the three R's and such like at home. You'll find three classes of unfortunates in the homes of this country. There are the mothers who are too selfish to give time to their children."

Then there's the second class of unfortunates—the mothers who are so poor that they have to give part of their time to earning money. They can't

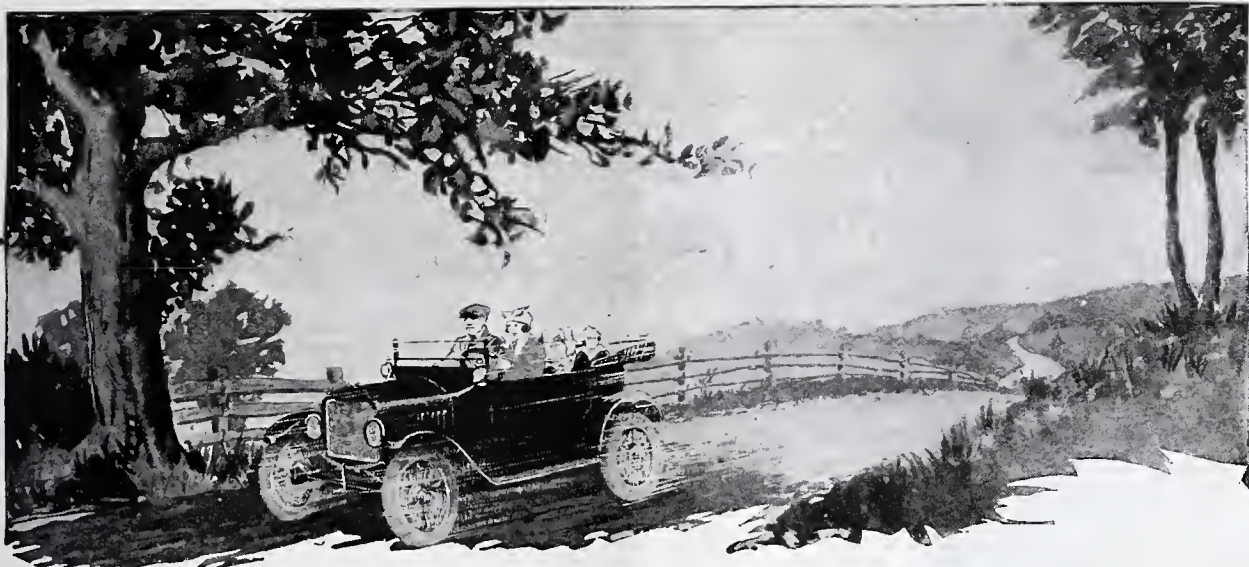
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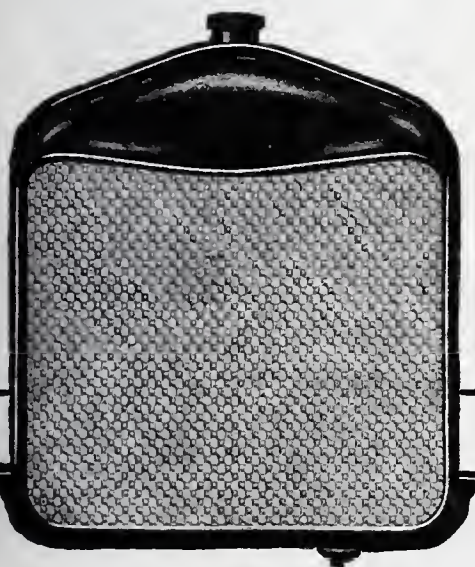
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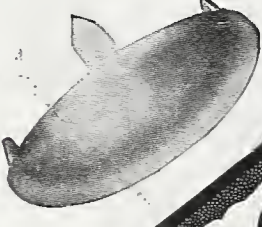
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teach their children, poor things! They're worn out looking after their housework and their outside labor. And, believe me, this home teaching is real work, though it is fun. That's why we run it only three days a week.

"That's too little time." I rashly ventured.

"Figure it out and you'll find that each of my boys gets from ten to forty times as much actual instruction in a year as any boy at the Dill Glen School. What's more, we run our teaching twelve months of the year. My boys will finish High School three years earlier than any Dill Glen boy and they'll know a heap more too."

"I surrender!" I said feebly, after some head work in arithmetic. "Now for this revolution of yours! Go on!"

"There's a third class of unfortunate mothers. They're the ones who are too ignorant to instruct their young. We've got an awful number of them in America. Look at the Army Draft Board's discovery of illiteracy—among native Americans as well as the foreign born! It's terrible. This country's got twenty years of the hardest A B C and three R's work ahead of it, just to cure that evil. There's a job that'll tax our public school system to the limit. It's one more reason why I say every mother who is competent to teach her own offspring ought to do it. We've got to lighten the school teacher's burdens in a hurry or else we'll have no decent teachers left."

"I guess that's right." I admitted. "But now tell me the rest of your notion. You say there are two things our schools ought to do. One is to teach the children of mothers who can't or won't do their duty. What's the other?"

"There's one thing that the home can't teach better than a school. That's public spirit, the sense of the common weal." Elias mused. "I wish I knew how to plan a school, so's to train boys and girls to be citizens. I don't. I'm just a plain farmer. But you mark my words! The next revolution in this land of ours is going to come when people wake up to the fact that the chief business of their schools isn't to teach the three R's at all but to teach morals and social affairs. The men who understand schools and teaching will then find some way to put the three R's back into the homes, where they belong, and leave the Miss Hawkinses free to make citizens of our young. Believe me, when that revolution comes, there won't be any Reds in sight waving the red rags of rebellion!"

All this took place more than a year ago. It set us fellows on the school committee thinking hard. We checked up on Elias' private school. We got him to send his boys over to Miss Hawkins one day when she was holding a spell-down, and darned if the Booth kids didn't win it. We had Miss Hawkins give them a stiff examination in arithmetic, too, and her eyes popped when she read their answers.

"I wish everybody'd teach their children that way!" Miss Hawkins sighed. "Think of the time I'd have to teach other things!"

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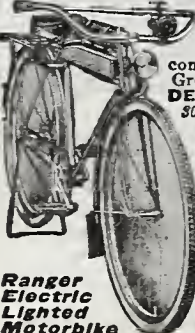
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Where There's A Will

(Continued from Page 47)

America toward social justice and the reading of the Bible in the light of the twentieth century. For it had become quite plain to him that faith without works was as dead in the twentieth century as it was in the first. Only by giving true leadership to the conscience of the social movement could the modern church justify itself. In Newark, he soon found himself plunged into a great liquor fight, rather to his astonishment and somewhat to the detriment of his great aim, but all in an inevitable manner. There are few people in New Jersey, indeed, who do not remember the great liquor fights there in the first fifteen years of this century when the brewery interests entrenched themselves behind the slogan of personal liberty and played politics tight and loose in an attempt to throw the dust over their contracts with their moon-keepers, while the citizens of the state exposed the whole slimy business of side doors and profits and disorderly houses and bribery down in Trenton, the State capital.

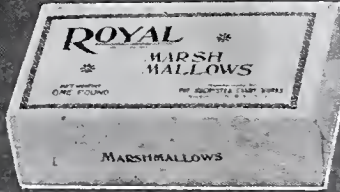
McDowell went through all that, went through it even to the point of offering his resignation to his church at the time; went through it finally even helping to start an independent citizens' ticket and fighting many of his st friends. He knew what "personal liberty" had meant in his own case, as slogan against the restriction of child labor. He knew it every time he looked at his empty sleeve.

Through it all, nevertheless, he never lost sight of his ultimate goal, never ceased turning his experiences to account. And those experiences were any—service on the grand jury, hearing police scandals, and investigations of bad social and industrial conditions. Through them all, he never ceased working for the attainment of that church he had glimpsed in the years gone by in Detroit. It is impossible to give here the names of the men who helped him; to recount all the things the men in his church did for him; impossible to tell all the failures and successes that yet built steadily towards the winning of his goal.

Enough to say here, that one day in nineteen-ten, at the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Churches in Atlantic City, the victory came. It was thirty-two years, almost to a month, since the day the coal-car ran him down in the dark of the mine. In the Assembly, he presented the Social Creed for the Presbyterian Churches of America. And the Assembly adopted it. At Chicago, four years later, the Assembly affirmed it and to-day there is scarcely a church in the country which has not felt its effects.

For McDowell, it has meant again the beginning of work. He has his own perch to hold aloft now and he is doing it. He did it from nineteen-fifteen until last year in his great church in Baltimore. He did it all through the

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"SEVEN MONTHS WITH A SHOVEL"

THIS is the story of how Whiting Williams, vice president of the Hydraulic Pressed Steel Company of Cleveland, learned the viewpoint of Labor. Mr. Williams spent seven months living, working, and tramping with the unskilled laborer. He had many varied experiences in boarding houses of the coal regions and in industrial towns, out of which he has drawn some vivid pictures. What Mr. Williams has to say about the underlying causes of industrial unrest comes from the very source.

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when he served in the camps and industries of the nation, going from camp to camp and from plant to plant. And he is doing it at this moment from a building on Fifth Avenue whence he directs the activities of his church all over the country.

The symbolism of the torch, indeed, expresses his idea almost exactly. He presses no program to the teachers and gymmen and labor leaders who come to consult with him. He says what he feels recently to the pastor of a great Atlantic Seaboard church, who came to him in despair asking for a definite plan to guide him through the intricacies of modern social industrial problems.

"A program?" he asked with that twinkle of his. "My dear man, you must know your community better than I do—because I know nothing about it!"

The pastor admitted he did.

"You must know the principles of your faith, too, I assume," again with that twinkle.

Yes, the pastor admitted he knew them.

Then turn on the light!" said McDowell passionately. "Hold the light here, hold it there, inform yourself, inform your community, and apply your Christianity fearlessly! That's better than any set plan I can give you! You wouldn't want me to rob you like this!"

At the present moment, McDowell thinks that the biggest task confronting us is that of Christianizing industry. The war has broadened and deepened the democratic current in modern life. It has also helped to demonstrate the unity underlying all human relations. The problem of labor and capital is no longer one which concerns only, or even mainly, these two essential parties to production. As never before, it is a community problem, and a national problem, and an international problem—in a word, the problem of humanity. If present day industry is to serve humanity, he thinks its attitude must be changed from one of fear to one of faith.

Antagonism, coercion and resistance must yield to a new order based upon mutual confidence, real justice and constructive goodwill. The democracy which will do this must be something more than a mere form. It must be a real spirit of justice and brotherhood upheld and strengthened by the church. So far as he is concerned, the time has come when the Church must make it perfectly clear to women that she stands for an industrial order in which a man will get all he earns and earn all he gets, for a state of society in which no man will live on the fruits of another man's labor, and no man will be denied the fruits of his own. That is his Social Creed.

Personally, he is living it, and has lived it. He is fifty years old to-day. He hasn't much money, only enough to support a wife and child very simply. But he has a host of friends and a regiment of exactly the sort of enemies, a real hitting, fearless Scotsman loves to have. Perhaps a final story will illustrate that fearlessness.

All through the war he told his congregation at Baltimore—when he could



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"God pity the man who comes of this war with more money than he went in!"

One day in nineteen-eighteen, he an old friend of his in a New England city who was rolling up money at a tremendous rate out of war contracts.

"Hello, Jack," said his friend. "What are you worth?"

McDowell stared at him for a minute. "Which do you mean, Bill?" he asked. "How much I'm worth, or how much I've got?"

His friend laughed a little awkwardly. "I've been thinking of contributing some money to you," he said.

"That's what I'm up here for," rejoined McDowell.

"I made fifty thousand last month," his friend said proudly. "I'm giving away a fifth! How's that for you this month?"

"What's the matter with giving the rest of it, Bill?" he inquired. "The boys in France aren't getting rich. Better give it all or your conscience will die."

His friend looked at him strangely. "Aren't you a little hard on an old friend, John?" he inquired.

McDowell straightened up with a laugh.

"I'd be a mighty poor preacher, and a mighty poor friend if I wasn't!" he said. "I'll look for your check in the morning, Bill!"

That is John McDowell's way.

Where the industrial problem is concerned, his last outside job is membership on the Interchurch Industrial Commission investigating the strike. It has only served to convince him anew of the eternal truth of his conclusion that it is a human, personal problem—and that the solution, the approach, must be along human personal lines.

The Social Creed that he helped draw up ten years ago still stands to-day just as it was. What is more, John McDowell is still living it to-day just as he lived it ten years ago.

Meanwhile, the influence and power of his example is spreading in wider and wider circles all over the country.

The Public Schools Are Falling Down

(Continued from Page 15)

The poor things mean well. They should never be turned loose upon unsuspecting children and they should at least be armed for the battle against youthful initiative as well as ignorance. They cost the children of the nation much.

Is this generation to lose the contact with the fine minds, the fine characters, the idealists of the country?

Are the children to be cheated out of their heritage for a few pieces of silver?

We think not. America will bring the Public Schools to her consciousness and rally to their support as she always has done. She must! She will! We have faith in her judgment and her rights.

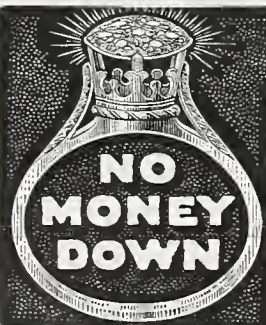


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Why Not Do As Saginaw Does

(Continued from Page 25)

and an industrious, self-respect-
family faces the future with an
ance of security. That is
civilian relief means to Mr.
h. Playing brother to the man
is up against it, helping him
a bump in the road, making him
hat it is a privilege to be allowed to
This is patriotism in the highest
ce. It is the conservation and
ing up of true citizenship.

How did it all come about? Why
not all the other chapters doing
like this? The reason is not far to

In Mr. Smith's office, you are
on the whole plan of campaign, the
ical, efficient plan of a trained
ess mind. The executive com-
te of the Chapter is made up of
enen: Saginaw's Mayor, who is also
missioner of Public Health; the
dent of the Board of Education;
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finances all the hospital and
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nan who was Fuel Administrator
g the war and during the recent
; and the Chapter Chairman, who
been President of the Associated
ties Board until his work in Red
left him no time for anything else.
e men of big affairs, who are giving
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Yi will not dare to suggest to Mr.
that the Red Cross is an Emer-
organization, and that there is no
for it in peace times. So long as
ye is hungry, or sick, or unhappy;
leg as one child is not being properly
uted; so long as people are not
g all the happiness in life which it
ossible for them to get, just so long
t Red Cross needed. Mr. Smith
nbers, "Inasmuch as ye have
nt unto the least of these, ye have
it unto Me."

Fightin' the Blindness

(Continued from Page 30)

ndolls, or toys, though they know
a "poppets" and "play-pritties"
Miss Neville always takes a box
tes with her when she goes to the
and the toys and the instruments
travel together in the same saddle

hardships and discouragements
afe spent in helping the blind are
n but Miss Neville goes on year
erear.

Don't understand why there is so
ic misery and disease and wretched-
s she said recently, "but it is not
eary to understand it. All that's
eary is to help. And that's what
r all doing, the people, the state,
e government, and the Red Cross.
n the end we're going to lift the
roule' that hangs like smoke over the
auful Kentucky mountains!"

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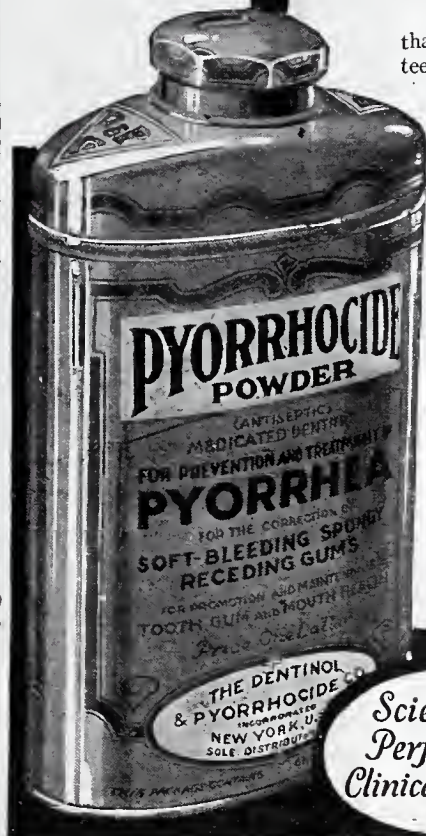
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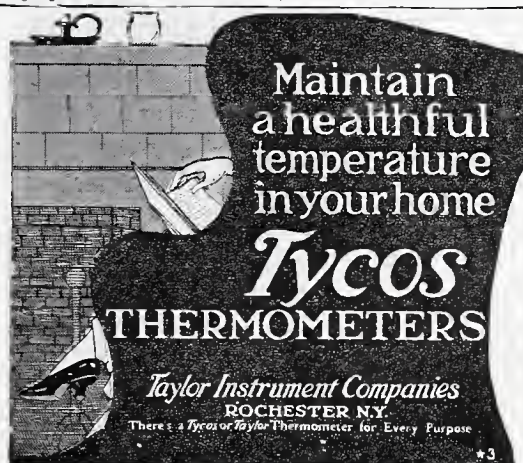
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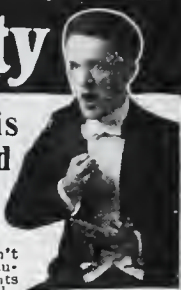
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March of the Red Cross

(Continued from Page 61)

the sanitary cordon which has been established on all the frontiers.

That the Poles appreciate this effort was made plain by the President of the Polish Diet at the first sitting of that body in 1920:

"Army Headquarters and the Commissariat of the Polish Red Cross authorize me to inform you," he said, "that the activities of the American Red Cross have reached an unusual scale. Realizing the danger of the infectious diseases which torment our border populations, the American Red Cross is organizing six sanitary columns for the purpose of fighting typhus. The columns will visit those regions infested by typhus, and most in need of medical aid, introducing sanitation and at the same time supplying the hospitals and refugees on the borders with the necessary medical materials, clothing and food.

"The principal task of the American Red Cross, however, is the distribution of the materials and gifts sent Poland. Every hospital in the country, and every refugee has been given American Red Cross aid. The value of gifts distributed exceeds \$5,000,000.

"We learned to know the magnanimity of the American nation when, with an energy unexampled in history, it undertook the struggle for the liberty of the world. The Polish Diet, through my lips, does homage to all those nameless American heroes who, in the name of brotherly love, in the name of Charity, are bringing help to the needy, fearless of labor, of pestilence and of death."

Time alone can tell if the fight will prove successful.

THE Red Cross unit recently sent to Budapest to help to alleviate the intense suffering there has been more fortunate. Once warehouse space had been obtained and work was begun in earnest to relieve the thousands of cases of distress, the situation rapidly cleared. Before the war, Budapest supported a Board of Charities that was modern in every respect. The Red Cross found this organization virtually intact but without supplies to distribute, and simply took it and its workers over bodily. All applications are handled personally by the staff of this board, under Red Cross direction. Each family is investigated, a record is kept, and the family is notified what day and hour it is to appear to be given the supplies which have been set apart for it. Every individual receiving Red Cross supplies signs for them. At the present moment, there are, all told, about one hundred and fifty people serving the Red Cross without any expense in the distribution of supplies in Budapest.

SIMILAR success has attended the Red Cross fortunes in the Balkans. In the comparatively stable countries like Roumania and Greece, the work

First aid in every household—Musterole

Cough, cough, cough. How it racks little Dorothy and passes on to mother and grandma and holds a croup danger for all the little ones!

Hurry, there, with the Musterole, that pure, white ointment that is better than a mustard plaster—and it will not bring a blister. Massage it gently over the chest and neck. Feel the tingle, then the cool delightfulness as Musterole searches down. It will penetrate, never fear. It will rout that old congestion clear away.

Musterole is a pure, white ointment made from oil of mustard and a few home simples! Musterole searches in under the skin down to the heart of the congestion. There it generates a peculiar congestion-dispersing heat. Yet this heat will not blister. On the contrary you feel a relieving sense of delightful coolness. Rub Musterole over the spot. And you get relief while you use it; for Musterole results usually follow immediately.

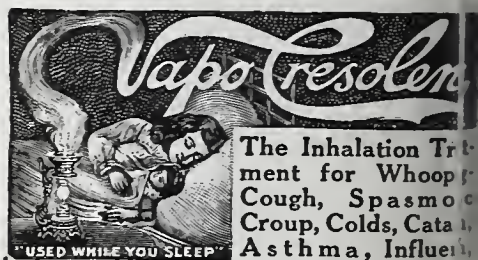
On no account fail to have a jar of Musterole handy. For coughs and colds and even the congestions of rheumatism or lumbago Musterole is wonderful.

Many doctors and nurses recommend Musterole.

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The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inhaled with every breath, makes breathing easy and relieves the congestion, assuring restful nights.

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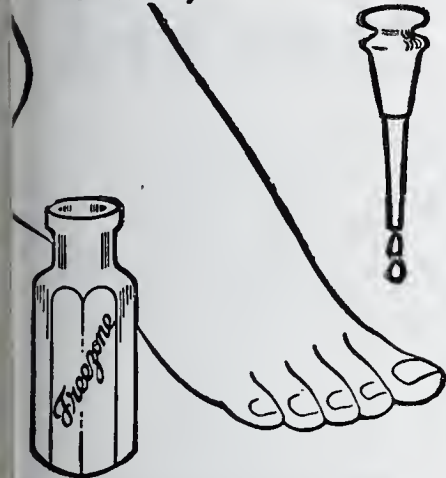
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has already been brought practically to a close. In Serbia, Montenegro and Albania, the Commission is still in active operation, although in general it has been able to turn its attention from the problems of general relief to the constructive health program described in these pages before. At this moment, that program is being carried out from eleven Serbian permanent medical centers, four Montenegrin ones, and four Albanian ones. Evidence abounds that the local governments will have sufficient popular support to carry on the work when the Red Cross finally withdraws.

Every soldier who has received an artificial leg or arm from the Red Cross factory; every university student who has been able to attend school this year because the Red Cross barracks gave him the only place in which he could lay his head in overcrowded Belgrade; every refugee who had help on the long, homeward trail; every mother whose baby was saved by a Red Cross nurse or doctor; every person who was treated or helped in a Red Cross dispensary or hospital—all these will help in carrying on the program and so will their families and friends.

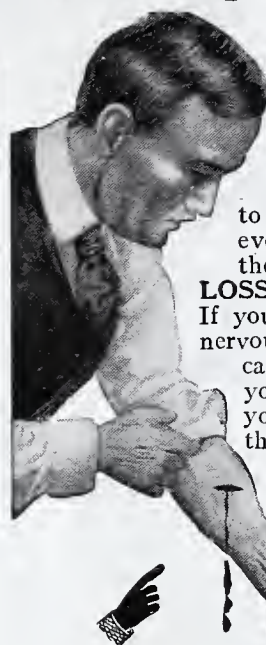
In so far as Europe offers any problem to the Red Cross at the moment, indeed, that problem is the Russian one, with its attendant difficulties, in South Russia, the Baltic States and Poland. It is probable that before long most of the thousand Red Cross workers still in Europe will be concentrated in these areas. At the present moment their distribution is as follows: France, 28; Albania, 65; Czecho-Slovakia, 3; Greece, 5; Italy, 29; Montenegro, 44; Vienna, 12; Poland, 131; Rumania, 29; Serbia, 96; West Russia, 54; South Russia, 25; England, 5.

IN Washington, meanwhile, the national machine is readjusting itself for the long battle which lies ahead of us in this country. The latest realignment of the Red Cross forces is in the direction of a Red Cross Service which will be best fitted to cope with the great variety of community problems developing in various towns and cities all over the United States.

It is a service which will not only present the Red Cross peace program but furnish the means necessary to carrying it out in those communities which are either not properly equipped or are not in possession of enough of the facts about their own towns to make practical the extension of Red Cross work to peace problems. A definite method of attack on local problems will be presented and all the resources of the National Red Cross placed at the disposal of Red Cross people in any community no matter how small. It marks the beginning of a new, definite kind of Red Cross Service in America.

IN line with this is the recent taking over by the Red Cross of the foreign language information service—a service of incalculable value in that fight for American ideals which lies ahead of us.

Is Your Life's Blood Trickling Away—



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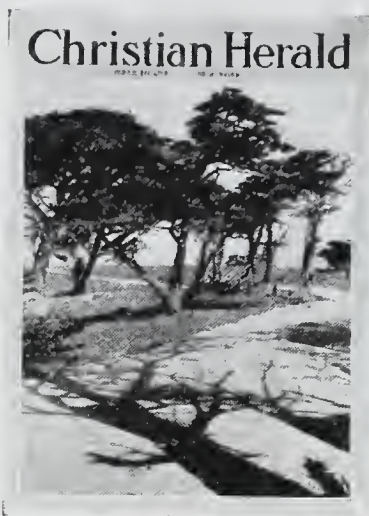
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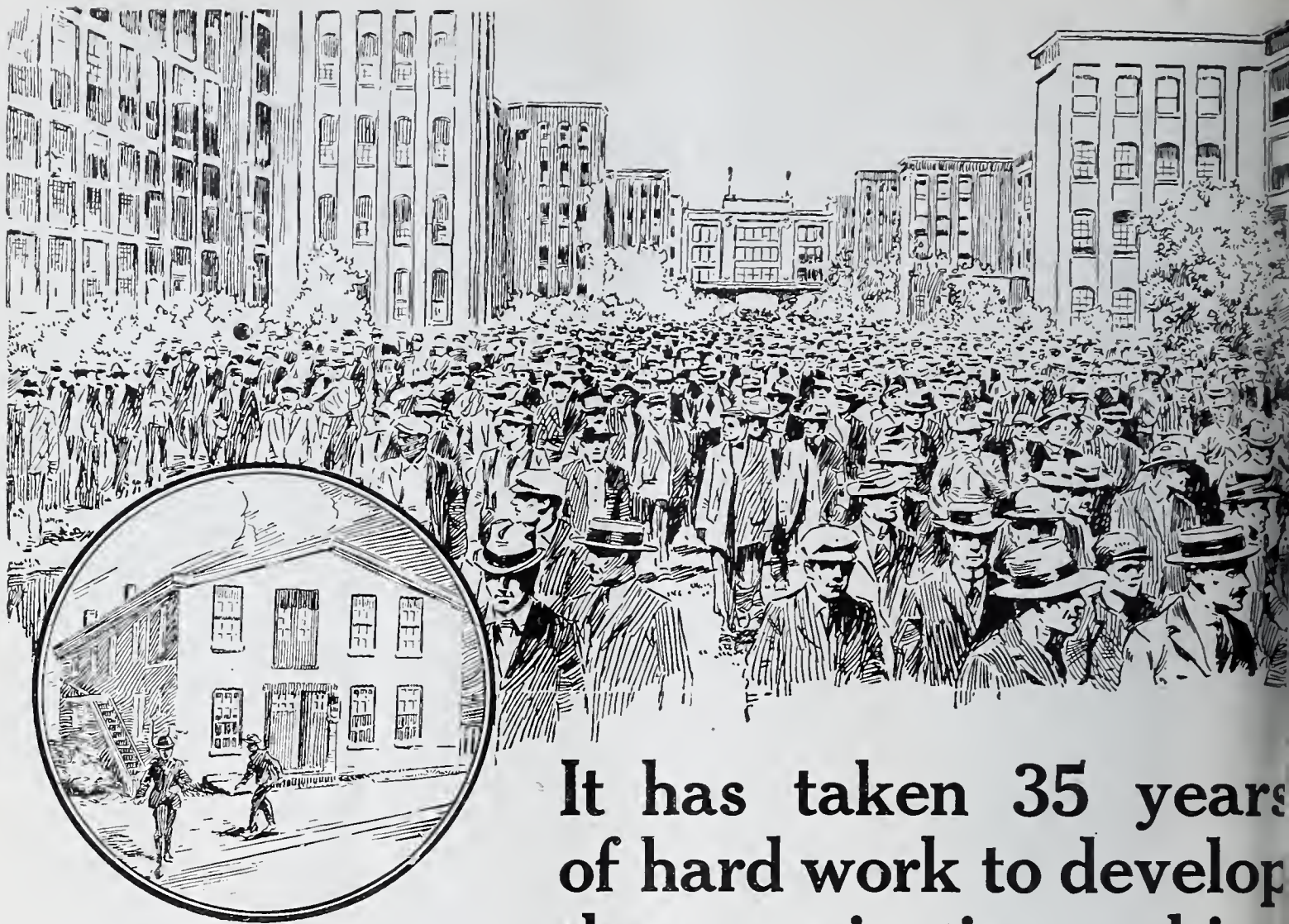
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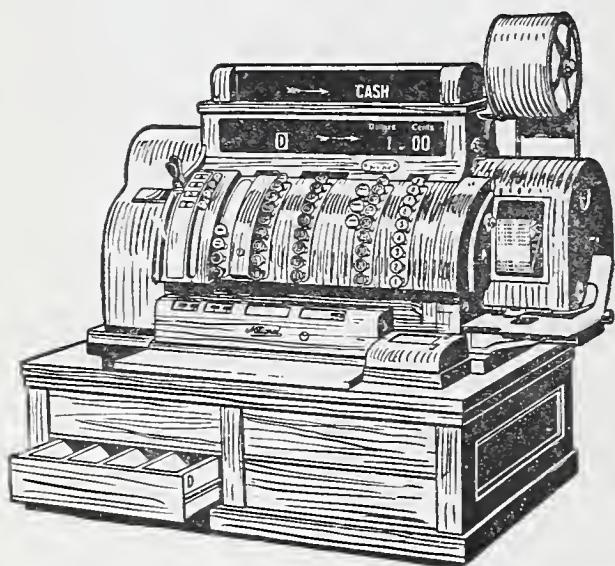
STARTING with two employees in one little room, The National Cash Register Company now has a making organization of over 7,000 people working in 21 big buildings.

It has taken 35 years to develop this tremendous organization.

Many obstacles had to be overcome in those years. Money, time, and energy were thrown into the enterprise by large-visioned men who believed that cash registers were a necessity in stores of all kinds.

Slowly, but surely the business grew. Building after building sprang up to house the expanding organization.

The National Cash Register factory of today is the result. It is built on a foundation of faith in the cash register as a business necessity. It is dedicated to the making of a labor-saving machine that helps merchants, clerks, and customers.



The National Cash Register Company
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Offices in all the principal cities of the world

A Startling Memory Feat That You Can Do

How I learned the secret in one evening. It has helped me every day



WHEN my old friend Faulkner invited me to a dinner party at his house. I little thought it would be the direct means of getting me a hundred-and-fifty per cent. increase in salary. It was, and here is the way it all came about. Toward the close of the evening things began to lull a bit, as they often do at parties. Finally one suggested the old idea of having everyone do a "stunt." Some sang, others forced weird sounds out of the piano, recited, told stories, and

when it came to Macdonald's turn. He was a quiet sort of chap, with an air about him that reminded one of the old saying that "still waters run deep." He said he had a simple "stunt" which we hoped we would like. He selected me to assist him. First he asked to be blindfolded securely to prove there was no trickery in it. Those present were to call out twenty-five numbers of three figures each, such as 161,249, and so on. He asked me to write down the numbers as they were called.

This was done. Macdonald then astounded everybody by repeating the entire list of twenty-five numbers backwards and forwards. Then he asked me to request numbers by positions, such as the eighth number called, the fourth number, and so on. Instantly he repeated back the exact number in the position called. He did this with the entire list—over and over again, without making a single mistake.

When Macdonald asked that a deck of cards be shuffled and called out to him in their order. This was done. Still blindfolded, he instantly named the cards in their order backwards and forwards. And then, to further amaze us, he gave us the number of any card counting from the top, or the card for any number.

You may well imagine our amazement at Macdonald's remarkable feat. You naturally expect to see something of this sort on the stage, and even then you look upon it as a trick. But to see it done by an everyday business man, in plain view of everyone, blindfolded and under conditions which make trickery impossible, is astonishing, to say the least.

ON THE way home that night I asked Macdonald how it was done. He said there was really nothing to it—simply a memory feat, the key

to which anyone could easily learn in one evening. Then he told me that the reason most people have bad memories is because they leave memory development to chance. Anyone could do what he had done, and develop a good memory, he said, by following a few simple rules. And then he told me exactly how to do it. At the time I little thought that evening would prove to be one of the most eventful in my life, but such it proved to be.

What Macdonald told me I took to heart. In one evening I made remarkable strides toward improving my memory and it was but a question of days before I learned to do exactly what he had done. At first I amused myself with my new-found ability by amazing people at parties. My "memory feat," as my friends called it, surely made a hit. Everyone was talking about it, and I was showered with invitations for all sorts of affairs. If anyone were to ask me how quickly to develop social popularity, I would tell him to learn my memory "feat"—but that is apart from what I want to tell you.

The most gratifying thing about the improvement of my memory was the remarkable way it helped me in business. Much to my surprise I discovered that my memory training had literally put a razor edge on my brain. My brain had become clearer, quicker, keener. I felt that I was fast acquiring that mental grasp and alertness I had so often admired in men who were spoken of as "wonders" and "geniuses."

The next thing I noticed was a marked improvement in my conversational powers. Formerly my talk was halting and disconnected. I never could think of things to say until the conversation was over. And then, when it was too late, I would always think of apt and striking things I "might have said." But now I can think like a flash. When I am talking I never have to hesitate for the right word, the right expression or the right thing to say. It seems that all I have to do is to start to talk and instantly I find myself saying the very thing I want to say to make the greatest impression on people.

It wasn't long before my new-found ability to remember things and to say the right thing at the right time attracted the attention of our president. He got in the habit of calling me in whenever he wanted facts about the business. As he expressed himself to me, "You can always tell me instantly what I want to know, while the other fellows annoy me by dodging out of the office and saying 'I'll look it up.'"

I FOUND that my ability to remember helped me wonderfully in dealing with other people, particularly in committee meetings. When a discussion opens up the man who can back up his statements quickly with a string of definite facts and figures usually dominates the others. Time and time again I have won people to my way of thinking simply because I could instantly recall facts and figures. While I'm proud of my triumphs in this respect, I often feel sorry for the ill-at-ease look of the other men who cannot recall facts instantly. It seems as though I never forget anything. Every fact I

now put in my mind is as clear and as easy to recall instantly as though it were written before me in plain black and white.

We all hear a lot about the importance of sound judgment. People who ought to know say that a man cannot begin to exercise sound judgment until he is forty to fifty years of age. But I have disproved all that. I have found that sound judgment is nothing more than the ability to weigh and judge facts in their relation to each other. Memory is the basis of sound judgment. I am only thirty-two but many times I have been complimented on having the judgment of a man of forty-five. I take no personal credit for this—it is all due to the way I trained my memory.

THESE are only a few of the hundreds of ways I have profited by my trained memory. No longer do I suffer the humiliation of meeting men I know and not being able to recall their names. The moment I see a man his name flashes to my mind, together with a string of facts about him. I always liked to read but usually forgot most of it. Now I find it easy to recall what I have read. Another surprising thing is that I can now master a subject in considerably less time than before. Price lists, market quotations, data of all kinds, I can recall in detail almost at will. I rarely make a mistake.

My vocabulary, too, has increased wonderfully. Whenever I see a striking word or expression, I memorize it and use it in my dictation or conversation. This has put a remarkable sparkle and pulling power into my conversation and business letters. And the remarkable part of it all is that I can now do my day's work quicker and with much less effort, simply because my mind works like a flash and I do not have to keep stopping to look things up.

All this is extremely satisfying to me, of course. But the best part of it all is that since my memory power first attracted the attention of our president, my salary has steadily been increased. Today it is many times greater than it was the day Macdonald got me interested in improving my memory.

WHAT Macdonald told me that eventful evening was this: "Get the Roth Memory Course." I did. That is how I learned to do all the remarkable things I have told you about. The publishers of the Roth Memory Course—The Independent Corporation—are so confident that it will also show you how to develop a remarkable memory that they will gladly send the Course to you on approval.

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May Red Cross Magazine



The Magazine of Better America

Red Cross Magazine

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Education on the many and wonderfully varied lines along which this country of ours is now progressing is a part of the work of the Red Cross.

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THE EDITOR SPEAKS

IT IS some eight months now since there came to you the first issue of this magazine devoted to its new policy of picturing an aspiring and better America in the making.

We are beginning to wonder how much our subscribers like the new policy and wherein it could be bettered. Our old *Red Cross Magazine* was universally regarded as a great war magazine. It had war contributions and pictures in wealth and variety unequalled by any other publication. The subjects of war and the Red Cross were inevitably allied.

When peace came and the Red Cross turned its attention to American life, in work for communities, for health, for families and children and schools, it was evident that the *Magazine* should ally itself with these subjects, and represent the Red Cross in its peace time alliance with all fine, aspiring effort. The last few numbers of the *Magazine* have been a partial exhibit of this alliance with practical idealism in social and industrial life. What do you think of them?

Of one thing in regard to them, we want to assure you. They have been sincere. Considerations of prejudice or interest, of race or color, of labor or capital have not weighed in their make-up. Are the facts true and fair? Is the idea constructive, valuable and sincere? Is the presentation vivid and clear? These have been the sole tests applied to our pages.

THE article that opens the *Magazine*, for instance, "I Discover My Government," came out of a pile of pamphlets on the desk. They were Government pamphlets. They all look alike. Some are dull in title but on opening them you get at once a wonderful sense of what the great body of little-known public servants in Washington is doing for the rest of us. They gave us an entirely new idea of what our Government really is. So, we got in touch with William Harper Dean, who lives in Washington and who knows this country as few men know it. We asked him

to tell us in a series of articles all the wonderful things our Government is doing for just us common citizens. His first article will give not only the foreign born among us, but ourselves as well, much new information.

This is one instance. The Whiting Williams article is another. Williams is an officer of a great steel company in Cleveland. Last Spring, a bunch of his letters came into the office. All we knew about them was that they were written by a man to friends in Cleveland. Dated from various places, at various times, from the boarding houses connected with steel mills in the Pittsburgh region, or some rude place among the coal mines, they were the records of the personal experience of a man who was working as a laborer; applying for a job; getting it; going to a regular boarding house where such men lived; living with them, sleeping in the same bed; taking his turn at work; associating with the workmen on their own level, both in work and companionship. Yet, he was a college graduate and an officer of a great company. The value of his experiences in human terms struck us at once, of course. In his present article, Mr. Williams gives some conclusions of that remarkable experience.

A native herself of her beloved Northwest, Anne Shannon Monroe knows the people of whom she writes, too. She knows the Motanic of her story, personally. The comparison between his achievement and that of many of the rest of us common, everyday Americans, made the story seem worth printing.

THE story about Thornton Burgess came out of a lunch table talk. Mr. Burgess knows the world of nature, the world of birds and animals. If there is a better citizen of a Better America than Mr. Burgess, we haven't met him. What is more, he has a keen sense of the obligation his gift of making that world real to children carries with it. Few (Continued on Page 76.)

THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE

MAY, 1920 VOL. XV, No. 5

JOHN S. PHILLIPS, Editor

ERNEST C. RIEDEL, Art Editor

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Because they can't afford to take chances and because, with Weed Chains, they get greater mileage out of their tires.

It's a business proposition, pure and simple, with taxicab companies. They use Weed Chains for economy and accident insurance.

The *main* incentive for the use of Weed Chains is the accident-preventing feature—a most important factor as it means the saving of lives and property.

But further than that it is known from bitter and costly experience that the continual, constant and yet hardly perceptible slipping of the rubber tire-surface on wet roads and pavements—only the foot or so of lost traction at a time—is an alarming expense item—wearing out tires just the same as if you pressed them against a rapidly revolving grindstone.

Taxicab companies have learned from experience that *only by the use of Weed Chains* can this continuous wear on tires be prevented. Their drivers *are ordered* to put on their Weed Chains “at the first drop of rain” because of the thousands upon thousands of dollars that are thus actually saved every year in tire service and the elimination of skidding accidents. Wouldn't it be well for you to learn wisdom from the fellow who really knows?

Be as wise as the taxi driver and always put on your Weed Chains “at the first drop of rain.”

Weed Chains are also made to meet the demand for an efficient traction and anti-skid device for trucks equipped with single and dual solid tires or with the very large pneumatic tires. They are so constructed that they satisfactorily meet the requirements of heavy truck service in mud, sand or snow.

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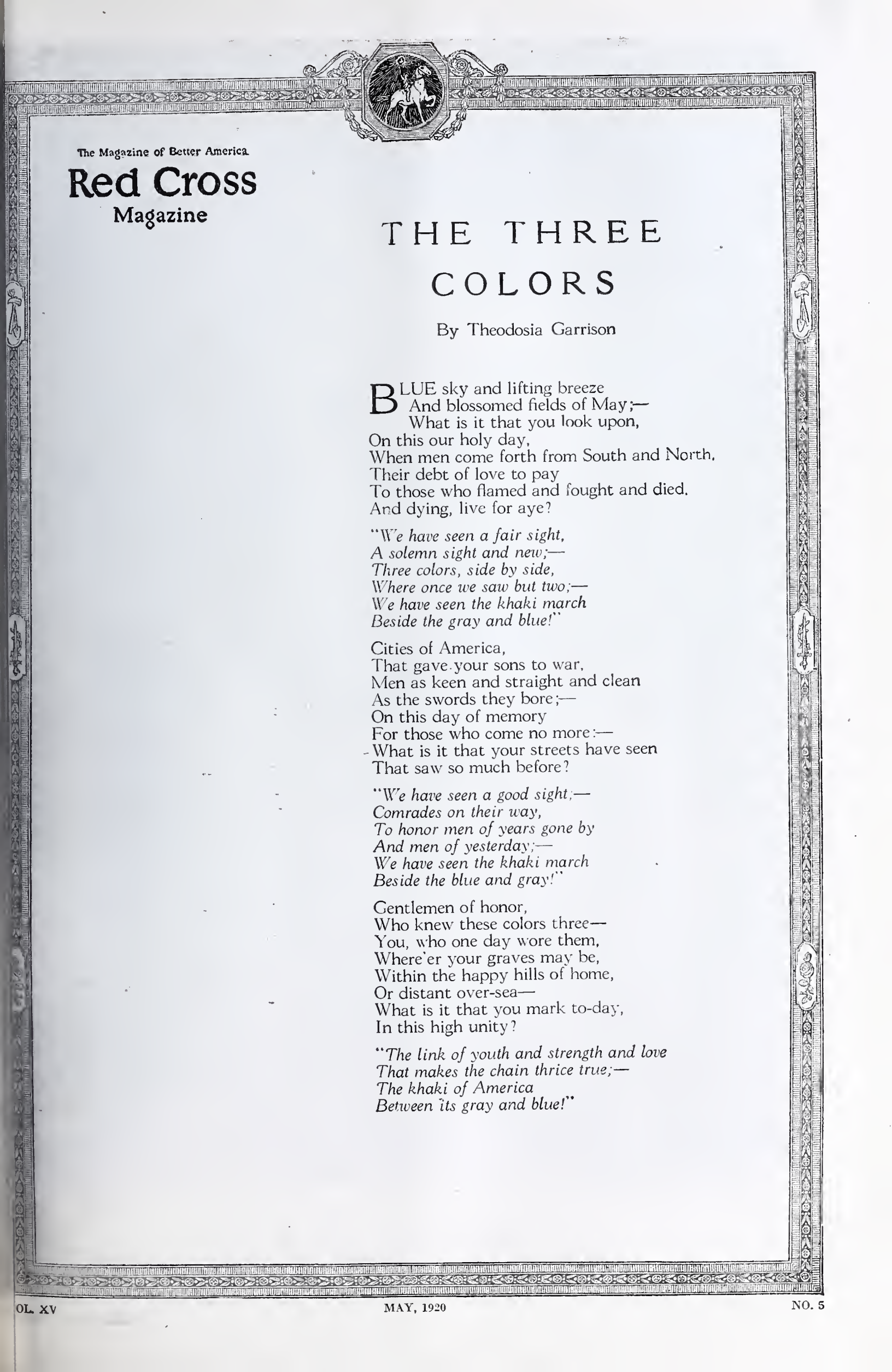
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IT FLOATS





The Magazine of Better America

Red Cross

Magazine

THE THREE COLORS

By Theodosia Garrison

BLUE sky and lifting breeze
And blossomed fields of May;—
What is it that you look upon,
On this our holy day,
When men come forth from South and North,
Their debt of love to pay
To those who flamed and fought and died,
And dying, live for aye?

*"We have seen a fair sight,
A solemn sight and new;—
Three colors, side by side,
Where once we saw but two;—
We have seen the khaki march
Beside the gray and blue!"*

Cities of America,
That gave your sons to war,
Men as keen and straight and clean
As the swords they bore;—
On this day of memory
For those who come no more:—
What is it that your streets have seen
That saw so much before?

*"We have seen a good sight;—
Comrades on their way,
To honor men of years gone by
And men of yesterday;—
We have seen the khaki march
Beside the blue and gray!"*

Gentlemen of honor,
Who knew these colors three—
You, who one day wore them,
Where'er your graves may be,
Within the happy hills of home,
Or distant over-sea—
What is it that you mark to-day,
In this high unity?

*"The link of youth and strength and love
That makes the chain thrice true;—
The khaki of America
Between its gray and blue!"*



Painted by Edward A. Wilson

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE—A FLAME OF SERVICE

Born May 12, 1820; died August 14, 1910

A clear, farseeing mind, a tireless energy, a great organizer, a heart burning ever with the enthusiasm of service; a great leader in an age when women were bound down by customs and traditions

Join Mr. Dean's exploring party and see for yourself what a human and helpful government you have

I DISCOVER MY GOVERNMENT

By William Harper Dean

WHAT UNCLE SAM IS DOING FOR MOTHERS AND BABIES

IF one can visualize the United States to-day as a continent gradually peopled from a small band of pioneers struggling against every adversity in an unknown land; if one will not lose sight of the fact that the American Government to-day represents the steady growth and improvement of an emergency agreement among our pioneer forefathers for the preservation of their very existence; then, our Government will cease to appear a giant, mysterious machine which is merely because it is. Then, it will reveal itself as a very human, very practical guardian of your best interests and mine.

We have thought too long of our Government in terms of ponderous Supreme Court decisions, intricate diplomatic technicalities, inexorable laws against this and that. We have committed the great crime against ourselves by visualizing this Government as four or eight years of rule by this party or that.

Democrats, Republicans, Progressives and what not may come and go. We may honestly feel that this country and its Government are doomed if this, or that, partisan issue is lost or triumphs. But the simple, elementary fact remains that, regardless of party platform, this Government operates year in and year out with that same integrity of purpose which characterized the crudest form of Government set up by our forefathers when they organized among themselves to conquer a wilderness.

And, by the same token, you and I must hold fast to the simple thought that to-day we, too, are pioneering; that our Government, in 1920, is the basis of organization best suited to our needs to-day, while we are blazing trails for generations yet unborn.

Washington is the headquarters of our Government—Washington and not Capitol Hill, where laws are passed. Congressmen in the Capitol may tear their hair in frenzied predictions of the crash of our government in the event of certain legislation failing or succeeding. And many of us so far lose our mental perspective as to think in terms so narrow. When we do, we lose sight of the fact that this is an American Congress and, therefore, nothing so un-American as the destruction of our Government can ever be enacted by it.

What we must not forget is that while Capitol Hill seethes with forebodings, in other parts of Washington thousands of sincere, calm men and women,

highly trained in special lines of useful work are bending patiently over microscopes to discover some elusive germ which is sapping our vitality; others are doggedly experimenting to discover new fuels for the generations yet to come, who will, we are told, have no more coal or petroleum. Skilled minds are perfecting measures to safeguard your health and mine; to build cheaper and better roads through our country districts; to demonstrate how more food can be grown on an acre to the best advantage of producer and consumer alike.

WHILE the country breathlessly watches the bulletins for election returns, the master chronometers in the vaults of the Naval Observatory at Washington continue to tick standard time for our ships at sea, varying not a fraction of a second; delicate instruments are measuring the standard yardstick so that the builder of the cottage or the skyscraper may not err, so that the housewife's yardstick in Seattle is the housewife's yardstick in Tampa.

These men and women are those to whom we unconsciously have committed our practical welfare. They care little or nothing about politics—except when political blunders resulting from blind partisan ambition threaten to restrict the progress of their work. They ask little more than uninterrupted opportunity to discover better ways of raising children, baking bread, mining coal, forecasting storms, charting seas, saving our forests, improving our land, fighting disease, keeping us physically and mentally fit. They only ask to be free to apply their training and knowledge to the end of making your life and my life a better, bigger thing than the life our forefathers knew.

These men and women are of the nerve and fiber of our Government. Their work is its machinery. Uncle Sam is not a towering colossus of austere features, so weighted down with the arms and armor of law that he is something to be feared. He is the personality of service. Understand him and there is no need to fear him, for then you will respect him.

He will sound his war trumpet to call his armies together for defense. And he will go into the little mountain cabin to see that the baby in the cradle is healthy and strong and that both mother and child have every chance to develop their highest active and potential value.

These are the thoughts I had the other day when I set out to find our Government Children's Bureau. Right in the midst of tremendous buildings filled with men perfecting plans for more powerful guns and explosives for our Army and Navy, there is a modest structure—a temporary one at that—housing our Government's workers for healthier and happier mothers and babies.

This is not a *rendezvous* for theorists and uplifters maintained at Government expense. It is a workshop, manned by serious, trained people who have made the study of motherhood and child hygiene their life work. And our Government, which deals in sixteen-inch guns and super-explosives, also deals in the tender science of child welfare and so has need of a Children's Bureau.

Need? *Every year 17,000 mothers are dying in childbirth, every year 250,000 babies die under one year of age, from causes most of which are preventable.*

"The Children's Bureau studies," our Government says, "have made plain the fact that for great numbers of mothers skilled care and advice are not available."

"In rural communities, the doctor is often miles away and the hospital care, that is desirable when complications arise, can be reached only by a costly and tedious journey."

"The visiting nurse, who can teach mothers the things that modern science has learned about the daily hygiene of maternity and infancy and who can detect the symptoms of trouble requiring medical care, is not yet on the ground, except in a few rare instances where experimental work is now under way."

"Maternal deaths, and infant deaths from maternal causes, are not decreasing, because mothers do not yet have the skilled care and advice that they need."

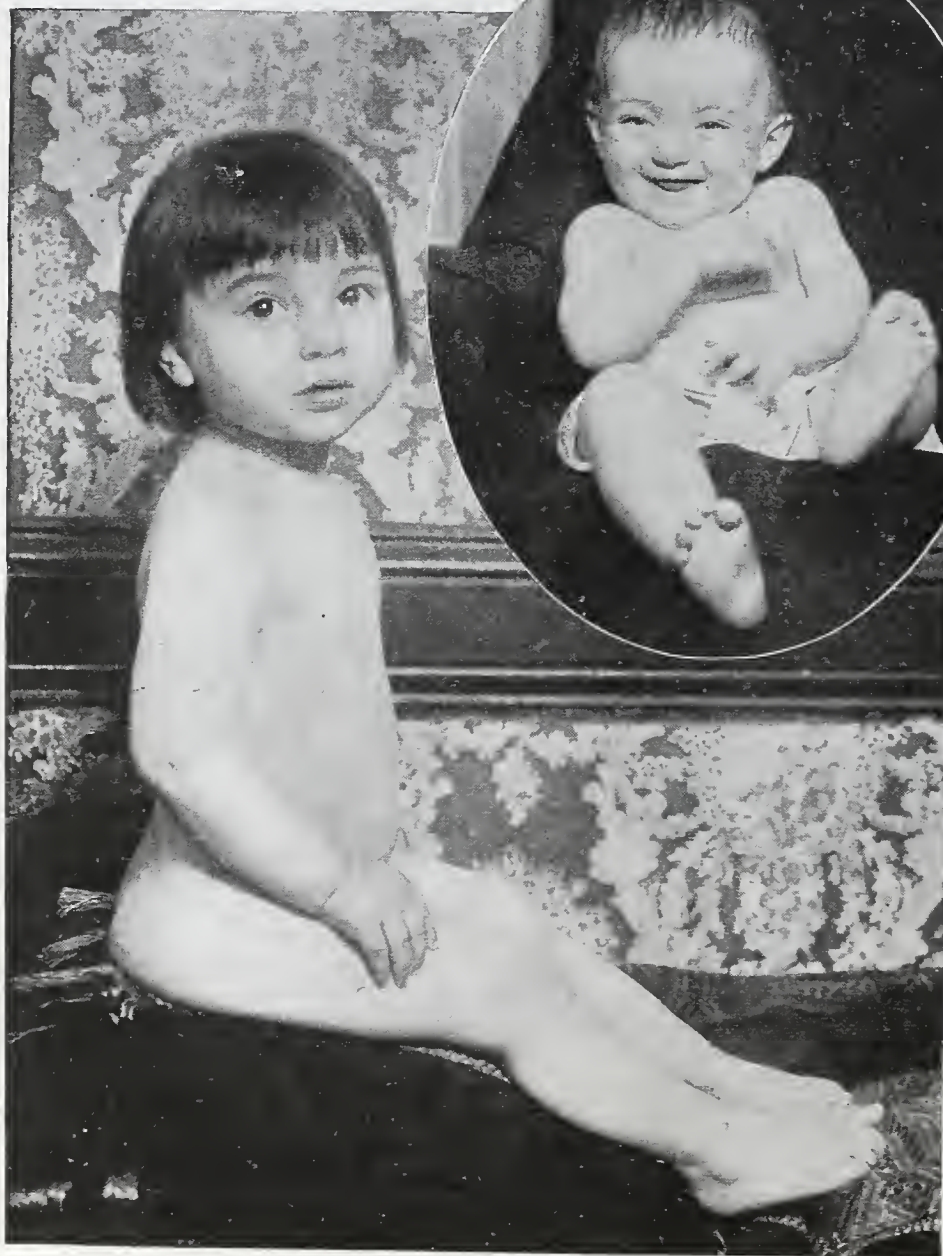
And this in the day of wireless telegraphy, trans-Atlantic flights—in this day, when medical and surgical skill have reached a miraculous state of efficiency!

It is plain enough, to any thinking



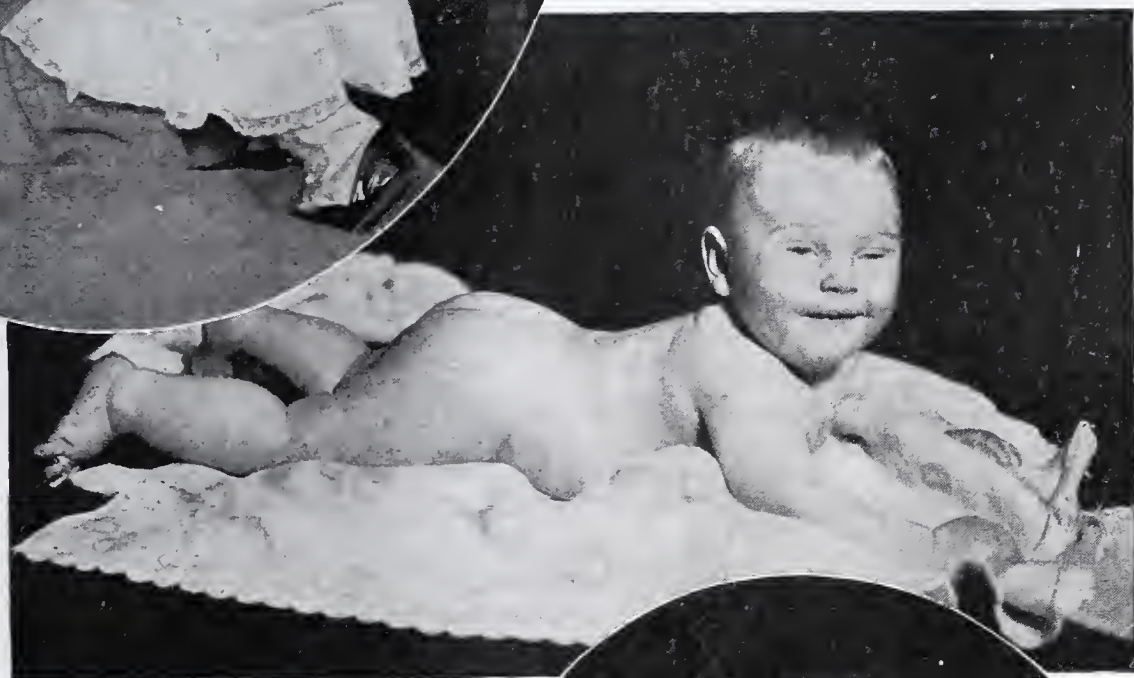
PICK THEM OUT FOR YOURSELF

Here is a collection of future American citizens ready for the melting pot. Their parents are of Italian, French, English, Swedish, Irish, Russian and plain Anglo-Saxon extraction. Can you tell which is which? So far as Uncle Sam is concerned he doesn't care. Male or female, Republican or Socialist, Democrat or Prohibitionist, they are all just precious American babies to him and to his faithful servants in Washington



person, that this tragic loss of mother and babies is not due to a lack of scientific knowledge having to do with the care, but to a woeful lack of means to put this knowledge where it will be of immediate assistance to those 17,000 mothers and 250,000 babies.

Our Children's Bureau has, at its fingers' ends, enough scientific knowledge translated into everyday practical advice to cut this staggering waste of American lives down to a mere trace of its high percentage, if it could only be put into the homes where it is needed and when it is needed. Since 1912, the Bureau has been making surveys of whole districts, city and rural, collecting all manner of vital statistics. It has drawn on the great research laboratories of this country, on the hospital records and on the clinics. The Bureau's store of knowledge is tremendous. To the extent allowed by its limited funds it has gone into communities by request and, after studies of local maternity and



infancy conditions, has made recommendations for community action which have reduced the death rates in a seemingly miraculous manner.

But there are severe limitations on the usefulness of the Children's Bureau in the lack of lawful authority and machinery to reach every mother and child in this country needing its help.

You and I, let us say, live in a little community back in the hills, where the doctor travels slowly over miserable roads and where there are no trained nurses. And we realize that too many of the mothers and babies in these hills are dying and, perhaps, that too many of the mothers who survive childbirth and too many of the babies that live are sub-normal in their health and development. We wonder what we can do about it, for even the nearest town has little or nothing in the way of visiting nurses, baby clinics or maternity hospitals.

We are more than apt to hear directly or indirectly about the Children's Bureau with headquarters in Washington. We have a vague sort of idea what it is all about, but some of us will write to it, groping for help. We feel that this worthy institution of maternity and child-rearing must, somehow, be standardized in its hygiene. So somebody will write to the Bureau, stating

the case of the community and asking what can be done about it.

If the Bureau has the funds, it will send a woman agent — a trained intellect—to us. If it has not the funds, we still will get all the information and advice we need to plan community action for community betterment along the most practical lines. The Bureau welcomes these appeals and never yet has slighted one.

Last year, it received nearly 95,000 such letters from communities and in-



Here is the Child Welfare Special parked in a grove where mothers can bring their babies to have them examined by the doctor and nurse

dividuals asking for advice and help. Every appeal was answered to the utmost of the Bureau's ability as controlled by available funds and legal authority. And last year it sent out more than 3,000,000 pamphlets which were asked for by mothers and fathers and public-spirited citizens with the welfare of their communities at heart. There are complete bulletins on milk as a food for children; on prenatal care of children; on infant care; on child care; on the care of expectant mothers. They are explicit, easy to read and understand and scientifically sound.

Well and good, but, even to-day, tens of thousands of mothers know nothing about the Children's Bureau. They never have imagined that their ponderous government could stop to bother itself about the welfare of an individual mother or her tiny baby. And when they discover that their government is vitally concerned with individual cases, their astonishment is pronounced.

NOT long ago, the Bureau received several letters from a mountain section which called attention to the tragic lot of mothers living there who were isolated from medical attention and who never had been instructed in the principles of prenatal care or child hygiene.

"I should like all the publications on the care of myself and upon the care of a baby," wrote one of these women. "I live 65 miles from a doctor. When my two babies were born, I was very ill each time. I am so worried now and afraid."

The Bureau sent one of its women agents into this district. She went from home to home. She put into the

hands of as many mothers as possible all the necessary information and the advice which had so long been denied them. That was the best she could do. And here is a letter which came to the Bureau concerning the agent's visit.

"I am sure the agent's coming has opened up chances for many things out here. It seems strange that conditions that are needless can be endured year after year as they have been out here.

"The mothers and fathers seem to be as though they had awakened from some sort of stupor. One neighbor's wife, who has a little ten-day-old baby, said to me: 'Why hasn't this been thought of before?' In fact, several have asked the same thing, 'Why were we mothers left out here so long?'"

"The agent seemed like a real friend and she was, therefore, able to get those inside facts which few of the mountain mothers give to anyone, even their own neighbors."

Now then, if this had been the community in which you and I were living and if, for the first time, we had experienced this helpful contact with our Government through its Children's Bureau, we would have wondered, as did that mother, why we had been left in the dark so long, but from the information imparted to us by that agent, we would have been able to take the first practical steps in the direction of reducing the mortality rate among the mothers and babies.

THE agent cannot remain with us; she shows the way and then leaves the matter in our hands. She tells us that we must safeguard our supplies of milk and drinking water against con-

tagion, that we should register our babies, weigh them regularly, feed them properly as the demands of their little bodies and minds increase. She tells us, we should try to get our town to inaugurate a baby clinic, a system of visiting nurses, and that we ought to have a maternity hospital.

We will do the best we can but perhaps we shall not be able to have the baby clinic, the visiting nurses, and the hospital. Perhaps our town can't afford these aids without increasing taxation to the point where the action would be strenuously opposed. Perhaps, our people are still too little concerned about standardized community safeguards to become enthusiastic over the idea.

That is where the Children's Bureau finds itself year after year; it can go just so far and no farther. It has neither the funds nor the authority to inaugurate these follow-up measures even if it were a physical possibility to do so. The lack of community cooperation with the Bureau is really delaying the attainment of the Bureau's greatest usefulness.

ALTHOUGH it cannot overstep its legal limitations, the Bureau can awaken in people a sense of their moral obligation to the nation's mothers and babies. It has done so. It has made the nation understand that mothers, the isolation of their mountain homes should not be denied the skill and teachings which will enable them to preserve their vitality through the trying period of maternity and to bring healthy babies into the world. It has made America realize that children in the factories—even though the Supremacy

Court has ruled that the Child Labor Law is unconstitutional!—must have every opportunity to develop healthy minds and bodies.

And now, with the public realizing its obligation to the mothers and babies in America, the Bureau has put this fact squarely up to the nation: There must be joint action between the Federal Government and the individual States to materialize the plans which the Bureau has so long advocated and which only in a few cases have been initiated by community, county or State. Furthermore, the Bureau is ready now to offer a complete program for joint work by the Federal Government and the States in behalf of mothers and their children. It is ready to exhibit the crying need of this joint action in the light of this country's long neglect of it.

In eight rural areas in six States, the Children's Bureau gathered detailed information about the mothers of nearly 3,000 babies. Only five cases received prenatal care approaching the minimum standards of "adequate" care, and 80 per cent of the cases were reported as having had no prenatal care whatever!

YES, there are standards for care of mothers and babies. Last year, the Children's Bureau held long conferences attended by representatives of foreign governments. They all agreed on certain minimum standards of maternity and infant care. These standards are tremendously important, and, likewise, very interesting. You can get them printed in full by writing to the Children's Bureau at Washington. They include all the standards for children entering employment—age minimum, educational minimum, physical minimum, hours of employment, minimum wage, placement and employment supervision. They include minimum standards for public protection of the health of mothers, infants and pre-school children, school children, adolescent children, and many other classes.

What do they all mean? Just this. That the best minds in this country, and in other countries, are thoroughly agreed among themselves that the protection of the child must begin with the protection of the mother; that care during pregnancy and confinement, and instruction in the hygiene of maternity, infancy and childhood, must

be made available for all mothers through such agencies as prenatal clinics, maternity hospitals, maternity care in the home, children's health centers, and a system of public health nursing *adequate to reach every mother and child!*

We have come face to face with a momentous American problem as the curtain has been drawn aside by the Children's Bureau. It is not a local or sectional problem, the Bureau insists, but a national one.

THE practical solution of it lies with the American people. That solution must be national legislative action authorizing and aiding co-operative work between the States and the Federal Government. It means that we must have, from our Congress, the legislation which at last will enable the Children's Bureau to render the greatest amount of service to the greatest number of mothers and babies and thus to every one in America!

Parallel cases have come up in other lines of Government work. For example, for years and years our Federal Department of Agriculture spent millions of dollars in experimenting and acquiring information worth billions of dollars to the American farmer. So did the various State experiment stations. But, unless the farmer happened to stumble across this information, it seldom reached him. There was no machinery for delivering the vast store of practical knowledge to his farm.

The Lever Extension Act remedied

this paradoxical situation. It appropriated Federal funds, dollar for dollar with funds appropriated by the States, to create the machinery for delivering to the farmer what the Federal and State investigators had learned from careful experimentation.

Now, practically every county in the United States has a county agricultural agent who visits the farmers, advises them and makes instantly available any and all information they need which has been stored for their benefit in Washington and elsewhere. The same machinery provides home demonstration agents who visit the farmers' wives in their homes to demonstrate the last word in home economics.

THE same principle must be applied to solving the problem of maternal and child welfare. When the American Red Cross threw its strength into the fight to save the mothers and children of France, while that country's entire resources were committed to resisting the might of Germany's armed aggression, the Red Cross workers declared they would not be satisfied until they had visited every baby born in France during the period of Red Cross activity there.

The Children's Bureau's dream of utmost service will be realized when it is able, through combined Federal and State strength, to know that every American mother and every American baby and child is receiving the health protection to which it is entitled.

It is coming! As I write, there is in Congress a Bill providing Federal appropriations for the States that will undertake public measures for the protection of mothers and children.

Each State that agrees to this co-operative program will receive, by the terms of the Bill, \$2,000,000 the first year, the amount to be gradually increased until the sum appropriated for each State will be \$4,000,000 annually. As in the case of the Lever Extension Act, this Bill requires that the States shall make appropriations equal to those of the Federal Government. It also provides that, in the case of States failing to make such guarantees, an annual appropriation of

(Cont. on page 70)



Weighing the baby regularly is a necessity in the best of families. In this case, the iceman's scales were brought into play



Florence Nightingale

A FLAME OF SERVICE A DYNAMO OF ENERGY

By Dorothy S. Phillips



In the Mall in London her monument stands, reminding the passerby of one of the world's finest women

"IT must be done," Florence Nightingale once said to a doctor, who questioned the possibility of one of her orders. She said it quietly but there was a force behind the soft tones. For Florence Nightingale, there were no impossibilities, no "can'ts." When she said, "It must be done," it was done!

Legend, influenced perhaps by her musical sounding name, has pictured her as a sweet, self-sacrificing, lovely woman, who gave up her life to nursing but fact has given her qualities of a higher worth in a practical, workaday world. True, she had a passion for humanity and a heart that was alive to suffering, alive to

A VIVID personal sketch
apropos of the centenary
of Florence Nightingale's birth

Even when she was a young girl, before she went to the Crimea, she was remarkable for her keen analysis of the question of the day, and ability to probe into the deep problems of philosophy and religion. Many reformers there are, inflamed with a desire to right the wrong who somehow cannot work out the dreams into actual life. Florence Nightingale was not one of them.

The foundation of her character was energy, indomitable tireless energy, harnessed to a strong, clear, farseeing mind. Above all things, she was a worker.

the terrible shortcomings of a blundering world. But, more than that, she had a brain that saw the way out

worker and a fighter. She fought prejudice, incompetence, red tape; she fought people, she fought worn-out ideas. If she had not had this driving power, she never could have brought order out of chaos in the army hospital of the Crimea; she never could have reformed the English Army Medical Department or, in her training school at St. Thomas's Hospital, laid the foundation of modern nursing.

And we must remember that Florence Nightingale lived in the middle of the last century, in an age when girls did not "do things," when the daughter of a well-to-do family, as hers was, did not even dream of a career, but placidly followed the dictates of her family, until she placidly settled down and had a family of her own. In the gossip of the neighbors, Florence Nightingale was "queer." She could not content herself with trips abroad, with London society, even with a brilliant match. In her heart was the call to serve, and in her mind was the vision of a group of women, not bound by religious vows, like the Sisters of Charity, but bound by the desire for service, the desire to relieve suffering, a group of nurses, trained to nurse. There were no trained nurses back in the 40's. For the most part, the nurses of that day were ignorant, careless women, of unfavorable reputation, who were generally looked down upon by society.

Naturally, her family thrust aside with astonishment and dismay her ridiculous scheme of going to Salisbury Hospital as a nurse. Still she clung to her vision and her purpose. Driven on by the unconquerable spirit within her, she studied in secret; visited schools and workhouses and hospitals in London and Europe; and even managed to spend a few months at a nursing institution abroad, until, at last, she broke away from her home and tradition, and became superintendent of a nursing home.

A year later, when the Crimean War broke out, she secured an appointment through Sidney Herbert, a friend and admirer of hers, who was in the Cabinet, and went with thirty-eight other nurses to the army hospital at Scutari. The revolutionizing of that hospital from an insanitary, horrible breeding place of disease and death, into a comparatively clean, well-kept institution, in which sick and wounded human beings could live and recover, was a great achievement, the more remarkable when one remembers that it was but one incident—albeit a spectacular one—in a life of tremendous action and accomplishment.

IN the hospital at Scutari, Florence Nightingale fought a big battle for humanity. Her enemies were the old, old ones—some of which are still rampant to-day as, for instance, ignorance, neglect, officialdom and incompetence. Moreover, she had to combat the continual prejudice of army officers, who could see no good in having a woman



In Westminster Abbey, that resting place of England's greatness, the memory of Florence Nightingale endures in bronze

around, and accused her of "spoiling the brutes." The conditions of the hospital were unthinkable. There were no towels, no bandages, no clean sheets, no clean clothes, no soap, nothing but filth, bad air, and death. Miss Nightingale had been told that nothing was needed but, with her far-seeing eyes, she had bought with her own money and brought along with her a quantity of supplies. These were worth their weight in gold to her in the Crimea. When she arrived at Scutari and saw the intolerable condition of the place, she set to work. Night and day she labored. She set the wheels in motion for the delivery of stores; when a consignment of army shirts failed of delivery because of some regulation, she threw aside red tape and had them unpacked herself. She attacked the system—that terrible system behind which inefficiency was hiding. She established a laundry; she provided for better food; and, when the authorities were notified of the pending arrival of more wounded men she built an addition to the hospital. Besides all this, she nursed the soldiers. She wrote letters for them to their homes and families; she furnished reading and recreation rooms for them; she started classes and lectures. And she even became their banker, sending home money for them.

A human dynamo was she, this plain, rather gentle looking, aristocratic, little lady!

REST was unknown to her. No matter how worn-out she was, how ill—she had to take to her bed for months after she returned from the Crimea—she worked on. When the war was over, she worked all the harder. Before her eyes was the picture of that hospital and her goal was the complete reorganization of the Army Medical Department, so that those terrible conditions could never be repeated. Here she entered the realm of politics

and intrigue. But she had many allies. Her devoted co-worker, Sidney Herbert, was in the Cabinet. But perhaps her greatest ally was her own unconquerable spirit. She just would not be defeated, that was all; and before her personality and her keen mind, ministers bowed.

Her agitation for reforms started with the appointment of a Royal Commission to investigate the health of the Army. Today, Miss Nightingale herself would have served on that Commission, but in those days such a radical departure from custom would have been unknown. But though not in person, she was there in fact, spirit and power. Tooth and nail, she and her loyal followers fought for reform. She knew what the army hospitals were like, and she knew, in practical detail, what reforms and innovations should be instituted. And, besides having knowledge, she had a great reputation. Her service to the men of her country in the Crimea had placed her high in the popular heart.

SO she triumphed. The suggestions of the Commission, which were in reality her plans, were put into effect. Under her influence and due to her perseverance, the army hospitals and barracks were revolutionized, and the old System, which she had fought in the Crimea, was rooted out, and new and better methods reigned in its stead.

And all the while she was instilling into the Army Medical Department, the new and modern idea that to keep a soldier well is just as important as to cure him when he's ill. These reforms of hers bore quick fruit, for from 1854, the year when the Crimean War began, to 1861, the army death rate was cut in half.

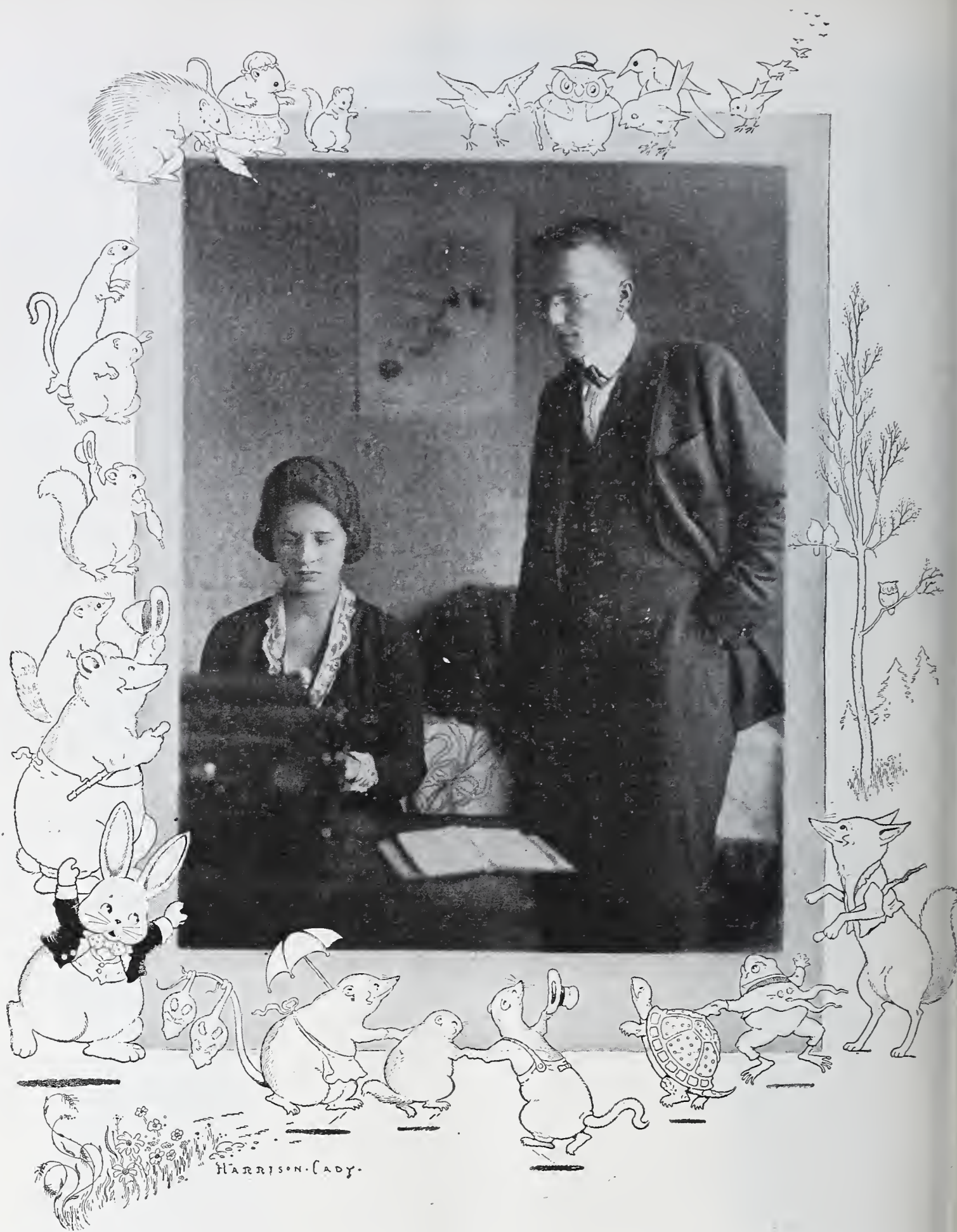
All this had its effect on the nursing of the day.

She organized a health crusade in Buckinghamshire, which sounds very much like our health crusades of today. Teachers went from cottage to cottage, giving practical advice about ventilation—Florence Nightingale was a fresh air fiend—and disinfectants and cleanliness. In 1860, she founded her School for Nurses, that institution which was to turn out the trained nurses of which she had dreamt in her youth.

"Such a head!" said Queen Victoria. "I wish we had her at the War Office."

Such a head! Yes! And behind it such a tremendous will power, forgetful of self, forgetful of tradition, driving on, on, on, towards the desired goal. What matter if it drove her to her death? It is only through work that things are done in this world! And Florence Nightingale was no shirker. Her heart burned with the flame of service; her mind was alight with ways of service. She was out to do things. And she did them!

"It must be done!" And it was done.



THORNTON W. BURGESS

Here is a scene in Thornton W. Burgess' home in Springfield, Mass. Mr. Burgess dictates all of his stories to his daughter who takes them down on the typewriter. The animals in the border are the portraits of his characters as drawn by Harrison Cady, who has had no small part in the rise of Mr. Burgess to his position of idol of present-day childhood

THE BEDTIME STORY MAN

*He knows and loves children and is on intimate terms
with the creatures of meadow, farm and mountain*

By William G. Shepherd

PETER RABBIT ENTERS RED CROSS SERVICE

Thornton W. Burgess begins a special series of stories on Peter Rabbit, in the June Number. They are illustrated by Harrison Cady who has made the pictures for all the Bedtime stories and is himself a lover of outdoor life. You will be surprised to see how these stories, true to the life of birds and animals, nevertheless carry with them all the implications of human life and the truths back of our relations with each other.

with men from strange lands, but when I sit down with Thornton Burgess, I feel that I am facing an ambassador from one of the happiest and pleasantest other worlds with which we human beings can ever come in contact.

The world of wild life is Burgess' domain. He knows it as a Chinaman knows China, or as a Londoner knows London. When you and I, and other mortals of the tame world, go into the woods, we see the trees and the leaves and the sunshine and feel like writing poetry about them. But Burgess knows that every nook and cranny is filled with bright eyes, looking his way; twitching nostrils and tiny nerves that carry messages to small brains are at work in every square foot of the forest floor and in every cluster of leaves. Everywhere about him, he knows that our coming has caused a tumult of excitement in a world that you and I do not see.

And the splendid part of it all is that Burgess can't keep still about what he knows. Within the past ten years, in the United States, he has found his way into the hearts and minds of millions and millions of American children. He is with them in their nurseries and school rooms and his Bedtime stories help them to go to sleep in a world of wonder. One million of his books have been sold; he has written twenty-eight. Three-quarters of a million of his books will be printed this year. He tells his stories on phonograph records. His characters are shown in the movies. We old folks shift our literary favorites; in the children's world, there's a loyalty upon which a writer can stake his life. Look at "Jack the Giant Killer," and "Mother Goose" and "Robinson Crusoe." Who ever heard any real children say that they were old-fashioned or out-of-date or that someone had gone and written something better? Why, no one! And now Burgess, the ambassador from the world of wild life, has slipped into the hearts of the children beside the author of "Mother Goose" and the other immortals and the fanciest literary people we'll ever have in America won't be able to crowd him out.

As I listened to this story, I found that all the boy that was left in me was going out to the story-teller. I'd have been ashamed if it hadn't. And I wouldn't have trusted anyone who wasn't interested in that yarn, the way this American told it. And the story-teller has thousands of stories like this one. I listened to scores of them that evening; and, at the same time, in the United States and Canada, some 5,000,000 children, who had coaxed part of the evening paper away from Dad, were reading one of the same man's tales.

If you're old, with all the kid gone out of you, or if you do not interest yourself in the children about you, you won't know this man's name, and when I tell you that it is Thornton W. Burgess, my statement will leave you cold. But there are millions of us in the United States who do know him. If the children could have a candidate for the Presidency he would be Thornton W. Burgess; and, if you knew him and his stories of the other world in which he lives, all the boy or girl in you would want to vote with the children.

I've had plenty of opportunities, in my time, to see foreign parts and to talk

WHO would have thought that I could get interested in a toad's troubles? And yet the other evening I sat in a New York hotel and listened to a story about a toad that I'll never forget.

It was told in a drawling New England voice.

"Up in our part of the country," went the story, "a farmer dug a hole out in his yard for a certain purpose. It was about four feet deep and six feet wide. His wife, a kind-hearted woman, said to her husband, 'Some wild things 'll be falling into that hole if you don't look out. You'd better take a look into it, now and then, and lift 'em out.'

"Sure enough, the next morning there was a little field mouse in the hole. The farmer put a tick into the hole and the mouse ran up it and got away."

Yes, friend reader, I know it sounds like a kid story! But the man who was telling it to me, was speaking with enthusiasm; he was telling me of the doings of folks of another world than ours, and I knew he spoke with authority.

"The next morning there was nothing in the pit but, on its side, some distance from the bottom, was a hole as big as a half dollar. The next morning, there was a hole nearer the top, about the same size. The farmer and his wife puzzled over the holes. More appeared, in time, and one morning the farmer dropped a little stone into the top hole. It came tumbling out at the bottom. All the holes were connected.

"Those good folks kept their eyes on the holes and finally, one day, they saw a fat little toad come to one of the holes and sit himself down in the opening like a man sitting in the doorway of his own house.

"It was a toad who had made those holes. A toad is an engineer, always. This fellow had fallen into the hole and had immediately began to tunnel his way out. He always dug upward. His tunnel passed in a spiral around the hole, at least once. Every now and then, he would tunnel out to the fresh air where he could catch flies. It took him ten days to get out of that hole but he did it."

Burgess has captured the hearts of our American children with true stories. Whoever wrote "Jack and the Bean Stalk" would never have got a medal from a scientific society for sticking to agricultural and biological facts. But, not long ago, Thornton W. Burgess was called down to New York from his little home in Springfield, Massachusetts, by a body of scientific men who are gathered together under the name of "The Zoological Society." These men know the last word about the world of wild life. William T. Hornaday, director of the society, made Mr. Burgess stand up before all the scientists and pinned a medal on him, for distinguished services in the protection of wild life.

"Any man who can find his way into the hearts of a million children is a genius," Mr. Hornaday said. "If he carries a message of truth he is a benefactor. Thornton Burgess is both."

Burgess' life is a splendid example of the fact that, here in America, a good American with something on his mind and heart, can always get a hearing and a reward for his message.

Up in Sandwich, a little town on Cape Cod, forty-six years ago, Burgess lived with his widowed mother. Money was scarce in that household. School clothes didn't come easily; neither did school books. From his very first days, Burgess turned to the outdoors for comfort and help. He used to find and sell the first wild flowers that came up through the snow in Cape Cod. When arbutus-time came around he had the earliest and finest blossoms to sell at the doors of the rich folks or down at the railroad station. If there was a single trout in the streams, Burgess knew where it was and could get it. He used to go into the hills alone, even

GREEN MEADOW CLUB BIRD SANCTUARY

Hunting on these
premises forbidden
under penalty of law.

Any person molesting
birds or nests on this
property will be prosecuted.

**BIRDS ARE OUR
BEST FRIENDS**



Thornton W. Burgess, in Kansas City, talking Farmer Brown's Boy and Happy Jack three million acres of land in order to preserve

as a boy, so that he could look around in quiet, and see what was going on in the world of wild life. It was a pleasanter world for him, in those days, than his own; for, in that world, no one seemed to worry, everyone seemed to have enough to eat, and he found contentment and happiness in all the little folks that he came to know.

"I often wished in those days that I was one of 'em," he told me, one day.

BUT the clutch of his own world was put on him at last, as it finally is on everyone of us. He was sent to a business college in Boston to learn how to keep books, and how to make figures show how much money someone was piling up.

"Whew! How I hated it!" he says to-day. "The outdoors was always calling me. The outdoors was the real

world to me; the business world was the makebelieve."

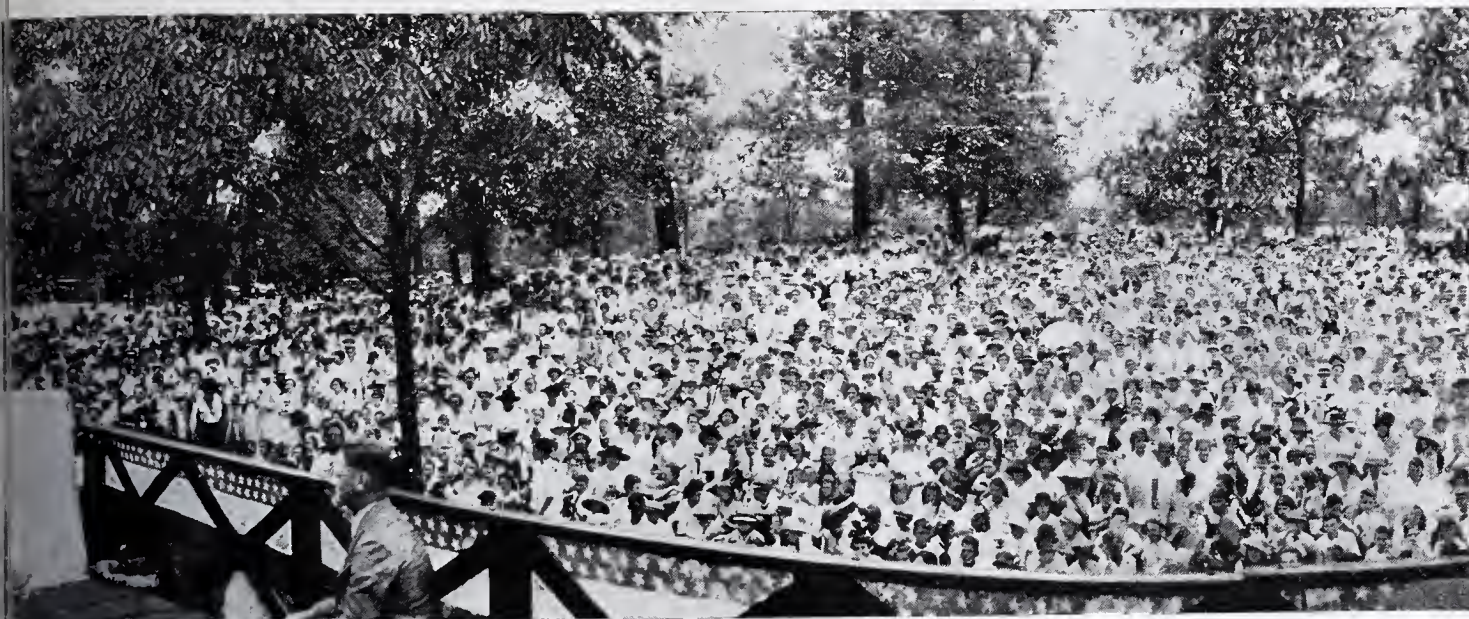
For two years, after he had finished his business course, he worked with a firm in Springfield, Massachusetts.

"I wasn't happy one minute of those two terrible years, because I couldn't be outdoors enough. The wild things were always calling me and I couldn't go to them."

Before long he was almost whipped. He had married a fine New England girl and had found a position in a magazine office at Springfield. His home was happy but his wages were low, ten dollars a week, at first—and he was having a hard time making both ends meet. He worked like a madman in the office; he was office boy, in the beginning, a general factotum; then, as time went by, he was called upon to write advertisements and little articles about things that, in no way, really interested



Thornton Burgess (right) Harrison Cady (left) in their beloved outdoor world discussing a picture of Peter Rabbit



a great assemblage of children, all of them eager to hear and see the man who has given them Peter Rabbit, Squirrel. Mr. Burgess exerts an immense influence through his stories. (Poster and Button at left.) The posting of bird life, and the starting of hundreds of Thrift Clubs through Happy Jack Squirrel, are among his achievements

...n. Just when he was struggling his hardest, trying to see the way toward a brighter future for himself and his young wife, she died. But, in dying, she brought into the world a blue-eyed baby.

We shall have to thank this blue-eyed baby for the stories we have since had from Burgess, but more of that later. For fifteen years, he toiled in that magazine office, and then, one Monday morning, he found a notice on his desk, saying that, after two weeks, his services would be no longer required, because the magazine had been sold. At this time, he had married again and had his wife, with her daughter, his old mother and his son to support.

"But if that hadn't happened to me," said Burgess with his slow New England drawl, "I never would have had the chance to write what I wanted to write. I'd have slaved along the rest of my life, only half-happy."

Burgess tried his hand at various things in those days in 1911, writing advertisements and selling an occasional story for ridiculously small prices.

BUT one thing he had kept up through all the dull years that was good and free; that was the custom of telling a good-night story to the blue-eyed boy. It was always a story about the little folks who live outdoors in the world of wild life. In all those stories, there was "Peter Rabbit" and "Reddy Fox" and "Unc' Billy Possum" and "Jerry Muskrat" and "Old Man Coyote" and "Mother West Wind" and many other folks whom the millions of American children now know through Burgess' widely published "Bed-Time Stories." A clever daddy was Thornton Burgess. He didn't preach and he didn't sell. If he saw there was anything that ought to be told to his boy, he let "Peter Rabbit," or "Old Man Coyote," tell it, at bed time.

"Reddy Fox" or "Jerry Muskrat" could tell a fellow WHY he shouldn't do a thing or why he SHOULD do it, much better, it would seem, than a fellow's own dad; at least, a fellow always remembered what they said, long

after he had forgotten what dad had told him.

One time the boy went away on a visit to Chicago; he went with the understanding that his communications with "Peter Rabbit" and the rest of his friends should not be cut off. The father made a promise that he would write a story every day and send it by mail to be read at bed time. These stories were about Mother West Wind—what she saw, as she went about, and what she thought of a lot of things.

IN a magazine office, one day, an advertising man, a friend of Burgess, read those stories. He turned them over to a publisher and, within a few days, the publisher said he wanted them for a book.

"I never thought of having them published," said Burgess. "They were written for my son."

The book went well and the publisher soon wanted another like it.

"I've written or told my last animal story," said Burgess, "I haven't got another one in me."

"Please try some more," said the publisher. "We've struck a new lead."

The next book went better. Then a newspaper syndicate got hold of some of the stories. A magazine asked Burgess to write a monthly article on outdoor life.

Before long, Burgess began to discover that the world was filling up with friends. His letters were too many to answer. Children wanted to know more about "Peter Rabbit" and they said "Farmer Brown's Boy" was a fellow with whom they wanted to get better acquainted. Older boys and girls wrote to him and said that the "Bed-Time Stories," they found in their newspapers every night, were mighty good to go to bed on; they gave you something happy to think about. Some read them before they read the rest of the news in the paper, just to prove to themselves that there was another world besides the topsyturvy one they lived in; others read them after they had read the paper, to add a touch of sunshine to the news.

IT wasn't very long before Burgess' financial worries were over. That was what he had been aiming at and as soon as he was safely fixed, he began to devise schemes for helping the little folks in the wild world; his little friends who had comforted him in the woods when things looked dark.

He devised the "Sanctuary" plan for birds. The scheme has been under way only three years, but to-day, by means of it, there are nearly 3,000,000 acres of land in the United States where a bird's life is as safe from boys or hunters as a babe in its mother's arms.

Burgess has accomplished this through what he calls the Green Meadow Club, which began among the readers of a magazine for which he wrote regular articles. America was knee-deep in war savings, when the plan went into effect. Burgess turned to his wild world during the war to discover what help the little folks could give America. He soon learned that their aid would be vast, if we enlisted it.

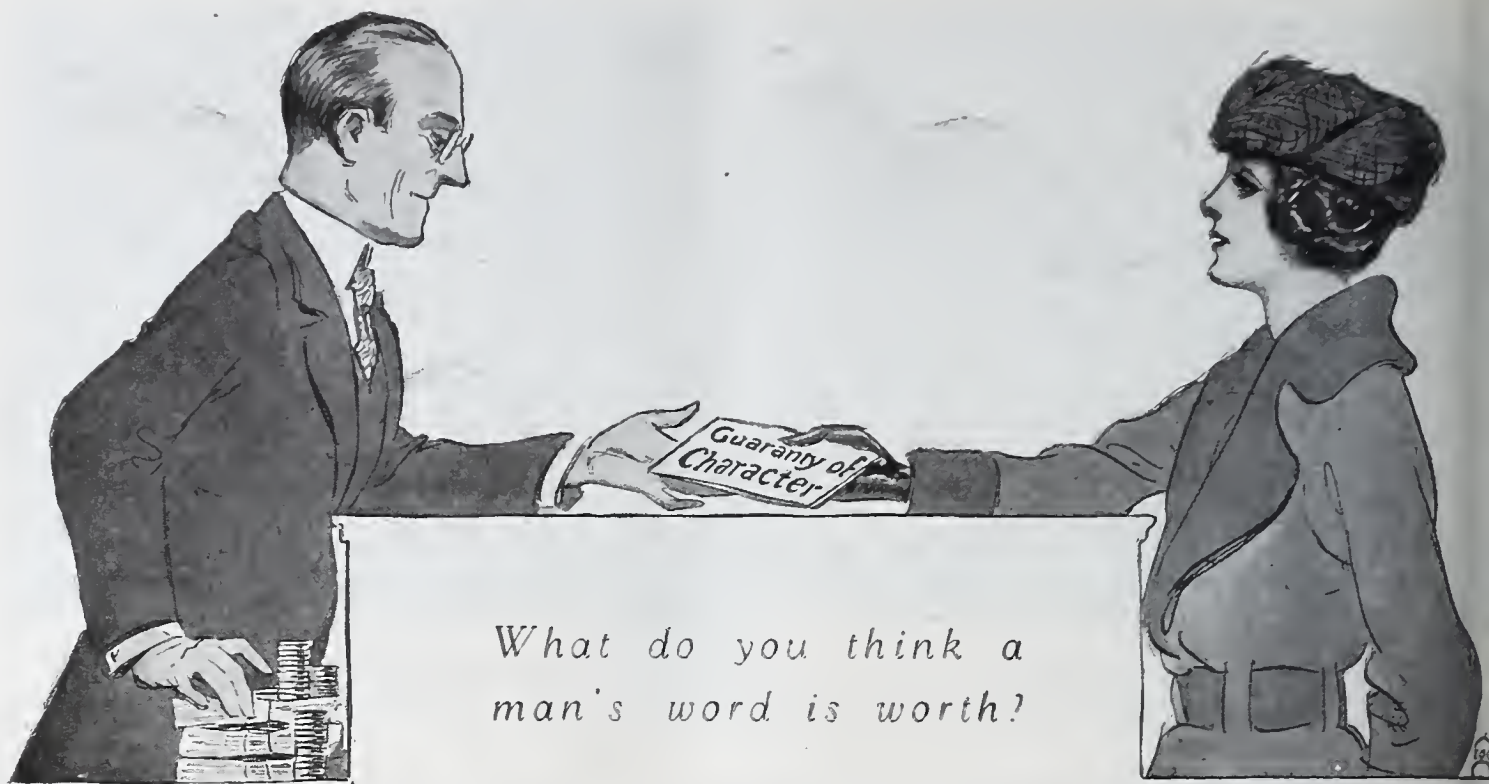
"The birds kill the insects that destroy our growing food," declared Burgess. "We must help the birds."

SCIENTISTS took Burgess' plan as an inspiration. Government officials saw the value of birds so clearly that Herbert Hoover issued an appeal for the protection of bird life. Through the Green Meadow Club of magazine readers, Burgess set forth his ideas and asked for volunteers who would get land owners to pledge their land as bird sanctuaries.

The reply was immediate. Landowners in every State in the Union, and in Canada, began to sign the declaration that they would permit no hunting of birds on their land, and a sign, on strong linen, was sent to pledge-givers to be tacked up on their premises.

The end of the war did not see the end of the "Sanctuary" plan. The enlistment of the friends of birds among land owners is continuing to this day and will not cease. In the United

(Continued on page 71)



BORROWING ON CHARACTER

And what it may mean to you

By Frank Ward O'Malley

Drawings by F. G. Cooper

THE late J. Pierpont Morgan, dominant and therefore ever irked by restraint, tapped his foot impatiently one day as he sat and glowered in a Washington committee room. He was waiting the beginning of a day of quizzing by counsel to the Pujo Committee.

"Mr. Morgan," a famous lawyer started in suavely, "is not commercial credit based primarily upon money or property?" The questioner waited at ease for the answer that obviously must be in the affirmative.

"It is not!" brusquely rumbled the deep-voiced financier in prompt reply. "The first thing credit is based upon is character."

Whatever the eminent financier may have thought about taking his generality literally and putting it into practice, the fact remains that about the time he was delivering his dictum in Washington, a callow student of economics living a few miles south of the national capital was perfecting a plan to demonstrate with striking concreteness the eternal truth of the reply. And to-day, as these lines are being read, a series of joyous decennial celebrations are being held all over the United States in score upon score of unpretentious but rock-ribbed banks where, thanks to the vision and energy of the one-time callow economist, loans running into the tens of millions annually are being made to penniless borrowers whose only assets are wage-earning capacity and honor.

For it was on a day which, appropriately, marked the beginning of Spring that a young Virginia lawyer named Arthur J. Morris opened in his

home city of Norfolk, just ten years ago, a bank where the poor might secure the financial help which spelled renewal of hope in their troubled hearts. It was not the result, that first bank wasn't, of sudden inspiration. The first Morris Plan bank at Norfolk came into being and the idea spread with a speed and success so glorious, only because the founder of the idea had for years been personally, subjectively, submitting himself to a tremendous amount of Pujo-ing day and night. He had begun to wrestle with the big idea struggling within him while he was yet a callow student of still more callow economics at the University of Virginia.

"Why is it," he would ask himself daily as he paced the campus, "that the laborer, the clerk, all the people of small means who compose three-quarters of the population of America, have no way of borrowing necessary funds at a low interest rate? Why is it that only the 'propertied' minority is accorded this boon by the banks?"

"Why should bank loans be the accepted, the respectable day-in-and-day-out procedure among men of means in conducting their business, and why should borrowing among the poor always be associated with loan-sharks, usury, dingy pawn-shops, degradation? Why *must* the poor in need of funds pawn necessities or be swallowed body and soul by the loan-sharks? Haven't the poor, the men and women of small

means, some unrecognized asset that will secure a loan in a bank?

They had and have. Just the poor vastly outnumber the rich, so do the youths and maidens and men and women of worth

while character, all the good people, this sometimes sick and silly but congenitally right old land, immeasurably outnumber the bad people. Wherefore it happens that there is as much gayety and joy as office forces a patron of Morris Plan banks—not dotting the nation from Down East to Out West and from pine trees to palms whoop things up during the ten anniversary exercises in celebration of his old-new belief that the great majority, the poor, are richly endowed with "the first thing credit is based upon," or innate decency.

THE last ten years have seen the successful launching of Morris Plan banks in more than one hundred cities and towns of the United States, banks where the poor but earnest young man, the careworn and worried father, the mother, the troubled young married couple, the distracted widow, the sick and bereaved and hopeless may enter and find, not charity, but financial help proffered to them on strictly business principles. There they enter and lay out to the banker their troubles across the counter; they deposit with him their word of honor; out into the street again they come, their heads held high, their hearts once more singing, they grasp that in an instant they have regained what a moment before they had thought was gone from their lives forever—a world of sunshine and

g birds and all that great calm
ice and sweet content which is best
ought to a sick heart by the sudden
unexpected application of a poul-
of real money bound securely to
person in the vicinity of the breast
ocket.

"I broke — busted — flat!" gasps
white-faced youth or maid, man or
ther, over the counter of one of
se banks. "Worse, I owe a lot. I
at to the loan-sharks in desperation
now they are strangling me. I'm
ough! God help me—for nights I
en't slept. I haven't a square foot
property, no bank account, no
urance to borrow on; nothing but a
t that gets bigger every day. And
ust have money or I'll—I'll—"

You'll not do anything of the kind,
ng man. Who'd pay the under-
er, if you did? Don't be an ass, a
tter. If you—"

But what else can I—"

Now hush a minute and listen.
y are you going to wipe out your
est debts by smashing at one clip
h two great assets you do own? I
n your evident will to pay your
ets, or your character, and, secondly,
t very real financial asset known as
or, or your wage-earning powers.
y didn't you come here in the first
e? Here—pull up a chair, lad, and
es straighten this thing out. Come
c, how much do you want?"

In the course of the present decennial
celebration of the founding of the
inal little bank in Virginia, an army
of poor borrowers more than 300,000
ing will thus secure loans and so
v have happiness, many of them life
ai, saved to them in at least one
undred and five communities in
merica. I am careful to say "at

least" that many: there is no telling
how many more branches may leap
into existence before a new year rolls
into view—even before these lines
appear in type.

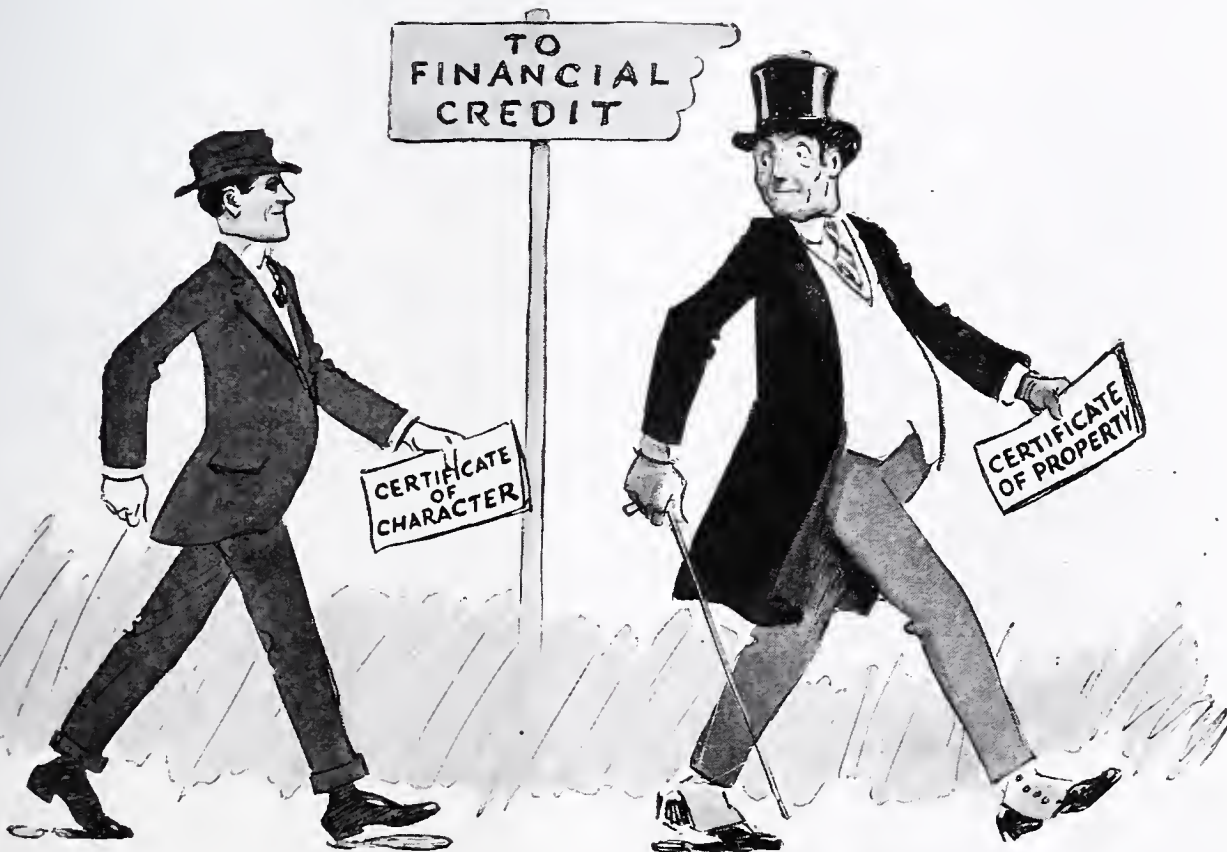
Perhaps this is as good a place as
any to mention that more than one-
third of the whole amount lent on the
Morris Plan during the past ten years—
\$54,000,000 out of a total of \$155,000,-
000—reached the pockets of wage-
earners, small salaried men and women,
and firms and corporations operating
on a modest scale, in a single twelve-
month—the year 1919.

THESE banks, now that they have
begun to hit on all twelve cylinders,
have a habit of scooting into a town
over night and staying in Main Street
permanently. Also, as the number of
banks grow, so, too, do correlative
ideas spring up in the minds of Mr.
Morris and his business associates, all
of which are practically developed along
the lines that gave birth to his original
banking idea. The spread of the
banks, for instance, naturally was
followed by the incorporation of a national
directing company—the Industrial Fi-
nance Corporation—to act as organizer
and a sort of wise and kindly old
mother who lives in a shoe and has
many banks but knows exactly what to
do! Next, it occurred to the Morris
financiers to organize the Morris Plan
Insurance Society, which protects the
borrower's dependents and co-makers
of his note from loss in case the bor-
rower dies before he has repaid his
loan to the bank. And, most recently,
the guiding spirits of the whole idea
have perfected and put into operation a
"retail trade acceptances" plan whereby
the Newlyweds, the struggling young
garage owner, the young dentist, any-

one of limited means, may buy house-
furnishings, tools, typewriters, baby
carriages, technical instruments, ma-
chines, almost any necessary bit of
merchandise, on a "time payment plan
at cash prices"—in other words may
buy what they need in reputable local
stores run on a cash system and pay for
the goods on what amounts to the
instalment plan, or without being sub-
jected to the excessive prices which the
"Easy Payment Credit Store" usually
charges.

IN staking his all upon a belief in
human decency, Mr. Morris was but
a bit wiser and braver than his genera-
tion. He early found out, as his many
followers are continuing to learn daily,
that when he made a guess that a given
applicant for a loan would repay the
money in full, his guess was almost
invariably right. On all the loans
made, amounting to many millions of
dollars annually and secured only by
the abstractions known as honor and
earning capacity, the losses are less
than one-tenth of one per cent.

"Guess" does not, however, precisely
describe what happens when the bor-
rower gets help in a Morris Plan bank.
The banker, who necessarily is first and
last a business man, must place method
before guesswork or sentiment. To
show exactly how and why he makes a
loan, let us take from the tens of
thousands of concrete cases at hand the
instance of a real girl—a young woman
who lived with her aged mother, whom
she supported, in a great American
city, the mother and daughter being
housed in one of those city flats that
fit tightly across the shoulders. They
hated it. They longed for a home in
the country. "A young woman I
know," the girl began timidly as her



Property isn't the only stuff in the world on which to borrow money. You may have some good stuff in your character as well

Borrowing on Character

turn came to tell her troubles and hopes to the man behind the wicket of the little bank, "tells me that you lent her some money here to pay her bill at a department store. I—we—my mother and I—we thought that maybe—maybe—"

She found herself invited inside the railing. Her first venture in "high finance" had begun. The banker to whom she talked had time only for quick, concise questions and business-like explanations; nevertheless sentiment, emotion, had a part in the transaction also, as always; the emotionalism being supplied altogether by the girl as she made fervent answer to that all-important question which is sure to be asked in all Morris Plan banks early in the proceedings: "Why do you want to borrow money?"

A REAL home, trees, flowers, singing birds, sunny air, happiness—that was why. There was a little stucco bungalow in a pretty suburb, the girl explained, only two blocks from an "L" station, forty-five minutes or less from her city job and—

One minute; how much did the job pay her a week? Thirty-five dollars. If, in order to enable her to make an initial payment on the bungalow, the Morris bank lent her \$400 at 6 per cent interest, could she repay the loan within a year—paying \$8 a week for fifty weeks—and at the same time keep up her payments on the bungalow while supporting herself and mother? She could do better than that, she answered. She and her mother had figured out to the dollar the earning powers of the greatly-desired bungalow. There were extra bedrooms in the little house, the rent from which would more than suffice each month to pay the instalments due the real-estate man, leaving the girl's weekly wages intact for living expenses and repayment of the bank loan.

Good! And within a few minutes the banking man had made clear to her the method by which loans were made, not only to "unsecured" but forehanded patrons like herself, but also to the countless men and women who, in the past, may have weakly contracted foolish debts, but had learned their lesson and wished to wipe the slate clean.

"We do not lend money to those who will spend it foolishly or extravagantly," is the way he explained the bank's methods, "although we are always ready to aid those who have been financially unwise in the past and are now ready to pitch in and try to straighten their affairs.

"Your reason for asking a loan is admirable. We first, however, must make an investigation regarding your honesty and earning capacity, as

well as the honesty and earning powers of two of your friends. A trifling fee will be charged against you here for the investigation. The two friends you name must sign the promissory note with you, taking upon themselves the responsibility of repaying us the loan in case you fail to do so. Now, don't let that alarm you. Your two friends need not be persons of property. The least of the troubles of our borrowers is to find two fellow-workers or other friends willing to act as co-makers of their notes. It costs them nothing but the time it takes them to sign their names and answer a few questions which we shall put to you and to them.

"When we have satisfied ourselves about you we hand you \$400 in cash, less interest for one year at six per cent, which we deduct in advance, you and your two friends signing a promise that you will pay us back the \$400 at the rate of a dollar a week on each fifty dollars you owe us; that is, you will come here each week for fifty successive weeks and give us eight dollars. All clear and simple enough, isn't it? Good. That's all for the present."

To-day, that girl and her mother live in a delightful little bungalow that stands on a rug of real green grass, splashed with roses and bordered with hollyhocks in the summertime. A tiny patch of old Mother Earth, but their own!

BECAUSE I have stressed here the rapidity of growth of this plan of helpful finance, it must not be supposed that the business path of young Mr. Morris was flower strewn along its starting stretch. As in the case of most new ideas, especially new financial ideas, the system was just beginning to draw first breaths when it met with opposition. Needless to say, the first to jump at the throat of the infant banking idea, trying viciously to strangle it at birth, was the two-legged sociological plague known as the loan-shark. The loan-shark, lending at interest ranging from forty to seven hundred per cent; preferring always that his victim shall never repay the loan—so long as he

hands over to the shark usurious interest amounting often to two-thirds of the borrower's weekly wages; paying his victim a small fee for every other "client" the victim will bring to him—the loan-shark instantly sensed that this young Virginian was out to give battle to the whole loan-shark industry.

AND Mr. Morris was, and is. The loan-shark ghoul played a big part in the Morris thoughts from the earliest days of the Virginia lawyer's economic studies. To-day the Morris Plan bank anywhere is a much bigger bugaboo to the local loan-shark gentry than it is to the law. It is not only possible but common thing for even the loan-shark to get around laws that were enacted solely to enmesh him; the loan-shark himself admits, however, that no one is fool enough to borrow money from him at interest of one hundred or more per cent after learning that around the corner in Main Street they lend to the needy at the legal rate. And the loan shark, therefore, early and loudly opposed the Morris Plan, disseminating his vituperation by methods one would expect the loan-shark to adopt—the sending of anonymous letters filled with vile personal attacks upon Mr. Morris and his colleagues, sticking unsigned leaflets and pamphlets under doors, screeds that hysterically insisted that everybody and everything connected with the new idea was crooked.

Rebuffs came also to Mr. Morris at the beginning from sources immensely more respectable. When he came to Manhattan less than six years ago, for instance, to try to repeat in New York City what already had been begun in Norfolk, Atlanta and other cities, his idea was received coldly, with doubtful looks, often with frowns, on the part of the foremost financial men of Wall Street, of the world. New York lawyers treated him even more roughly. They showed him flatly that the banking laws of the State made it impossible to open and operate a Morris Plan bank inside New York State.

Whereupon, Mr. Morris promptly trekked to Albany. He knew not of Albany legislator. He was friendless, alone. Nevertheless, by the end of the third week in the State capital, he had so spread the light that the New York Senate and Assembly amended the Bank Act to the extent of admitting this new idea into the protective fold of the banking laws of the State.

BACK to Manhattan came Mr. Morris. He opened an unpretentious office. His capital was a meager \$100,000, his offices and working force unpretentious to the point of humble timidity. The opening was not advertised, not even

ARTHUR MORRIS' IDEA

HERE is a remarkable story of the growth of one man's idea and what it has contributed in terms of human happiness to a better America. It is the story of a great business which loans millions of dollars every year solely on a belief in the value of a man's word. No matter how you look at life, there is no better basis for existence than simple honesty. If you wish to borrow money and your reason is honorable, this article may be of practical assistance to you.



Many a young couple starting out in life is unaware what an asset good character is. It is more negotiable to-day than ever

nounced in the New York newspapers. In some way or other, however, eighty-three potential customers heard about this weird new institution and on the opening day came to ask for loans. Three days later, a Yiddish daily paper published a long news "story" about the strange little bank founded on the integrity of labor. And less than two weeks after the door had been opened the distracted little office force was calling upon the Police Department of the City of New York for aid in keeping the thousand or more customers in line. Also, at the threshold of a suite of vastly more pretentious banking offices on the ground floor of the building housing the Morris Plan Bank, the perfect doorman—perfect to a degree found only in English butlers, Fifth Avenue head waiters and banking house officials in the Wall Street district—suddenly was finding it necessary to insist though the garlic fumes with almost blinding vehemence that some mistake had been made.

Evidently you have been misdirected, my good man—the "e" in "even" being pronounced as in Boston. "The new—er—'bank' you are looking for is on an upper floor, I believe." And always the perfect doorman concluded his ones at once reverent and withering, "These, sir, are the offices of Kuhn, Loeb and Company!"

WITHIN a week, the *Army and Navy Journal* had told its readers of the new little bank in lower Manhattan. Active and retired Army and Navy offi-

cers began to touch elbows with the East Side along the waiting queue. Policemen, firemen, civil service employees and other men and women on the payroll of city, State and Nation fell in line.

THE "social" tone of the queue was picking up. Perhaps haughty doormen in nearby banks still refused to unbend—but their bosses weren't so offish. It is only five years—December 31, 1914—since the then friendless Morris Plan Company of New York opened its doors. Glance to-day over its long list of officers and directors: "Chairman of the Board, Henry R. Towne," one reads. Yep, the same Mr. Towne whose multifarious financial activities include the chairmanship of the Yale & Towne Manufacturing Company's Board, former directorship in the New York Federal Reserve Bank and innumerable other interests in the richest nation's wealthiest enterprises. "Treasurer, Charles H. Sabin." You said it; the same Mr. Sabin who directs the destinies also of the Guaranty Trust Company. General Coleman du Pont, President Baldwin of the Otis Elevator Company, Sam A. Lewissohn, John Markle, George F. Canfield, R. T. H. Halsey, a Governor of the New York Stock Exchange; John H. Fulton, Vice-President of the National City Bank; so runs on and on the long list of directors of the recently so humble little bank in Manhattan. Evidently, however, the bigwigs of finance haven't shouldered Mr. Morris aside in the scramble to embrace his

idea in the Wall Street neighborhood; he still seems to have a coat hook and desk room in the New York office; for down among the M's, one notes the item, "Morris, Arthur J.; President of the Morris Plan Company of New York; Founder of the Morris Plan; Vice-President and General Counsel to the Industrial Finance Corporation"—and then some.

I cannot say, of course, just how far sentiment, altruism, entered into the early ratiocinations of Student Morris back in the days when he began to grope about for a practical solution of the problem of making bank loans to the poor. Sentiment must have played a part in his thoughts, perhaps even had a place in the mind workings of Wall Street men when they later espoused the Morris Plan of lending; for the modern Midas who is all head and no heart exists chiefly in the imaginations of movie scenario writers and in that part of the anatomy of soap-box orators which physically corresponds to the human brain.

IT is certain, however, that sentimentality, even sentiment, had or has no part in Morris Plan banking methods. In one hundred and five American cities are, at this writing, one hundred and three Morris Plan banks—not a "chain" of banks; each is a strictly local institution except that the parent company supplies the idea and purchases some of the stock—each being conducted along lines that have nothing in common with charitable in-

Borrowing on Character

stitutions. The local Morris Plan bank differs from the other banks in a given town chiefly in that it does not accept deposits, and is unique in that it considers honesty and industry concrete security when making a loan.

Five years ago, the average loan was slightly more than \$100. Now it is more than \$200. The loan may be \$500, \$1,000, whatever amount the borrower wants, provided always that the banker has satisfied himself that the applicant can repay the amount and needs it. No more and no less. And in tens of thousands of cases the needy borrower, even the spendthrift—now reformed—the loan-shark victim, the financially thoughtless, receive from the banks, not only funds to tide them over, but for the first time in their lives are inoculated with the desire to save.

THE process of returning the loan to a Morris Plan bank, at the rate of a dollar a week for each fifty dollars borrowed, has a little technical twist to it which subtly suggests to the borrower that he become an investor in interest paying securities. Let me explain—let me quote briefly, rather, the simple explanation which the manager made to the girl who bought the bungalow when the loan of \$400 was handed to her.

"To-day, when we lend you this \$400, Miss Blank," he said "we simultaneously issue in your name an investment certificate for \$400, or the amount of the loan. This certificate of investment, you hypothecate—we retain physical possession of it, I mean—during the fifty weeks in which you are

paying back the \$400. The \$8 you give us each week really goes to pay for the investment certificate. At the end of the fiftieth week, the investment certificate, now paid for in full, is yours. Two weeks later your note falls due, whereupon you may hand us your investment certificate, thus wiping out your debt, or you may give us \$400 in cash to pay the debt and keep your certificate as an interest-bearing investment. Also, you may, at any time, buy another, as many as you can afford, of these certificates, paying for them either cash down or on the installment plan. One does not even have to be a borrower to come in here and buy these certificates as an investment. And many a patron who first comes to us as a borrower soon learns to become an investor in these interest-bearing certificates."

At the close of the year 1919, the New York company (which in twelve months had lent over \$7,250,000) had \$1,500,000 worth of these certificates outstanding—a prior lien on all its assets. And now, arrangements have been made with a great New York trust company for the issue by the Industrial Finance Corporation of "The Morris Plan National Trust Certificate," backed by the credit of local companies and of the parent Corporation, and bearing interest at 5 per cent from the day of purchase.

IN the beginning of the growth of the Morris Plan system of borrowing, the needy occasionally may have had some slight difficulty in finding two sponsors willing to lend their signatures to the promissory note, owing chiefly to

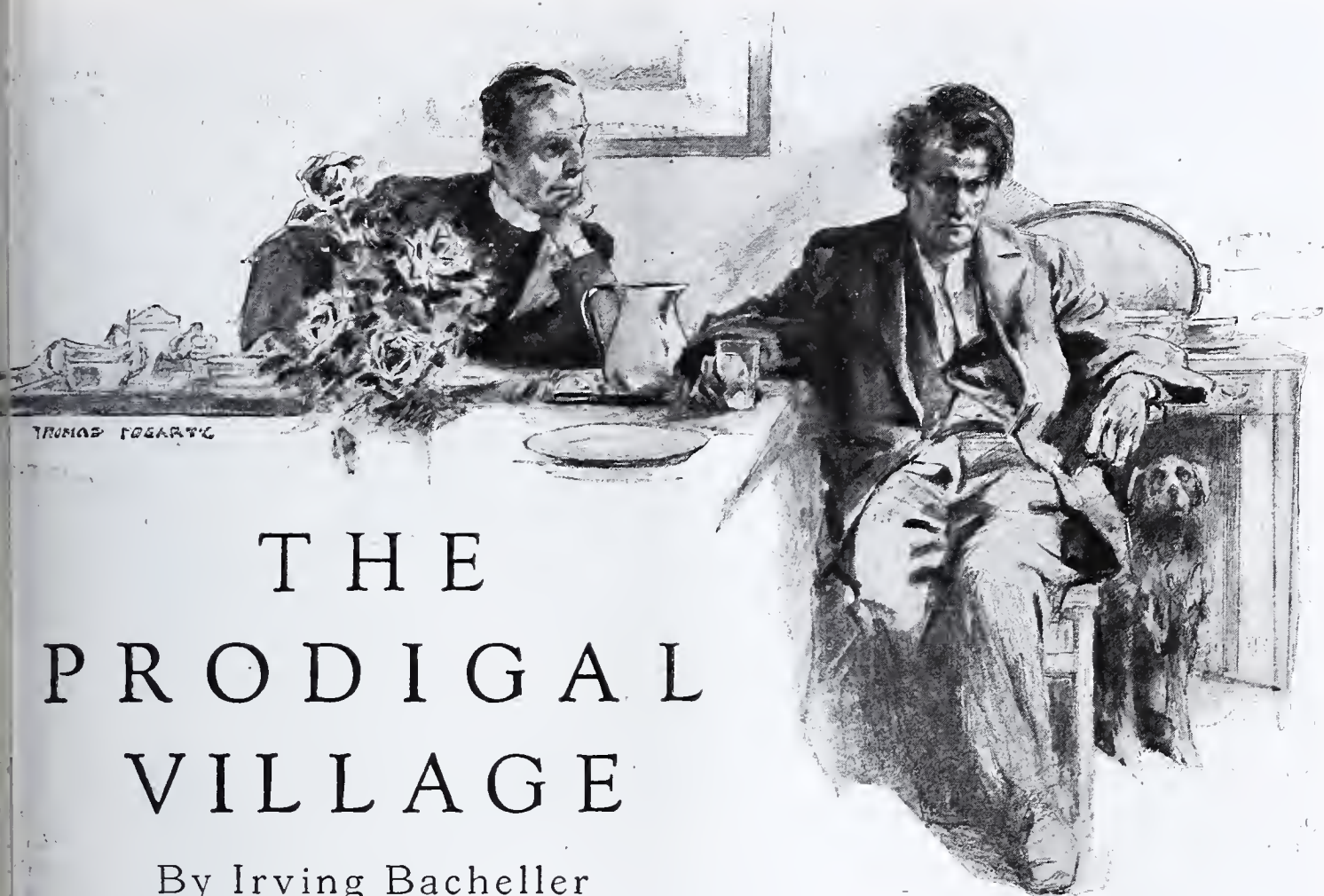
a fear that the borrower would die before payments had been completed. Such difficulties, however, were rarely encountered. To-day, there is no such deterrent, thanks to the institution known as The Morris Plan Insurance Society. Mr. Morris and his associates know from their mortality tables that out of a total of 300,000 borrowers a year an average of nine will die each day, or about 3,300 annually. Hence the development of the insurance plan, wherein policies are issued at trifling cost.

A man borrowing, say \$100, insures his loan for \$100, paying for the policy less than a cent a day. Let us suppose the borrower dies after paying back only \$20 of the \$100 borrowed. Immediately, The Morris Plan Insurance Society pays the bank the \$80 still due on the loan and gives what remains of the insurance, or \$20, to the deceased borrower's heirs or estate.

THAT working girl who secured for herself the bungalow and plot of lawn in a pretty suburb of a city a few years ago could to-day, if she so desired, secure aid in furnishing her new house. The "Morris Plan of Retail Trade Acceptances" means that Morris Plan banks in scores of communities have entered into arrangements with reliable local merchants whereby customers may purchase necessary goods at cash prices on time payments. The customer selects his goods in one of these shops and makes a cash payment according to his means. Immediately the merchant delivers the goods at the customer's house. And now the bank takes complete (Continued on page 73)



Few things are more terrible than being in debt. The day of the loan shark, however, is rapidly passing



THE PRODIGAL VILLAGE

By Irving Bacheller

Author of "A Man for the Ages," "The Light in the Clearing," "Keeping up with Lizzie," etc.

Illustrated by Thomas Fogarty

"A bad woman breaks the works in a man," said the drunkard, "and stops his clock dead"

CHAPTER TWO

(Continued)

NOW all this would seem to have been in itself a matter of slight importance. But Orville Gates, the Superintendent of the mill, and John Seaver, Attorney at law, and Robert Brown, the Grocer, and Pendelton Ames, who kept the book and stationery store, and William Ferguson, the Clothier, and Darwin Smith, the Butcher, and Snodgrass, the Carpenter, and others had joined the picnic caravan led by the millionaire. These good people would not have admitted it, but the truth is J. Patterson Bing held them all in the hollow of his hand. Nobody outside his own family had any affection for him. Outwardly, he was as hard as nails. But he owned the bank and controlled the credits of the village and was an extravagant spender. He had given liberally for the improvement of the village and the neighboring city of Hazelmead. His family was the court circle of Bingville. Consciously or unconsciously, the people imitated the Bings.

Judge Crooker was, one day, discussing with a friend the social con-

ditions of Bingville. In regard to Picnic Sundays he made this remark: "George Meredith once wrote to his son that he would need the help of religion to get safely beyond the stormy passions of youth. It is very true!"

The historian was reminded of this saying by the undertow of the life currents in Bingville. The dances in the Normal School and in the homes of the well-to-do were imitations of the great party at J. Patterson Bing's. The costumes of certain of the young ladies were, to quote a clause from the posters of the Messrs. Barnum and Bailey, still clinging to the bill-board: "the most daring and amazing bareback performances in the history of the circus ring." Phyllis Bing, the unrivalled metropolitan performer, set the pace.

It was distinctly too rapid for her followers. If one may say it kindly, she was as cold and heartless and beautiful in her act as a piece of bronze or Italian marble. She was not ashamed of herself. She did it as easily and gracefully and unconsciously and obligingly, so to speak, as if it were no trouble to show goods. It was not so with Vivian Mead and Frances Smith and Pauline Baker. They limped and struggled in their efforts to keep up. To begin with, the art of their modiste had been fussy, imitative and timid. It lacked the master touch. Their spirits were also improperly prepared for such publicity. They blushed and looked apologetic and were visibly uncomfortable when they entered the dance-hall.

One of the most loved inhabitants of Bingville was Bob, the little crippled son of the Widow Moran, called by Judge Crooker, "The Little Shepherd of the Birds." He spent his days in one room, watching the birds in the big garden next door. His idol was J. Patterson Bing, the foremost citizen of the town; and it was the happiest moment of his life when Mrs. Bing promised to bring Mr. Bing to see him. But the great man did not come. He sent in his place a twenty-dollar gold piece. All Bingville, nevertheless, believed in J. Patterson Bing and everything he did. When he paid the increased war prices for servants and carpenters and plumbers, Bingville did likewise. When he and Mrs. Bing returned from New York and instituted house parties in place of Sunday church, Bingville followed. When Phyllis Bing came back from school and introduced the new dances, and the new evening gowns, Pauline Baker and the other Bingville girls imitated her, at first blushing, then brazenly. In fact, the old simple spirit of Bingville was passing. In its place reigned a new god, a god with a little "g."

ON this point, Judge Crooker delivered a famous opinion. It was: "I feel sorry for those girls but their mothers ought to be spanked!"

There is evidence that this sentence of his was carried out in due time and in a most effectual manner. But the works of art which these mothers had put on exhibition at the Normal School sprang into overwhelming popularity with the young men

The Prodigal Village

and their cards were quickly filled. In half an hour, they had ceased to blush. Their eyes no longer spoke apologies. They were new women. Their initiation was complete. They had become in the language of Judge Crooker, "perfect Phyllistines!"

The dancing tried to be as naughty as that remarkable Phyllistinian pastime at the mansion of the Bings and succeeded well, if not handsomely. The modern dances and dress were now definitely established in Bingville.

Just before the holidays, the extension of the ample home of the millionaire was decorated, furnished, and ready to be shown. Mrs. Bing and Phyllis who had been having a fling in New York came home for the holidays. John arrived the next day from the great Padelford School to be with the family through the winter recess. Mrs. Bing gave a tea to the ladies of Bingville. She wanted them to see the improvements and become aware of her good will. She had thought of an evening party, but there were many men in the village whom she didn't care to have in her house. So it became a tea.

THE women talked of leaking roofs and water pipes and useless bathrooms and outrageous costs. Phyllis sat in the Palm Room with the village girls. It happened that they talked mainly about their fathers. Some had complained of paternal strictness.

"Men are terrible! They make so much trouble," said Frances Smith. "It seems as if they hated to see anybody have a good time."

"Mother and I do as we please and say nothing," said Phyllis. "We never tell Father anything. Men don't understand."

Some of the girls smiled and looked into each other's eyes.

There had been a curious undercurrent in the party. It did not break the surface of the stream until Mrs. Bing asked Mrs. Pendleton Ames, "Where is Susan Baker?"

A silence fell upon the group around her.

Mrs. Ames leaned toward Mrs. Bing and whispered, "Haven't you heard the news?"

"No. I had to scold Susan Crowder and Martha Featherstraw as soon as I got here for neglecting their work and they've hardly spoken to me since. What is it?"

"Pauline Baker has run away with a drummer," Mrs. Ames whispered.

Mrs. Bing threw up both hands, opened her mouth and looked toward the ceiling.

"You don't mean it," she gasped.

"It's a fact. Susan told me. Mr. Baker doesn't know the truth yet and she don't dare to tell him. She's scared stiff. Pauline went over to Hazelmead last week to visit Emma Stacy against his wishes. She met the young man at a dance. Susan got a letter from Pauline last night making a clean breast of the matter. They are married and stopping at a hotel in New York."

"My Lord! I should think she would be scared stiff," said Mrs. Bing.

"I think there is a good reason for the stiffness of Susan," said Mrs. Singleton, the wife of the Congregational minister. "We all know that Mr. Baker objected to these modern dances and the way that Pauline dressed. He used to say that it was walking on the edge of a precipice."

There was a breath of silence in which one could hear only a faint rustle like the stir of some invisible spirit.

Mrs. Bing sighed. "He may be all right," she said in a low, calm voice.

"But the indications are not favorable," Mrs. Singleton remarked.

The gossip ceased abruptly, for the girls were coming out of the Palm Room.

The next morning, Mrs. Bing went to see Susan Baker to offer sympathy and a helping hand. Mamie Bing was, after all, a good-hearted woman. By this time, Mr. Baker had been told. He had kicked a hole in the long looking-glass in Pauline's bed-room and flung a pot of rouge through the window and scattered talcum powder all over the place and torn a new silk gown into rags and burnt it in the kitchen stove and left the house slamming the door behind him. She had gone to bed and he had probably gone to the club or somewhere. Perhaps he would commit suicide. Of all this, it is enough to say that for some hours there was abundant occupation for the tender sympathies of Mrs. J. Patterson Bing. Before she left, Mr. Baker had returned for luncheon and seemed to be quite calm and self-possessed when he greeted her in the hall below stairs.

On entering her home, about one o'clock, Mrs. Bing received a letter from the hand of Martha.

"Phyllis told me to give you this as soon as you returned," said the girl.

"What does this mean?" Mrs. Bing whispered to herself, as she tore open the envelope.

Her face grew pale and her hands trembled as she read the letter.

"Dearest Mamma," it began. "I am going to Hazelmead for luncheon with Gordon King. I couldn't ask you because I didn't know where you were. We have waited an hour. I am sure you wouldn't want me to miss having a lovely time. I shall be home before five. Don't tell father! He hates Gordon so."

Phyllis."

THE boy who insulted her! My God!" Mrs. Bing exclaimed in a whisper. She ran toward the butler's pantry.

"Martha!" she called; Martha came.

"Tell James to bring the big car at once. I'm going to Hazelmead."

"Without luncheon?" the girl asked.

"Just give me a sandwich and I'll eat it in my hand."

They drove at top speed over the smooth, State road to the mill city. At half-past two, Mrs. Bing alighted at the fashionable Gray Goose Inn where the best people had their luncheon parties. She found Phyllis and Gordon in a cozy alcove, sipping cognac and

smoking cigarettes, with an ice tub and a champagne bottle beside them. To tell the whole truth, it was a timely arrival. Phyllis, with no notion of the peril of it, was indeed having "a lovely time"—the time of her young life, in fact. For half an hour, she had been hanging on the edge of the giddy precipice of elopement. She was within one sip of a decision to let go.

Mrs. Bing was admirably cool. She sat down beside them and said, "My dear, I had business over here and thought I would come and look you up. Is your luncheon finished?"

"Yes," said Phyllis.

"Then let us go and get into the car. We'll drop Mr. King at his home."

When at last, they were seated in the limousine, the angry lady opened fire.

"I am astonished that you would go to luncheon with this young man who has insulted you," she said.

Phyllis began to cry.

Turning to young Gordon King, the indignant lady added: "I think you are a disreputable boy. You must never come to my house again—never!"

He made no answer and left the car without a word at the door of the King residence.

THERE were miles and miles of weeping on the way home. Phyllis had recovered her composure but began again when her mother remarked, "wonder where you learned to drink champagne and cognac and smoke cigarettes," as if her own home had not been a perfect academy of dissipation. The girl sat in a corner, her eyes covered with her handkerchief and the only words she uttered on the way home were these, "Don't tell father!"

While this was happening, Mr. Baker confided his troubles to Judge Crooker in the latter's office. The Judge heard him through and then delivered another notable opinion, to wit: "There are many subjects on which the judgment of the average man is of little value but in the matter of bringing up a daughter it is apt to be sound. Alas, there are many subjects on which the judgment of the average woman may be trusted, but in the matter of bringing up a daughter it is apt to be unsound. I say this, after some forty years' observation."

"What is the reason?" Mr. Baker asked.

"Well, a daughter has to be prepared to deal with men," the Judge went on. "The masculine temperament is involved in all the critical problems of her life. Naturally, the average man is pretty well informed on the subject of men. You have prepared these late years. You have been so busy getting rich that you have neglected your duty at home."

"My wife would have her own way said Baker.

"That doesn't alter the fact that you have neglected your duty. You have let things slide. You wore yourself out in this matter of money getting. You were tired when you got home at night—all in, as they say. The balance was the main thing with you."



Phyllis was indeed having a lovely time. For half an hour, she had been hanging on the edge of the giddy precipice of elopement

repeat that you let things slide at home and the longer they slide the faster they slide when they're going down hill. You can always count on that in a case of sliding. The young have a taste for velocity and often it comes so unaccountably fast that they don't know what to do with it, so they're apt to get their necks broken unless there's someone to put on the brakes."

Mr. Emanuel Baker arose and began to stride up and down the room.

"My God, Judge! I don't know what to do," he exclaimed.

"There's only one thing to do. Go and find the young people and give them your blessing. If you can discover a spark of manhood in the fellow, make the most of it. The chances are against that, but let us hope for the best. Above all I want you to be gentle with Pauline. You are more to blame than she is."

"I DON'T see how I can spare the time, but I'll have to," said Baker.

"Time! Fiddlesticks!" the Judge exclaimed. "What a darn fool money

makes of a man! You have lost your sense of proportion, your appreciation of values. Bill Pritchard used to talk that way to me. He has been lying twenty years in his grave. He hadn't a minute to spare until one day he fell dead—then leisure and lots of leisure it would seem—and the business has doubled since he quit worrying about it. My friend, you cannot take a cent into Paradise, but the soul of Pauline is a different kind of property. It might be a help to you there. Give plenty of time to this job, and good luck to you."

The Prodigal Village

The spirit of the old, dead days spoke in the voice of the Judge—spoke with a kindly dignity. It had ever been the voice of Justice, tempered with Mercy—the most feared and respected voice in the upper counties. His grave, smooth-shaven face, his kindly gray eyes, his noble brow with its crown of white hair were fitting accessories of the throne of Justice and Mercy.

"I'll go this afternoon. Thank you, Judge!" said Baker, as he left the office.

PAULINE had announced in her letter that her husband's name was Herbert Middleton. Mr. Baker sent a telegram to Pauline to apprise her of his arrival in the morning. It was a fatherly message of love and good will. At the hotel in New York, Mr. Baker learned that Mr. and Mrs. Middleton had checked out the day before. Nobody could tell him where they had gone. One of the men at the porter's desk told of putting them in a taxicab with their grips and a steamer trunk soon after luncheon. He didn't know where they went. Mr. Baker's telegram was there unopened. He called at every hotel desk in the city, but he could get no trace of them. He telephoned to Mrs. Baker. She had heard nothing from Pauline. In despair, he went to the Police Department and told his story to the Chief.

"It looks as if there was something crooked about it," said the Chief. "There are many cases like this. The women seem to have gone crazy these days. Maybe it's the new dancing and the movies that are breaking down the morals of the little suburban towns or maybe it's the excitement of the war. Anyhow, they keep the city supplied with runaways and vamps. You are not the first anxious father I have seen to-day. You can go home. I'll put a man on the case and let you know what happens."

CHAPTER THREE

*Which Tells of the Complaining Coin
and the Man Who Lost His Self*

THERE was a certain gold coin in a little bureau drawer in Bingville which began to form a habit of complaining to its master.

"How cold I am!" it seemed to say to the boy. "I was cold when you put me in here and I have been cold ever since. Br-r-r! I'm freezing."

It was just after the little Shepherd of the Birds had heard of a poor widow who was the mother of two small children and who had fallen sick of the influenza with no fuel in her house.

"I am cold, too!" said the Shepherd.

"Why, of course you are," the coin answered. "That's the reason I'm cold. A coin is never any warmer than the heart of its owner. Why don't you take me out of here and give me a chance to move around?"

Things that would not say a word to other boys often spoke to the Shepherd. Even the bed-posts, and the rubber tree, and the little pine bureau in the corner, and the round nickel clock, talked with him, now and then, as he

lay looking at them before he got up in the morning. They talked in a friendly manner, too.

It was late in February and everyone was complaining of the cold. Even the oldest inhabitants of Bingville could not recall so severe a winter. Many families were short of fuel. The homes of the working folk were insufficiently heated. Money in the bank had given them a sense of security. They could not believe that its magic power would fail to bring them what they needed. So they had been careless of their allowance of wood and coal. There were days when they had none and could get none at the yard. Some of them took boards out of their barn floors and cut down shade trees and broke up the worst of their furniture to feed the kitchen stove in those days of famine. Some men with hundreds of dollars in the bank went out into the country at night and stole rails off the farmers' fences. The homes of these unfortunate people were ravaged by influenza and many died.

Prices at the stores mounted higher. Most of the gardens had been lying idle. The farmers had found it hard to get help. Some of the latter, indeed, had decided that they could make more by teaming at Millerton than by toiling in the fields, and with less effort. They left the boys and the women to do what they could with the crops. Naturally the latter were small. So the local sources of supply had little to offer and the demand upon the stores steadily increased. Certain of the merchants had been, in a way, spoiled by prosperity. They were rather indifferent to complaints and demands. Many of the storekeepers, irritated, doubtless, by overwork, had lost their former politeness. The two butchers, having prospered beyond their hopes, began to feel the need of rest. They cut down their hours of labor and reduced their stocks and raised their prices. There were days when their supplies failed to arrive. The railroad service had been bad enough in times of peace. Now, it was worse than ever.

THOSE who had plenty of money found it difficult to get a sufficient quantity of good food, Bingville being rather cut off from other centers of life by distance and a poor railroad. Some drove sixty miles to Hazelmead to do marketing for themselves and their neighbors.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Patterson Bing, however, in their luxurious apartment at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York, knew little of these conditions until Mr. Bing came up late in March for a talk with the mill superintendent. Many of the sick and the poor suffered extreme privation. Father O'Neil and the Reverend Otis Singleton of the Congregational Church went among the people, ministering to the sick, of whom there were very many, and giving counsel to men and women who were unaccustomed to prosperity and ill-qualified wisely to enjoy it. One day, Father O'Neil saw the Widow Moran coming into town with a great bundle

of fagots on her back.

"This looks a little like the old country," he remarked.

She stopped and swung her fagots to the ground and announced: "It do that an' may the good God help us! It's hard times, Father. In spite o' all the money, it's hard times. It looks like there wasn't enough to go 'round—the ships be takin' so many things to the old country."

"How is my beloved Shepherd?" the good Father asked.

"Mother o' God! The house is that cold, he's been layin' abed for a week an' Judge Crooker has been away on the circuit."

"Too bad!" said the priest. "I've been so busy with the sick and the dying and the dead I have hardly had time to think of you."

Against her protest, he picked up the fagots and carried them on his own back to her kitchen.

He found the Shepherd in a sweater sitting up in bed and knitting socks.

"How is my dear boy?" the good Father asked.

"Very sad," said the Shepherd. "I want to do something to help and my legs are useless."

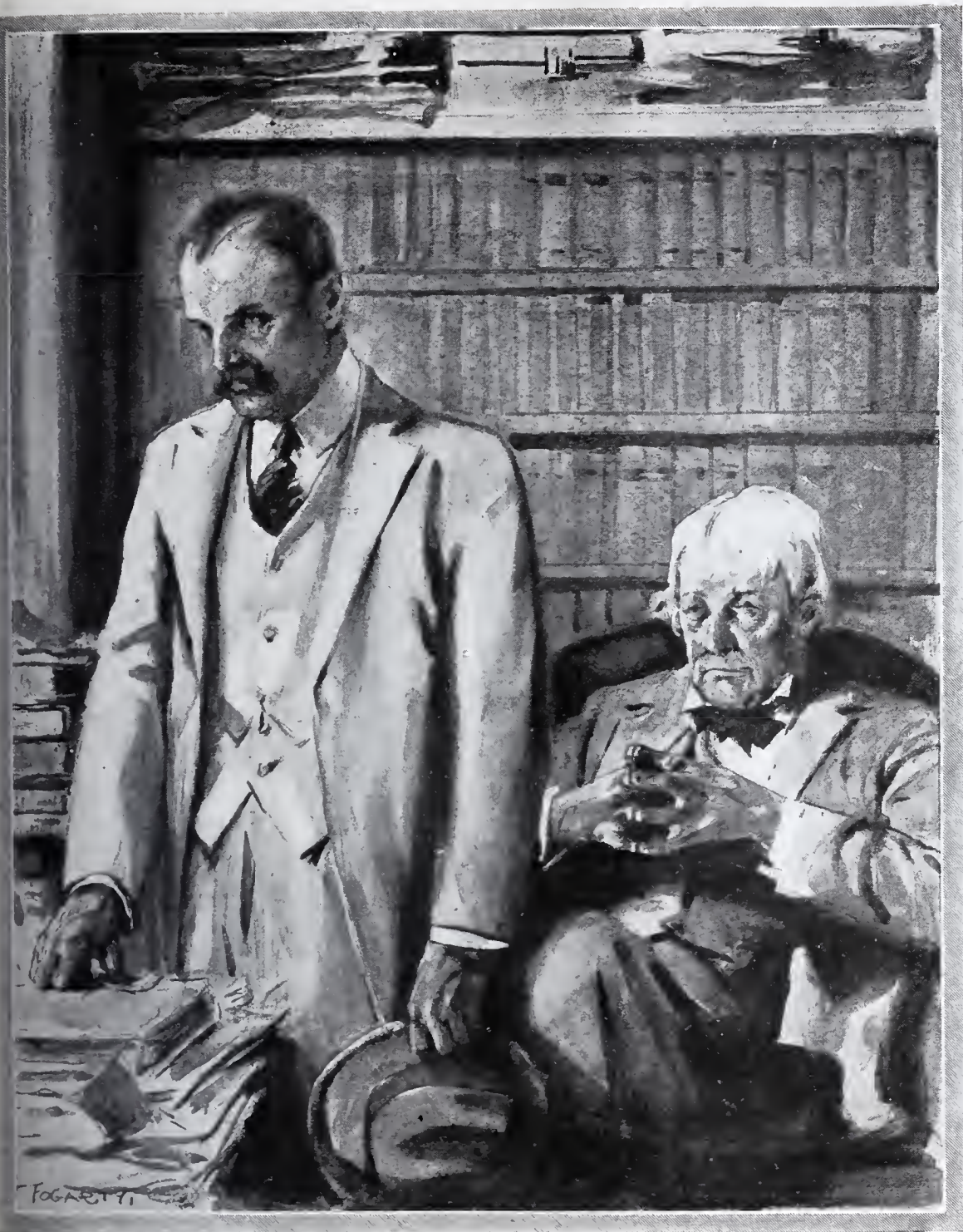
"Cheer up, boy. I'm going out to Dan Mullin's this afternoon and I'll make him bring you a big load of wood. I'll have you back at your work tomorrow. The spring will be coming soon and your flock will be back in the garden."

IT was not easy to bring a smile to the face of the little Shepherd those days. A number of his friends had died and others were sick and he was helpless. Moreover, his mother had told him of the disappearance of Pauline and that her parents feared she was in great trouble. This had worried him, and the more because his mother had declared that the girl was probably worse than dead. He could not quite understand it and his happy spirit was clouded. The good Father cheered him with merry jests. Near the end of their talk the boy said: "There's one thing in this room that makes me unhappy. It's that gold piece in the drawer. It does nothing but lie there and shiver and talk to me. Seems as if it complained of the cold. It says that it wants to move around and get warm. Every time I hear of some poor person that needs food or fuel, it calls out to me there in the little drawer and says, 'How cold I am! How cold I am!' My mother wishes me to keep it for some time of trouble that may come to us, but I can't. It makes me unhappy. Please take it away and let it do what it can to keep the poor people warm."

"There's no worse company, these days, than a hoarded coin," said the priest. "I won't let it plague you any more."

Father O'Neil took the coin from the drawer. It fell from his fingers with a merry laugh as it bounded on the floor and whirled toward the doorway like one overjoyed and eager to be off.

"God bless you my boy! May it buy



The Judge declared: "There are many subjects concerning which the judgment of the average woman may be trusted, but on bringing up a daughter her views are apt to be unsound."

anyway, and I wouldn't wonder if a little lining would do you good."

The drunkard looked into the face of the minister.

"Say it ag'in," he muttered.

"I wouldn't wonder if a little food would make you feel better," Mr. Singleton added.

"A little, did ye say?" Blenkinsop asked.

"Make it a lot—as much as you can accommodate."

"And do ye mean that ye want me to go an' eat in yer house?"

"Yes, at my table—why not?"

"It wouldn't be respectable. But don't look as if ye knew me, mister, and I'll be on my best behavior. Come on."

The two men hastened up the street followed by the dejected, little yellow dog, Christmas.

Mrs. Singleton and her daughter were out with a committee of the Children's Helpers and the minister was dining alone that day and, as usual, at one o'clock, that being the hour for dinner in the village of Bingville.

"Tell me about yourself," said the minister as they sat down at the table.

"Myself—did you say?" Hiram Blenkinsop asked as one of his feet crept under his chair to conceal its disreputable appearance, while his dog had

partly hidden himself under a serving table where he seemed to be shivering with apprehension as he peered out, with raised hackles, at the stag's head over the mantel.

"Yes."

"I ain't got any self, sir; it's all gone," said Blenkinsop, as he took a swallow of water.

"A man without any self is a curious creature," the minister remarked.

"That's what I be—as curious as a lobster's claw. The only thing that is respectable about me is this 'ere dog. He reminds me o' my lost self. He don't drink no whiskey. He is faithful. He means well. He will love anyone that treats him decent. When he dies, I want to die."

Hiram Blenkinsop riveted his attention upon an old warming pan that hung by the fireplace. He hardly looked at the face of the minister.

"How did you (Continued on page 73)

for you the dearest wish of your heart." That wish he would not have confided even to the priest, although he had a long talk to the rubber tree about it that very day.

Mr. Singleton called soon after Father O'Neil had gone away.

"The top of the morning to you!" he shouted, as he came into Bob's room.

"It's all right top and bottom," Bob answered cheerfully.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" the minister went on. "I'm a regular Santa Claus this morning. I've got a thousand dollars that Mr. Bing sent me. It's for anyone that needs help."

"We'll be all right as soon as our load of wood comes. It will be here tomorrow morning," said the Shepherd.

"I'll come and cut and split it for you," the minister proposed. "The eloquence of the axe is better than that of the tongue these days. Meanwhile, I'm going to bring you a little jag in

my wheelbarrow. How about beef-steak and bacon and eggs and all that?"

"I guess we've got enough to eat, thank you!" This was not quite true, for Bob, thinking of the sick, whose people could not go to market, was inclined to hide his own hunger.

"All right. Good bye!" and with these words the minister hurried away on his errands of mercy and good will.

He had scarcely turned the corner of the street, when he met Hiram Blenkinsop, who was shivering along without an overcoat, the dog Christmas at his heels.

Mr. Singleton stopped him.

"Why man! Haven't you an overcoat?" he asked.

"No, sir! It's hangin' on a peg in a pawn shop over in Hazelmead. It ain't doin' the peg any good nor me neither!"

"Well, sir, you come with me," said the minister. "It's about dinner time,

A NEW KIND

Motanic

By Anne Shannon Monroe

HERE'S a story that disproves the saying, "Once an Indian, always an Indian." Motanic has seen the Oregon country, where once the tepees of his tribe held lonely vigil with the sage brush, blossom into a land of golden grain, dotted with ranch houses, schools and towns. His story is like a closing scene from the drama of the Winning of the West. Motanic, bad Indian, drinker and gambler, is now Motanic, citizen, booster and voter!

We went inside; There I met his wife, a handsome perhaps one hundred squaws and braves were sitting apart from one another. Quaker girl was the principal hostess. She not only spoke English but refreshingly pure English. "One would think so," she replied courteously to an observation of mine. "One would think so!"—when had I heard anything from youngsters of her age all the way from the Atlantic to the Pacific except the slangy rejoinder which our High School boys and girls share with people who ought to know better—"I'll say so," or "I'll tell the world". "One would think so!"—one must visit an Indian home to hear the pleasing form in common speech.

THERE was little furniture in the house but it was ideally clean and, while I was wondering what they did all day, the children began to open trunks and pull out piles and piles of needle work to show me—bead and silk embroidery and the loveliest basketry—all testifying to careful teaching in the arts of their ancestors as well as to the instruction given in the schools provided by the white man. They took me outside to a storehouse and showed me the winter's supply of fruits and vegetables—jellies, jams and pickles, canned goods of every variety—a display which would have done credit to any cellar in the country. And they led us to the barn and the tool houses—Motanic and the Major joining us—and Motanic took a hand and showed us his latest models of farm machinery, including a great caterpillar tractor and a seven passenger touring car, all under cover, thriftily protected from the weather, in sharp contrast to many a white man's ranch, where machinery is left out in the fields to accumulate rust all winter.



Motanic, once the "worst bad Indian of the plains"; now a leader in all that spells good citizenship

MOTANIC, long known in local parlance as the "worst bad Indian who ever ranged the plains" and now a leader in all that spells good citizenship, was to preach to his fellow Redmen at the Umatilla Reservation church. Accordingly, with Major Lee Moorhouse, a life-long friend of the Indians, I drove out from Pendleton, Oregon, to hear him. The way led across a vast upland bursting with wheat ready for the harvest, all golden under the blue sky and surely great enough to feed a starving world—a veritable ocean of grain, billowing its way to hungry shores.

As we stopped before the small reservation church and the car chugged into silence, there came through the open windows, the vibrant Indian voices mingled in the old-time hymn: "More of His grace to others show!" and it seemed the very voice of their production, the very message of their toil.

Silent, as if hewn out of bronze, they waited for the message they had come to hear. Presently a large, magnificently built, dusky-faced full-blooded Indian stepped out from the audience and faced us—Motanic.

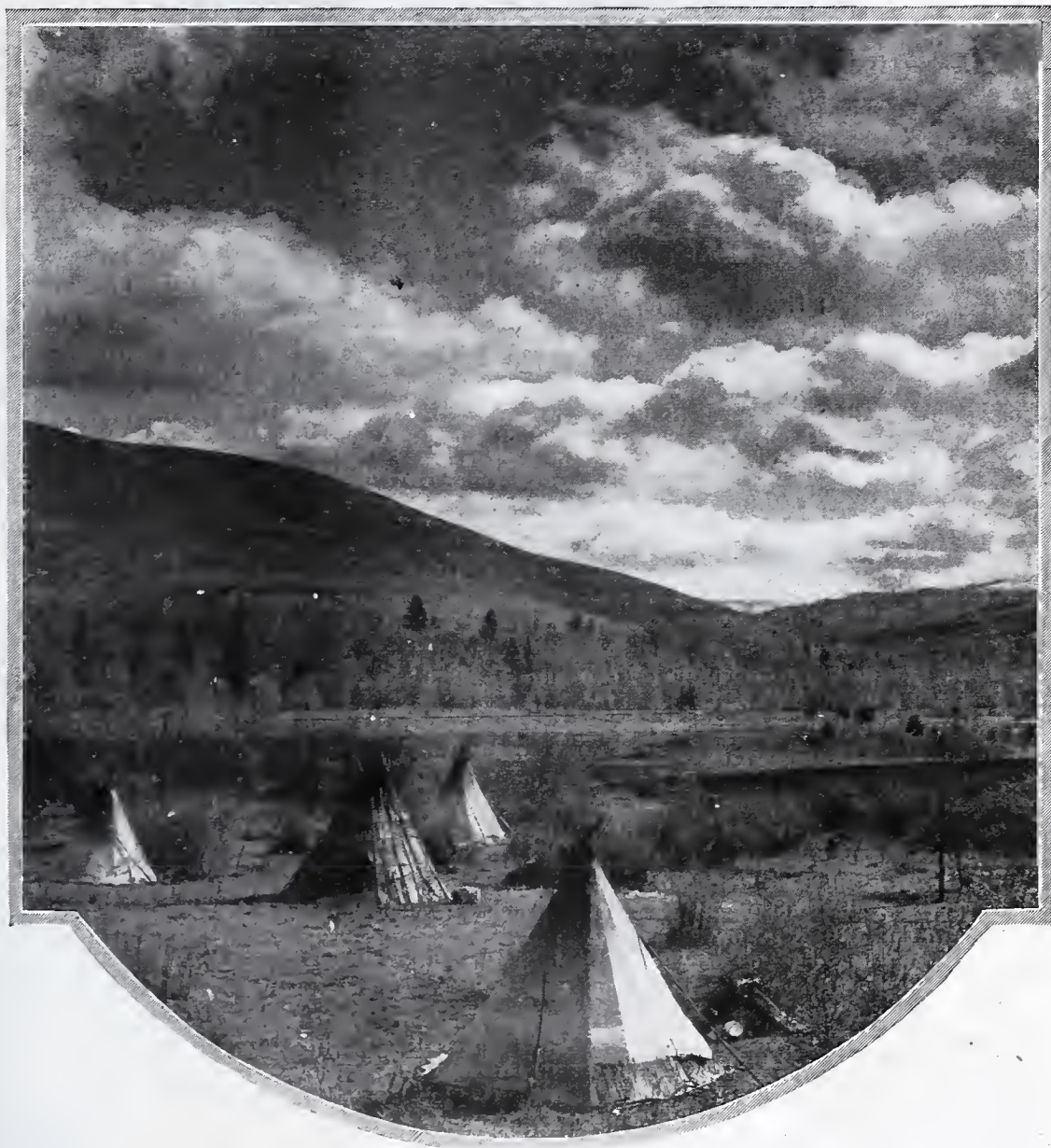
He began to speak without a gesture and continued throughout without stirring from his original position. The deep, rich, guttural tones were like those of an oracle. He had no text, no theme, apparently, nothing save the message of the Spirit. I could not understand all his words but I could understand his message, and they of the dusky skins understood it, too, for their silence gradually lost its stoical nature and became warm and fluid and alive. When Motanic sat down it was as though a stream of pure mountain water flowing through parched land had suddenly vanished in the desert. One felt a distinct loss!

Afterwards, we met and talked with Motanic and he invited us to his home, an invitation we gladly accepted.

OF INDIAN STORY

But all this time I was observing Motanic — the man in whom a miracle had been wrought. What had effected the change? What handling had so completely shifted his gear? I had heard of him always, it seemed to me, back in those days when the West was younger and wilder and red men were still difficult and white men were at peace. There were tales of drinking and shooting and hard riding and trouble making and swift escapes into the far-folding hills. Motanic was friendly to us from motives of hospitality but he is not a talker and I saw that if I was to get his story — his real story, the story of his inner life — I would have to stay awhile. And so I stayed and I did get it; and this is the way his life had run, as he told it and as the Reverend Cornelison and the good Major helped me to get it, and as I sensed it from things said and things unsaid.

Motanic's earliest memory is that of an orphan boy shivering in the outskirts of an Indian camp, with no tepee of his own and afraid to creep into that of others. The camp was in the heart of the Umatilla country where winds swept biting across vast plateaus all sheeted over with snow and ice. The boy wandered from camp to camp, no more welcome at the Indian firesides than



Motanic's earliest memory is of the tepees in the heart of the Umatilla country, with its plateaus and rolling hills

any orphan boy in our civilization would be at ours — and the Indians had no institutions to take care of their orphans and their consciences! Unwelcome in one party, he would link away and join another. He lived a sorry, lonesome boy's life and he was developing the sorry, frightened sort of a personality that invites more of the same kind of treatment. And then one night, a great thing came to his knowledge and everything changed for him. Creeping closer than usual to the fire, he caught the low guttural words of an old man talking to his grandchildren. He was telling them, credibly, about the "Weyekin"; how each child born into the physical world has a counterpart in the spirit world, a second self that always looks after the earth wanderer, an invisible elf that keeps along close at hand and, although out of sight, is always within call. After the child has found his "Weyekin" — the Umatilla name for this spirit-self — he has only to ask

him for help to be able always to find food and water, to avoid sickness, and in all ways to prosper. According to the old man, this spirit-self sometimes enters into the form of a familiar animal and trots along by one's side — it may be a coyote, an elk, a deer, a horse or a dog. Now — so the old man went on — the greatest moment in a child's life is when he finds his "Weyekin," for then he has found his forever-companion who will always be with him though all the world be against him. And nothing he can either gain or lose in his whole life is half so important. The old man explained that the way to find and keep one's "Weyekin" was to go away for long seasons in the deepest silences of nature and there be very still, listening, waiting. Also, you must purify yourself with sweat baths and much washing and swimming and riding against the clean wind.

After hearing this, little Motanic crept away to his lonely mat with a new fire burning in his heart. He was

no longer cold and dreary and afraid. He reasoned that if every child had his "Weyekin" he must have one, too. Nothing had been said about losing your "Weyekin" when you lost your parents and some day his would come to him and, always thereafter, he would have some one who would stay by him when he was running from camp to camp; for he didn't stay in one camp very long, and he was alone a good deal, and hungry a good deal, and heart hungry all the time!

After that, he was always stopping suddenly to listen as the wind swished through the sage brush, or the roar of rushing water followed a freshet, or a lark sang with unusual insistence in the early spring. He listened — as a small white child does for the coming of Santa Claus — for the coming of his forever-comrade.

One early autumn day, he had run away from a camp where no one wanted him and caught up with an outfit going into the Blue Mountains



when suddenly it was as though a voice called to him from the deep woods. He sat up—the voice seemed to call—and this time he sprang up and ran as fast as he could in its direction. Deeper and deeper, he ran into the forest, following the voice. At last he fell, exhausted, and went to sleep. When he again opened his eyes, it was daylight and he saw a beautiful doe daintily nibbling the damp grass. He sprang to his feet and then stopped, for the doe lifted her head and looked at him unafraid. He was mystified. He felt strange, full of a beautiful peace. But its very strangeness unnerved him and he started to run back to camp. He ran a long time but he could not find his way. He came to a deserted old Indian lodge and went in out of the cold but there was no food to be had and he still had a feel-

to hunt. They allowed him food in surly fashion and tried to get rid of him. That night, as he sat alone by the camp-fire, hugging his knees and feeling particularly dreary, one of the camp dogs came over and rubbed his cold little nose against the boy's cheek. All the others had rolled up in their blankets and mats and grunted off to sleep and the boy was furtively looking about to find an old mat no one was using; so, his mind bent on the mat, he did not at first notice the dog; but the dog persisted in his attentions, trotting along when the boy went to get the mat and then lying down beside him and snuggling his nose in the boy's neck.

Every one but the boy was now fast asleep. He lay wide awake, looking out into the black depths of the steep mountains. The night was like pitch, not an object or an outline to be seen anywhere. It was heavy and black like his own life. He lay there thinking black thoughts, unmindful of the friendly dog,



Above, five of Motanic's eight children, all of them skilled in embroidery and basketry work. They not only speak English, but refreshingly pure English. Below, Motanic's church and congregation in the Pendleton, Oregon, country

ing of strangeness that made him try to seek his kind. Again, he ran out into the woods, stopped in despair as to the right course, and suddenly heard the friendly yelps of the dog. In a moment, he had broken through the brush and came joyously bounding up to him. Then, in a flash, it came to the boy that he had found his "Weyekin." It had spoken to him through the dog who had tried to befriend him and keep him warm and he had not heeded. It had spoken to him through the doe in the deep woods, and he had not understood. Joy burst over him in a flood. He had found his "Weyekin!"

He returned to camp, walking straight, with head up, chest out, unafraid, as one secretly armed. He told no one about the great event—that is the Indian way—but they recognized that a change had taken place. When the gruff bucks told him to leave them, he straightened his young figure, folded his arms and looked back at them with flashing eyes, cowing them into respect. He had no camp of his own? Very well. All camps should be his camp, all the woods should be his woods, all the game and fish his game and fish! He had his "Weyekin" and together they could not fail. Had it not been so stated by the oldest man?

He entered upon a plan of life that included the most terrific sweat baths, that he might be purified for his "Weyekin." He cleaned his mouth and throat, daily with willow branches. He went for days alone into the deep woods or far out on the wide lonely plateaus and, with head bared and eyes lifted to heaven, he communed with his spirit-self; and always his dog was close at his heels. He grew big and husky and agile. He entered with

all his might into every camp sport, into all the contests and ceremonies. Soon, he could fight any boy and throw him. In time, he could throw any man. He became a wonderful dancer. Enduring longer than any one else, he could outrun the fastest runner, throw the strongest wrestler. All the camps now invited him to be one of them—it was an honor to have Motanic—but he was aloof, shy of intimacies, with either his own people or the white men. He was truly intimate only with the great silence, with the Spirit with whom he so steadily communed.

IT came to be that no Indian fête was complete without Motanic and the prettiest Indian girls looked at him with inviting eyes. He used his power—seeming to enjoy the test—but he always rode away, leaving them wondering. He did not become a tribal part of any group.

About this time, the football team of the Reservation Indians was scheduled to play the Pendleton athletes. The pride of the Indian boys was up. They had never yet whipped a white team. So they went to Motanic and begged him to play with them. They seemed confident they could win with Motanic on their side. He consented, went into training, learned the rules of the game—and the Indians fairly wiped up the earth with the white boys. Next, the Pendleton athletes were to play the Portland Multnomahs. It was to be a great opportunity, for the Multnomahs had carried off the honors of the whole Northwest, and naturally Pendleton was bent on snatching those honors away. They hunted up Motanic and induced him to join their team. Word went out through the press of the country:

"The finest specimen of physical manhood in the whole Northwest, Motanic, trained in his crude but effective Indian methods, will no doubt throw fear into the staunchest of the Multnomah Athletic Club football players. He will play tackle for Pendleton and he is as fast as he is strong and big."

The great day came and Pendleton beat Multnomah to a frazzle, before an audience that went mad with excitement over the wonderful work of the powerful Indian!

YOUNG manhood began to run riot in Motanic. Drunk with power, he craved more power. Trashy white men, who infest the borders of Indian reservations, began to find Motanic a good customer for their cheap liquor; it seemed to put fire into him, and his "Weyekin" was whispering to him steadily to go ahead and be the most powerful man in all the world. The spirit of the old-time, ranging plains Indian seemed now to dominate him. He was constantly on the war path, making trouble, upsetting families, disturbing industry, scorning the few Indians who worked, scorning the white missionary who attempted to reason with him, doing damage and escaping to the lonesome hills and ravines, where his gun and his fish line would keep him in food and his out-of-door life in condition, till some demon of unrest prompted him to further mischief. Then he would find a bootlegger, load up on bad whiskey, and go riding into trouble with the wild fury of an early Comanche. A swift-moving delegate of insurrection, disintegration and destruction, he was just about as disturbing to the lives of the Indians of the Northwest as any red radical is to industry to-day. He considered the world as his playground and all of the wicked games known to Indian and white men as his to play. But with it all, he was so splendid a figure, so dauntless, so fearless, so straight and tall and handsome, that every one secretly admired him and dreaded the day when he must be summarily dealt with. Cornelison, the white missionary, of about Motanic's own age, did his best, but apparently he made no impression on the Indian's mind; and he could do little with the other young Indians, for naturally Motanic was their leader and their idol and they followed after him as closely as their gifts would allow.

Things were looking pretty serious for Motanic, when the Pendleton athletes decided to take him in hand. A good beating was what he needed, they declared, and at this time Frank Gotch, the world's champion wrestler, chanced to be in that part of the country, so they planned a match. The two men entered the ring, Gotch, fresh from his scientific training; Motanic, from his sweats and icy baths. They looked at (Continued on Page 72)



Motanic owns an automobile and often takes his family for a drive. The house, in the picture, is his home

*It's mighty good as it is
but it ought to be—*

A BETTER AMERICA

Some true tales of folks and



LOOKING OVER THIS BROAD LAND

ALL over this great United States of ours, interesting things are happening, wonderful things, things that show that, in spite of the restlessness and troubles flared in the papers, America is still the land of simple ideals, of staunch and loyal folk. The town that builds a community house, the teachers that stick with self-sacrifice to their work, the little school children that save their pennies—these may seem unimportant, hardly worthy of mention in the great onward rush of life. But they are the background of what we call our progress to-day, the signs of an old spirit, reborn in a new age. And, as we turn the pages of a newspaper—those pages so often disheartening and discouraging—they form the foundation of a new faith.

Here are a few items of this kind that we have found. They may be about your own city or your State, or a town near where you live. Anyway they are about America and Americans.

KANSAS CITY has started a new organization called the "Do You Know Music Association." It is part of a nation-wide movement to encourage music and give the public good music, and its purpose is to found, for Kansas City, a symphony orchestra, and build a music hall. Particularly significant is

its name—Do You Know! There are so many things we don't know about our own cities and States, and even about our own home towns. Often, we don't know what that town is doing for us—how it is guarding our health, how it is educating our children, and what opportunities to play, just plain play, it is giving them and us.

NEW ORLEANS boasts two schools that are 100 per cent thrifty. That means that every one of the boys in the S. J. Peters School has given up some of his sodas and candy and movies, in order to put his pennies into his saving box. And so have the 700 girls and boys in McDonough No. 14. And who can say that the thrift habit isn't a good habit? Probably a good many of us wish we had started early.

IN DETROIT, there is a man named Thomas Boston whose job it is to go around to the different factories at noon time and start the men singing. Italians, Russians, Poles, Negroes—it matters not what nationality, color or race—gather together and under the stimulus of "Smiles" and "Blowing Bubbles," get new enthusiasm, new joy and new "pep." And, through these sings, many of them catch a glimpse of the gay, young, energetic spirit of America.

IN THE January Number, we announced a Prize Contest for stories about Better America. The response was overwhelming. From the flood of manuscripts submitted to us, we have selected three prize-winning stories, and we intend to publish these prize winners in the June Number. The movement for a Better America, however, has not stopped with the ending of this contest. It is country-

A TOWN that has eliminated crime—that is the record of Brewton, Georgia. It has only 300 people but it is a real town with a high school and a bank. Its marshal has been out of a job since the first of February.

LAST YEAR, Minneapolis saved \$5,000 in its public health work. At the same time, the city's health has improved. Infant mortality, deaths through typhoid, tuberculosis and diphtheria have all noticeably decreased. That is real, efficient economy.

THE community kitchen of Evanston, Illinois, is still operating with success. In these days, when the housewife gets the breakfast, looks after the children, cleans and sweeps the house, and does all this for the most part unaided, it is a great boon to know that, at the end of the day, she need not prepare the dinner for her homecoming husband, but may send out to the Community Kitchen and, at a moderate cost, have a good, hot dinner sent in. The Kitchen serves about 500 meals a week.

THE automobile has certainly become an integral part of our life. Spokane, Washington, has recognized this in the fact that it has started, in its night schools, classes for automobile drivers. The aim of the course is to give people more mechanical knowledge, to teach them how to care for their cars and, also, to give them more sense of the driver's responsibility; in other words, to make motoring safer both for those who walk and those who drive.

*If you love your country
you'll want to help it*

IN THE MAKING

ings that show a people's heart

We wish that all our readers would continue to send us their stories in these pages. Look about you in your own home, club, church, school, town, and see what is being done to make a Better America. And then write us about it. We should like to have photographs with every story, or photographs alone, with a little explanatory account attached. We pay at regular rates, of course, and all contributions accepted.

HERE is a little settlement down in Louisiana, called Urania, where a group of men are experimenting in forest conservation. We have all heard the tragic cries that our forests and our woods are falling before the axe, before fire, before pests. At Urania, Mr. Harry E. Hardtner, who initiated the work, and State foresters, and students of forestry, are trying to save them.

PORTLAND, Oregon, is following in the wake of many other cities and has started a Community Club for girls, particularly girls who have no homes and not many chances for good times. Dancing, singing, tennis, dramatics, singing, even a course in short story writing, are offered them. Any girl who has been alone in a big city—the loneliest place in the world—will understand what this means.

In the winter, Congress failed to appropriate money to keep running the night schools of the District of Columbia. But the teachers and the janitors were not troubled by legislative neglect. They did not desert the 10,000 needy students who gathered at the schools in the evening. They resolved to stick to their jobs, and serve the public.

THE public schools of Cleveland, Ohio, are getting in close touch with the homes through their art courses. The pupils are taught how to design clothing and furniture, jewelry and pottery.

THESE items tell us that our country and our countrymen are up and doing, working for a better America!

BRIGHTENING THE CORNER WHERE YOU ARE

THAT is what Mrs. John Krebs is doing in Hiawatha, Kansas; and her particular recipe for brightening the corners is flowers. Officially, she is president of the Hiawatha Civic Club and Superintendent of the Hiawatha Park but, in the plain language of every day folk, she is known in her city and beyond in the county and State as the "Flower Woman." Flowers are her specialty and her delight. She it is, who plants the flowers and shrubs in the Court House Park, Hiawatha's Civic Center, and who cares for them so well and so faithfully. Besides that, she gathers together, in the monthly meetings of the Civic Club, the amateur gardeners of the town and gives them lectures on gardening and demonstrates her methods, too, in her laboratory, the park, thus bringing trained enthusiasts into the ranks of flower and vegetable growers.

To make Hiawatha clean and beautiful is her purpose. For twenty years, she has preached the gospel of the smooth lawn and the flowering garden and preached it with success. For she has the faculty of interesting people in beautifying their homes and their yards, and it is in great part due to her untiring efforts, that Hiawatha has become known as the City Beautiful, and that strangers visiting it exclaim at the clean smiling face that the town turns towards them. For this service, she receives little remuneration—merely what she makes from the sale of plants that she raises and a small allowance from the park funds. Her work, she says, is like sunshine and rain, a free will offering—a contribution as a citizen.

Mrs. Krebs working in the park at Hiawatha, Kansas. Below, are some of the results of her efforts

zen. For, in making American homes more attractive, she is working for better citizenship. "It is the home life," she says, "that is the great factor in Americanizing our Nation."

And this from a woman who is not an American by birth. She came over from Switzerland when she was ten years old. At thirteen, she was left an orphan, but she made her own way. After her marriage, she became interested in flowers and gardening and, later, close on the death of three of her four children, she threw herself whole-souled into the work.

"Just at this time," she says, "the park movement sprung up. I went into it by way of a heart's ease, and I am sure that it has been a heart's ease for hundreds who have passed through the grounds or seen them from a distance, for flowers are nature's smiles. They keep our mental atmosphere in a healthy condition."

It may seem a far cry from flowers to children, but in the child welfare contest last year, Hiawatha was judged 100 per cent clean and beautiful.

At present, Mrs. Krebs is absorbed and busy; her whole heart in her spring work. She started it by keeping open house on the 21st of February to celebrate her Golden Wedding. In place of a dinner, she distributed seeds of the beautiful blue moon-vine. "Just think," she said, "of the feast we will have next fall when they bloom."



A LIBRARY ON WHEELS

By Charlotte Clark

THOSE of you who do not live on the Iron Range, as do we of Hibbing, Minnesota, enjoying the distinction of being the richest village in the world, and who are not accustomed, as we are, to making staggering appropriations for everything from ball clubs to incinerators, may not realize (this to be read in a patronizing tone!) what a gorgeous affair we are with our library on wheels! Imagine a big enclosed motor bus, equipped with glass-cased shelving for 1,000 books; a librarian's desk fitted up with drawers, lamp, pencil-sharpener and charging-trays; a cozy leather seat across a windowed back; in two corners, big wicker baskets for the new magazines and big picture books, and, in the other corners, beautiful bouquets.

The people of the sparsely settled districts have been notified in advance of our coming, and are waiting for us at Post Offices, schools and boarding houses. Shut your eyes and see two or three big-shouldered miners, their clothes and skin stained the peculiar magenta of the iron dust, gravely choosing their Dumas, or Tolstoi, or DeAmicis; or eight or ten children squabbling over a Pinocchio; or a mother, in apron and head shawl, mechanically juggling little Rauda or Milka or Conceta while she selects the latest "pop-corn stitch."

WE arrive at a tar-paper shack housing a road construction crew. As the men are at work we do not make our regular stop here until night, but we halt for a brief period to accommodate the cook, who comes out in his white shirt, no stockings and black oxfords; chooses a "Baseball Weekly"; lingers to read; becomes deeply engrossed; and



Big shouldered miners gravely choosing their Dumas or Tolstoi or DeAmicis; and eight or ten children squabbling over a Pinocchio

then makes a sudden leap out of the bus yelling, "Great Scott—the apple sauce!"

As eighty per cent of the people in the locations are foreigners, I have a pantomime system for telling them that the library is free, and that books when borrowed must be returned. I rap at the door, which is opened by a foreign woman. Then I say, "*Suom alaisia Kirjoja*," or "*knjiga*," Finnish or Croation for "books," as the occasion seems to require. I point to the bus, next plunge both hands in my pockets and bring them forth without money, and then give a stern look and gesture of returning books to the bus. The woman becomes interested, we go over to the bus, and the blessed old books do the rest!

On our trips south, covering about twenty-three miles of farming community, we depend upon our big brass gong to summon the people from the fields, barns and houses. Our first stop is at the beginning of a settlement of perhaps eleven houses, scattered on each side of the road for two miles, the land stretching backward, in the old Patroon

system, and each house surrounded with its log barns, bath-house and earth covered root cellar.

Out of the first house comes Ragn and Aino, and Eino, and Waino, and the mother with an infant in her arm. I joggle the baby to give the mother free play with her hands. Says Ragn, "I hear the gong and I come on the run for the looking glass (stereoscope, s. means); I've seen Mexico, Glacier Park, animals and European War!"

DOWN the road apiece, six-year-old Gabriel comes out alone. I understand by his motions—for he speaks and understands only Finnish—that his father is in the fields. The mother has recently died, leaving three children under seven years of age. I climb off the bus, follow Gabriel beyond the house to a shed, where he points to a shelf which I find a key. This lets us into the house, and Gabriel brings out the books to be returned. We take them back to the bus and I pick out new books for his father. Then we are ready to select one for Gabriel himself. Not a sign does he make, as I turn over the leaves of "*Mother Goose*," until we come to "*Tom, Tom the piper's son*," when with a squeal he hugs the book tight, and I can pry it loose only long enough to extract the card!

On we go, until we come to a log cabin set a quarter of a mile from the road with tall Norway spruces shielding from the winter wind. In answer to a knock, an old man leads me into the kitchen, where a bent old woman is peeling about in her shoe-packs. There enters a simple nice looking boy of about fifteen years. He has heard about the library and turns his eyes appealingly to the man for permission to go down to the gate and visit the bus. Oh, the joy of selection! "*The Hoosier School Book*," "*Treasure Island*," and that marvelous thing—a "scope!" He has never seen one before. With great care we adjust his hands trembling with excitement.

Thus runs the log, each day new adventures. And for our patrons, with appreciations, new vistas of joy from our library on wheels!



Washington County, Maryland, used to have a book wagon drawn by horses and driven by the library janitor. Now, this truck tours the countryside



In the waiting room of the Health Centre where Dr. Florence Meredith helps girls to keep well

THE FIRST MILESTONE

THIS is a story of a real girl. She lived in New York City with her family in a small apartment up in the Bronx. Like hundreds of others, she went to work at 9 o'clock in the morning and pounded a typewriter most of the day. At five-thirty, in the evening, she left the office and clung to a rap for half an hour as she travelled homewards in the rush and roar of the subway. She was very tired by that time. So after supper, she begged off from the dishes, got out the sweater she was knitting and sat down just as she had sat all day. Later, her younger sisters came in and wanted her to walk down the street with them to the groceries. But she was just too tired to move. When her beau asked her if she'd rather go to a dance or to the movies, she chose the movies and sat there some more. No, she wasn't sick. She was perfectly well. She was just tired. She hadn't any "pep."

However, one of her friends persuaded her to go to the Health Centre of the Y. W. C. A. There, on examination, she was found to be anemic, lacking in muscle. Her skin was pale, her eyes dull and her posture stooped. She did not complain of anything except extreme fatigue. But she was losing her interest in her work, and besides, she was getting "blue." Dr. Florence Meredith, of the Health Centre, had a talk with her and once the girl leaped to her own conclusions as to why she did not feel well. She just didn't have enough exercise that was all. She sat at her machine most of the day and in her leisure hours she sat at the movies or at home. What she needed was to get out, to

swim, to play games in the gymnasium of the Health Centre, to go horse-back riding or, if nothing else turned up, to walk around the block.

It is just such girls as this, that the Health Centre is helping. Not so many girls who are sick, but girls who are almost well, and yet have no rebound, no surplus energy, and are way below the high-water mark of health. Most of them have tucked away in the background of their minds, the fundamental rules of health. But they do not bother much about them. Their work, their pleasures, all come before health. It

is the object of the Health Centre to remove the dust from their health notions, to air their ideas and to keep them aired. "What we try to do," says Dr. Meredith, "is to normalize the girl's life." And life in a big city these days, and particularly in New York, with the rush, the noise and the inevitable strain, needs normalizing.

"We give the girls an educational physical examination. That is, we talk with them about their condition and explain it to them. We help those who are well to keep well and we make well those who are almost well."

Sometimes it is exercise that is needed, sometimes change of diet, sometimes more sleep. But whatever it is, the Health Centre helps the girl to get it. Every girl's health, of course, is the outcome of her heredity and her up-

bringing. Often girls are harassed by a naturally weak and nervous constitution. But, also, girls often fail to realize the potentialities of their own health. They have not reached the highest point possible for them.

Besides, they often fail to realize that health is a necessary asset for any kind of success. No girl, no matter how bright and talented she may be, can do her job well, can run a home and bring up children, or rise in business and make a career for herself, unless at bottom she has a firm foundation of good health, unless she knows how to order her life and live it sanely.

BRINGING THE HOME INTO THE SCHOOL

By Dorothy S. Phillips

OUT in Montclair, New Jersey, at the Baldwin Street School, there is a Miss Lucey, who is doing just that. It is her job, and it is no easy job, either.

The children of her school come from poor families, either Italian or negro, which are struggling against poverty. Often, they are antagonistic towards the school; they resent what they think is outside interference. But Miss Lucey is driving away that feeling. It has taken her years to get to know the parents, but she does know them, and she has shown them that she and the school she represents are not trying to interfere in their mode of life, but are working along with them for the good of their children. It is usually some practical little kindness that brings these parents into closer touch with the school. It may be a violin lesson for the boy—they come of a music-loving people, those children—or it may be a principal part in a play for the girl. What a delight to see one of their children in a beautiful costume—made (Continued on Page 68)



The children of the Baldwin Street School, as well as their fathers and mothers, are strong for Miss Lucey

ONE COMMITTEE REPORTS

By Stuart N. Lake

A member of the A. E. F., author of "Totally Disabled" in the April Number, and, at present, a patient in the Polyclinic Hospital, New York City

THERE was Bill, an Iowa farmer, and Jim, from the Texas line,
And a little Jew from Harlem, called Izzy Finklestein:—

There was Hayes, a small-town lawyer, and Salvatore, the Wop;
Burke was a son of Old Erin and Smith had once been a cop.

There were Lind and Eastman, actors, and Neale from Tennessee,
Dale, with a millionaire father, and an engineer, named Magee:—
There wasn't one of the dozen who could stand on his pins without aid;
The nurses and surgeons called them, "The wheel-chair-and-crutch Brigade."

"I see in the Mornin' Ledger," said Burke, "an' I fear 'tis true,
That some of our crippled soldiers is feelin' a trifle blue
To think of the mornin' after, an' how they'll be gettin' along,
'Poor cripples wid people aginst them'. Bedad, I can show them they're wrong!"

"For sure, they do seem to be thinkin', they're laid by for keeps, on the shelf;
Don't they know that the world sees a cripple exactly as he sees himself?
We're still 'under hospital treatment' and a bit more or less on the blink,
But, I say, *no* man's a dead issue so long as it's in him to think!"

"Sure, what'sa da dif," said Salvatore, "if da guy's got justa one leg?
He catcha no cold, he graba no flu, by wettin' da woodena peg:—
What'sa da right dat he beef alla time when he'sa blame lucky to live.
If it make him da hurt when he walk, why da deuce don't he buva da fliv?"

"Should this be a meeting," said Izzy, "I move we conduct it as such,"
And he called the forum to order by banging the floor with a crutch.
"I should call now, to help us, our lawyer; he would make it a statement of fact
Regarding the question before us, and then we'd be able to act."

"From all of the evidence offered," said Hayes, who revels in speech,
"The decision which we must arrive at is one only cripples can reach:—
We have listened to heretic speeches by those with axes to grind.
And have come to believe the false doctrine that matter can subjugate mind."

"I recall when I was a youngster, two cripples who lived in our town,
One, was known to us kids as 'Old Gimpy'; the other, we called 'Smiley' Brown:—
Smiley was poor, but happy; while Gimpy, with plenty of pelf,
Thought so much of his one bum leg that he even died hating himself."

"Now, Smiley hid all of his troubles in back of a grin so wide
That no one remembered he couldn't walk till ten days after he died:—
But all of the gold of Old Gimpy couldn't offset his grouch, and the town
Let him go by himself to the devil, the while it was grieving for Brown."

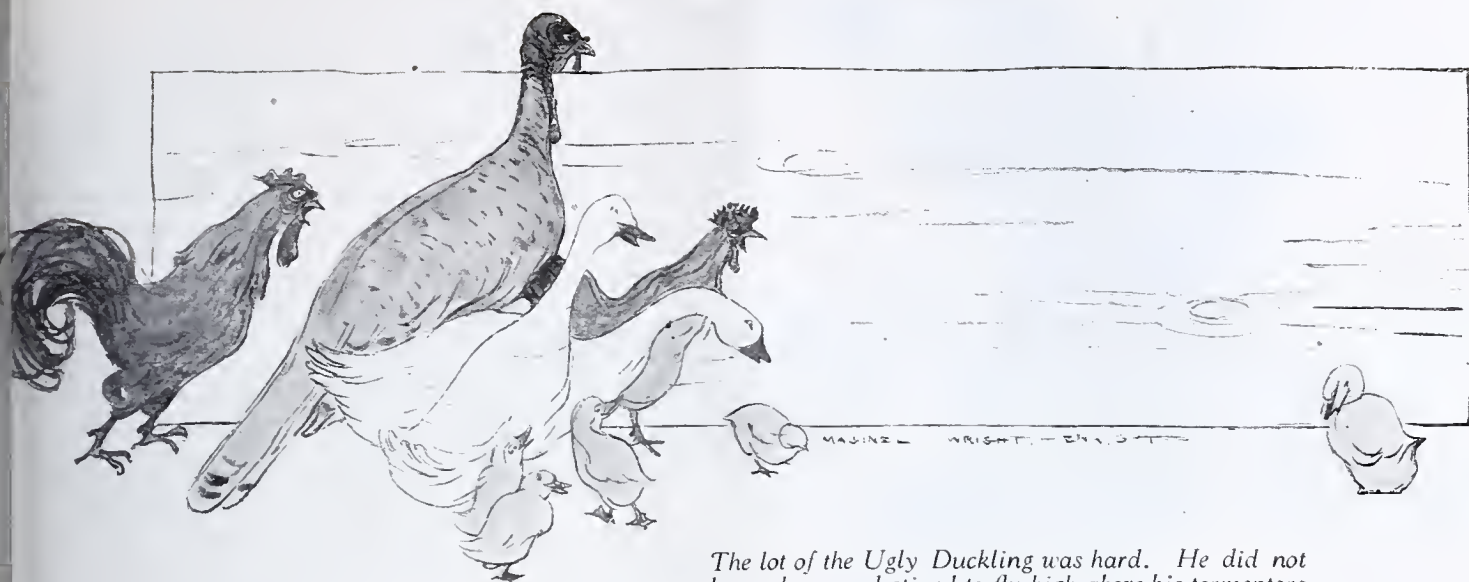
"The world is fed up with troubles; so, to me, our duty is clear.
We should send, with respect, to our brothers, a message of brotherly cheer:—
Let us offer as buddy to buddy, as the halt might give to the lame,
The tale of Gimpy and Smiley, and conclusions we draw from the same."

So the twelve drew up a paper in which they subscribed to the creed,
That a handicap settled upon a horse is a compliment to his speed:—
And for all of the war-worn brethren, beset by fear and by doubt,
They ordered the verdict published and a statement of it given out.

"We're in formal convention assembled and, Therefore, Be it Resolved:
When you've learned the secret of laughing, the problem of limping is solved!
What were once good limbs may be crippled and you may have a hitch in your walk,
But didn't you crow as a baby before you learned how to talk?"

"Don't stop to figure your losses, self-pity may make a man vain,
You can chortle at fears for the future once you've started to reckon your gain:—
You have packed the thrills of ten lifetimes in a space of about two years—
The rest of your span 'll be velvet, if you won't give it over to tears."

"So your self-appointed committee submits to the brotherhood
This consensus of opinion (and hopes you will find it good):
You can take this for your slogan, and travel on it till you die—
A limp can't hinder a regular man as long as his heart beats high!"



The lot of the Ugly Duckling was hard. He did not know he was destined to fly high above his tormentors

THE GIFTED CHILD

By Angelo Patri

*Illustrated by
Maginel Wright Enright*

THE lot of the Ugly Duckling was hard. He did not know that he was really a swan. He did not know that he was destined to fly beyond the ken of his tormentors, the ordinary barnyard fowls. He had no such comforting dream to soothe his aching soul. He was a shunned, bewildered little Duckling. He hid himself behind the friendly burdocks to give his bedding pin-feathers a chance to heal and his poor pecked head respite from the sharp bills of his scornful mates. A very sad, lonely little duck.

But there came the call from the sky and he, knowing his own tongue, answered. He spread his wings, which had been growing all the time, and soared away with the swans.

There was great excitement in the barnyard. The old Gobbler who used to peck the hardest and gobble the loudest said he had always felt that the bird had something out of the ordinary about him, and that was the reason he had spent so much time upon him, forming his mind and teaching him the wisdom of the barnyard. In fact, if it hadn't been for his careful attention, which he had never spared, that bird had never become a swan. He wondered if the swan remembered it. Young things are so apt at forgetting!

The old Cock who used to crow so divisely and set all the cockerels to ginging whenever the poor Duckling appeared, arched his neck and

IN this article, our friend Angelo Patri has given us an unusual study of the talent which often lies deeply hidden within children. To Mr. Patri's school in New York City, there come each day, eight thousand children to whom he is not only teacher, but counselor and guiding spirit. It is this experience, combined with a rare insight into child nature, which has enabled him to give us such an article as the Gifted Child.

said that he had always known that the Duckling was of the aristocracy and not of the common barnyard. Many a lesson had he given him. If now he soared with the great, he hoped the Duckling would remember to whom he owed his training!

All the hens and geese and turkeys chimed in and said, "If it had not been for the training he got living here with us, drinking in the teaching we gave our own lovely children, he never

could have — he never would have—"

The old mother Duck who had struggled along as best she could with her ungainly charge pondered long over these things in her nest among the friendly burdocks and finally concluded, "They never knew a thing about the poor child. The fairies had hidden a jewel in his soul. That was it."

If only one could tell an Ugly Duckling when he saw one. But alas, swans will look like Ugly Ducklings and Ugly Ducklings will look like swans until the end of time, and mothers and teachers will make mistakes and confuse the two over and over again.

In the crowded school—all hurry and hustle—the individual child is submerged. He must be extraordinary indeed to stand out from the mass. His standing out is often a source of tribulation and sorrow. He must not be different. He must not break the rhythm. He must go with the class.

Why is he silent and shy? Why cannot he come when he is called? Cannot he see that we are in a hurry? What is the matter with the contrary child?

The child knows the reason no more than the school. He cannot say why he does not keep step with his class; why he hates one lesson and loves the other. He cannot explain why he falls into a day dream and loses himself. It is so. He feels as bad about it as the teacher does.

It is for the school to protect such as he. Among them are those who bear



The boy who wanders off to the fields and brings home strange plants and tells us the names of them

the gifts of the fairies. There are always gift-bearing children, the queer baffling children with the hidden jewels and the scrawny unloveliness of unfolding beauty.

There is a boy who wanders off to the fields and brings home strange plants and tells us the names of them. His face shines as he handles them lovingly and fits them into their cases.

"I had to go ten miles for that one. It is very shy and grows far from the city. I was lucky to get it. The Science man searched all last year for one. That is why I gathered two. One is for him."

He is a fat ungainly child. He has a bad-mannered way of not seeing you or hearing you when you speak to him. He is really not thinking about you at all. When he finds that you are talking to him and that you are interested in him, his face lights up with a smile and his eager attention wins your heart.

He may become a great naturalist some day. Nobody knows. We feel though, that he has a gift hidden away and we are going to give him a chance to use it.

Tony, a quiet retiring child, makes boats. Starting in the Baby Class with a chip for a hull and a toothpick for a mast, he has made boats in all his

spare time through school. Now, in the last class, he is making "a submarine that will fly, float, and submerge—if it works."

He may become an inventor, a boat-builder, an engineer. Who knows? In the silent places of his soul he is growing something that is useful and fine. We will wait and see.

In the First Class, there is a little chap who has us all interested and watching. He spends his free time in the garden. He carries a small tin box in his pocket and every bug unfortunate enough to meet him is popped into that box without further ceremony.

He turns over the stones in his pathway to catch the unwary beetles that may be slumbering beneath them.

"What are you doing, Bunnie?"

"Catching bugs. Going to keep them in my house and find out their names."

Perhaps he has the gift. Perhaps not. One never knows whether he is raising a nubby child who will straighten out and follow the rules of the game or a great artist, a leader, who will make new rules for the group to follow. Not knowing, we dare not pass one by or push him aside. What if we lost a Gift? What if we injured one?

Henrietta was a stumpy little thing with a habit of hunching her shoulders and shaking her black hair over her face and, at the most inopportune times and places, refusing to answer. She seemed to be dreadfully unhappy. The teachers did not like her and the children refused to play with her. They pushed her to one side or drove her away altogether.

At playtime, she took refuge with the First Grade children. One day the teacher found her telling them the story of the Little Red Hen and the Fox.

The children were squatted on the story-telling mats, crowding as near to the little girl in the middle as they could get. It was a transfigured Henrietta who was saying: "And the Little Red Hen drew her scissors out of her work-bag and snipped, snipped a hole in the bag and quick as a wink, she gathered some stones and put them into the bag and sewed it up again and the sly Red Fox never knew a thing about it, and ran along

home thinking all the time that he was going to have the Little Red Hen for his supper."

"O Goodie!" chuckled the crowd, cuddling closer. "What happened next, Henrietta?"

The word was passed around the Auditorium teacher, quite by accident, met Henrietta and asked her if she would tell the little children the story during the Auditorium period on Tuesday.

For an instant, suspicion flashed out of the dark eyes. Then she smiled up at the teacher and said, "Why, yes, if you think they would like it. I'm not used to doing it, so if I don't get it right, you must excuse me."

She told many stories after that. The Library teacher made her a acquaintance and taught her to use the Library in her hunt for material. Presently, she astonished us by coming into the office and saying: "Please give me more time in school. I must know everything so I can tell stories to the children. I must write some for them. There aren't enough in the Library. Please fix my program."

Henrietta studied and read a wrote furiously. She levied on every classroom and shop that promised anything for her purpose. She danced through the school. Walking was too slow. When she was graduated a

started off to High School, she said, "Please keep my place for me. I am coming back with great stories for my children."

We promised to keep her place. There was none to fill it did she but know it. She was never coming back as she pictured it. Her wings were raised for flight. She had heard the voice from the sky and was answering. We could go no further. All the school can ever do is to shelter and protect these little ones and send them off with strength in their wings and songs in their hearts.

There was a boy whose life was reduced to one idea—drawing. He ignored everything else. His clothes were untidy. His necktie floated about like a loose string. His wrists straggled down over his knuckles in grimy wrinkles. His hair was matted and his hands were dirty. His pockets bulged and sagged with the weight of things that he had put in and forgotten to take out. His shoes were never free from mud after the first day's wear.

He never prepared a lesson and seldom got a decent rating from any teacher but the drawing master. Here he shone. He could draw anything he saw and he looked at things for that one reason. If it could not be drawn, he would not take the trouble to look again or listen to anything that might be said about it.

The teachers and his parents pecked at him conscientiously but to one man alone he listened—the drawing master.

The grammar teacher took it most to heart. She had the same feeling for grammar that the boy had for drawing.

"It is all very well to draw," she said, "but even an artist must be able to talk. The artists I have known talked a great deal. Now I have made up my mind that you are going to have one good lesson in English every day. So give me all your drawing pencils and scraps of paper and stop and pay attention."

Accordingly, Frederick sat up and looked at the teacher. She began the lesson she had promised him. In the gray fog of abstraction settled over the boy's face. She called him but he made no sign.

Going close to him she discovered that while he seemed to be sitting perfectly still, his right leg was moving in a curious way.

She bent down to see what it meant and Frederick called out, "Did I make it? I was trying to draw Jumbo's head with my toe. The elephant over in the Zoo you know. I never tried that before. Did I make it?"

"I'm sure I do not know whether you did or not," said the exasperated teacher. "I wouldn't know your elephant if I saw him. But I could draw a picture of the silliest boy I ever saw in my life. Here you sit refusing to be taught. You will grow up a lopsided, erratic individual. It will not do. It shall not be." And she completed her address with a sweeping gesture.

"O, please! Quick—wait. I want that line."

Before the astounded woman could move he had seized a paper and pencil and sketched the sweeping curve of her upraised arm.

"Thanks. It was good of you to give me that line. It was just what I needed for my deer's head."

Then she went to see the drawing master. "You will have to do something with that boy Frederick. He has no balance. He is going to be a very useless child unless something is done for him. He must not be allowed to ignore the fine things about him as he is doing. It is all your fault. You must talk to him. He will not listen to the rest of us."

The drawing master agreed and waited for his chance. Frederick was copying a head of Lincoln. The master stopped to look at it.

"That is a great face, isn't it?" he asked the child.

"Yes, but I can't get it. I've tried over and over again and I can't get it right."

"It will be many years before you draw that head. Perhaps you will never be able to draw it at all."

The startled boy looked up into the grave face of the teacher.

"Why? Why can't I draw him?"

"You do not understand him. His eyes are sad because he looked at the sorrow and suffering of many people and could not help them. You do not understand that. You do not care about people. His mouth is straight and thin and firm. He had to endure much, even from his friends. They would have turned him aside from his duty. He was strong and held fast. The light that plays about his lips is the light of forgiveness. He forgave people for doing wrong even when he had to speak the words that condemned them. You cannot draw that because you do not understand it. You do not know what duty means. You cannot see it. You cannot feel it. Put Lincoln away until you know something about what being a real man means."

This from his one friend in the school. Poor Frederick laid his head on his desk and wept. The teacher feeling very



He carries a tin box in his pocket and every bug unfortunate enough to meet him is put into that box

much like an old gobbler went to the further side of the room and pretended not to care.

At last he could stand it no longer. He went back and stood beside the grieving child. He patted the bowed head in token of peace.

Frederick raised his tearful eyes. "Do you mean that I should do all the lessons?"

"Yes, and more than all the lessons. If you are to grow up to be of any account, you will have to do things that are hard to do. Even if you cannot do them well, you must make a try at them. You must think about all the things and about all the people in the world. You must know about them or you never can draw them."

"Grammar, too?"

"Grammar, too! And history and geography and mathematics and everything else that comes along! And all the people about you! They all count."

WHAT the drawing master said was the law and Frederick struggled pathetically. It was uphill work. It was hard for him to persuade the teachers that he was really trying to do good work.

He got many a "peck" from many a sharp bill those days. Often he hurried to the drawing master to sob out his grief. The kindly man would comfort him and tell him of the time just ahead when he was going to catch up all that he had missed in the days when he had not cared. Always he sent him away cheered.

Then the drawing master would saunter out from his nest and remonstrate with some of the "peckers" and beg for a little consideration for his "ungainly" charge.

Life is always hard on the child with the hidden jewel in his soul! We older ones know that grinding toil and fiery sorrow and subduing grief must play their part in the polishing of even the smallest, dimmest gem of them all. The brighter and more precious the jewel, the more merciless the grinding and cutting and polishing will be.

The child, all unconscious of the presence or the value of the jewel, does not understand the suffering and flees to the friendly burdock. Sheltered by the drawing master, Frederick progressed slowly through the school. He never stood at the top of the class in any subject but drawing.

He was graduated and went to Art School. Stories of his success

drifted back to the school. Maybe it was the drawing master who set them about for often the boy was to be seen running up the stairway that led to the master's studio.

"There, what did I tell you?" chortled the grammar teacher when the master told her that Frederick had captured a coveted medal.

"I always knew that boy would amount to something! That is the reason I insisted that he must learn to use the English language properly. I am glad I did."

THE drawing master rattled the keys in his pocket and sauntered off to his nest in the top of the school.

"Strange, isn't it? We are all ready to accept the responsibility for a success and unanimously dodge the responsibility for a failure. But how could a teacher of grammar be expected to appreciate an artist? She does not understand me and I surely do not understand her. But the school needs us both."

Wise old drawing master! All sorts of teachers for all sorts of children. You, for Frederick; the Play man, for Paladino.

Paladino was as shapeless as a bag of rags. His features were negative; his face expressionless. When the dramatic teacher wanted to picture a tree or a stone she always chose him. "Because," she said, "he so completely blends in with any background you lend him."

Once, after he had been a tree for a long succession of classes, he asked if he might do the part of one of the gnomes.

"What, you, Paladino? You would not know what a gnome felt like! You are much better as a tree," and she laughed cheerily at him.

Paladino went back patiently and became a tree. The Play man said afterward that Paladino's face had clouded.

"Impossible," trilled the dramatic teacher. "My dear man, that child isn't alive yet. I have never seen his face change its expression."

"Well, I have," insisted the Play man. "And I am sure it did to-day and I believe he was hurt."

"Dreams, man, dreams!" laughed the dramatic teacher.

But the dramatic teacher was wrong. When the Play man went down stairs to get his sweater, he found Paladino waiting for him. The pecked look was still in his eyes.

He scrambled up on a bench to help the big man into his sweater but even on the bench, standing on tip toe, arms stretched to the last inch, he was much too short to reach and wobbled like the clumsy duckling he was.

HE laughed up at the teacher. It was such an irresistible laugh that the Play man laughed back. No something came over Paladino. Perhaps it was because he was mounted on a bench and it reminded him of the stage he had just left. Perhaps it was the reaction of a hurt child. Perhaps it was his call from the sky.

Whatever the reason, he danced and capered about like the gnome of the hills. He imitated the children who

had been playing at the dramatic teacher who had directed them. He imitated the janitor bossing the coal-man and the principal addressing the school. Everybody and anybody that Paladino had seen lately came into a share in his repertoire—their faces, their gestures, their speech.

It was all so good-natured, so screamingly funny, that the Play man lay limp and aching in a chair long before Paladino was tired.

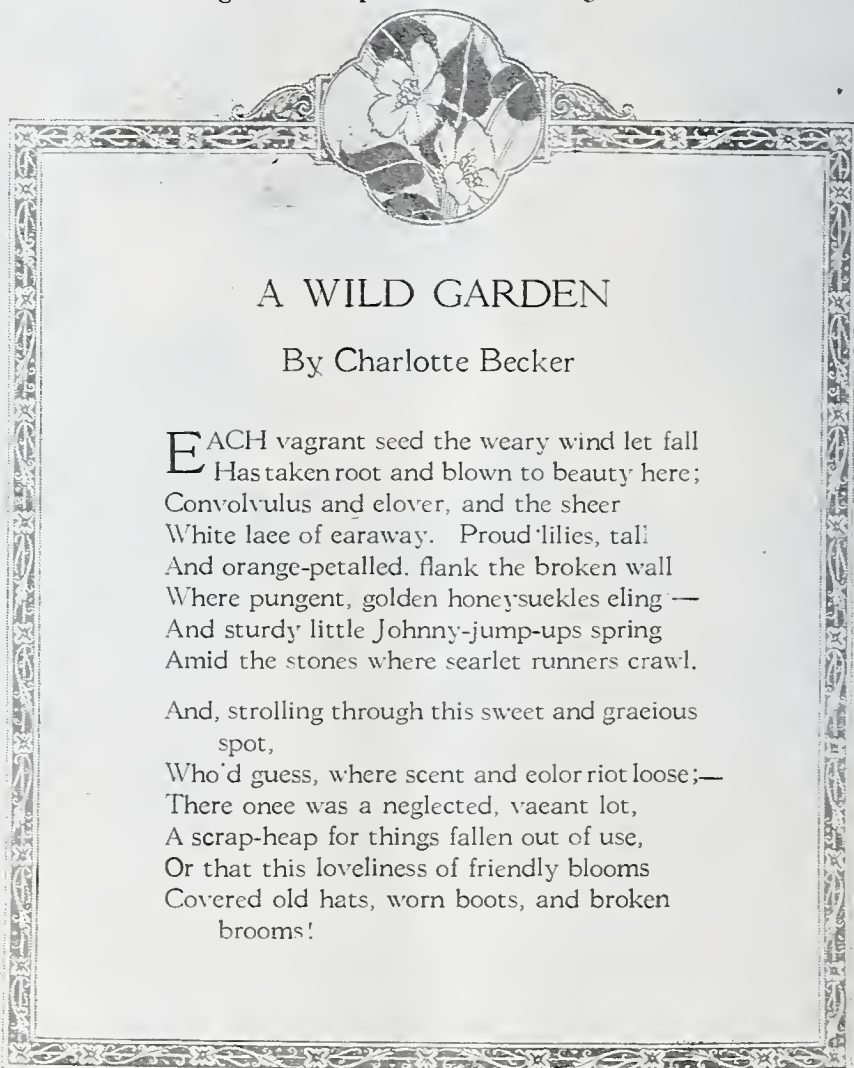
"Where did you ever learn it, Paladino?"

"Never learned anywhere. It just came," and Paladino made another face.

"Don't, Paladino! I'm nearly dead laughing now. I'm so glad I found you. You know, Paladino, you are a find."

"I'm yours, all right," assented Paladino. "But I don't count for much to anybody but you."

Now these two



A WILD GARDEN

By Charlotte Becker

EACH vagrant seed the weary wind let fall
Has taken root and blown to beauty here;
Convolvulus and clover, and the sheer
White lace of earaway. Proud lilies, tall
And orange-petalled, flank the broken wall
Where pungent, golden honeysuckles cling—
And sturdy little Johnny-jump-ups spring
Amid the stones where scarlet runners crawl.

And, strolling through this sweet and gracious
spot,
Who'd guess, where scent and color riot loose;—
There once was a neglected, vacant lot,
A scrap-heap for things fallen out of use,
Or that this loveliness of friendly blooms
Covered old hats, worn boots, and broken
brooms!



"O, Goodie!" chuckled the crowd, cuddling closer. "What happened next, Henrietta?" It was a transfigured child who was telling the story

een friends for as many years as Paladino had been in school. The very first day when the little boys of the Baby Class had singled out the queer little boy who looked like nothing so much as an overdone pudding bursting out of its bag, and had chased him out of the yard with hoots and howls, the Play man had gone to his rescue. The little lad had shadowed the big man ever since and he had learned to love him with the understanding love of one big soul for another.

"Don't talk to me about not counting

for much. Man, you are a wonder—a wonder child. Do you hear that? You are going to make thousands of people glad that you were born."

The following week, the dramatic teacher looked up the Play man. "Thursday is your day for entertainment in the Auditorium. If you are not prepared, I will put something on instead."

"Oh, never mind," said the Play man largely. "We are prepared." And he handed her the program slip. There was one word on it—Paladino.

"What in the world is this?"

"Our program."

Thursday, the children who filled the Auditorium sang their morning song and sat back to be entertained. There was nobody in sight. The dramatic teacher wiggled uneasily in her chair. What was the Play man going to do? She could see no preparations for the period and he had told her that he was prepared.

Paladino walked up on the platform. He had nothing in his hands. He was his usual buncy self without lines or

presence. The children looked at him without interest. He walked close to the edge of the platform and made a funny face.

The children burst into laughter. For fifteen minutes the child stood there and, without speaking a word, held the audience in joyful appreciation of his antics.

He took a rag doll out of his pocket and the conversation of the two brought tears of mirth and the audience laughed and wept until Paladino stuck his rag doll in his pocket and disappeared.

"I was wrong," said the dramatic teacher. "Isn't he wonderful?"

Paladino had come into his own! He had paid the price for his gift. The body we thought so unlovely sheltered a soul so sensitive that it caught every tone and inflection from those about it. He must have suffered keenly many times when we thought him unconscious of all that went on.

The child with the gift has a thorny road at best. He is driven by the gift. If it is thwarted or suppressed, it makes itself felt in pain and longing and unsatisfied dreams. The school must search and cherish and stand by, lest the child lose the sureness of victory in his quest for self-realization.

The Immigration officer brought in a boy one morning.

"Brought in this boy myself. He ought to go to school but he does not know a word of English and he does not know his way around yet. Don't know what you are going to do with him but here he is."

He was a homely, awkward child. His head and hands and feet seemed several sizes too large for him. His hands, especially, were ugly and conspicuous.

He stood out among the rest of the children. They called him "Poor Fish" because one day when the class was at the Zoo and the attendants were throwing fish to the sea lions, he had said in most sympathetic tones, "Poor feesh!"

He could not play their games and they laughed at his attempts and he soon ceased to try. He could not speak their language and they made fun of his

broken accents and he stopped talking to them.

He had trouble learning to write. The teacher lost patience and said, "My word, where did you get such hands? They are the paws of a bear."

Going past the open door of the modeling studio one day the boy spied the sculptor in his long linen overall mixing a lump of clay. Instantly the child fell out of line and raced to him, his face fairly shining with rapture.

"Ah, give me! I mak som theeng."

The sculptor let him have his way and soon a little monkey showed out of the clay in his hands. It was difficult after that to get the boy to go to any other class. "I'm going to stay with you," he said in his broken way. "I'm going to make the things you make. I like to."

So the "Poor Fish" and the sculptor became fast friends. Whenever the lad was hurt, and it must have been often in those beginning days, he ran to the studio as soon as he was free and worked it all out in his art.

The sculptor caught him looking sadly at his hands one lesson time. The "Poor Fish" spread them out before him and said, "Do you think they will be all right some day?"

"Be all right? What is the matter with them?"

"One time the teacher said, when I could not write, that I had the paws of the bear. I looked at the other children's hands and she said right. It is true. Look!" and he flattened his big flexible thumb down on the table. "It is so very ugly. Not so?"

"Nonsense! That hand of yours is a gift from God. If you were to be a clerk, He would undoubtedly have

given you the hand of a clerk. But as you are to be a sculptor, He has given you the hand of a sculptor. That big thumb is your tool. Never mind how your writing looks. You will write your name some day so that all the world may read. It will not be written with a pen. Come along now. You need a bit more clay on that lion's jaw."

Silently, the boy went to work. The rough places had been made smooth once more. But not for long. There was trouble at home as well as at school.

"My father wants to talk with you," said the "Poor Fish" to the principal.

"Very good. Tell him I shall be glad to see him."

The father, who came to see the principal, was a slender, sad-faced man with eyes that seemed to look far off and see visions of unending sorrow. A man without hope!

"I would speak to you about my son." His voice was low and pleasant but again one felt that this man had no joy in his life. "He works much with the sculptor in the studio. I am very sorry that my son wants to do that."

"Oh, no," the principal interrupted. "Surely not. The boy is doing such wonderful work. He is going to do still better."

"You do not understand," the man went on patiently. "When I was a boy like him, I wanted to be an artist. I would be a sculptor. But I was poor. I had to work hard to get the little it took to keep me alive. I saved to buy a year at the Art school. I saved out of my food and my clothes. I saved too hard and I got sick and had to go to the hospital. When I got out again, I had no job and no money."

"I had to go back to my work in the factory. I have had to stay there ever since. All my life that thing has eaten at my heart. I would be chiseling out some beautiful thing, yet I must stop at my work or starve. Better not have the wisdom to do such things! Art is not for such as we!"

"My son has the same gift."

(Continued on page 74)



Then the Ugly Duckling spread his wings, which had been growing all the time, and soared away



The two men spoke together in undertones. Finally, Henry said, "It's a big problem, Ed"

NONE SO WISE

By Theodocia Pearce

Illustrated by F. R. Gruger

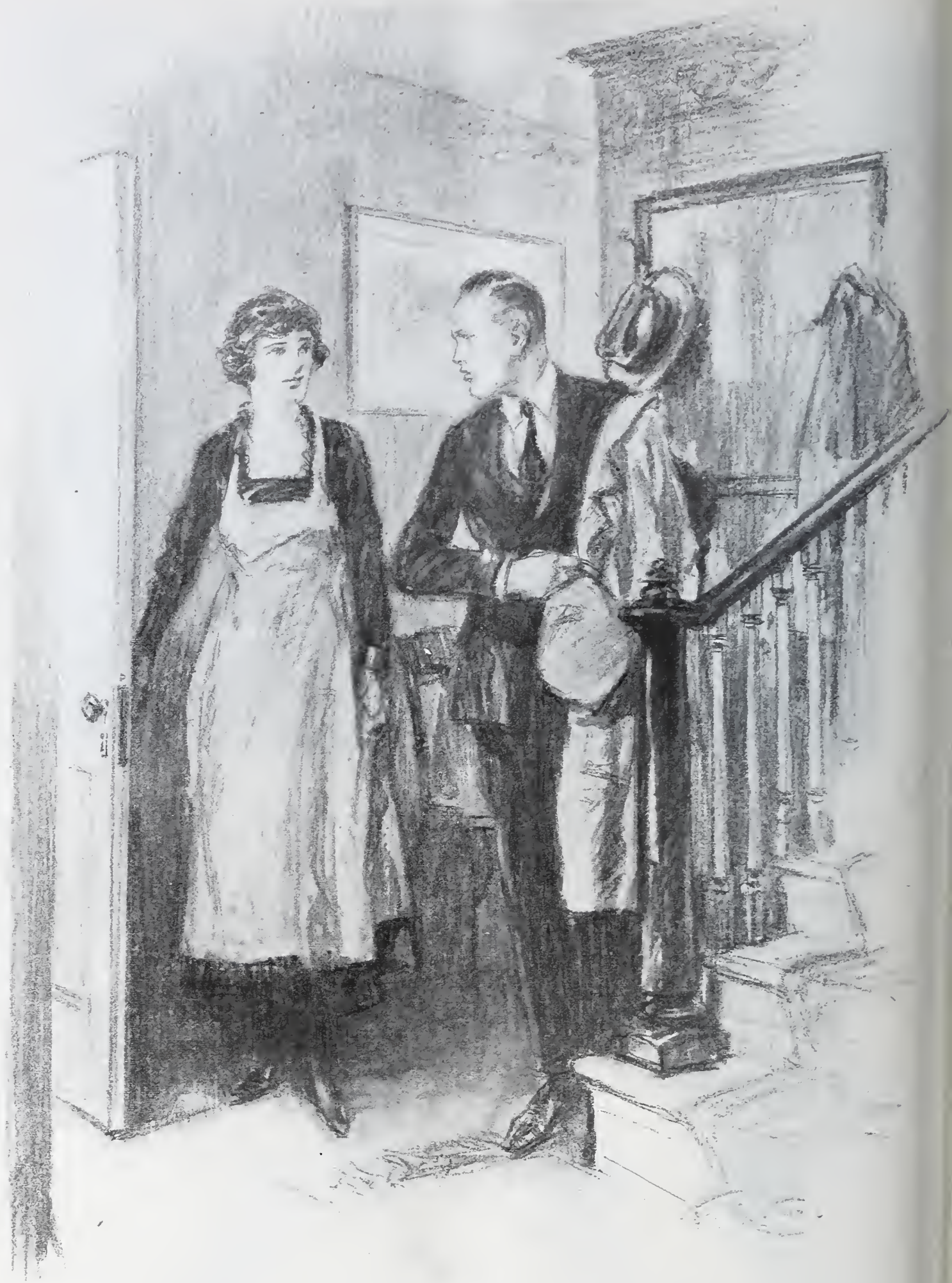
A HAPPY smile touched Martha Knight's lips as she looked around at her family. It was late afternoon of New Year's Day, and they were all gathered in the living room: Bertha and Ed and their babies; Alma, flushed and gay; and buoyant, boyish Bruce. "Well," he was saying, "I want to take those two exams at once and I guess it's my business. Nobody can do your walking for you. You've got two legs and I guess you are expected to do your walking yourself." Bertha leaned forward interested. "You mean, don't you, Bruce," she said, "that given a mind of our own we are expected to do for ourselves that nobody can tell us." "Now you're talking!" Bruce affirmed. "Oh!" A little half sigh escaped

Bertha. Martha heard it, and Martha turned to look at her. There was no mistaking that haggard, worn expression on the face of Bertha, that little drooping of the mouth denoting despondency, and the hands gripped in her lap. There was something intense about Bertha—something unknown. Martha had never understood Bertha, perhaps because as a child she had never given her a moment of trouble or serious thought. Bertha had never been ill or bothersome or naughty. She had come and gone her own way, seldom requiring a reprimand, seldom demanding attention. Always she had seemed to be self-sufficient.

Martha had been proud of Bertha's self-reliance as a child but, as she

grew older, Martha had accepted it as an asset, not as a potentiality. Somehow, Bertha had always been the oldest to Martha. not often did she remember her as a baby. Alma and Bruce had come and Bertha had always been a Little Mother to them. Martha loved Bertha with a calm, loyal love. She had none of the charm of Alma, none of the spontaneity of Bruce, and yet, as Martha watched her in that moment, she became to her an individual—someone apart from the rest of them—an individual who had dared to find and to live her own life.

Martha remembered her once—strange how memory came back to her while the others were laughing and talking—Martha remembered her once, a little thing, and she had burned her hand. Martha had found her suffering in a far corner.



"She isn't sick, I tell you!" Bruce was getting excited. "Well, if you don't believe me," declared Bertha, "go up and see for yourself"

"What's the matter?" she had asked. Bertha had looked up from her pain.

"I burned my fingers."

"Let me see," Martha had demanded and Bertha had held out her hand bound clumsily in an old cloth. Martha had unwound the rag and laid out, startled at the ugliness of the wound. Tenderly she had dressed it and all the while Bertha had not moved.

"Why didn't you tell me?" Martha required.

"I fixed it myself," Bertha replied lightly.

And Martha, suddenly chastened by the mute suffering of her little girl, had taken her in her arms and kissed her. Bertha accepted the caress as she might have accepted a piece of bread and butter. Almost Martha expected to hear her say, "Thank you, mother," in that polite little tone she used. Bertha had never been demonstrative—never had shown any deep affection, but Martha knew it was there—a burning flame in her little heart. Always she had offered the good-bye or the good-night kiss with the solemn air of one who performs a duty.

BUT that she loved them, Martha was sure. All the little kind things she had done, and expected no thanks for the doing, came flooding back to Martha in a rush of memory. Bertha had always thought of the little things. But Bertha had never seemed to need to have those little things done for her.

Martha recalled, and a wry little smile touched her lips with pathos at the recollection, Bertha practising at the piano, hour after hour, beating out the notes—one, two, three, and four—one, two, three, and four—in an even monotone that Martha, listening from the kitchen, found most maddening. Sometimes she would go to the parlor door and say, "That will do, Bertha. You have done enough to-day."

And Bertha would slide off the stool, gather up her music and put it away.

"I've done my hour to-day," she might say. "I guess now I had better go at my history."

Bertha had never attained success in music, nor in history or that matter. Never would she sit down at the piano as Alma often did and let her fingers run over the keyboard in a rollicking riotous tune. Bertha had never been asked to play before company. When company came Bertha had always passed around the sandwiches and helped to wash the dishes.

Bertha's playing, however, had not lacked melody. It had lacked vivacity and variety. The music had seemed to Martha another of Bertha's days. She lived without discord and Love came to her as a high note, which she might have touched without

that lifting animation of spirit. In her courtship days, Martha could detect no change in Bertha. She went on day after day, calmly and gently. But Martha knew that Bertha was not the same, knew that a great change had come. Martha, however, had not dwelt upon it long; there was so much to be done for that first wedding. And afterwards, she had turned to find Alma no longer a child—Alma, a radiant young girl; Bruce, a growing boy. She no longer had Bertha to help her and perhaps because Bertha was not there, she felt a new and greater responsibility towards Alma and Bruce. So she had not found time to meditate upon the methods and actions of Bertha.

To-day, for the first time or perhaps she had always unconsciously known it, Martha realized that Bertha was an individual. Lacking the warmth and the color and the gaiety of Alma, lacking the energy and enthusiasm and humor of Bruce, she stood apart, more decidedly perhaps because she lacked those things. She stood apart—an individual!

Martha saw in those gripped hands, in the little droop of the mouth, in that forward leaning of the body, undiscovered depths within Bertha, latent power, decided purpose, originality.

"We ought to have tea now," Bertha was saying. "I want to get the babies home and to bed early or they will be sick after the excitement of to-day."

"Sure!" Bruce said. "Let's eat now." Martha came back from the realms of thought, back to the world of action.

"Isn't my ring a beauty?" Alma asked as they buttered bread in the

kitchen. She stretched out her hand, the fingers outspread. Beneath the electric light, the gem sparkled and darted color.

"It is a beauty," Bertha agreed. "But wasn't Buster extravagant?"

"Well, I guess," Alma pursed her lips. "I guess he has a right to be. He never had to buy an engagement ring before and he isn't likely to have to do it again."

Bertha laughed and Martha joined her.

"Buster has a pretty good position, hasn't he?" Bertha asked.

"Selling automobiles!" Alma chuckled and cut off a slice of bread with precision. "Nothing very artistic—but it pays."

Bending over her task, Bertha colored.

Alma brandished the bread knife in the air. "Bertha, what did Ed give you for Christmas?" she asked.

"A new sewing machine, something I really wanted," Bertha said. "And money for a new ice-box in the spring."

Martha looked at her two girls—Alma, gay as the sparkle of her ring, Bertha, evenly buttering bread and talking sewing machines and ice-boxes.

How like Alma it was—and how like Bertha!

ED and Bertha departed about eight o'clock with the children.

"Do come over to see my things soon, Mamma," Bertha said in parting. "I can't really bring them over here, you know." Martha looked up smiling, from tucking the baby snug into his carriage. "I wouldn't want you to try," she said gently. "Some night soon, Dad and I will walk over."

She followed them out to the veranda, watched Ed lower the perambulator down the steps, gave Tots one more farewell hug and waved them off.

"Hurry indoors, Mamma," Bertha called back over her shoulder, "or you'll freeze."

The night was cold, crisp and still as only a winter night can be. Martha shivered, folded her arms across her chest, looked at the stretches of snow, blue-shadowed under the night, looked at the serene darkness of the sky and the myriad stars, looked back at the street and the electric lights glowing upon the posts up and down the street at regular intervals. They seemed to her to be reaching out in a procession, like the coming and the passing of her days. And above, the mystery of the sky and, all about, the fathomless stillness of the hour!

She saw her breath like steam in the frostiness.

"I must go in," she said and turned reluctantly to the door.

Alma and Buster and Henry were in the front room singing. It warmed Martha to hear the gladness of their voices. She paused, meeting Bruce in the hallway.

"NONE SO RICH"

YOU who have been reading this unusual series of stories by Theodocia Pearce concerning the members of the Knight family will be glad to hear that there will be no interruption in their publication. The fourth and next story, "NONE SO RICH," will appear in the June issue. It deals with the youthful hopes and difficulties of Alma and Buster and their grapple with the high cost of living. In some respects we think you will find it the most amusing as well as the most human of the whole series

COMING IN JUNE

"Say, Bruce," she put the question frankly, "What do you think of Bertha?"

Bruce squinted and considered, "Well, Mom, she hasn't got the looks like Alma but I'd say she uses her back-bone. I'd say that much for her, Mom!"

Martha reflected.

"I'd say that much for her, too!"

One night, a week later, Martha and Henry went over to Bertha's. Ed met them at the door.

"Why, hello folks! Come right on in," he greeted them. "Bertha is upstairs putting the babies to bed."

"I'll go right up," Martha said. "I want to see the babies."

Henry followed Ed into the living room.

Martha was greeted tumultuously by Tots. Bertha merely gave her a welcoming smile.

Later they went to the sewing room, a mere box of a room, Martha thought, and the sewing machine was duly admired.

"Yes—I like it," Bertha's fingers touched the polished top lovingly, "I've wanted a new one for so long. We got the other one secondhand when we were married—you remember." Bertha stooped to pick up a pair of blue rompers. "The ice-box, I'll get in the spring. This—" she held out the little garment for Martha's inspection, "This is the way Tots wears out her clothes. Really, Mamma, it is awful!"

Martha laughed, "She is such a little tomboy, Bertha. I'll warrant those holes came from bumping down the stairs."

"I don't know how they come," Bertha turned the rompers over in her hands, "I only know they do. If rompers grew as quickly as holes, it wouldn't be so bad. And shoes—really, Mamma—it's dreadful! One week, I buy a pair of shoes, and it seems just a little while and I am buying another pair. Really, you don't know what it's like."

Indeed, Martha did know but she kept the knowledge to herself. She looked about the tiny place, the bare white walls, the old carpet on the floor, the building blocks in one corner, a chair and a basket in another and—the new sewing machine.

"IT costs so much to live these days," Bertha went on, "with growing children. You see one can't have everything at once. It takes time to get all the things we need—it takes time to furnish a home. Ed wanted to get a victrola, but I saw that we just couldn't afford it. In another two or three years we will need a piano for Tots."



Alma drifted in—a dream of loveliness in a rose-mist dress

Martha smiled and thought of Bertha—those hours and hours of practice, beating out the notes in an almost maddening monotony. She wondered if Tots would do the same. Instinctively, she knew that Tots would not. Tots at four was an individual. And Bertha—Bertha standing there beneath the light in her trim dress of brown serge, her heavy hair brushed back gracefully from her broad white forehead, with the little rompers in her hand—Bertha was an individual, too.

They went back to the living room and the fire. Martha coughed a little as they sat down.

"Cold, Mother?" Ed asked.

"No," she smiled at his thoughtfulness. "No, it's lovely in here, Ed. I've had a nasty little cold these last few days—nothing serious."

Bertha had brought in the rompers. "I might as well put the patch on to-night," she said, placing her sewing basket on the center table and drawing up a chair, "for I'll only have to put it on to-morrow, if I don't."

Ed went to the cellar and brought up some apples. Martha, watching Ber-

tha bent over her sewing, asked some questions about jelly. Bertha glanced up a moment and they began to chat—jelly—marmalade—a coming church social—Alma—the spring sewing.

The two men spoke together in undertones. Presently, Henry looked at his watch, "Ten o'clock, Martha!" he exclaimed, "Would you ever believe it? How the time flies! We had better get back."

"Yes," Martha agreed.

They walked home briskly through the white stillness of the night, Martha snuggling close to Henry's side.

"What was Ed saying to you to-night?" Martha asked. "You talked like two old cronies."

"I guess we had nothing on you and Bertha," Henry answered.

"Well, according to tradition, a woman talks, a man doesn't, but there's something wrong with tradition." Martha laughed softly to herself. "What was it Ed was saying?"

"Well—" Henry cleared his throat, "it's rather a problem. Ed is getting on pretty fair at Weatherby's, but Ed's father wants him to go back into the grocery business with him."

"Oh!" It was a question on Martha's part.

"You know," Henry went on, "Ed left the grocery business about four years ago. It seems he was ambitious—wanted to work down town in some store where there was a bigger chance—wanted some sort of a future."

"And then?" Martha asked.

"And now, after four years of the same job, Mr. Baker wants Ed back in the grocery and Ed can't make up his mind to go."

"I wonder what Bertha has to say?"

"That's just it; Ed says Bertha won't say a thing. She won't tell him to do this or that. She says it's up to him to decide. And he can't do it."

"BERTHA'S funny, Henry," Martha said. "Bertha's different from the rest of us."

Something was the matter, she knew. Perhaps she knew all the more that something was the matter because Bertha had not told her. Bertha did not tell things; Bertha was different. She saw her again, standing beneath the light, the worn garment in her hands. And Martha wondered if life might not be like those little rompers to Bertha—worn and needing a patch. Had something failed her? Had the dream not been full? Had life worn through for her? Was it showing pitifully ragged? Bertha would never say. She would put on a patch; cover the void or the aching with an activity



*Bertha regarded her sister with pride.
"You have a good time, don't you, Alma?"*

ceaseless round of duties. She would put the patch on her heart and no one would ever know it! With what precision she had threaded the needle and with what precision she had made the stitches—mended the little garment. And Bertha would do the same with her life if need be; cover up the hole with precision and determination.

Bertha called up in the morning. "Mamma," her voice came troubled over the wire, "I don't like that cough of yours. It isn't right. You've had it for almost a week now. What are you doing for it?"

"Oh nothing," Martha's tone was perfunctory, "I'm all right!"

"I'll be over this afternoon," Bertha replied, and there was purpose in her voice.

"I wonder why in the world she is coming right over this afternoon," Martha pondered.

She soon found out.

BERTHA arrived on the scene promptly at three o'clock, with the baby, Tots, and a suitcase.

"Yes—I am going to stay," she said with an air of finality, planting the suitcase on the floor in the hall. "I told Ed you needed looking after and so I am going to stay, Mamma. You'll go right to bed."

"What?" Martha gasped.

"You'll go right to bed. Why—" Bertha turned to lift the baby from his carriage, "Why it isn't safe, your working about—up—out—doors—and everywhere, with that nasty cough. It just isn't safe, so I am going to stay for a

few days to keep house and look after you. And you are going straight to bed."

"Well, of all things!" was all Martha could say.

"I had to bring the kiddies, Mamma," Bertha went on. "But they will be good. You must go right to bed."

"But I'm not sick," Martha protested.

"Maybe you're not sick now but you will be, if I don't look after you. Please, Mamma," it was a pleading cry, "please Mamma, do go to bed."

Martha was startled. Bertha was bending over the baby, unbuttoning his tiny coat, and Martha saw that her hand trembled. Something was amiss. Something—Ed—the grocery—the tired face of Bertha—something was amiss—something! It came to her then that this might give her an opportunity to help Bertha; to stand by her; to see her through her trouble. This might be the way. She had meant to talk with Bertha, reason with her, assure her. And now, all she could do was to go to bed. Go to bed and give Bertha an excuse for staying. The others would not know that Bertha did not want to stay at home. But Martha knew—Martha knew!

All right then, she would go to bed. Almost she laughed aloud. Instead, she sat down on the bottom step of the stairs and coughed luxuriously. How absurd it was—preposterous! And Martha would rather have gone to China than to bed.

"There, I told you," Bertha cau-

tioned. "I told you, you weren't fit to work about. Why, that cough is terrible, Mamma."

Martha coughed afresh and put her hand to her head wearily.

"Well, I don't feel just right. But I will go to bed as you say, Bertha. I will go."

"That's the way to talk." There was no denying the relief in Bertha's tone. "Just a few days will do you a world of good, Mamma. It will put you on your feet again."

So Martha went slowly up the stairs to bed. Behind the closed door she indulged in soft laughter. It seemed so foolish, this going to bed at thirty. But she must help Bertha and this was probably the only way.

WELL, as long as she stays in this house," Martha chuckled as she turned down the covers, "I stay in bed."

Bruce came in an hour later and Martha heard him talking to Bertha in the hall. She listened, highly amused.

"Hello there, kids!" he called. "What's up?"

"We are," Bertha replied. "But Mamma isn't—"

"What?"

"Mamma is in bed."

"By Jove!" Bruce ejaculated. "What's she doing there?"

Martha turned her face to the pillow and laughed.

"She isn't well. I—"

"Say now," Bruce interrupted, "There's some- (Continued on page 64)



All kinds of transportation have been used in Red Cross work in the Balkans. Here is a barge load of supplies being towed across Lake Ochrida in Serbia for the destitute villagers

The March of the Red Cross

A GLIMPSE from the WATCH TOWER AT WASHINGTON

IF YOU had chanced last week to go into a certain Arkansas village, some thirty-two miles from the railroad, and had entered the belfry of the country church there, you might have been surprised to find a group of earnest women listening intently to a plainly dressed woman giving a talk upon health. If you had watched that woman at work for a period of twelve hours, then you would have been certain to have had a brand new experience.

You would have found that she not only collected the women of the village for health discussions and talks, but that she visited many homes constantly where illness was. In addition to her individual tasks, you would have discovered that she went to the village school every day and not only looked closely after the children's health but taught them sewing and care of the sick as well as home hygiene and the elements of health. You would have found that she, herself, prepared the one hot dish which the children got who could not go home to lunch, and that she knew what food every boy and girl

You can see all these from the Tower

House Boats in California
Refugees in Constantinople
Wharves in Corpus Christi
Delegates in Switzerland
School Children in France
Busy Nurses in Arkansas

in the school got at home. And, at the end of your twelve hours, the chances are that you would have concluded quite emphatically that her job might or might not be inspiring but that there was no doubt about its difficulty! Anyone who had to carry water, from a spring, up twelve steps and heat it herself before she could have hot water, had no soft, easy job!

The above are the facts about Kingston, Arkansas. This village, thirty-two miles from the railroad, is receiving to-day its first taste of civilization's new health methods from a Red Cross public health nurse. It has joined the host

of villages whose names bring up memories of the Ramapo hills of New York, of the Connecticut coast, of the mountains of Kentucky, of the quaint Arcadian districts of Louisiana and of the big Northwest where similar nurses have laid aside the scarlet-lined cape of blue they wore in France, and have enlisted in the new work of the Red Cross at home.

The incident is typical, too—not only of the great work for the general improvement of health conditions and for the betterment of community life which the Red Cross has undertaken at home, but of the scene of three-fourths of the effort, as well.

Three-fourths of Red Cross work is in rural districts

Even yet many people do not seem to realize that of the population of the country nearly fifty millions live in the country. There are very few chapters of the Red Cross which do not have rural sections within their jurisdiction. Twenty-eight hundred of the thirty



A notable gathering of Red Cross workers took place in Washington recently, headed by Mrs. Woodrow Wilson and Miss Mabel T. Boardman

six hundred chapters, indeed, are in counties which have no towns of over eight thousand. Their problems are distinctly rural. Over seventy-five per cent of Red Cross work is in territory dependent upon rural things for social well being.

The experience of the Home Service workers during the war, when they found no other social agencies in these communities and so built up their own, first brought this condition of affairs to the notice of the Red Cross. The experiences of the one hundred and fifty field workers of the Red Cross, who go from chapter to chapter all over this country, is reinforcing that discovery to-day. It is the reason back of the newly created Red Cross Rural Service, which will place the services of the Red Cross before these smaller communities as the Field Service already has done among our larger communities.

One Red Cross peace program, along health and community lines, presented by one person and carried out by trained workers, with volunteer assistants! That is the goal of Red Cross Service to-day.

It is a service that, day by day, is becoming as distinctly a definite kind of Red Cross work for American communities as the canteen work or the camp service ever was for the American soldier. At the present moment, it has begun to reach the larger towns, and surveys, either initiated or backed by the Red Cross, are in operation in places like Athens, Georgia; Olean, New York;ocatello, Idaho; Hagerstown, Maryland; and many others. The list is

not longer only because of the lack of trained workers to carry on such work—a lack which it is hoped the newly organized Red Cross educational training service will soon overcome.

The present status of the Health Center Movement

In the larger cities, meanwhile, the health center movement is gathering an ever increasing impetus. When the Red Cross entered this movement about six months ago, there were perhaps thirty health centers actually in operation in various places. At the present moment, the Red Cross has co-operated in starting seventeen new ones, and is interested in seventeen more which are about to begin work in different cities. A half dozen of these have been the work of the Red Cross alone.

They present an unusually varied aspect, scattered as they are in communities of all sizes and kinds all over the country from New York to California. In Bridgeton, New Jersey, for instance, a town of fourteen thousand, the Red Cross maintains three rooms on the first floor of a building on one of the main downtown streets. In San Rafael, California, a remodeled houseboat serves as headquarters for the work. In Lawrence, Kansas, the health center has set up shop in the City Hall. In Green Bay, Wisconsin, five rooms in an office building are used and the various clinics are set up there, the Juniors being supporters of the dental clinic.

The largest city in which the Red Cross has assisted in establishing health centers is St. Louis, where there are

now eleven such places. And these, it should be remembered, are simply a few of the ones in which the Red Cross has been interested. In the whole country, to-day, there are over seventy health centers, with over thirty more proposed. Despite the tremendous difference in equipment and location, they are all run from the same point of view and are the product of the same idea—that of gathering, under one roof, all the public health work of the community. Such a beginning might well be considered a happy omen for this latest plan for modern community welfare, and one which would justify the Red Cross in its peace-time efforts even if it had no other interests.

JUST a glance at some of the other Red Cross achievements of the month, however, reveals the infinite variety of its efforts. How, indeed, can one characterize an organization which, at one and the same time, engages in rehabilitating a tornado-swept town like Corpus Christi, Texas, rebuilding wharves, rebuilding homes, taking care of destitute families and homeless children; and, while this is going on, sends forty thousand dollars worth of garments to drought stricken farmers of Montana, and loans fifty thousand dollars to their destitute families? Which obeys the wish of eight hundred former members of the A. E. F. and for a year sees that their contributions provide food, clothing and education for eight hundred orphans of France? And, at the same time, carries on a community kitchen for school children of the poorer districts of a great Middle Western city; and, in hundreds of smaller towns, serves

lunches and a bottle of milk to the youngsters, as in Marion, Kansas? These are just a few of the things the Red Cross has been doing all over this country during these past few weeks.

Of them all, however, none has been more noteworthy than the rise into prominence of the work of the Juniors in Europe, reports of which have just reached this country. All during the winter, those enterprising, youthful members of ours have been maintaining, along the shell-torn ragged line that was once the Belgian battle front, a series of school canteens which have fed over three thousand children daily. In all of Belgium, they have been maintaining thirty-two such canteens, beside a free school at Roulers where two hundred destitute children have been cared for.

In France the work has taken on a wide scope also, the most important step having been the formation of winter colonies in Brittany and, in the south, for the children of the devastated regions. About three hundred and fifty children

Above, a Red Cross clothing distribution in Montenegro. 1,500 peasants received American garments here to protect them from the cold. At the right, one of the many families which have lived in box cars in Greece all winter



from ruined homes in towns like Soissons, St. Quentin and Rheims have been sent to such colonies in southern France. They have been not only comfortably housed and abundantly fed but have been given daily school instruction in orderly living, hygiene and home economics. In Toul the Junior Red Cross unit has been operating a sewing class in co-operation with the village school, the teachers devoting a whole afternoon to it, and allowing the girls of the village who could not attend school to come also. In Paris scholarships have been provided for about one hundred students in French colleges in order to enable them to complete their educations, and over sixty apprenticeships have been awarded boys and girls between the ages of thirteen and seventeen who have wanted to take the manual training course in the fifteen such schools in Paris.

In the Balkans, fifty schools and three orphanages have been either established or substantially aided, and the movement continues.

Below, some of the flimsy wooden houses which are springing up in Flanders. This picture is at Passchendaele where the Red Cross has aided refugees with food and clothing, selling many things to them at cost



SEVEN MONTHS WITH A SHOVEL

By Whiting Williams



*The Whiting Williams of the desk
and consulting room and—the
Whiting Williams of the shovel!*



COMRADES! Listen. Why don't you send those blanks back with the name and address of every man in town who hasn't got a job? Don't you know that if we can get our stuff into an idle man's hands—and his head—before he finds work, we can get somewhere with him? Quick, now send 'em in!"

About a year ago, when I was trying to find the causes of unrest, I often heard the secretary of Communist meetings pleading in these words:

"Provide the people with food and work and Bolshevism will vanish!" This was the counsel of Maximilian Harden.

Those words, combined with the experiences I went through during the seven months of 1919 when I waited, worked, ate and slept with the unskilled laborer, confirmed my conviction that, for the wage worker, as for the rest of us, the most important thing in the world is his job.

Despite the use of the terms, "labor" and "capital," very few of us know as many as a half dozen middle-aged men who do not have to go down to the plant or the office every morning to help out their property incomes with some kind of a salary from some kind of a daily job. The number of men who contrive to obtain an income of \$15,000 or more a year in any and all ways is small, less, in fact, than a few hundredths of one per cent. Of that number, in turn, those who receive much a sum from stocks or other property exclusively, make a very small group indeed. And still further, most of those who do receive that

much from property will be found to be drawing a still larger sum from the doing of some daily work and the carrying of some definite and useful responsibility.

The fact is that in this country practically all of us and, certainly, the most effective people among us have a job.

For practically every one of us, the chief value of our property or capital is its service in insuring us and our families against the day when, through sickness, age or some other disability, we may lose our job.

In England, "Who is he?" generally means, "Who's his father?" It did, at least, before the war. In Germany, before the war, it meant "How close does he stand to the Emperor and all the other powers that comprise the

WHAT do you know about a steel worker's life and hopes or a coal miner's? Whiting Williams, an officer of a big steel corporation, realized that he knew practically nothing about them. In order to find out, he spent seven months working and sleeping with the unskilled laborer. Here are some of his conclusions.

Government?" In this country, it seldom means anything other than "What does he do? How does he earn his living?"

The reason is simple enough. Quite properly, we have figured it out that our station depends on the life we lead and the life we lead depends, in turn, on how we earn our living. We can all have the pleasure of deciding how we will live our lives outside of our work, but after we have chosen our work and accepted the conditions which go with it, we usually find that we must adjust our private and home doings to our work's requirements. Without thinking very much about it, most of us realize that what we can



A close-up of steel workers standing in line for their pay at a Pittsburgh mill

do and also what we want to do out of office or working hours depends mainly on what we more or less must do in working hours. The moment we say: "As for me and my house, we will earn our living in such and such a manner," that moment we must begin to adjust all the rest of our daily doings to that manner of earning unless we stand ready to change the mind and the work of "us and our house," on short notice.

This is true for all of us, whether we earn our pay by the month, week or

hour. The workman gets up and is off and into the plant too early to see his youngsters. The big chief, his employer, is kept by conferences at the plant too late to see his. The bank clerk is threatened with tuberculosis and the school teacher with old-fogeyism if they don't adapt themselves to their work in ways which secure certain kinds of physical and mental exercises and interests. The means of living having been determined upon, our human nature seems to do its

level best to try to find such other interests and experiences as will average the whole and make it what is proper called "wholesome."

A doctor friend claims that even our ears try to do exactly the same thing. He says that if you will tell him the kind of noises you hear all day on your job, he will tell you the kind of sound you will naturally look for and probably obtain in your home doings and recreations—they will be higher or lower than the noises of your job.

Our palates jog our desires in this same everlasting effort towards a wholesome average. After my first four weeks in a mill-town laborers' boarding-house, a friend who set me up on a grand hotel dinner laughed as the waiter brought me what I had ordered. It was banana fritters, strawberry jam, mince pie, French pastry and ice cream! But after all, it made a pretty average month when added to twenty-nine days of bread, beef-stew and pancakes!

AS I see it, the meaning of this is that we get a lot closer to a right understanding of the minds and hearts of people of every kind, the moment we begin to look at them in the way they find it necessary to look at us—through their work. It is surprising to see how the various factors of people's lives and the various features of their viewpoints seem to flow out of the conditions which they encounter in the earning of their daily bread.

Take, for instance, my friends back here in the labor gangs and on the open-hearths and the blast furnaces in the steel industry. Their affairs and attitudes build themselves up around what practically has to be the foundation stone, namely, that the great furnaces and stoves must be kept going all through the twenty-four hours and all through the week. Also, that while they require more or less passive attention at all times, they need active service at only regular intervals. This necessity of continuous furnace operation, combined with irregular or intermittent attention and complicated, more recently, by a shortage of workers, has served to compel the majority of the men who make steel to be on the job for a long day.

"In two years I ain't had but two turns off," one of the millwrights told me when I had been promoted up out of the labor gang to be his temporary helper while the regular one recovered from a burn.

"Of course you had your Sundays and holidays," I edged in, out of the wealth of my ignorance.

What he said could hardly be printed. The next day I proceeded to learn all about it by working a twenty-four hour turn from Sunday morning at seven till Monday at seven, then five nights of thirteen hours each with a Saturday night of fifteen hours, coming to the next morning with nothing to do all Sunday, except to get rested from the previous week and ready to begin the ten-hour day week at seven o'clock Monday morning. Luckily the millwright gang is not large and the labor gang men ordinarily work only sixteen or eighteen hours every other Sunday at the close of the twelve-hour night week. In general, however, everybody around steel-making plants must get used to those long hour turns and get another job.

One way of adjusting themselves to this unavoidable condition of life in a steel town was in practice during the winter of 1919. It was the use of "whiskey-beer." Every morning at

seven, after the twelve hours had ended, the men would line up three deep waiting their turn to move up to the bar, where they would swallow, without a word or a smile, the small glass of "hard stuff," wash it down with a large glass of "suds" and, without a word, edge out through the crowd and hurry home to bed.

"Sure, I sleep fine! Two good 'whiskey-beers' and you won't hear no cars or kids or bells or dogs. Try it. If you're very tired, take three or four of 'em." This was the general advice and practice, apparently.

How they are managing, nowadays, to get the sleep necessary to enable them to go back to the plant at five-thirty, I don't know.

The amazing profanity among steel workers is, I am sure, another adjustment to the underlying condition—what the scientists would call a kind of "protective behavior." It is an effort to harden one's moral fiber against the heavy annoyances which always seem to get under the skin of tired people.

Certainly, there can be no doubt but that the effects of the long hours lead towards amusements which have a mighty lot of "pep" and "kick" in them. I feel sure that a shorter working day will bring an improvement in speech as well as a better flavor in local burlesque shows.

"I'd been here on the furnace every single turn for more'n a year and it looked like I better take a lay-off. Believe me, it was some little vacation! Wow! Why, I'm d—d if I didn't spend a cool hundred and fifty in them three days!" This was a big, splendid furnace-helper reporting the way he had attempted to even things up.

"WELL, I'd have a bunch o' Liberty bonds in my pocket right this minute if I hadn't hit the high spots too hard when I took a few days off after a long spell o' work last fall. I found myself skinned when I woke up three days later." Thus, a dejected steam-fitter explained one of his mistakes.

Oftentimes, the only way to get that wholesome average seems to match an extreme on one side of the middle line with another extreme of about the same proportions on the other side. If you're tired and are going to lose the money the time off will cost, you don't feel like going to the movies. You want something that will make you "sit up and take notice" and, incidentally, have the same effect on your friends when you go back to the boys at the furnaces again. Otherwise—well, what's the use?

"No, Ah done quit bein' a sailor man," Black George explained, "it just seemed lak a man couldn't hold onto the money he'd saved, nohow, when he come ashore aftah bein' away by hisself on that boat all them weeks."

I wasn't in my family long enough to be sure about the way those long-hour workers treated their children. But from their conversations, which need not be repeated, I understood they felt that their wives were right in finding

them too tired to be good husbands, to say nothing of being good fathers.

"With these here long hours, Mr. Hiteman," advised my tired landlady, one morning, when I was doing my best by her pancakes—she had got up at four-thirty to have them ready for us hungry boarders, who paid her only one dollar for three heavy meals. "With these here long hours, I wouldn't bring my wife and kids here if I was you."

THERE is no such thing as "side-stepping" all these various adjustments, once you have accepted the central proposition in the way of the job. A college graduate is likely to be shocked at finding himself calmly accepting such things as little bed-fellows as being quite unimportant in comparison with the necessity of getting every possible wink of sleep before the big whistle blows again. Indeed, everything just seems to change and adjust itself to the job's necessities more or less automatically—just as the worst of food always tastes good because of the ravenous appetites carried home from the mill.

"This night-turn week just don't count—a man ain't no good to nobody!" said the stalwart first-helper, putting in the fourteen-hour turn on one of the furnaces. "And God! How the nights of the day-turn week go by before you get to feelin' like enjoyin' 'em again!"

Unless a man lays off frequently—and he can't do that and be popular with either the boss at the plant or the partner at home—the natural result of all this is, fatigue. It is the kind of fatigue which keeps up day after day and week after week. Of such chronic tiredness, the doctors tell us, the most unfailing sign and symptom is bad temper. Of such bad temper, the result, as everybody knows, is pretty sure to be a large amount of suspicion and distrust.

So, it was quite natural that in the mills I often found the workers distrustful even of each other and more so of their superiors on the job. Many of these last, in turn, I noticed, were themselves almost as tired as their workers—because of the same long hours, with the addition of other responsibilities. Accordingly, they were almost equally inclined to be distrustful.

Furthermore, all of these tired distrustfuls up and down the line become convinced that it is the actions of those around them, or above them or beneath them, that cause and justify their ill humor—just as we all try to blame the nearest person for the breakfast unhappiness which actually comes from a sleepless night or an aching tooth.

Meanwhile, the outsider who reads only the headlines and knows nothing about the basic factors in the situation, shrugs his shoulders and thinks he explains it all nicely when he does a little juggling of the "Capital and Labor" formula. Meanwhile, too, the tired insider, almost equally unconscious of the basic factors, is apt to convince himself that it is the selfish and malicious intentions of the men at



Coal miners at the bottom of a deep shaft in a Pennsylvania mine ready to start on their day's—or night's—work

the top that are causing the trying features of his day, including its length.

All the while, those at the top—and it is worth noticing that practically all of these are living mainly on their salaries and not their capital—may be trying hard to get away from those foundation facts and onto better ones. If the war had not come when it did, the chances are that the long turns would have been done away with several years ago, in spite of all the decades of tradition behind them. During the war's strain of producing enough steel for the Allied armies, it seemed impossible to eliminate them and to find the needed additional men. With the present continuation of the general labor shortage, it is difficult to find the needed men now. Then, too, the extra

houses to be built for additional workers will cost more than usual and probably raise rents all around. The public will be dissatisfied, also, if the higher rate per hour, without which the change to a shorter day is not likely to be welcomed by the workers, is added to the price of steel.

Meanwhile, in some of the plants, where everybody has been wise enough to blame their difficulties, not on each other but on the requirements of the furnaces, groups of workers and foremen and "supers" and vice-presidents are meeting on Sunday afternoon and "swapping" all they know about furnace jobs and steel in general. These discussions are deep-down and all-together efforts to master the requirements inside of the big plant in a way to favor better living outside—and that

there will be any work to-morrow. five o'clock, in one town where worked, everybody would stop what they were doing to listen—and many I'm sure, to pray.

When the great bass whistle boomed *one-two-three!* all was joy. Everybody smiled and big men with black mustaches or heavy beards exclaimed, "Good! Dat's fine! Work to-morrow! T'ank God!"

For, on too many days the whistle stopped at *two* and after they had waited in vain for *three*, these men ran their fingers through their hair and muttered, "My God! My God! What can I do? No work to-morrow! How can I live?"

Such irregularity is hard on men and, perhaps, even harder on their women. In some places, naturally, it gets to

without making the public pay the cost. Best of all, too, those conference reports are surprising successes—largely, perhaps, because of the surprising way in which the workers are able to suggest changes which make for saving men and reducing expense and so bring down all the disadvantages of the change to a minimum.

With the men who dig our soft coal, the problem of living is different because the basic necessities of mining coal are, of course, different from those of making steel. Of these, one of the most important is the virtual impossibility of storing coal economically at the mine mouth according to present-day standards of operation. As the result of this, the digging of coal down in the "rooms" has to stop at practically the same moment that the use of it stops by the customer a thousand miles away or the moment the car for shipping it to the customer is lacking. When some one succeeds in inventing a practical method for storing coal at the mouth of the mine without any considerable expense of deterioration, extra handling and frees the daily wage earner from the tyrannical control of the daily command and the daily transport, then the living of the life of the miner will be comparatively regular and fair. Certainly, at least it will be a great deal more regular than it is now. In many mining towns, to-day, no one—not even the "captain" or the "super," can tell until afternoon whether

easy for the men to explain it by saying that it all follows on that simple and impersonal formula which puts the nine owners and operators under the abstract label of "Capital." But it is hard to see how anything will greatly help until we can give that underlying factor more attention and scientific study than as yet it has received. Luckily, it can be said that the desired scientific solution is reported much nearer than it has ever been before.

But here's another difficulty to complicate alike the coal loader's and the coal operator's affairs.

Many mining communities are called not towns but camps. That's a way of breaking the news that conditions of living are not so good as might be desired. In one of these—some called a town and some a camp—I came some every evening, tired and black to my waist with sweat and coal-dust, to find nothing but a tiny tin basin on the back porch. At such times, I would find myself swearing to shake hands with every bath-tub I met the rest of my life!

In a coal camp, there is small likelihood of street lamps, sidewalks, lawns, but a great likelihood of mud, weak-easies and profanity. Also, a great deal of irregularity on the part of the workers—an irregularity which is exceedingly trying to the management, which often succeeds in getting the necessary orders and indispensable repairs, only to find that the men have decided to go fishing or to celebrate a wedding or a funeral.

That doesn't make the men and the managers love each other any better, naturally enough. But to an outsider

it seems to flow directly from the second compelling factor; namely, that the coal camp has to follow the coal seam. When that seam leads out into some solitary spot, the engineers have to figure out how long the camp can be occupied before the coal is all mined and the streets and houses must be abandoned. The answer may mean the impossibility of pavements and such other improvements as only permanence could make feasible. That, in turn, may make it impractical for the company to sell any property and so allow the miner the luxury of owning his own home. In that case, especially where the roads are too bad to favor "flivvers," about the only pleasure to be had out of the fruits of diligence and regularity is to see your money piling up at the bank—a diversion likely to pale with most of us in comparison with the attractiveness of a day's fishing or feasting.

The necessity of following the seam also creates embarrassment by persuading so many owners of land to get out the underlying coal that too many operators and too many miners get into it for their own good. The result is that the country could not possibly use all the coal if all the mines blew three blasts every working day.

SO it is with the makers of steel and the diggers of coal. The discussion about wage-rates, recognition, etc., are only the superficial symptoms of an unhappiness that rests on piers which go deep down into working lives. The men in steel are unhappy because of too much job—following those requirements which have been laid down by

the tyranny of the furnaces. The men in the mines, on the contrary, are unhappy because of too little job—by reason of the same tyrannies. Add to these traditionally established tyrannies, the fact that these occupations have been chosen by thousands of the foreign born—and this, too, comes about quite naturally in a way that would be worth describing—and then you have an understanding of the situation of two of our basic industries in fundamentals—in terms of Nature and Human Nature, of Work and Life.

In them both, men are trying, doubtless as one result of the winning of the World War, for better lives in what is, after all, pretty much the only practical way of getting them—by trying for better jobs, more regular jobs or less restrictive jobs. The attempt is probably quite unconscious of its strategy. Nevertheless, it is something like that strategy which we must all approximate if we are to build the American life which the winning of the war should determine us to build.

A short time ago, all the world looked to this American life of ours as one possessing sovereign powers for the healing of the nations and the lives of nations. To-day, those sovereign powers seem to have all but fled from American life—because we have become distrustful. Things aren't moving smoothly where, finally, we all live—on the job. The world needs the best kind of American life we can build and of all possible ways of building, the best is through American Industry. And of all possible ways to produce that, the best, in turn, is for us all to learn to look less coldly (Continued on Page 79)



In the coal regions, there is only one way to collect silt for the breaker—by shovel

HELP YOURSELF TO HEALTH

A Department Conducted by

Merritte W. Ireland, *Surgeon-General U. S. Army*; Wm. C. Braisted, *Surgeon-General U. S. Navy*; Rupert Blue, *Surgeon-General U. S. Public Health*

As vegetation starts anew and the sap flows, are you troubled with "SPRING FEVER?" Perhaps you are mistaken. It may be something entirely different.



Merritte W. Ireland



William C. Braisted



Rupert Blue

YOUR ANIMAL HEAT

AS YOU are not a cold-blooded animal, your body temperature cannot rise and fall, as does that of the reptile, amphibian and fish, with the changing temperature of your environment; it must remain (in health) always at practically the same level, whether the season be hot or cold. For this reason, constant adjustments are necessary in the amount of heat produced from the food you eat, and also in the amount of heat lost through your skin. When the season changes from winter to spring and the thermometer rises, the feeling of ill-being with which you are familiar may be due not so much to a change in the weather as to a lack of change within yourself, a mal-adjustment of your animal heat.

While the weather is cold and the heat losses of the body are liable to be great, the skin, in its efforts to check these losses, must have the assistance of clothing, which captures escaping warmth and holds it as a fluid layer around the body to shut out the cold. When the weather grows warm, the skin needs less assistance. Bodily heat should then be allowed to escape. Often, however, we continue to wear heavy clothing until well into the summer weather. This interferes with normal adjustments. On a warm day clothing should be removed to let the air get at the skin. If the weather should turn colder, it would be an easy matter to don it again.

Heat production must also be adjusted to the season. We get our heat from what we eat. This cannot be measured by its bulk but by the fuel value of the bulk. A stomach full of one kind of food may have a great many more heat-producing units than a stomach full of some other material. For instance, all the oils and sugars are very high in fuel value compared with most fruits, greens and

has some peculiar property, by which it is able to stimulate more heat production than can be measured in its actual fuel value, and should, therefore, be taken more abundantly and more abstemiously as the outdoor heat increases. Generally, our natural appetite assists us in making the necessary adjustments. Cold stimulates the appetite and heat reduces it.

When the muscles act, heat is liberated. Where there is already abundant heat in the atmosphere, we have a natural disinclination for muscular action. This is one of the causes of warm weather laziness, or "spring fever." Muscular activity is, however, necessary for the best health. The remedy for this languor is a adjustment of clothing so that cool air can reach the body; bathing in cool water; skin stimulation and reduced fuel.

Instead of adjusting yourself to the changing season, are you perhaps trying to be a fish?

WHO'S A POLAR BEAR?

POLAR bears cannot live in the temperate zone. Yet, many human beings try to carry winter habits over into the summer, and when they experience lassitude and fatigue, lay it to the weather. So might the polar bear. But here's the other side of the story.

vegetables. In warm weather, it is advisable, therefore, to eat less sweets and fats. Griddle-cakes and sausage, for instance, may be an excellent breakfast in the winter time, but all too rich in fuel for a warm day. Meat

TORPID INTESTINES

THE action of your intestines like the crawling of a snake, flowing movement, by which food is wormed along over its course. Oftentimes the habits imposed upon us by winter result in an intestinal torpor that is quite like what you might expect in the movements of a snake that has long been inactive before it has been livened up by the spring. Cold weather does not promote free water drinking; fruits, greens and fresh vegetables are expensive during that time; storms keep us indoors. All of these conditions have their deadening effect upon the action of the intestines. If, as a consequence,



Help Yourself to Health

they become sluggish, and do not properly perform their work of eliminating body poisons, trouble develops that is not merely local, but registers itself all through the body. Fatigue is one of its commonest manifestations. Cold is a stimulant, and may mask fatigue during the winter months. Only when spring comes, with its first warm days, may the evils of intestinal torpor be fully revealed.

If you are one of its victims, there are various things for you to consider. Are you getting enough bulk in your food? Bulk is needed to enable the intestines to act. Much of our food is too refined, and does not furnish sufficient bulk for its nourishing value. Lippin, in speaking of the diet of soldiers, once said, "Compressed vegetables and eat biscuits may be nourishing, but what Tommy Atkins needs is bulk in his inside"! The bulkier foods, for their nourishing value, are lettuce, cabbage, spinach, asparagus, cauliflower, corn, beets, onions, turnips, squash, pumpkins, tomatoes, cucumbers, berries, watermelon, and most other fruits, with the exception of bananas. But freely of these, especially of the green things, and it is probable that you will have little trouble with constipation.

Whole wheat or bran breads should be given preference over the plain white. Bran (well sterilized) may also be mixed with cereals.

The free drinking of water between meals is generally found to promote good bowel action. A cup of warm water a half hour (not immediately) before breakfast is found beneficial by some people. Free water drinking with meals is liable to be constipating and tends to produce corpulency. Tea rather inclined to be constipating and generally promotes nervousness. Coffee also promotes nervousness but may have a very slightly laxative effect. Most of the laxative drugs may be used occasionally without particular harm as an emergency measure as a temporary expedient, but you should not become dependent upon

them. They are liable to increase the very condition they aim to overcome; for their stimulation of the bowels generally results in a reaction of worse sluggishness than before. Mineral oils are valuable as lubricants that enable the food to slip more easily through the intestinal tube, but have the disadvantage, with some people, of producing indigestion and even interfering with assimilation. An enema, of warm water, may be

a healthy intestinal condition. Over-exercise may produce constipation. If the abdominal muscles are weak and the walls flabby, the intestinal movement will be lacking in vigor. Perhaps there is no exercise so good as swimming for the correction of weak muscles as a cause of sluggish bowel condition.

Semi-constipation may exist without its victim being aware that his bowels are not moving properly. Even daily bowel movement is not sufficient unless it is free and copious and soft material follows the harder mass. Anything less than this may produce fatigue, headache and a variety of bodily ills.

Spring, with its new foods and new activities, may be an opportunity for a healthier and livelier snake-like action of your intestines. Spring fever, like the spring violet, may have been blossoming "under the snow."



THE NEED OF A TONIC.

ALTHOUGH there are certain drugs which physicians are still using for their possible stimulating effect, to tide patients over weak periods, it is pretty safe to say that most of the patent tonics, put up in bottles and sold at high rates, claiming to cure the spring fever and to brace up the system, are frauds. If they make you feel good for the time being, all the more may they be deleterious to the health; for it is likely that they are depending on some slightly intoxicating effect, or upon the action of a drug upon the bowel function. The best tonics do not cost a cent.

Water, properly used, is one of the most valuable of tonics. There are many health institutions that depend mainly on water treatment for bringing their patients back to health. Cold plunges are good stimulants for those who have strong hearts and good physiques. To some people, they are harmful. The test of their value comes in the reaction obtained from them. If the stimulation, which they produce, is quickly followed by fatigue, it means that the cold plunge is too violent a medicine. In such cases, a cool sponge and vigorous rub-down generally answers the purpose better.

While a hot bath is enervating, if prolonged, a very quick hot bath may stimulate as successfully as a cold plunge.

An important part of any bath, of course, is the rub-down, which promotes skin circulation. Even a dry-towel rub, without water at all, is a good tonic.

Cool air is stimulating, just as is cool water, and the tonic value of the air bath should not be neglected.



Help Yourself to Health

Air, to have its best stimulating effect, should be slightly in motion.

Some hygienists go so far as to say that air concerns the skin just as much as it does the lungs. The skin of the body should glow with color, from contact with the air, just as does the skin of the face. The usual pallid surface is simply a reminder of how starved is the body skin for air. The only hygienic clothing is that which allows some air to reach the skin. Not only the underclothes, but the outer garments, should be porous. The feet also require ventilation. Well-shaped shoes of porous kid promote the greatest foot comfort and health. In calling attention to the value of the air bath, Fisher and Fish, in their standard book on hygiene, called "How to Live" say, "Brushing the teeth, washing the hands, shaving and so forth necessarily consume some time during which the luxury of an air-bath can be enjoyed. Exercising in cold air, if not too cold, with clothing removed, is an excellent means of hardening the skin and promoting good digestion."

Mild exercise, even on a hot day, is often a surprisingly good bracer. The inclination to be lazy, and to go somewhere and sleep, is generally deceptive of one's real needs. Ruling out cases of honest fatigue, and over heat, if a man, or woman, will fight against this inclination and force himself, instead, to go for a good brisk walk, he will be surprised at the wonderfully tonic effect the exercise will have. Swimming is a splendid tonic for people with sound bodies, because it combines the benefits of exercise with those of cool water and fresh air.

Whether it is a heart tonic, or a blood tonic, or an intestinal or a nerve tonic, it's all the same; there are no prescriptions like those which Nature has provided free of charge.

OVER-FIRING THE HUMAN FURNACE

WHEN the outdoor temperature rises, and in consequence less heat is lost from the human furnace, less fuel is required for keeping up its fires. All heat and energy are originally derived from the sun but, in order that they may be available to the human body, they are converted into forms that you may eat or consume by oxidation; that is, the human fuel is food. The actual fuel values of all the different kinds of food—they vary even more widely than do the fuel values of different kinds of coal—are definitely known. The fuel value to the human furnace of a pound of apples, for instance, is 200 heat units, called calories; while the fuel value of a pound of bacon is nearly 2400 calories; of a pound of butter, 3500 calories; a pound of sugar, 1800; a pound of dried beans, 1600; a pound of Graham bread, 1200; but of a pound of tomatoes, or a pound of as-

paragus, only 100 calories.

Do you know how much fuel you are feeding to your human furnace? Are you giving it the same amount when the thermometer is 72 that you did when it was down to 18? If you are continuing with the same diet that you used in cold weather, in particular with fats and sweet things, and are not materially increasing your activity as the weather grows warm, you are very likely experiencing a distinct feeling of ill-being and, possibly, diagnosing your case as an acute attack of "spring fever."

Besides resulting in less heat loss from the body, hot weather brings about a certain muscular laxity which reacts on the digestive tract and makes desirable the lightening of its work. If you continue to tax it with the usual amount of rich food, "hot weather" dyspepsia—that is, an ordinary stomach upset—is liable to follow. In a very useful book, called "Feeding the Family," Mrs. Mary Swartz Rose, who is one of the country's authorities on diet, gives instructions regarding what to eat in warm weather, as follows:

"With a lessened amount of food, care should be taken to choose those things which are most likely to prove easy of digestion—simple dishes and not too many kinds at any one meal. Foods rich in fat, which of all the foodstuffs is most likely to retard digestion, should be withheld—pastries, cakes, sauces and gravies. Hot breads, particularly with syrups or honey, are especially liable to fermentation at such a time. Protein foods—meats, eggs, fish, fowl, cheese—which most deserve the term 'heating foods,' should be used in moderation. The diet should consist of a very moderate allowance of lean meat, or its equivalent in eggs, cheese, milk or other meat substitutes; vegetables very simply cooked, as baked potatoes, boiled onions; or vegetables served as crisp salads with French dressing, cream dressing (cream and vinegar), or merely a little vinegar and seasonings; fruits—cooked when there is doubt as to their perfect ripeness, or for a person with whom they have any tendency to disagree—and eaten in moderation. Cold deserts, of gelatine, cornstarch, tapioca, or frozen milk, or fruit juices, are not

only easy of digestion, but refreshing. If taken slowly at the end of a meal frozen dishes will not chill the stomach unduly. This is much better than iced the stomach at the soda fountain between meals."

One of our medical authorities, on the subject of the "house furnace versus the body furnace" says: "If you meet your neighbor and he asks you how many calories of food you consume daily, you will edge away from him and look for the insincerity to glitter in his eye. But if he asks you how much coal you burn in your house furnace, you will become interested, loquacious, boastful, perhaps even learned and didactic, using technical terms and displaying a thorough knowledge of the anatomy and physiology of a house furnace. If there is slag in your coal, you resent it bitterly. If there are clinkers in your furnace, you rail. If your neighbor should tell you that he is burning rosewood, mahogany, barrel stave, cannell, anthracite and bituminous coal just as the humor seizes him, and entirely without regard to the relative cost and heat-producing power of these combustibles, you would then indeed consign him to the psychiatric ward."

Are you doing any better with your human furnace?

EVER GET A "WEEPING SINEW?"

IF you did, it was probably on your right wrist, and came from overenthusiastic baseball pitching, perhaps some slight sprain or sudden wrench, in the Spring. What happens to that sinew, because of changing radically from habits of inactivity under the excitement of new weather to violent exercise, is indicative of what may happen to other sinews and to all or all of the muscles of the body, if the established habits are too radically upset.

One of the reasons why so many soldiers had breakdowns in camp when the army was first recruited, was because before the physical training could be fully organized, incoming men who had been engaged in sedentary occupations for a long time were given

the same strenuous exercises as were men who were accustomed to stiff physical labor. Later, when there was time to properly range for the gradation of exercises, men with weak bodies were started with light training and only given the heavier work to do when they had become properly developed. The so-called "irritable heart" of soldiers was often found to be caused by too sudden forced marching or "double time" before they had been hardened.

The most important muscle in the body is the heart. It is subject to the same laws of



(Continued on Page 74.)



BILLY BRAD MEETS RENT AND TAXES

By Ellis Parker Butler

Author of "Pigs is Pigs"

Illustrated by J. R. Shaver

ONE day when Billy Brad was six years old he went for a walk with his Uncle Peter Henry, who was quite bald, and wore big spectacles with real tortoise-shell rims, and looked as wise as an owl. Billy Brad was taking Uncle Peter Henry to see his little school garden, which was growing very nicely, with radishes and beets and turnips and corn, all in rows. Billy Brad was very proud of his garden. It was one of the best kept and most flourishing of all the little school gardens. Already Billy Brad had pulled so many crispy little red radishes from his garden, selling them to his mother, that he had been able to put a big, round radish dollar in the Savings Bank to keep his big, round birthday dollar company.

When they reached Billy Brad's garden, Uncle Peter Henry said he was amazed and surprised and altogether delighted that it was such a beautiful garden.

"I think you must like to garden, Billy Brad," Uncle Peter Henry said.

"Yes," said Billy Brad promptly, "and I'm going to be a farmer, I am."

"When you grow up?" asked Uncle Peter Henry.

"Yes," said Billy Brad. "Always! When I grow up. And when I don't grow up. And next year. For because Henny is a farmer and I'm going to be a farmer, too, next year."

"Henny?" said Uncle Peter Henry thoughtfully. "Let me see. Henny is Henry Staples, isn't he? And he is one of the boys of the Corn Club, isn't he? And he is growing corn in that little field beyond your house, isn't he? In Mr. Giffen's field?"

"Yes," said Billy Brad, "and I am going to grow corn in Mr. Giffen's field,

ELLIS PARKER BUTLER knows children and has a rare faculty of making things simple. He has made these Billy Brad stories so amusing and yet so instructive that they are being used in the schools. We are fortunate to have such a writer among our contributors.

I am. And I am going to sell my corn, too, I am. And I'm going to have whole lots of big, round corn dollars. And I am going to put them in the Savings Bank, I am."

"I see!" said Uncle Peter Henry. "You want to grow corn and sell the corn, and you want to rent part of Mr. Giffen's field."

"No," said Billy Brad. "I don't want to rent it; I just want to farm my corn on it."

"Well, I don't know, Billy Brad," said Uncle Peter Henry, "but I am afraid you will have to rent it if you want to use it."

"Why will I?" asked Billy Brad.

"Because that ground is very valuable ground and I don't believe Mr. Giffen will let you use it unless you rent it. But I know a good way to make sure."

"What way?" asked Billy Brad.

"Asking Mr. Giffen is the best way to make sure," said Uncle Peter Henry. "Suppose we go and see Mr. Giffen and ask him? Shall we?"

"Yes, Uncle Peter Henry," said Billy Brad.

So Uncle Peter Henry took Billy Brad's hand and they walked toward the field Mr. Giffen owned, because Mr. Giffen was sure to be in his field at that time of day.

As they walked along, Billy Brad wondered what he would have to do if he rented the ground that was owned by Mr. Giffen. He was not quite sure what "renting" ground meant. He did not know whether it meant he would have to plow the ground with some kind of plow, or build some kind of fence around the ground, or take stones off the ground and pile them in a corner. If "renting" the ground meant plowing it with a big plow and two big horses Billy Brad was afraid he was not big enough to "rent" the ground. So he looked up at Uncle Peter Henry and said, shyly:

"Uncle Peter Henry—"

"Yes, Billy Brad?"

"What is 'renting' it?"

"Why, when you rent anything you pay for the use of it," said Uncle Peter Henry.

"For Mr. Giffen's ground?" asked Billy Brad.

"Yes," said Uncle Peter Henry. "Rent is the money you have to pay for being allowed to use the ground another man owns, or for the house he owns, or for a part of the house, or for a store building, or a factory or anything that stands on a man's ground—a barn or a garage or a



And I'm going
to be a farmer

chicken-coop."

"Is it money?" asked Billy Brad anxiously.

"I'm afraid it is, usually, money," said Uncle Peter Henry.

"A big, round dollar?" asked Billy Brad still more anxiously.

"It would not surprise me a bit if Mr. Giffen wanted a big, round dollar as rent for as much ground as you will want to grow corn on," said Uncle Peter Henry, and he smiled, for

Billy Brad looked worried. And Billy Brad was really worried, too. He did not want to give up one of his big, round dollars as rent money.

"But I don't want to pay Mr. Giffen one of my big, round dollars for rent," he said. "I want to keep both my big, round dollars."

"I don't doubt that one bit," said Uncle Peter Henry. "Most of us feel just that very same way about it, Billy Brad. We hate to pay rent! We would far rather live in Mr. Giffen's house without paying him, or use Mr. Giffen's ground without paying him. But I don't see how you can avoid paying rent to Mr. Giffen if you want to use his ground."

"Why can't I?" asked Billy Brad.

"Because, for one reason, Mr. Giffen has to pay taxes on his ground," said Uncle Peter Henry.

"Why does he?" asked Billy Brad.

"Because, if he does not pay his taxes the ground may be taken away from him," said Uncle Peter Henry.

"Why will it?" asked Billy Brad promptly. It was quite wonderful how promptly Billy Brad could ask questions. It was one of the things he could do best. "Why will it be taken away from him, Uncle Peter Henry?"

"Because he is only allowed to own it as long as he does pay taxes," said Uncle Peter Henry. "If he does not pay taxes, the State—which means, All-the-people—takes the ground from him and sells it to someone who will pay the taxes. So Mr. Giffen must pay his taxes if he wants to keep his

land. He has to pay his taxes every year. So, of course, if he lets you use his ground, the very least he can do, and not lose money, is to make you pay as rent the amount he must pay as taxes. And he might ask you to pay more."

"Why might he?" asked Billy Brad.

"Because," said Uncle Peter Henry, "if you pay Mr. Giffen just enough rent to pay his taxes you might not be paying him enough. Perhaps Mr. Giffen borrowed the money to buy the ground and has to pay six cents a year for every dollar he borrowed. Then he might very honestly ask you to add your share of that to the rent."

"Why?" asked Billy Brad.

"Because it is part of what the ground is costing him every year. And if he has to keep up a fence around the ground, he can very honestly ask you to add your share of keeping up the fence to the rent you pay him. And if he can use the ground himself and make money for himself by using the ground and lets you use it instead, he can ask you to add to the rent a part of what he would have made if he had used the ground himself. A fair rent, Billy Brad, is an amount of money equal to all it costs a man to own the property he is renting and to keep it in good repair, plus a fair profit on the money he paid for the property. So all men, who own ground, ask us to pay rent when we use the ground."

Billy Brad walked along beside Uncle Peter Henry but he did not say anything for quite a while. He was trying to think of some way to keep him from paying one of his big, round dollars as rent.

"I know!" he said suddenly. "I know what to do, Uncle Peter Henry."

"What?" asked Uncle Peter Henry, for this time it was his turn to do the asking.

"Why—Why—" said Billy Brad eagerly, "why, I won't have my farm on ground that anybody owns. I'll have my farm on some ground that somebody don't own. For because if somebody don't own the ground somebody don't have to pay any tax."

"Not tax—taxes," said Uncle Peter Henry, correcting him, and then he added: "I'm afraid you won't find any ground like that, Billy Brad."

"Why won't I?" asked Billy Brad.

"Because," said Uncle Peter Henry,



And I'm going
to grow corn

"all the ground is owned by some man or woman or company. Wherever you go, in civilized countries, the land is owned by men or women or companies."

"Why is it, Uncle Peter Henry?" asked Billy Brad, not much pleased with the idea.

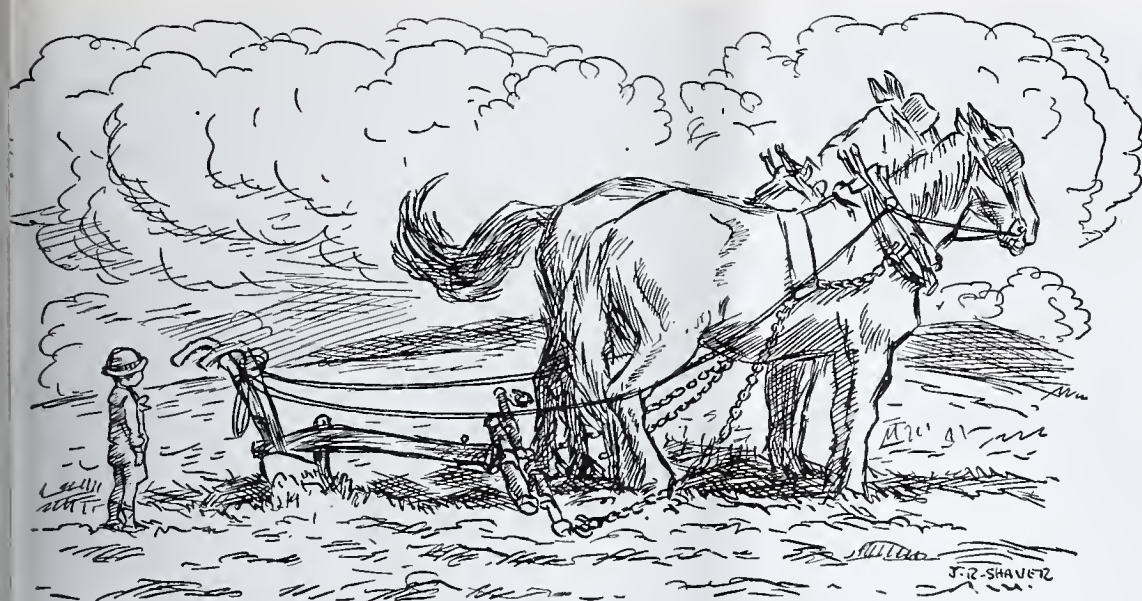
"Because the State—by which I mean All-the-people—lets them own it and wants them to own it," said Uncle Peter Henry.

"Why does it?" Billy Brad asked.

"One reason is that it has been found that men and women and companies make the best use of the ground when they 'own' it," said Uncle Peter Henry. "Every one likes to own things and takes better care of them when he owns them. If Mr. Jones 'owns' a piece of ground and knows he can keep it as long as he pays the taxes, he is not afraid to spend his time and money making a good farm of it, clearing away the brush and stones and putting good fertilizer on it to make the soil rich. If he thought the ground might be taken away from him any time, he would not bother much about making it a good farm. Or, if the ground is in town, and Mr. Jones 'owns' the ground, he is not afraid to spend a great deal of money putting a building on



Or take stones off
the ground and pile
them in a corner



If "renting" the ground meant plowing it with a big plow and two big horses, Billy Brad was afraid he was not big enough to "rent" the ground

He would not do that if it was anybody's and everybody's ground. You can understand that, Billy Brad?"

"Yes, Uncle Peter," said Billy Brad. "So that is, really, why the State or All-the-people—lets One-of-the-people or Another-of-the-people 'own' the ground as long as the taxes are paid."

"Uncle Peter Henry," said Billy Brad, "what are taxes?"

"Well, Billy Brad," said Uncle Peter Henry, "the kind of taxes we are talking about are really rent that is paid to the State by the people who own the ground and the buildings on the ground. The people who 'own' the ground only 'own' it, or have it for their 'own,' as long as they pay the taxes to the State. If they stop paying the taxes the State takes the ground away from them, or sells it to some one who will pay the taxes."

"Would it take Mr. Giffen's ground away from him?" asked Billy Brad.

"Certainly," said Uncle Peter Henry. "If Mr. Giffen stops paying the taxes, the State—by which I mean All-the-people—will take the ground back and sell it to some man who will pay the taxes. Nobody 'owns' any ground for ever and ever, but only for as long as the taxes are paid. So what it amounts to, really, is that the State—All-the-people—is the real owner of all the ground, and the tax is a kind of rent that is paid to All-the-people by One-of-the-people. This is so true that, when All-the-people want the ground that is 'owned' by One-of-the-people (for a street or a park or something that will benefit All-the-people), then One-of-the-people cannot keep the ground. The State can make One-of-the-people

sell the ground whether he wants to or not."

"Billy Brad, the only difference between 'owning' a piece of ground and renting it is that the man who 'owns' the ground can keep it himself as long as he pays the tax-rent, or he can sell it, or give it, to some one else, while the man who rents the ground cannot sell it or give it away but can only use it, and only for as long as the 'owner' has agreed to let him use it."

"Until my corn gets ripe, Uncle Peter Henry," said Billy Brad.

"Right!" said Uncle Peter Henry. "And now do you know what a tax is, Billy Brad? A tax on land?"

"A—a kind of rent," said Billy Brad.

"Right again!" said Uncle Peter Henry. "And do you know what rent is?"

"Yes," said Billy Brad; "it's one of my big, round dollars, Uncle Peter Henry, so I can have my corn farm. For because nobody don't want to pay a big, round dollar but everybody has to pay one. For because my corn farm isn't not my corn farm; it is Mr. Giffen's corn farm. Only I can farm my corn on it!"

"Very well stated," said Uncle Peter Henry, and he patted Billy Brad's shoulder.

By this time they had come to where Mr. Giffen was working in his field. Henny Staples was there, too,

working in his little corn field, which was one corner of Mr. Giffen's big field. He called out "Hello, Billy Brad!" and Billy Brad answered "Hello, Henny!"

Mr. Giffen came and leaned on his hoe and Uncle Peter Henry said:

"Here is another young corn farmer for you, Mr. Giffen. This is Billy Brad and he wants to use part of your field next year. He wants to grow corn. May he have about as much ground as Henry has?"

"Why, yes," said Mr. Giffen. "I think I can let Billy Brad use that

much. And I won't charge him much rent for it either. Of course, this ground is valuable. It is good ground and grows good corn, and I'm glad to use it all myself, but I will rent a piece to Billy Brad for a dollar a year. How is that?"

"A big, round dollar?" asked Billy Brad.

"That's about the size and shape of it," said Mr. Giffen, laughing. "One big, round dollar! And that is low rent, too. I won't say anything about this ground being extra good ground, or what it has cost me to keep it fertilized and fenced. I'll just say that one big, round dollar as rent for a piece of this ground as big as the piece Henny is using, will just about pay the taxes."

"Fair enough," said Uncle Peter Henry, and then he asked Billy Brad: "Do you want to rent the ground for a big, round dollar?"

"Yes, Uncle Peter Henry," said Billy Brad. So that was all arranged and Billy Brad and Uncle Peter Henry started home, hand in hand.

"AND I don't care if I do have to pay rent with my big, round dollar, said Billy Brad cheerfully, "for because I guess, maybe my Uncle Peter Henry will give me another big, round dollar on my birthday. For—for because—will you, Uncle Peter Henry?"

"Billy Brad," said Uncle Peter Henry,

"I can see you are going to be a financial genius—a great financial genius!"

"What is a fe-nankal genius, Uncle Peter Henry?" said Billy Brad.

"Ask me that to-morrow, Billy Brad," said Uncle Peter Henry looking at his watch. "It's supper time now and we'll get left if we don't scoot for home in a jiffy!"





YOUR FRIEND the SHOP GIRL

Frank talk from both sides of the counter

By Margaret Sanborn

Illustration by Lejaren A. Hiller

WHO has not been in the shopping district of a city on a pleasant afternoon and seen the people, gayly dressed, poorly dressed, happy, worried, absorbed, blasé, hurrying along the streets and crowding the aisles of the stores, buying, returning, exchanging, looking, shopping, shopping, shopping; the bargain counter with its feverish women diving into piles, and nervously handling over and over again the same articles; the notion counter, with its customers three deep, impatient and hurried; the misses' suit department, with girls parading up and down, while their mothers watch, undecided, anxious, ruminating, and the salesgirl stands at ease putting in a word of praise.

"I don't like that style."

"Have you this in a smaller size?"

"May I serve you?"

"Haven't you anything less expensive?"

THE picture above might be that of any customer—you—I. How does the girl behind the counter feel? What does she think? If you knew, it might be a great help to yourself and to her when you go shopping. Miss Sanborn considers the question of shopping from both sides of the counter.

"Thank you—good morning!"

These little phrases echo again and again.

Most of us have seen many salesgirls: the haughty dame who wears dresses far surpassing ours and who quells us with a glance; the hurried, tired, nervous

girl who can't help uttering exclamation of weariness, "Ain't fierce to-day?" The talkative girl who explains that her sister bought a coat made of this material and how well it wore; the insistent girl who won't let us leave without the blue hat which she is displaying jauntily upon her marcelled hair.

From these girls, we, the shoppers, expect certain things: courtesy, patience, interest, friendliness. In fact, we demand them and when we don't get them, we register a black mark against the girl and perhaps against the store. But on the other hand, what do they expect from us? Patience, courtesy, interest, friendliness!

THE relation between shopper and shop girl is a definite relationship—a human relation—and it has its difficulties, its stumbling blocks, its stresses, its frowns and its tears. Is there any way that we can get together, customer

and salesperson, so that the stumbling blocks will banish and the frowns melt away, so that everywhere there will be no other sailing both for the man or woman who wants to buy, and the man or woman whose business it is to sell?

Does the shopper who comes into the store, always understand the position of the girl behind the counter, any more than the girl always appreciates the particular need, eccentricity and pocket-book of the customer?

THE girl who shows us samples of silks, and sells us hairpins, or shoes or gloves, is just a plain individual, doing her day's work, like scores of the rest of us, and presumably trying to do it the best she can. And like most people, she has her dislikes, her prejudices, her fit-days, when everything seems to go wrong and she can't keep the weariness and dissatisfaction out of her voice. At times she too gets tired of her job. And her job is one in which the human relation counts for much. She sells to dozens of different people every day. They flock by her counter in unending processions. She has to answer questions untruffled. She has to endure being interrupted again and again when she is busy. She has to make quick decisions of what one might call tight places of social life. To each new customer, she has to adapt herself.

Every big department store has its educational department, and its classes in salesmanship, where these problems of selling, and the problems of the customers are brought up and discussed. The girl is taught to treat everybody alike. A customer is a customer, whether she be rich or poor, impatient and demanding, or considerate and courteous, whether she is buying a hundred dollars worth of goods, or just "looking around." For it is not only the customer that buys to-day that is important to the store. The woman who is just looking around is always a potential customer. If pleased she may come back to-morrow. So towards all alike, the shop girl must be courteous, patient and interested.

"But she isn't," I heard an angry protest rising from scores of shoppers, "I always try to be nice to the saleswoman. I know it's hard work and they get red, but sometimes they are just plain rude to me. They look me up and down as if I were the scum of the earth, and they say they haven't anything my style or my price. And if I don't buy anything, because I don't find what I want, they don't like it. And then they put me aside for a dolled-up woman in a fur coat and earrings or a man who happens to come up to them. You can't tell me that they treat all customers alike!"

No, I'm not going to tell you that, for I expect it isn't true. Theoretically, a customer is a person to be served, but in practice it works out differently.

In most stores, a certain number of dollars worth of goods is allotted to each girl and every day she must sell that amount. That is called "making her book."

It is all worked out very carefully.

In a certain department, hosiery, for instance, a definite percentage of the expenses are due to service; the store can pay just so much for the girls who show stockings, and in order to be worth her wages to the store, each girl must make during the week a definite number of sales. The entries in her book measure her ability at selling hosiery, and her usefulness to the store. It is a very important thing in her life—that book, in which we see her write our names and addresses.

Of course, one poor day does not condemn her, and in some stores, she is not judged wholly by her books; she is watched and rated on her general attitude, personality and character, her appearance, manner, industry, loyalty. But just the same, underneath the events of the day, underneath her greeting to an old customer, underneath her serving of a new one, runs a little thread—whatever happens, she must make her book!

There is another incentive added: she gets a bonus on all the stock sold over the required amount. That bonus, she counts almost as a part of her week's wages, she relies on it to help buy her spring hat and put new sleeves in her last year's silk dress.

Naturally, she wants to sell as much as she can. Naturally, she does not like to waste her morning on a customer who will not buy very much and may not buy at all. Naturally, a little feeling of impatience touches her when she spends half an hour on a shopper who wants to see everything in stock, while around her the rest of the girls are piling up the sales. And her voice grows a bit harsh and her attention wanders when she is waiting on a woman who can't decide between a \$3 and a \$3.50 waist, while a richly dressed customer, in the background, is asking for imported blouses.

ALWAYS confronting her is this problem of the "looker." She has been told to remember that the looker of to-day may be the buyer of to-morrow, but often these lookers try her patience.

"There's a customer comes in here," said one girl, "to look at silks. Every time she gets about a dozen samples, but she never buys a yard!"

"They make up such funny excuses when they don't want a thing," said another girl, and she laughed as she said it, "It don't fit, they usually say. We don't mind them so much, if they let us know right off they aren't going to buy. And we like to help them. A customer may see a collar she likes. We let her look at it to see how it's made and we'll measure it for her, so she can go and buy the material and make it herself."

But, on the other hand, another girl told me, "They never say they're just looking around. They know they wouldn't get attention if they did."

The manner of the looker has a great deal to do with the service she gets. "You can show her all the stock from one end to the other, and she goes away without buying and yet you don't mind—she is so pleasant about it."

Yet another looker may irritate the girl. "She made me show her every

scarf we had and try on each one, too." There was a little rebellious note in the girl's voice as she said that, but it passed in a minute, she shrugged her shoulders and smiled, an amused, tolerant smile, as if at the vagaries of customers. "And after she's taken an hour choosing it, she said, 'I don't want to get this from you,' and gave the sale to another girl!"

That of course is an extreme case. Most customers would not deliberately turn from one salesgirl to another. Yet, don't we often take up the girl's time, looking at coats, find one we like quite well, go and look elsewhere and then come back and buy the coat, from any salesperson who happens to come up to us? In our minds, it doesn't make much difference. We get the coat, the store sells it. But to the original girl it does make a difference. She has spent her time suiting us, and to her in all rights belongs the sale. And if we go back to her, it shows we appreciate her effort and her interest. Even the little words, "If I decide to buy that, I will come back to you," and an appreciative "Thank you," help.

Besides the looker, there is another customer who eats into the precious hours of the salesgirl: the undecided woman and, when shopping, almost all women are undecided.

"IF they like the first thing, they won't ever get it. They won't be content until they've seen twenty others, and then, ten to one, they'll go and look in another store first, before they'll buy it," is the usual comment of the salesgirl.

One girl in the shirtwaist department told me that one customer in an effort to decide between two waists, tried on each one, seven times. Two other girls were present at the telling of this little story. While I gasped, they showed no surprise, merely nodded their heads in confirmation.

That is one reason why men are so popular as customers. They make up their minds quickly. They don't come to shop, they come to buy. They know what they want and they take it on the spot.

A man came into a store once to buy a waist for his wife. At first, he was a bit confused by the variety of materials and styles, but the girl who was waiting on him did her best to help him and in ten minutes the waist was chosen, a lovely waist with Philippine work, a waist that would be becoming to most women and would warm most women's hearts. Then along came a woman, a friend of the customer's.

"How do you think Bess will like this?" he asked her anxiously.

"Oh, I don't think that would suit her at all," came the quick answer.

"Oh, you don't?" There was disappointment in his voice and immediately he began to look askance at the waist that but a moment before had charmed his eyes.

"I'll choose one for her, if you want me to," volunteered the friend.

The man was relieved. "That would be very good of you, and I am rather in a hurry."

(Continued on Page 75)

None So Wise

(Continued from Page 47)

thing out-a gear. She's all right, I tell you. She isn't sick. By Jove, I saw her about two hours ago and she was all right then."

"A lot you know about it," Bertha retorted. "Hasn't she been coughing around here for the last two weeks?"

"She isn't sick, I tell you," Bruce was getting excited. "One doesn't go to bed for a cough. One has to have a fever."

"Fever," Martha echoed and reached out her hands to the radiator. "Now, I must get them nice and hot."

"Well, if you don't believe me," Bertha declared, "go up and see for yourself."

SHE heard Bruce come slowly up the stairs, pondering deeply she knew, for without cause he would never come up the stairs slowly. He paused at the threshold of her room.

"Mom," he called softly.

"Bruce," Martha said weakly.

He came to the side of the bed and sat down. Martha put forth a nice hot hand and he grabbed it.

"Say—what's the matter, Mom?" he asked.

"Nothing serious," Martha told him. "I just have a nasty cough—a nasty cough, Bruce. It is so good of Bertha to come over and keep house for a few days."

Bruce made no reply. He sat immobile beside her, meditating. Martha watched him out of the corner of her eye.

"I'll be all right in a day or so," Martha squeezed his hand. "You see it is just kind of Bertha."

Later Alma came in. "Why, Mamma!" she exclaimed. "I never thought you were sick really, even when you coughed."

"I'm not sick, really—just resting and being careful. It is so kind of Bertha."

"Yes," Alma agreed. "Bertha is so thoughtful. I'll run down now and help her with dinner."

Shortly afterwards, Henry came home.

"Why, Martha," he said as he bent to kiss her. "Why, Martha."

"It's all right," she whispered in his ear. "I'm not really dying you know," and she laughed. "Bertha will keep house for a few days."

"Will Ed eat here?" Henry asked.

"Henry," Martha whispered, "Don't say a word to Bertha about Ed. Do you understand? And like Postum—there's a reason."

Henry reflected, pulling at his chin.

"See, Martha," he said at length.

"I see. Mum's the word, eh?"

Bruce brought up her dinner tray.

"Some eats, I must say, for a sick un," he said as he set it down. "Some eats!"

"But a cold has to be fed," Martha's tone was serious. "You know that, Bruce!"

"Huh!" he grunted. "Go ahead

and eat then. 'Taint no fun at the table without you. And say, if you want any more, ting-a-ling this bell here." He picked the bell up from the tray and gave her a noisy demonstration. "Ring it like that, see. Eat every smell of it, Mom. Eat that cough right out of your system."

Martha laughed after he had left her, and turned to the tray. How tastefully Bertha had arranged everything and how good it all tasted. Always, Martha had been proud of Bertha's cooking, just as she was proud of Alma's beauty and Alma's music.

After supper, the children came upstairs and there was a frolicsome hour in Martha's room. Later Bertha put them to bed.

"We'll sleep in the front room, Mamma," she said. "Dad brought down Bruce's old crib from the attic for the baby."

"Yes, I heard him," Martha smiled wryly, "and I fancy so did the neighbors."

"What's that?" Henry poked his head in the doorway. "I thought I heard—"

"You didn't hear anything," Martha denied. "I was just speaking to Bertha."

"Want me to bring the paper up here and read to you, Martha?"

"No, Henry," Martha considered. "I am going to rest awhile. You stay in the living room. It's more comfortable down there. Come up to see me later if you want to."

AFTER the babies were in bed, Bertha returned.

"Anything I can do for you, Mamma?"

"No, dear. Sit down awhile and rest, Bertha. You look tired."

"I am tired," Bertha confessed. "But somehow I am used to it."

Alma drifted in—a dream of loveliness in the rose-mist dress.

"You don't mind my going to the dance to-night, do you, Mamma? I'd stay home if you needed me."

"But I don't," Martha smiled. "You dance right along. Buster ought to be here soon."

"That dress," Bertha put in, "is simply wonderful."

"Yes, isn't it?" Alma agreed.

"You do have good times, don't you?" Bertha regarded her sister with a latent pride. "You are a very gay bird, Alma."

Alma cocked her head and laughed.

"Yes, it's a great life if you don't weaken." She paused. The bell rang.

"There's Buster now, Mamma." She kissed Martha; waved a hand at Bertha and darted away. "Have a good rest, Mamma," she called back.

Martha looked longingly at Bertha after Alma's departure. She sat silently stitching at a little dress, a fussy little garment for Tots, and Martha, just for a brief instant, felt sorry for Bertha.

Bertha had never owned beautiful clothes but then, Bertha had never cared to own them. Bertha's pleasure had been few and far between. But then, Bertha had never cared so much for pleasure. Bertha's youth had been given—the greater part of it—to her babies. And love. Well, Bertha had love. Martha ceased abruptly to feel sorry for Bertha. Without love she knew youth and pleasure could be a nothing.

"ALMA does have such a good time," Bertha repeated. "I'm awfully glad about Buster really, Mamma."

"Do you ever envy her?" Martha asked.

"Why, no," Bertha threaded a needle. "Why, no, Mamma. She has her pleasures and I have mine. She lives her life and I live mine. I have my home and the babies. The things I like are different. And that reminds me," she paused in her sewing. "Will you keep the babies for me tomorrow afternoon, Mamma? I do want to go to the Mothers' Club Meeting. Mrs. Ralph Lane is going to speak to us on Child Welfare. She is just splendid, Mamma, and I do want to hear her."

"Why, certainly," Martha said. "I can easily keep the babies. I'll get up in the afternoon, just for a little while anyway."

"Just for a little while," Bertha repeated. "Your cough isn't really going to be cured in a day. In the first place, I really planned to ask little Maggie Smith to mind the babies—she does it nicely, Mamma—and have you come with me. I know you'd enjoy Mrs. Lane. She is really a remarkable woman. Raised six babies of her own, Mamma, and at fifty she looks so fresh and care-free and youthful. She has a wonderful way of putting things. You cannot fail to understand her."

"You can tell me what she has to say. I'll mind the babies."

"Yes, I'll tell you," Bertha folded the little garment and rose. "Now, I shall run down and make you some lemonade before you go to sleep."

At three o'clock the next afternoon Bertha came into Martha's room hatless and coated and drawing on her gloves. Martha was reveling in the luxury of reading a book in bed.

"I'm ready to go now, Mamma," she said. "The children are playing in the back room. They won't be any trouble."

"I should say not," Martha declared. "I just love staying with them, Bertha. My, how nice your winter coat looks."

"Yes, doesn't it?" Bertha turned slowly for inspection. "After I dyed and altered it myself, you could never tell it was my last year's coat. You see, Mamma, in these days of high prices—well, one must—"

A sudden scream startled the two. Bertha turned white, darted through



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the door in the direction of the back room. Martha got up, slipped quickly into her dressing gown and followed.

Bertha was down on the floor, rocking in her arms a sobbing Tots. In a far corner, the baby played happily.

"There, there, don't cry, Tots." Bertha moved slowly backwards and forwards, patting the heaving form. "There, there, it will be all right." She looked up quickly as Martha entered. "It isn't much, Mamma. She was playing, I guess, and fell off the chair. It fell too, I think, and struck her on the head."

"More frightened than hurt, I suppose," Martha commented. "Here, Tots, come to me. That's a girl. Mother wants to go out."

But Tots clung to Bertha and refused to be comforted. Time passed. Bertha drew off her gloves, her coat and lastly, reluctantly, took off her hat. Down on the floor, she told stories, played with the babies and restored calm.

"If Bruce had only been home," Martha said, "you might have gone. He can do almost anything with Tots."

"Yes," Bertha considered, "but it's all right, Mamma. I am sorry to have missed the lecture, you know, but it can't be helped. We have to sacrifice so much for our children, don't we?"

Martha said nothing but she thought a good deal. So Bertha was doing the same things that she had done—giving up youth for her children, giving up pleasures for her love. Bertha was learning all that Martha had learned—the toil and the tenderness and the sacrifices of motherhood. Yet she did not this time feel sorry for Bertha.

SUNDAY morning, while the others were at church, she dressed and went down to the kitchen. "I want to help with the dinner," she said.

"But, Mamma, you shouldn't." Bertha tried to be firm.

"The idea," Martha flashed back and looked into the table drawer for the paring knife. Bertha was counting the potatoes into the pan at the sink. "The idea! Why, I haven't been sick, so how can I get better?"

"Well, your cough is going," Bertha contradicted, "and don't you deny it before Ed when he comes over to supper."

"Oh, Ed will be here for supper then!" Martha put it carelessly.

"Why, I expect so." Bertha carried the potato basket back into the pantry. "Why, I expect so, Mamma. Doesn't he always come?"

But this Sunday, Ed did not put in an appearance and Martha was troubled in spirit, indeed; troubled at the silent suffering of Bertha, the way she dallied with her food at the table, looking up suddenly every few minutes, listening towards the front door, striving to be natural, turning again to the table, listlessly.

"Why don't my Papa come?" Tots asked.

"Something doing," Bruce hinted, and Martha nudged him into silence.

Bertha put the babies to bed early and later came in to see Martha, who

was alone in the living room. Henry had gone to church. Alma was out with Buster, and Bruce was over at Charley's. Bertha seated herself on the opposite side of the table within the radiance of the reading lamp. Martha pretended to read but she was waiting for Bertha to speak. Bertha sat with her hands clasped in her lap, staring off into space.

"I wonder what happened to Ed?" Martha asked at length.

"I don't know," Bertha replied, and her tone was lifeless. "I don't know. I just can't understand it. He didn't even phone. It isn't as though we had quarreled, Mamma, for we haven't."

"BERTHA." Martha looked straight at this eldest girl of hers. "Bertha, tell me what made you leave Ed and come over here with the babies? Don't say it was because I had a cold. What made you, Bertha?"

"No, it wasn't your cold—not all of it, Mamma. The cold was a sort of an excuse, wasn't it, Mamma?" She looked at Martha and Martha nodded a reply. "You see," she went on, "I wanted to help Ed in some way and it seemed the only thing I could do was to come away and leave him alone. It was about the business," Bertha paused.

"Yes," Martha encouraged.

"Mr. Baker wants him back in the grocery," Bertha continued. "You know, Ed left his father just before Tots was born. He wanted a down-town job and he got it. He had to dress up, and so it looked like a dressed-up job to him. But it hasn't been one and so now Mr. Baker wants him back and Ed just can't make up his mind to go."

"Why?"

"Well, you see, Mamma," Bertha reflected a moment, "the other job looks more and Ed has got the idea into his head that it's going to pay more. But it won't in the long run. I feel pretty sure of that. It's a good business—the grocery—even if it isn't what you'd call artistic. There's personality in bread and butter and canned goods and soup, if he'd only see it. But Ed can't. He can't make up his mind. He's all at sea."

Martha leaned her elbows on the table.

"Bertha, did you leave him all at sea?"

"Why, I guess I did, Mamma."

"I thought," Martha was earnest, "I thought you wanted to help Ed in all things."

"So I do, Mamma, and so I do in this. I hold that every one is given a mind to use. We have to reason and to think and to plan for ourselves. Ed knows that I feel the grocery is a good thing; a business with a future. But I can't make him see it. He will have to see it for himself. I don't want to nag or urge him into it, Mamma. I want him to go of his own free will, if he goes at all. In other words, I want him to use his mind for himself. I am very strong for the individual, you know. Ed and I belong to each other but we each have our own individuality. So I am trying to help Ed by doing the hardest thing. Some-

times, Mamma, I think nothing could be harder. I'm trying to help him to help himself. All I can do is to wait in silence. I felt that if I left him alone for a few days he would think it out for himself. It seems that is the wisest way."

"You feel," (Martha was pondering deeply) "that in silence there oftentimes the most wisdom?"

"I do!" Bertha passed her hand before her eyes. "I do, Mamma. And sometimes I think I would rather be a fool than try to be the least little bit wise."

Martha went to Bertha and kissed her. Bertha accepted it without comment as Bertha accepted so many things. Almost, Martha expected to hear her say in that polite tone of her childhood, "Thank you, Mamma." There was something about Bertha so fine, so courageous, so unconquerable. All that she demanded for herself—freedom to think and act in her own way—she would not deny to another. And Martha understanding how Bertha felt, respected and loved and cherished her the more.

Monday morning, Mr. Baker called up. Martha heard Bertha at the phone. "Yes, I'll come over," she heard Bertha say. "Anything wrong? No? Just want to see me? Come to the grocery? All right. In half an hour? Yes."

"You'll keep the babies, won't you, Mamma?" Bertha came into Martha's room, pinning on her hat. "He won't be long and Mr. Baker wants to see me."

"I wonder what he wants?" Bertha asked.

"I suppose he wants to remonstrate with me about Ed. He wants me to talk to Ed; stir him up; send him back to the grocery. But I won't. When Ed goes back, if he ever does, he will take care of himself. But I'll stick up for Ed. I've done it every time. It doesn't matter if he doesn't think the way I do, or feel the way I do, he belongs to me and I love him."

Bertha went away worried but ready to stand firm; ready to stick by no matter what might come. She went away worried and came back radiant.

"Oh, Mamma, what do you think?" She bounced on the bed. "I went to the store and there was Ed. I told him, in behind the counter, wearing a white apron. 'Ed,' I asked him, 'what made you do it?' 'You see,' he said. 'I had a long talk with father last night. You did, Bertha. I believe the wisest little wife in the world.'"

MARTHA drew the happy face to her and kissed it. Bertha did not resist as Bertha so often did. Her head remained a minute on the pillow and then she turned to the head of Martha.

"I wonder," Martha smiled, "I wonder what you would say if I suddenly recovered this afternoon; recovered enough to get dinner, so that you could trot on home. I wonder what you would say."

"I'd say," Bertha smiled, "I'd say, I have the wisest little mother living!"



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DORCHESTER, MASS.

May Red Cross Magazine

BRINGING THE HOME INTO THE SCHOOL

(Continued from Page 35)

by the Industrial Arts Class—performing on the little stage of the school auditorium. However, she does it, Miss Lucey “gets” the families.

As an example, one day, not long ago, she went to call on a mother who had not been very friendly to the school. A neighbor, seeing her enter the house and fearful that something might happen, hurried in after her, shook her fist in the mother's face, and pointing at Miss Lucey, spoke in threatening tones to the mother, “You do what she say!”

A great part of the work is done through the Community House, which stands next door to the school. It is a roomy, light, old-fashioned house with a big yard and a garden. In its living room, the little children of the kindergarten gather in their miniature chairs. There are held the Mothers' Meetings. And out in the roomy kitchen, the girls who are mentally below normal and cannot follow the regular academic study, are taught laundry work and cooking. Not only do they learn how to prepare a meal, but also how to serve it; how to keep the pans and pantry clean, and the china orderly and glistening. They put up the vegetables from the big garden; and every noon they serve lunches to the teachers.

On the second floor is the library, the room where Miss Lucey gives her home nursing courses, and two other rooms in which, during the war, the Red Cross Unit stitched and folded and knitted. But the top floor is Miss Lucey's pet. That is being fixed up into music studios, for the Baldwin Street School is allied with a Music Settlement, and about 150 music lessons are given every month in the Community House. On the wall of one of the studios hangs a picture which the school children themselves gave Miss Lucey. It meant the saving of many pennies and the thought and loyalty of many little hearts.

ALL the pictures in the house are interesting, if only for the simple reason that most of them are not hung. They stand around on mantel-pieces and bookshelves, and the children can take them down, hold them in their hands, look at them, even carry them home for their parents to see.

Down at the school, there are movies on Thursday evenings for parents and children alike. And the parents come, too. Here, again, they touch the life of the school, for many of the motion pictures are connected with the school classes and lessons, and the children explain them to their mothers.

I wonder if many of us realize the big work that our schools are doing, what, in fact, the public school really means. A visit to the Baldwin Street School is, indeed, an eye-opener. At noon, the children with milk pails trip into the milk station, which the school

maintains in order that the people of the neighborhood may get milk below the prohibitive price. At the station, they can buy their milk at a reasonable price, providing they bring from home a clean and covered pail.

And, after the bell has rung and the afternoon session has opened, how many countless activities! Here are boys playing basketball in the gym, tearing around in their stocking feet, breathless, shouting. In another room, boys whose minds are below normal and cannot follow the regular course, are weaving cane seats for chairs. At this, they earn money, just as the girls do at their laundry work. The boys are good cobblers, too. On the stage of the auditorium, a class of boys and girls are practicing a folk dance under the direction of the physical training teacher. And, in the wash-room, four little Italian girls, who were not properly bathed at home, are standing under the showers, rubber caps over their heads, laughing as the water splashes on their little bare, brown backs.

And how happy the children seem! They come from poor homes, they are often ragged and poorly clad, yet there is a smile on their faces as they come hurrying from the playground, or cross the street towards the school, and there is a gay note in their voices as they pass their “social worker,” and call out, “Hullo, Miss Lucey!” They know that she is their friend!

THE MELTING POT SOMETIMES MELTS

By Winifred Carr

IT WAS, perhaps, a somewhat frightened and very much bewildered lad who stood with the soil of the new world under his feet and the breadth of the Atlantic behind him. He had come adventuring and, therefore, he had little baggage. In his hand, he tightly clutched an envelope, bearing an address which he could not read:

“Giuseppe Nardi, South Norwalk Conn., U. S. A.” He knew that South Norwalk was where his brother, who had preceded him across the ocean by a few years, lived. He stood waiting his eyes taking in the new scenes around him, his heart, perhaps, still lingering on soft Neapolitan shores. Newcomers to this country are not permitted to stand and wait, however, and somehow before long, the young adventurer found himself on the train, going, he knew not whither, but probably to the town where Giuseppe lived because he had shown the address on the envelope to everyone who had spoken to him.

THAT was seven years ago. To-day Angelo Nardi, at twenty-three, is an example of what happens to the man who catches the American idea. Seven years ago, he was an Italian whose native land could not give him all he asked of life. To-day, he is an American, not only by virtue of his papers of citizenship, but American in heart and thought and purpose, and, as if in compensation of it all, he has worn the uniform of the American soldier.

Nardi did not find this country “Tom Tiddler's Ground” that he had embellished by his boyish imagination had painted it. From the first, he followed the trade he had begun to learn under the apprenticeship of his uncle in Italy—shoemaking. He helped his brother in Norwalk until he had saved some money, then he bought a business.

Things seemed promising enough after that, and the new American was going to night school and learning to read and write English, when, one night, a fire destroyed his shop and all its equipment. Nothing to do but start over again, somehow, somehow, and thus he eventually drifted back to New York.

BUT Angelo is an adventurer like the true adventurer, he has always been unafraid and undaunted. His fortune only spurred him to new efforts. Feeling that success was bound to come



“Work and be happy” is Angelo Nardi's watchword. And he smiles as he works



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sometime, he has worked hard and absorbed the new life that pressed around him.

"If a man is true," says Nardi, in his carefully enunciated English, "people will know it and trust him. America is a land of gold, but it is of no use for foreigners to come here thinking to possess some of its gold without earning it. In Italy, a poor man is always poor, but here a man can be anything if he is not afraid to work. Work hard and be happy!" Thus runs his philosophy.

"I like America! I like American ways; I like to live right and wear good clothes. I did not come to America to live like an Italian. The old way did not suit me. Some of my countrymen, they come over here and live in one small room with a wife and three, four, maybe five children. That is not right. I have a nice, big room all to myself. I enjoy it. I enjoy dressing right and living right and working hard."

Asked if he would marry an American girl, Angelo's eyes grew soft and a boyish blush darkened a skin that betrays a hint of Lombard blood in its fairness.

"I do not know," he replied smiling. "I will marry the girl I love, yes. That reminds me of Francesca. A brother of mine, he writes from Italy, saying: 'You remember Francesca. She is grown up now. She is beautiful. Why do you not send for her and make her your wife?' But I say to him, 'No, in America we do not do that. I remember Francesca and I am sure she must be beautiful, but how do I know that I can love her or that she will care for me? For seven years, I have not seen Francesca and I will not marry her unless I love her.' I would marry an Italian girl, yes," he paused, and a twinkle lit up his eyes, "if she likes American ways!"

NARDI has been in his present business location in New York for about a year. He tells of his last beginning, following his discharge from the army—"broke," of course. He needed three hundred dollars to make the first payment on the equipment of the vacant store. As well had it been three million. Telling his troubles to a countryman of his, one day, a man who hails from the same little village of Castlegrandia as Nardi, his friend said: "I give you three hundred dollars." And he went into his store and came out with the bills in his hand. He asked for no IOU; no security; only Nardi's word. "If a man is true," says Nardi, "people will know it and trust him." Nardi bought the store. He does not believe in second rate or careless workmanship. "At the prices people are now compelled to pay for their shoes," he says, "it would not do to put poor work on them when they need repairing." Nardi can re-sole a dancing slipper as neatly as he can finish a longshoreman's brogan. Not only has he paid off the entire debt on the store, during the past twelve months, but he has never forgotten his mother, who still has her little shop back in Castlegrandia. By spring he intends to have an assistant and, later on, a partner, and so will go on, being a "regular" American, working hard and being happy.

I Discover My Government

(Continued from Page 11)

\$480,000 will be made to be divided equally among them.

This Act will be administered by the Federal Board of Maternal and Infant Hygiene, of which the Chief of the Children's Bureau will be the executive officer.

The work done under this Act must include instruction in the hygiene of maternity and infancy through public health nurses, consultation centers and other suitable methods, and the provision of medical and nursing care for mothers and infants at home or at a hospital when necessary, especially in remote regions. The Act also provides for the co-operation of the State Boards with the State universities or land grant colleges in furnishing popular, technical instruction in the hygiene of maternity and infancy and kindred subjects.

It would be well for every man and woman who reads this to remember that the Bill is known as the Sheppard Towner Bill. Senator Morris Sheppard of Texas has introduced it in the Senate where its number is 3259. Judge Horace Towner of Iowa has introduced it in the House under number 10925.

It should be passed and it will be passed. The Children's Bureau will be a sponsor for the carrying out of its provisions. No man who has read the following letter, typical of hundreds in the Bureau's files, could vote against it.

"Last April a family came and took up a homestead adjoining this ranch on the east. Mrs. Blank was pregnant and already had three children, all less than 11 months apart. They had a little tent, and Oh! the dust and heat! There is a log cabin on our ranch and just couldn't bear to think of her lying in that tent, so my husband moved them all over here. Her baby was born in the night. Her husband came over after me and I was alone with her. They had no doctor or nurse. She was terribly ill.

"I did all my own work, went back and forth to the cabin, got all the meals for both families, and did washing for both families. I kept her in bed as long as I could. She is very miserable now, merely dragging around. If she could only have had care! But there are very poor and, besides, we were too far to get a doctor inside of seven hours.

"Two weeks ago, another mother took sick and went into awful sinking spells. There she lay all day with neighbor women around. I only stay until after the baby came. The mother lived four days and never came. About three hours before she died they got a doctor there. He said if he had been sent for in time he could have saved her.

Let Congress pass the Sheppard Towner Bill and let the Children's Bureau come into fullest expression of its code of service: To safeguard every American mother and every American baby to make better Americans for a better America!

The Bedtime Story Man

(Continued from Page 17)

as and Canada, there are now over
separate sanctuaries.

Burgess has written 2,800 stories and
every one of them has put truth first.
tists don't like what they call
ter" stories. Ordinarily, "Mister
" and "Mister Possum" and the
"mistress" of fiction writers, who
apt to deal with animals, conduct
selves in a manner contrary to
the rules of wild life. The writer
uly knows more about the rules of
n than he does about natural
ry. Burgess has won over the
tal history scientists by sticking
te truth.

has taken some plugging and
ng, I'll tell you," he said the other
y "I've gone to the scientific books
boulled them apart to get little bits
bsolute fact. I haven't permitted
elf to guess or imagine a single thing
ot wild animals."

Burgess has only once been chal-
ged on facts. He tells about "Chat-
e the Red Squirrel" stealing corn
a crib and hiding it away in his
rus storehouses. A man in Ohio
him up.

he red squirrel doesn't steal corn
n cribs and he has only one place
ich he lays aside his winter sup-
said the writer.

is challenge Burgess took up.
hew the red squirrel and its habits.
he red squirrel behaves the same
clear across the continent," he ex-
ied to me, in telling the story.
I job was to find out what squirrel
shan in Ohio was acquainted with.
investigated and discovered that he
alking of the 'Rusty fox squirrel,'
it has a reddish hue."

HAT we ordinary tame-world
folks don't know about our
ers in the wild world would fill
o; indeed, this lack of information
ing books—Burgess' books. Not
ago, in Minneapolis, at a conven-
of teachers, Burgess asked 3,000
ers this question:

as a bear a tail? If anyone knows,
r raise her hand."

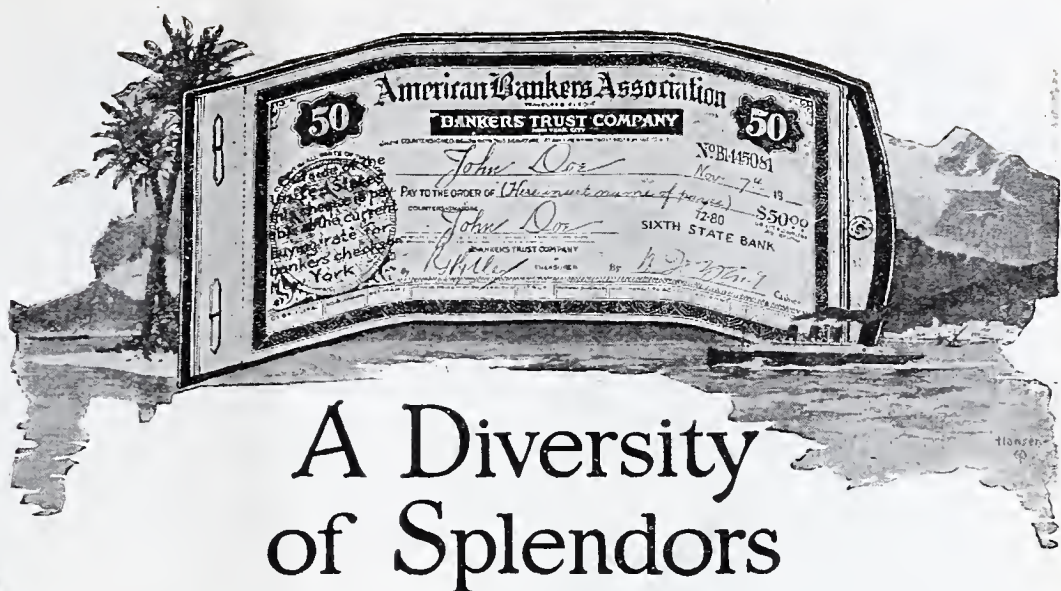
N a hand went up.
Al then Burgess described his im-
labors in libraries and in scien-
circles in learning all there was
ow about the tail of a bear.

T long ago Burgess, in a series of
stories, wrote about a heron. He
n to a point where he wanted to
sbe its eyes.

Wat color are a heron's eyes?
Bgress didn't know, he admits. No
he could find gave him the truth.
ld seen herons but had never noted
e of their eyes. Whereupon, he
ep the story.

Alast, after doing things he didn't
ll want to do for almost a third of a
ty, Thornton W. Burgess has
nto his life work.

W Americans can be proud of him,



A Diversity of Splendors

ALL that the Old World has to offer and more, infinitely more, is to be found in your own United States. The quiet waters of a tropic sea, or the sun splashed peaks of snow-crowned mountains; the golden light that floods the fields of Italy, or the haunting charm of long forgotten hamlets—people, places, customs and creeds and the fascination of finding them, lie at your very threshold.

When traveling this season, assure yourself of unalloyed enjoyment by converting your cash into

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"A·B·A" American Bankers Association Cheques

Unlike cash, "A. B. A." Cheques are not almost a certain loss if lost or stolen for they cannot be cashed without your countersignature in the presence of the acceptor;

Unlike personal cheques, "A. B. A." Cheques automatically identify the holder and are universally accepted by banks, hotels and tradespeople and transportation companies;

Unlike letters of credit, "A. B. A." Cheques do not make the holder dependent upon banking hours, but they can be cashed whenever and wherever presented.

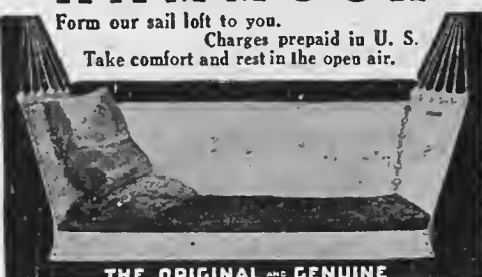
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New York City

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Simply turn a valve and cook

30 Days Trial

The Oliver Oil-Gas Burner is an attachment that makes any cooking or heating stove a gas stove. No coal or wood. Cooks and bakes better than coal or wood in the same stove.

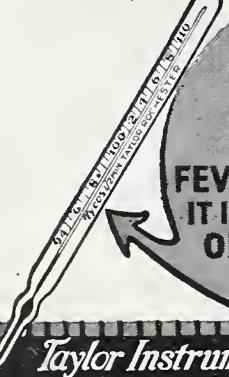
Makes Its Own Gas from coal oil (kerosene) at one-fourth the cost of city gas. Everybody knows gas means cleaner, cheaper, quicker cooking, and a cooler kitchen. No fires to start, no ashes, no chopping, shoveling, poking and dragging of coal. Saves hours of work and loads of dirt. No smoke nor odor. You regulate heat with valves. Simple, safe, easily put in or taken out. Simply sets on grate. No damage to stove. Lasts a lifetime. Thousands of users. **IN USE TEN YEARS.**

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made of Borax, Iodine and Bran is a sure and safe relief for those tired, aching, tender, swollen, burning

FEET

that have been causing you so much pain. 25c, all druggists, if unobtainable at your druggist, sent direct on receipt of price.

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711-719 Kent Ave.
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

because he stands, before millions of our children, for kindness, for gentleness, against killing, and for truth. And we can be proud of our millions of children who have come to love Burgess for the things he teaches them.

The whole story of Burgess' tremendous success is distinctly American; it couldn't happen anywhere else. It is based on service to us and to our children. It is full of happiness and pleasure. It is an American thing that heads, with other American things, toward the better days we Americans know must come.

If the children and the birds can elect a President all the boy that's left in me says:

"Thornton Burgess is my man!"

A New Kind of Indian Story

(Continued from Page 31)

one another, two powerful men, shook hands, and on the signal Motanic thrust out, caught Gotch in his great arms, and lightly, easily, as if the wrestler had been a hand ball, threw him eight feet off the mat. Then he calmly folded his arms, looked at the Pendleton athletes, and laughed.

Motanic had become more dangerous than ever. He had proved he was stronger than the world's strongest man. Who could influence him after that? Rapidly, from now on, his outlawry increased. A bitterness seemed to be deep beneath everything else in his soul, a bitterness brewed back in those lonely childish years. Of an intensely proud, high-spirited nature, the humiliation of his little-boy life had apparently cut too deeply for forgiveness or forgetting. He had conquered but he had not learned to love. Drinking, gambling, stealing squaws, terrifying camps, he was headed straight for destruction, for everyone knew that no man could take Motanic alive.

THINGS had reached a place where the sheriff was only waiting for the right opportunity, when, one dark night, riding away into the mountains, crazed with bad liquor, his horse stumbled and fell, rolling down a steep ravine among the jagged rocks. Motanic, badly cut and bruised, lay there helpless with his horse, groaning out its life by his side. All night he called to his "Weyekin" to aid him; but no aid came. As he grew weaker from loss of blood, he ceased calling on his "Weyekin" and lay there limp and still in the vast mountain solitude. Gradually there came over him a new peace, a truer understanding. He felt at last completely alone with the Great Spirit. He saw how wrong he had been, saw that the Great Spirit was beyond the "Weyekin" and must be listened to first; saw that the "Weyekin" was like himself, sometimes right and some-

times wrong, but that the Great Spirit was always right. As he told it in his own words: "I got hurt; I got sick in my mind; I found God in the trees. I got comfort!"

Some days later, he appeared at the reservation and told those he found there—the white missionary among others—that he was through with the old life forever; he wanted to know the right way in all things; he wanted the white man's God to speak to his heart always, as he had spoken among the trees. It was no "death-bed repentance," but a life vision that Motanic had gained in the long silence of the night. He was softened; he was humanized; he wanted love.

HE set about at once to undo all the wrong he had ever done. He married a wife "white man's way," established himself on his allotment of land and built a good house. He began with his own hands to clear the gray sage-brush covered plateau over which he had ridden so lawlessly all his life and to plant it with wheat. The terrific task of subduing the virgin soil, making it yield bread for man, putting something the human race most needed into existence, seemed to fire his imagination as a man's size job. He went at the mighty task with his powerful resources of body and mind, conquering the soil, learning the secrets of the seed, the will of machinery, the effect of winds and weather on planting, growing and harvesting. But a few seasons ago he had changed the sage-brush plain lying all about him—waste from the beginning of time—into fields bursting with grain. In industry, terrific industry, he has found expression, and in his wife and children an answer to the aching loneliness that once filled his life. He is a full-fledged citizen now and he votes, and votes with care. Though he has never learned to read and write, he is educating his children in the best schools available. He is a booster of good roads, good homes and good schools, and is, in every respect, a valuable, productive citizen whose leadership has made of the people successful wheat growers and the finest Indian types in all the Northwest.

The outstanding thing about Motanic as I left him there in the midst of his sea of wheat with his children about him, seemed to me his consciousness of power—a power not of the seen but of the unseen—and his tenderness. One little afflicted child, how tender he was toward him! And how tender of all his children. His home, his family, his children, the oncoming younger Indians, these are his life; and guiding him in guiding them is that sense of spiritual communion which is so strong and real a thing with him. He still goes alone to the deep quiet places of nature and turns his face to the heavens, and listens, and hears, and is serene.

From far across the golden fields that are Motanic's, I think I hear in the vibrant voices of the young Indians in their hymn, "More of His grace to others show!" and I wonder if there is a better way for any of us?

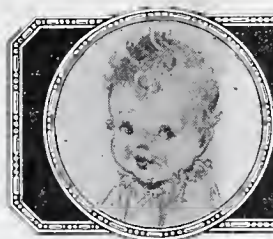
Borrowing on Character

(Continued from Page 22)

large of the transaction. The bank is the merchant the balance of the purchase price when the goods are sight. The customer in ten monthly payments pays to the bank a sum equal to the difference between the total purchase price of the goods and the full cash payment he made at the time when buying the goods. For ten months of credit the customer pays the bank merely the legal interest on the amount which the bank has paid to the merchant and an additional one per cent of the purchase price of the goods bought—the extra one per cent covering fire insurance on the goods. The total amount of the excess that a customer buying on the newest Morris Plan idea must pay is infinitesimal, however, as compared to the wallop which the "Easy Payment Credit House" merchant usually takes at the consumer's wallet in return for long-term credit.

THE old-time national bank man, watching from his window the new Morris Plan bank blossoming into life across the street, cannot take exception, no matter how old-fashioned or conservative his own methods may be to this new-fangled new-comer just moved in Main Street. The national banks of the country, the banker of another day must know, have outstanding loans a sum virtually three times as much as the total amount of currency in the United States. If our national money stock were divided equally among Americans, each person would receive about \$27 in cash; if our outstanding national bank loans could be converted into cash and distributed each of us would receive \$30!

It is this "expansive power of credit" which, thanks alone to Mr. Morris, at last and for the first time in America has been placed at the disposal of the poor, as it always heretofore was at the disposal of the rich. To tell of the happiness brought to hundreds of thousands of breaking hearts, of the suicides prevented, the families kept together, the sick healed and the dead buried, the little shops and homes and men saved, the hopes reborn, the men and women remade again—there we should have a "bank report" the pages of which would bleed if cut or torn. A man employed behind a Morris Plan counter could recount these human tales unnumbered, but he would need more pages than are to be found on one of Dr. Eliot's five-foot shelves of books in which to retail them. It was left to some anonymous poet to epitomize it all in a paragraph when describing the laborer who borrows on the plan depicted by Mr. Morris: "He has his no: at this bank, just like the manufacturer; and he meets it, just like the manufacturer, and he gazes at his un-morgaged bedstead, winds his un-morgaged watch—and sleeps!"



Aunt Belle's Comfort Letters

Baby's Eyes

Aunt Belle is a real person and that is her real name. She knows a lot about babies. Why not write to her about your babies?

Dear Anna:—

So many mothers seem not to appreciate how sensitive and easily strained are Baby's eyes. Just a little neglect has often impaired an infant's vision for life.

Never let a baby look at pure white. I have seen many bassinets completely draped with white. Always mix in other soft, neutral shades.

Don't you remember how it strained your eyes when you were making bandages during the war? Also, never place baby outdoors so he must look at a white house on which the sun is shining.

I agree with you fully that no one ought to experiment on Baby's skin. There may be talcums as good as Mennen Borated, but I know there are many which are very inferior.

A Talcum that has held the confidence of mothers, nurses and doctors, for over forty years is the kind that I prefer to use on my babies—and on my own skin, too.

Grandma was saying the other day that she used Mennen's, in the familiar blue can, on Mother, who used it on me, and I use it on my young ones. Mennen's must be safe to be handed down that way from generation to generation.

Lovingly,
BELLE.

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

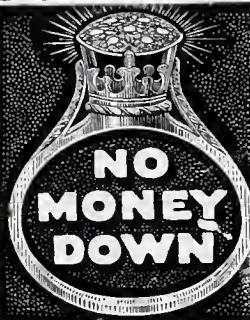
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Magnificent Solitaire Cluster containing seven blue-white, perfect-cut, gorgeous Diamond; mounting of platinum. Looks like a magnificent \$350.00 single stone. First payment, only if thoroughly satisfied, \$15.50. **Balance in ten payments—only \$6.20 a month. De Luxe catalog FREE.** Shows the largest assortment of the most exquisite jewelry, dazzlingly brilliant Diamonds, newest style rings, all standard makes of Watches, beautiful Silverware and French Ivory Toileware. Everything at rock-bottom price—anything on 10 Months' Credit. Address Dept 85-K.

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Keep the Hair in Place

5 Different Sizes—Stand 10¢ Packages Everywhere.

HUMP HAIR PIN MFG. CO.
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How to Put on Flesh

I can improve your figure, build up your strength—fill out your neck, chest, etc.
I KNOW I can because I have helped over 40,000 women gain 10 to 35 pounds.

One pupil writes: "one year ago I weighed only 100 pounds—now I weigh 126, and oh, I feel so well and so rested!"

I can help you attain your proper weight. In your room. Without drugs. By scientific, natural methods such as your physician approves.

If you only realized how surely, how easily, how inexpensively your weight can be increased, I am certain you would write me at once. Tell me your faults of health or figure.

I respect your confidence and I will send you my booklet, free, showing you how to stand and walk correctly.

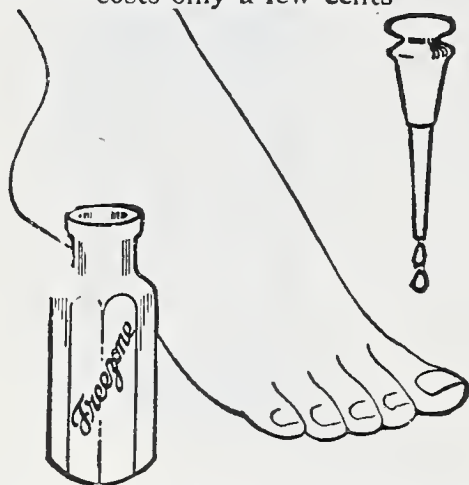


Susanna Cocroft

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Lift off Corns with Fingers

Doesn't hurt a bit and "Freezone" costs only a few cents



You can lift off any hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the hard skin calluses from bottom of feet.

Apply a few drops of "Freezone" upon the corn or callus. Instantly it stops hurting, then shortly you lift that bothersome corn or callus right off, root and all, without one bit of pain or soreness. Truly! No humbug!

Tiny bottle of "Freezone" costs few cents at any drug store

The Songbirds Are With Us Again — But Are They With You?

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Dodson Bird Houses Win the Birds

Because they are scientifically built: constructed of sturdy material by a bird lover who lives in a bird sanctuary surrounded by song birds. A Dodson home offers protection and comfort that attract the birds like a magnet.

ORDER NOW! Our songbirds are a charming economy—they will protect trees, shrubs and will cheer you with their song.

FREE BIRD BOOK—sent on request, illustrating Dodson line, giving prices; also beautiful colored bird picture free.

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777 Harrison Avenue, Kankakee, Illinois
Dodson Sparrow Trap guaranteed to rid your community of these quarrelsome pests. Price \$3.00

The Gifted Child

(Continued from Page 42)

desire. The same thing that has spoiled my life, made it bitter, shall follow him and cause him to sorrow. Do not, I beg of you, let this happen. Direct my son that he shall let this thing go. Let him turn to something that will make him happy. I would not have him sorrow as I have done."

"But your son is happy. He is going to be happier as time goes by. His dream is coming true. He is going to do all that you hoped to do."

"I can but warn you and him," he said sadly. "I am afraid, afraid."

The gift was bestowed on the child not for himself, not for his father, not for the school. It belongs to his race. The school must stand by and sustain the child in his struggle to bring his offering forth in full strength and beauty.

Steadily the boy worked on. He had nearly completed his study of Samson breaking the jaw-bone of the lion when a visitor came to the studio. He seemed to be an old friend of the sculptor. The two talked quietly off in the corner while the "Poor Fish" worked.

At last they crossed the room to where he stood and the boy noticed that the stranger had kind eyes and very large hands. He began to talk. At first the boy replied in his usual fashion, a look, a nod, a couple of words. Soon he forgot himself and was talking, his face aglow, his hands working. Occasionally, the visitor would slip in a word, and the "Poor Fish" would take up the conversation and talk on, rapidly illustrating his meaning with a pinch of clay in his flying fingers.

WHEN the visitor went away the boy and his teacher carefully wrapped the lion and the struggling man in damp clothes and sat down to talk it over.

"Isn't it great?" said the teacher. "He said he would accept it for the Exhibition. That is the first step up. Oh, you'll make it. You have it in you. It is all there in that big hand and that wonderful thumb."

The "Poor Fish" smiled. "Remember how bad I felt about my thumb?" The "peck" of the class teacher had gone deep.

"Well, I wouldn't think another thing about it. A thumb is beautiful when it can make beautiful things."

"Won't father be pleased when I tell him?" said the "Poor Fish." "I must hurry home. I could sing for joy when I think of how happy he will be. He is always afraid for me. Always afraid that I shall suffer."

"You say I am only a little boy but I know many things that you think I cannot know. I learned them from my father. I know what it is to suffer and to be afraid."

"My life is to be happy. It is not to be sad. To-day, it rains a little, well, to-morrow, it will shine. This morning, I was ready to weep with dis-

couragement and the children called me "Poor Fish." This afternoon your friend says my work is good and I am crazy with joy."

Another of the gifted ones was pluming himself for flight. He must soon soar away—soar to heights where we may not follow. He must follow his quest alone.

In the old country, the village might send a gifted one away to the University that he might develop his gift and shed luster on the town of his birth.

Now and again, a family gave all they had that the gifted one might have his chance and grow to his honor and theirs. Here and there, a gifted one was saved. But too often he was pushed aside, misunderstood, tolerated or ignored.

THE American Public School guarantees to all its children equal opportunity for education and growth. It should do more than that. It must guarantee the right of the children to be as different as they wish to be. It should protect those differences, those gifts, as the sacred heritage of the race.

The gifted ones blaze the trail for the progress of the race. It is they who carry the race forward.

They make the music that cheers the world.

They tell the stories that lead it to forget the sadness of to-day in the hope of to-morrow.

They build the bridges between the Past and the Future.

They search out the secrets of the hidden things of the earth and behold a new world is born.

They paint the pictures of the beautiful things that were and which the memory of the world holds sweet.

They preach the gospel of faith and good works and the world gains strength to hold on.

Cherish then, those who come among us bearing gifts!

Health

(Continued from Page 58)

strength and weakness as are the other muscles. If it is not properly exercised, it grows weak; if given hard work to do without sufficient preliminary training, it is overtaxed and injured. Cases of radical heart weakness should always be treated, of course, under the supervision of a doctor. But anyone who has a heart or other muscle weakness needs mainly to remember that sudden strength does not come like a sudden hot day; but rather that it develops gradually, like the coming of the spring buds.

Your Friend the Shop Girl

(Continued from Page 63)

For three-quarters of an hour, the salesperson showed waists to the friend. Finally she brought forward ruffly, soft crepe de chene. The friend was not satisfied and the girl's waist was not entered in the book. The sale which the girl had made to the friend, and the work she had put into making it were all undone, and the time and effort were as naught.

At bottom, most girls like their customers.

"I haven't had many disagreeable experiences," they say, "I like 'em. I usually get along pretty well with 'em."

One girl was complimented on her manner toward a customer. She smiled and she answered, "Why, you couldn't be being nice to her. She was reasonable and polite and knew what she wanted."

To that salesgirl, the relation between her and her customer was a two-fold relation. She had her part to do, but the customer had hers, too!

The personal touch between customer and salesgirl is very frequent.

"They'd tell us all their life history," said one girl, "if we'd let them but even! we haven't time!"

One motherly old lady came up to a salesperson and said, "I want to ask you a very personal question. How do you girls make both ends meet?"

The girl couldn't be annoyed at this kindly interest, and yet she didn't exactly want to explain her private financial affairs to an utter stranger.

We all like to meet pleasant people, whether at work or play. It is the same with salespersons. They like their customers to be courteous and agreeable. They like them, too, to be decided and frank. If they are just looking on to say so; if they can't afford a change, to tell it without reserve, to state their price limit, if they have a limit, to the girl is not allowed to ask. All the little things help the salesperson in her difficult job of suiting the customer.

What kind of customers don't you like?" I asked a girl.

"The ones who thought a minute before she answered."

"I can't stand those that patronize us. They seem to think we're like servants to be ordered about. Just because we're working for a living don't make the many better than us. Then I don't like it when they decide they want a piece of goods and make you show them twenty others before they'll buy it!"

That is the problem in a nutshell. That is what the shopgirl demands of the shopper: first of all, that they treat her as a human being, who is honorable, working her way and doing her best; that they meet her half-way with politeness, consideration and interest; and finally, that they waste not her time unreasonably—that time, which is as precious to her as it is to them.



Cecil B. De Mille



Thomas H. Ince



Lois Weber



Rob Wagner



Frank Lloyd

5000 New Photoplays Wanted this Year

Producers and stars are searching the country for new motion picture stories. The industry is face to face with a famine in good photoplays. More men and women must be trained to write for the screen if the industry is to survive. Literary genius is not a prime factor to success. Learn how you can now master this new remunerative art more easily than you may believe.

\$250 to \$2,000

For Motion Picture Stories

If you have a spark of creative imagination—if you have any story-ideas—even if you have never written a line for publication, the motion picture industry now offers you an exceptional opportunity. Big prices are being paid for ideas and stories that can be used for motion pictures—\$100 to \$500 for short comedies; \$250 to \$2,000 for five-reel dramatic scripts.

A little over two years ago the famine in photoplays began to become acute. Public taste changed. Play-goers began to demand real stories. Plenty of manuscripts were being submitted, but most were unsuitable; for writers did not know how to adapt their stories to the screen. A plan for home study had to be devised. So Frederick Palmer, former staff writer for Keystone, Triangle, Fox and Universal Studios, and writer of hundreds of scenarios that have been produced, was induced to organize a correspondence course in photoplay writing and selling. The leading producers enthusiastically endorse the Palmer Plan as the one proven method for developing new photoplay writers.

\$3 000 for One Story

One of our students sold his first story for \$3,000. The screen success, "His Majesty the American" (starred by Douglas Fairbanks), and "Live Sparks," in which J. Warren Kerrigan starred, were written by our students. James Kendrick of Texas has sold six stories since enrolling less than a year ago. Many of our members have taken staff positions in studios and many of our successful members begin to sell their stories shortly after enrolling. For you start work on your picture play almost immediately.

Palmer students are entitled to the free and unlimited use of our Consulting Service for one year. This service gives our members the privilege of calling on our staff for help and counsel at any time desired.

Special Contributors

Included in the PALMER Course is a series of printed lectures by prominent motion picture people, whose pictures are shown in this announcement. They cover every technical phase of motion picture production.

Advisory Council

The educational policy of the Palmer Photoplay Corporation is directed by the biggest figures in the industry (See the four illustrations at the top of this advertisement.)

Send for this Free Book

For those who are really interested in this great, new opportunity, we have prepared an elaborate book, "The Secret of Successful Photoplay Writing." It lays before you the PALMER Course and Service in greater detail. Mail the coupon for it now.

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Kate Corbaley



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Eric Howard



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The Editor Speaks

(Continued from Page 2)

people realize the fine thing that he is doing to-day for our children under the guise of amusing them. Not only is the article worth while from this broader standpoint but in it Mr. Shepherd has preserved much of the effect of that beautiful realm of which Burgess is a free citizen.

YOU will notice that we do not publish a great deal of fiction. What we do publish, however, is here for a reason. Fiction of the kind Irving Bacheller writes, of course, carries with it, its own interpretation. As a shrewd, kindly interpreter of an older America to a younger and newer, indeed, none of our present day writers surpasses him.

The Theodocia Pearce story in this issue, in our estimation, however, runs him a close second. Seldom have we read such a simple, moving depiction of ordinary life in an ordinary American home. These stories are like a fresh light on things known but a little dim with forgetfulness—things we will be better Americans for thinking oftener about.

ONE of the men whom we feel particularly fortunate to have interested in the magazine is Angelo Patri. It is an unusual thing for a fine teacher to be able to give the rest of us, the benefit of his wide experience in as vivid a manner as Mr. Patri can. Understanding children is an art, which Mr. Patri has mastered. He particularly deserves a place in our pages.

IN a magazine of this kind, of course, the reason for things like "A Better America in the Making" and "The March of the Red Cross" and our "Health Department" is obvious.

THE Billy Brad series, by Ellis Parker Butler, with its simple exposition of the things which go to make up our civilization is peculiarly the sort of thing we delight in printing. All over the country, lately, school teachers are recognizing their educational value, and in many places they are being reprinted in booklet form for school use. Mr. Butler is rendering us all a real service.

SINCE the day he wrote for us that fine story, "When the Troopship Come In," Frank Ward O'Malley has become very well known to readers of this magazine. In his article, in this issue, he brings to bear that fresh viewpoint which is rapidly making him one of the best writers in the country. He has brought it to bear on an idea which deserves the widest publicity and which is a distinct contribution to a Better America.

READERS of the Magazine will remember that fine poem by Stuart Lake, "Totally Disabled," which we printed in our last number. The one in this present issue is the direct result of the experiences through which he is going to-day. Mr. Lake is a veteran of the American Expeditionary Force who has spent a year and a half in the hospitals in France and the United States, and who has gone through eight operations up to the present time. The spirit that he expresses in these poems is his own point of view on this existence. Here's an excerpt from a recent letter of his: "Still have my head, my hands and my heart but only time will tell how much I'll be able to get around. Surgeons are more or less optimistic and so am I, and I expect to be out of the hospital by July 1st, with crutches and probably will always have to depend on something of that sort. Certainly, I'll not be able to return to the active physical existence of my pre-war days."

WE hope these little items give you a better understanding of the work and wherefore of this present magazine. We have had many evidences that our policy interests our readers. Our articles, stories and little editorials have been reprinted many times. We believe our readers are getting something from our pages, and some response that idealism and belief in America that is in all of us. At the same time realize our shortcomings. Can you think of any way by which we can better your magazine?

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The March of the Red Cross

(Continued from Page 50)

promising of the boys and girls in Albania and Montenegro have been sent to schools in Constantinople so they can return and teach in the schools of their own native countries. In Italy, a dozen or more schools have been assisted, some five hundred children being thus taken care of who otherwise would have been homeless and left to shift for themselves.

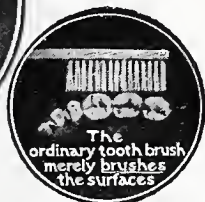
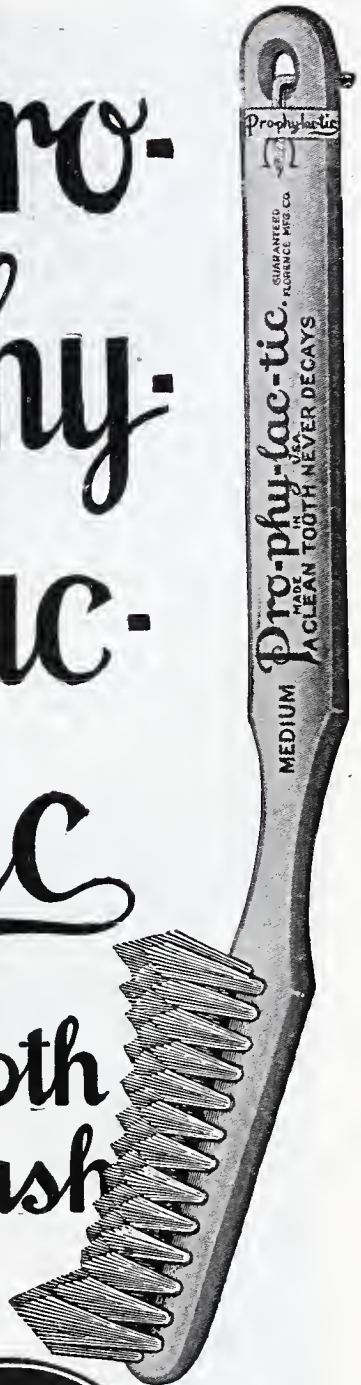
The money involved in this part of the work, however, has been in reality the least part of the achievement of our youthful members. All over the United States these past months, the Juniors have been working like beavers. Thousands of tables and chairs and toys and miscellaneous things have been made in the sewing and manual training classes and have been shipped abroad, mainly to Belgium and France and the rest to the homes of Balkan children. In the New England, South Atlantic, and Middle Western States, ten thousand scrapbooks are now being made up with shears and paste. They contain pictures of buildings and cities, of street scenes and houses, glimpses of every phase of life in this country. They will go first to the children of the Balkans. While their perusal will tell the children of Europe many things about America in case they ever decide to become emigrants, our own boys and girls have been learning higher ideals of service in making them up. When arrangements have been perfected for the exchange of letters and scrapbooks between the children of this country and Europe, the whole plan will be complete. It is an idea which may bear much finer fruit than can be predicted now.

WHERE the work of the faithful Red Cross forces which constitute our rearguard in Europe is concerned, time has seemed only to heap up difficulties. The latest disaster which has claimed their attention so imperatively that it could not be disregarded has been the vast inrush toward Constantinople of an army of refugees fleeing from Russia. To-day, every Black Sea port is crowded with hungry Russians of all degrees of society. All of them are in extreme poverty, clad in rags, many sick and dying. The hegira from Belgium and France in nineteen-fourteen, the suffering and misery on the plains of Poland in nineteen-eighteen, are being repeated all over again.

The task of succoring this vast army has fallen upon the Allies, which has meant the American Navy and the Red Cross where the United States is concerned. At this writing, on the island of Proti, a short boat ride from Constantinople, the Red Cross workers have hastily improvised three hospitals, a number of refugee homes, and scores of soup kitchens, to care for the penniless and terrorized hordes which our warships are bringing from the Black Sea ports.

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The Prodigal Village

(Continued from Page 27)

come to lose your self?" the latter asked.

"Married a bad woman and took to drink. A man's self can stand cold an' hunger an' shipwreck an' loss o' friends an' money an' any quantity o' bad luck, take it as it comes, but a bad woman breaks the works in him an' stops his clock dead. Leastways, it done that to me!"

"She is like an arrow in his liver," the minister quoted. "Mr. Blenkinsop, where do you stay nights?"

"I've a shake-down in the little loft over the ol' blacksmith shop on Water Street. There are cracks in the gable, an' the snow an' the wind blows in, an' the place is dark an' smells o' coal gas an' horses' feet, but Christmas an' I snug up together an' manage to live through the winter. In hot weather, we sleep under a tree in the ol' graveyard an' study astronomy. Sometimes, I wish I was there for good."

"Wouldn't you like a bed in a comfortable house?"

"No. I couldn't take the dog there an' I'd have to git up like other folks."

"Would you think that a hardship?"

"Well, ye see, sir, if ye're layin' down ye ain't hungry. Then, too, I likes to dilly-dally in bed."

"What may that mean?" the minister asked.

"I likes to lay an' think an' build air castles."

"What kind of castles?"

"Well, sir, I'm thinkin' often o' a time when I'll have a grand suit o' clothes, an' a shiny silk tile on my head, an' a roll o' bills in my pocket, big enough to choke a dog, an' I'll be goin' back to the town where I was brought up an' I'll hire a fine team an' take my ol' mother out for a ride. An' when we pass by, people will be saying: 'That's Hiram Blenkinsop! Don't you remember him? Born on the top floor o' the ol' sash mill on the Island. He's a multi-millionaire an' a great man. He gives a thousand to the poor every day. Sure, he does!'"

"Blenkinsop, I'd like to help you to recover your lost self and be a useful and respected citizen of this town," said Mr. Singleton. "You can do it if you will and I can tell you how."

TEARS began to stream down the cheeks of the unfortunate man, who now covered his eyes with a big, rough hand.

"If you will make an honest effort, I'll stand by you. I'll be your friend through thick and thin," the minister added. "There's something good in you or you wouldn't be having a dream like that."

"Nobody has ever talked to me this way," poor Blenkinsop sobbed. "Nobody but you has ever treated me as if I was human."

"I know—I know. It's a hard old world, but at last you've found a man who is willing to be a brother to you if you really want one."

The poor man rose from the table and

went to the minister's side and held out his hand.

"I do want a brother, sir, an' I'll do anything ye tells me—anything at all," he said in a broken voice.

"Then come with me," the minister commanded. "First, I'm going to improve the outside of you."

When they were ready to leave the house, Blenkinsop and his dog had had a bath and the former was shaved and in clean and respectable garments from top to toe.

"You look like a new man," said Mr. Singleton.

"Seems like, I felt more respectable," Blenkinsop answered.

Christmas was scampering up and down the hall as if he felt like a new dog. Suddenly he discovered the stag's head again and slunk into a dark corner growling.

"A bath is a good sort of baptism," the minister remarked. "Here's a new overcoat that I haven't worn for a year. It's fairly warm, too. Now your old self should happen to come in sight of you, maybe he'd move back into his home. I remember once that we had a canary bird that got away. We hung his cage in one of the trees out in the yard with some food in it. By and by, we found him singing on the perch in his little home. Now, we put some good food in the cage, maybe your bird will come back. Our work has only just begun."

THEY went out of the door and crossed the street and entered the big stone Congregational Church and sat down together in a pew. A soft light came through the great jeweled windows above the altar, and in the clearstory, and over the organ loft. They were the gift of Mr. Bing. It was a quiet, restful, beautiful place.

"I used to stand in the pulpit here and look down upon a crowd of handsome, well-dressed people," said Mr. Singleton in a low voice. "There's something wrong about this, I thought. There's too much respectability here. There are no flannel shirts and ginghams in the place. I cannot see half a dozen poor people. I wish there were some ragged clothing down there in the pews. There isn't an out-and-out sinner in the crowd. Have we set up a little private god of our own that cares only for the rich and respectable?" I asked myself. "This is the place for Hiram Blenkinsop and old Bill Leak and poor Lizzie Quesnelle, if they only knew. Those are the kind of people that Jesus cared most about. They're beginning to come to us now and we are glad of it. I want to see you here every Sunday after this. I want you to think of this place as your home. If you really want to be my brother, come with me."

Blenkinsop trembled with strange excitement as he went with Mr. Singleton down the broad aisle, the Christmas following meekly. The minister knelt before the altar. Christmas sat down by his master's side, and



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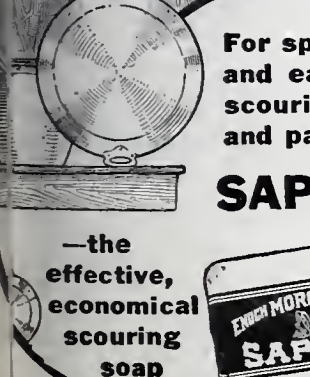
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prayerful attitude, as if he, too, were seeking help and forgiveness.

"I feel better inside an' outside," said Blenkinsop as they were leaving the church.

"When you are tempted, there are three words which may be useful to you. They are these, 'God help me,'" the minister told him. "They are quickly said and I have often found them a source of strength in time of trouble. I am going to find work for you and there's a room over my garage with a stove in it which will make a very snug little home for you and Christmas."

THAT evening, as the dog and his master were sitting comfortably by the stove in their new home, there came a rap at the door. In a moment, Judge Crooker entered the room.

"Mr. Blenkinsop," said the Judge as he held out his hand, "I have heard of your new plans and I want you to know that I am very glad. Everyone will be glad."

When the Judge had gone, Blenkinsop put his hand on the dog's head and asked with a little laugh: "Did ye hear what he said, Christmas? He called me Mister. Never done that before, no sir!"

Mr. Blenkinsop sat with his head upon his hand listening to the wind that whistled mournfully in the chimney. Suddenly he shouted: "Come in!"

The door opened and there on the threshold stood his old self.

It was not at all the kind of a self one would have expected to see. It was, indeed, a very youthful and handsome self—the figure of a clear-eyed, gentle-faced boy of about sixteen with curly dark hair above his brows.

Mr. Blenkinsop covered his face and groaned. Then he held out his hands with an imploring gesture.

"I know you," he whispered. "Please come in."

"Not yet," the young man answered, and his voice was like the wind in the chimney. "But I have come to tell you that I, too, am glad."

Then he vanished.

Mr. Blenkinsop arose from his chair and rubbed his eyes.

"Christmas, ol' boy, I've been asleep," he muttered. "I guess it's time we turned in!"

(To be Continued)

Seven Months with a Shovel

(Continued from page 55)

into the troubled faces of the "other fellows," and more carefully into the underlying facts and forces which cause those troubled faces—facts and forces which try to keep us from enjoying the greatest satisfaction which any person can ever have, without exception, the satisfaction of the doer, the accomplisher, the workman—the workman that needeth not to be ashamed.



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To be a healthier, happier self
To be a better mother or father
To be a better worker—a better employer
To be a better neighbor—a better citizen.

And then it means getting together with the folks around you and helping them to help you to get better things for your street, your district, your town or city, your county, your state, and OUR country—America!

It is when we all "get together" and make things happen—big, important things like raising a giant Army and Navy to fight for human liberty—that better Americanism becomes something BIG and GLORIOUS and AWE-INSPIRING.

But it has got to *begin* right in our own hearts and minds.

We all *mean* to be better Americans—to make our homes and our neighborhoods and our cities better, brighter, healthier places. But most of us are so busy at our daily tasks that we can't spend the time to find out just "how." That's the new job of *The Red Cross Magazine*—to search everywhere to find the

"how" of better Americanism for all of us and then to tell us about it in interesting stories and pictures and newsy articles—actual word and camera pictures of the "how" of getting what we all want:

For instance—

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When a city discovers the "how" of getting more practical schools, or better health or slumless slums, or more good wholesome fun for its citizens—

Why then it's the new job of *The Red Cross Magazine* to tell about it. Not in a sober, high-brow way, but simply, practically, entertainingly—and even humorously at times, for smiles are often more effective than sermons in getting across ideas.

To boil it down, "better Americanism" means a better, healthier happier, more progressive, *you* and *me* and US. That's why we say that *The Red Cross Magazine* is *your* magazine—*my* magazine—OUR magazine.

It is the common monthly meeting ground for all of us, regardless of race, class or creed—the get-together magazine of America—"the heart of America in print."

Along with the "meat" *The Red Cross Magazine* also will bring you the garnishments of a tasteful meal of good reading.

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Features in the Red Cross Magazine

Child Training Articles

By ANGELO PATRI

WHAT is being done for your child? Is the school doing its part? Are parents standing by the school? What of the acute national shortage of teachers? How will it effect your children's education? What shall we do about it? Are you giving the children a square deal? What is to be done with the child who fails to pass? What of the gifted child—the exceptional child? Is the child impudent—quarrelsome?—destructive? These habits can easily be changed to good qualities and Angelo Patri, probably America's most famous schoolmaster, shows you how in the new Red Cross Magazine.

"Better America" Department

AMERICA is a mighty good place as it is, but we all want to make it better. This department is filled with stories of everyday life that help to higher thinking and better living.

Labor and Capital Articles

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Red Cross Magazine

June 1920

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THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE

JUNE, 1920

VOL. XV, No. 6

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Lamp That Can
Never Be Made
again.

This offer to mem-
bers of the Red Cross
a special and con-
firmation offer made by
mail to such names
as we could secure.



An offer to Red Cross members

— explained

Perhaps you are one of the Red Cross members to whom we have written long the real Victory Lamp—then you know all about it. But if you have received a "reservation blank" please believe that it was not intentional because we don't want to show any partiality that we are now offering these pages for the first time.

The supply of these rare, historic shells of which the lamp stand is made is limited to those found undamaged after the Morgan disaster which destroyed millions of dollars' worth, in one brief hour.

A Precious Memento of Service

To those who have seen it, the Victory Lamp is, first of all, a marvelous work of art. Its true, romantic story, fascinating as it is, is overshadowed by its splendid, compelling beauty of proportion, color and decoration. Its beauty is almost greater than its practical value as a lamp, even though its practical value is undeniable. And the great Franklin Booth, when he first saw it for the first time, said, "here is a lamp which will stand as a unique as a creation of art far above the table lamps of commerce."

Booth laid aside his other commissions to decorate this lamp with one of his exquisite poem pictures. He was eager to create a shade worthy of the beauty and spirit behind the lamp itself. And he took these words for his own inspiration: "Grass is the forgiveness of Nature."

Each shade of heavy parchment is hand-tinted outside in ivory and inside in light rose, which makes the perfect combination and sheds a delightfully warm and glorious

The famous "75" shells will go down in history as the saviors of the world through their work at Verdun and the Marne—these shells enameled in ebony make the stately shaft of the lamp! The bronze base and copper "driving band" on the stand match the rich tints of the shade. One critic from a New York art museum said, "this will go down from generation to generation as a precious heirloom."

This is the Victory Lamp—the one great art object which came as a result of the World War. Write for full details and we will be very glad to send immediately various illustrations of the lamp, of the "75" in action and of Franklin Booth himself, together with complete information about the exceptional purchasing opportunity. We desire all those members of the American Red Cross who want the Victory Lamp to have one.

But there are nowhere near enough to go around, so unfortunately we must advise that you send in your order immediately.

SNEAD & COMPANY
175 Fifth Avenue, New York

The price is only \$18.40, while they last—which is the price of an ordinary lamp with no historic or art value. Such a lamp as this could sell in a store for from forty to seventy-five dollars—but the Victory Lamp is beyond mere money value, the makers feel, and so you may buy one for this low figure—monthly payment, if preferred.

Height, 19 inches; shade diameter, 16 inches; weight, 11 pounds net, and the lamp comes to you complete with cord and plug for electricity, tubing and burner for gas, or chimney and burner for oil. SENT on APPROVAL if a \$3.00 payment as evidence of interest is made. Money will be refunded on return of lamp if not desired.

Write to-day and have your Victory Lamp reserved for you.



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99 $\frac{44}{100}$ % PURE

NO wonder that baby splashes in glee at the sight of Ivory Soap.

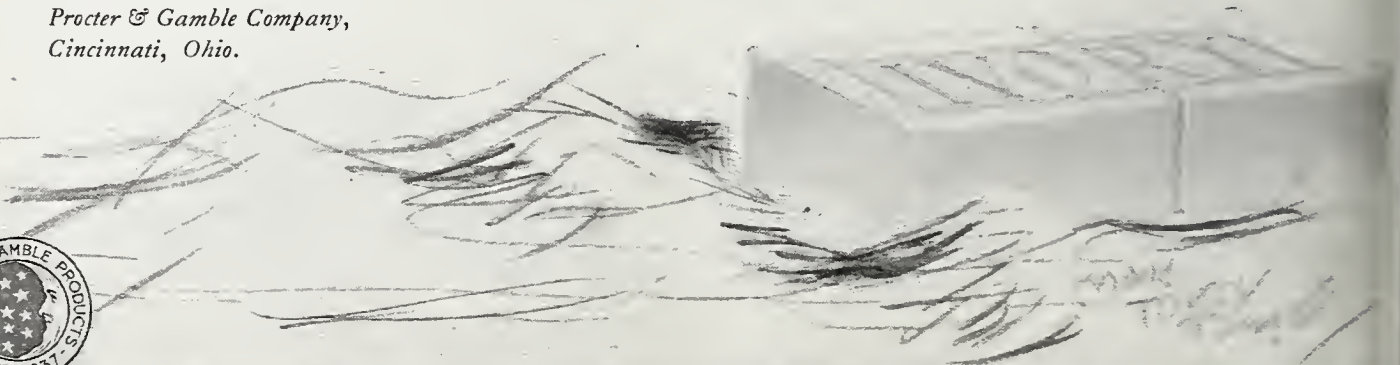
To him the floating white cake means handfuls of bubbling foam, covering his chubby body with a fragrant, velvety coat.

It means a joyful thrill of surprise when the lather disappears like magic at the first touch of clear water.

It means a gentle towelling that leaves his skin soft and smooth, and feeling so good.

Everybody enjoys a daily bath with pure, mild Ivory Soap. It cleanses thoroughly. It can not irritate.

Send for free sample package of Ivory Soap Flakes—snow-like flakes of genuine Ivory Soap which warm water melts into "Safe Suds in a Second." Quicker and easier for laundering silks and frail fabrics, and for the shampoo. Address Dept. 35-F, The Procter & Gamble Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.



THE NIGHT NURSE

By Eleanore Myers Jewett

A very tired look about her eyes,
Dark circles under them, and lids that droop;—
Over her face a shadowed paleness lies,
And when she stands, her slim young shoulders
stoop.

She moves about with silent carefulness,
Her hands are quiet, with a velvet touch;—
Only the crackling of her starched white dress
Rustles the echoes of the room too much.

Her duties done, she sits beside the bed,
A dim, still figure in the lowered light;—
Trembles her cap a little on her head,
Her drooping, folded hands look soft and white.

On leaden, lingering feet, the night goes by—
Fantastic hours of shadows, strange and thick—
While motionless, alert, with practiced eye,
She marks the fitful slumber of the sick.

Then comes the day, the freshioned, garish day!
Quiet and deft, her morning work she plies,
And, like a shadow still, she slips away,
A very tired look about her eyes.



HEALTH INSURANCE

Drawn by Angus MacDonall

THE MAKER OF A HAPPY VALLEY

The Story of "Paul" and the Little Landers

By Anne Shannon Monroe

THE Puyallup Valley used to be our favorite picnicking place because the wild berries there were the largest and juiciest and most abundant, and there was a lovely river running through where you could go swimming, and the great old snow-crowned mountain—the mountain-that-was-God, the Indians called it—was right there every time you lifted your eyes, and there was no one to chase you away, just a scattering of discouraged settlers who didn't count. Another memory of the valley, outsiders were never able to pronounce it: invariably they got it "Pie-allup." This tickled us immensely; as if any one oughtn't to know that "Puy" spelled "Pugh"—by Indian rules, anyhow. We felt very superior, we Northwestern youngsters, knowing how to pronounce our Indian names right off: we could always get away with culture on this count, which alone made it worth while to be a child of the Northwest; but Oh, there were so many other reasons, like wild berry patches where globes of purple lusciousness hung ready to drop into our mouths, and swimming streams, and snow mountains—and—everything!

But the beautiful Puyallup Valley—Puyallup is Indian for "plenty"—couldn't remain wild and free for us: many eyes had fallen on it, many had come and loved it and gone again, and then came a pair that fell and lingered and finally clinched with it, and our great rambling old playground became something of the past.

And yet you can't hate Paul even if he did spoil the children's playground: you have to love him a little; and if you're a Northwesterner, and are with an outsider when he is up for discussion, you'll draw a deep breath, and say with pride, "He's some Paul!" welling your chest the while.

"He's some Paul!" You'll hear that everywhere in Seattle or Tacoma where he is mentioned. "He's not a man, he's a multiple," says a wise old regent of the State University: "Only trouble with Paul, he wants to do everything," grumbles the mossback from his trench of inefficiency. "He'd be worth a million dollars to the Willamette valley,"

THE "Paul" of this story does not measure his success by the broad acres of valley land which he has made cultivatable nor by the number of families and communities which he has seen spring up under his leadership. His reward has come almost entirely from realizing the ideals of fair play and co-operation and service which so peculiarly represent America to-day. In no other country in the world perhaps could this story have taken place except in our own Northwest.

declares an Oregonion. There, pronounce that one, you easterner! The Willamette—accent on the second syllable, please—I had better add, is the rich old valley of the Nile that runs through Oregon, the valley where nature is so prolific that one can live without stirring much—so why stir?

To-day, if you want to know anything at all about the beautiful little valley all trim and trig in its trellised berry vines, lying snugly between the two up-and-coming towns of Sumner and Puyallup and ten miles out from Tacoma, anything from information as to the best treatment for a sick hen to the situation that day in the jam market of Vladivostok, you're told to "Ask Paul." And if you do run him down—a fair, chunky bulldog of tenacity propelled by a powerful engine, with a glowing headlight of good cheer—sure enough he'll tell you, right off the bat.

"Paul" is really W. H. Paulhamus, State Senator Paulhamus, of Washington: one time banker, sometimes politician, all the time farmer. He began being a banker early. One day when a boy in South Dakota, on hearing the school bell ring, he said to himself, "That bell isn't ringing for me!" and

he went off and got a job sweeping out a bank instead. He stayed at banking till he got up pretty well—I think he was a cashier—but he had a dream which as time went on beat irresistibly against the iron bars of his cage: he wanted to be a farmer; he wanted to make something grow besides dollars; he wanted to go West—as far West as there was to go—and get a piece of land, and live like a king on his own domain!

He finally moved out to Washington and got a position in a bank there. Then one day his chance came. He could get a little 35-acre farm very cheaply, on a mortgage, out in the Puyallup Valley. He didn't know much about the valley but he was so hungry for land that he took the farm and then went out to look it over. He liked it right away. He wanted to take that run-down, dilapidated thirty-five acres of neglected berry vines and make a real place of it. He drove through the valley and looked

over the few poverty-stricken berry patches—the people had been trying berry culture all along, taking a hint from nature—but he didn't meet with one iota of encouragement save in the berries themselves; they were wonderful; the owners were poor, down-hearted, mortgaged, ready to sell out, and knocking the country. He could have bought the whole valley if he'd been any sort of a capitalist—which he wasn't. He isn't to-day, either. If you want to read about how a man made millions for himself on a berry vine, go elsewhere, for Paul hasn't done it. He's only made opportunity on the soil and prosperity and wholesome happy homes for about 1800 of his fellow men, and is still making all this, and the signs point to his making much more of the same sort of thing in the coming years, if he doesn't blow up from too much steam.

Well, he went back to the bank but he'd left his heart in the valley. He raked and scraped together every cent he could, picked up his little family—he had a wife and babies by this time—and moved out to the valley to make his home there. He was going to be the happiest man in the whole world if he could just make ends meet.



Before the pickers in the berry fields of Puyallup Valley lies one of nature's most magnificent panoramas—the Cascade Range

First thing, of course, along came the usual travelling nurseryman, who takes the first big bite out of the land tenderfoot. He spread out his highly colored catalog and Paul's eyes glittered. He was fascinated! As he looked at the pictures—they were all painted up in gorgeous colors to feed the eye and tempt the soul of the born horticulturist—the little salesman, recognizing the psychological moment, got out his order book and, as Paul boiled over, he wrote. Speedily Paul was sold, old-fashioned orchardist's way, two of everything in the book.

When his vines and trees arrived, he had a royal good time digging in the dirt and setting them out; evenings, he would read up on how to treat them better. They thrive as trees and vines never thrive in the valley before for love as well as skill was in their cultivating. In time, he had the prettiest 35 acres ever man set eyes on, with little dabs of everything growing gorgeously. And no market for any of it at all!

THIS was his first jolt; he had no market. He pulled up short and did some hard thinking. It was plain that if he wasn't going to starve his family—which is homicide and against the law—he had to do something besides dig and sweat and fertilize. He had to sell and, if he was to sell, he had to raise produce in marketable quantities. Markets didn't buy in little

dabs; he must have enough of one kind to be worth shipping. Conveyance was a thing he had never thought about.

He saw it now as one of the first things to be considered in starting a farm.

HIS vision began to broaden. Farming was not simply a matter of going into the country and starting in to raise something you had always been interested in or that looked pretty in a catalog. Farming was first finding out what the markets wanted and how much of it they could use and how you could get it to them so as to make a profit on your labor. Your personal whims and opinions had nothing to do with it; you were a caterer and your business was to cater to the other fellow, not to yourself.

Once more, Paul was all steam up but he was head on this time after the business end—marketing, shipping, salesmanship. He visited the other poor and discouraged berry raisers of the valley and attempted to interest them in going in with him and making a pool, so they could get a carload of stuff together. Every one was in the same fix Paul was in, or worse, for they didn't all have model farms. Paul's was a model farm for looks, it had fine selling points, almost any one who had the money would buy it and keep it for a pet but Paul didn't for a moment consider selling. He had come square up against one of the knottiest

problems of his day and he meant to solve it.

He finally succeeded in getting the farmers sufficiently worked up to try to do something, and laid out a plan of all marketing together and canning what was left over. Capital was necessary and mighty little money was in the valley. They finally managed to raise \$4,000, borrowing most of it from a bank and the enterprise was launched.

They lost every cent. Nine farmers had endorsed the bank note but only two had property. One was Paul and the other, W. D. Cotter. The two men, the note, and the little rude shack of an office was about all that was left of the organization. Deserted, stunned by the situation, Cotter, who was something of a wag, was the first to come to Paul. He said, realizing that they would have to go on with it and pull the Association out of the mess, "You have had business experience, Paul, you be the man on the inside, and I'll be the man on the outside."

Paul agreed, and they began all over again.

THE first thing Paul had to do was to lick every man who tried to interfere with the management; next, he had to get more money. He found a widow who had considerable and he arranged to borrow enough from her to get the organization going. Like all women as a man would say—she agreed to it.



Far above the valley towers Mount Tacoma, sometimes called Mount Ranier, reaching the lofty height of fifteen thousand feet

Paul first and looked into it afterward. When she looked, she was scared. Everybody told her she would lose her money. Everybody was sore at "the whole thing," and blue, and discouraged. Cotter's main job was to keep the widow pacified. Every few days, she would come to the office and sit and cry about her money; then Cotter had to quit work and talk her around into faith once more.

Paul worked for five years without salary. In addition to the fret and action that came from his attempts to work out the problems of marketing, shipping, and salesmanship so as to give the growers a fair profit, all of which were as new to him as to any other inexperienced banker, he was kept in a constant uproar by continual criticism from those looking on. Everything that did appeared to them to be wrong. Farmers proved the most difficult people in all the world to organize and hold together on the main issue; a new wriggle in the neighborhood could arouse enough jealousy to sidetrack the best laid plan for profits. Paul was fighting the world for them with one hand and fighting them off with the other. But Paul is first and last a fighter. Give him the scent of battle and every fibre of him stiffens to the combat. His instincts, it is said in the Northwest, have made him. And so he held on with bulldog grip—while Cotter kept the widow off—and he eventually got all the berry growers in the valley work-

ing in some degree of harmony with the Association plan, and enough berries together to ship out in carload lots.

The Puyallup berry, grown as it is in a combination of sea and mountain air, is slow to ripen and firm-celled, which makes it a good shipper. Eastern market men discovered this and one day an order came in from New York. Then it was that Paul turned with a dreamy smile to Cotter, "Might some day do a million dollars worth of business for these little landers, Cotter."

"**M**ILLION dollars! You're crazy," sniffed Cotter, haunted by the widow.

Paul began to speed up berry raising: "More Berries and Better Berries!" became his slogan. Other people moved into the valley and homes began to be closer together. The State Agricultural College established a station at the head of the valley and he encouraged its constant use. Not satisfied that the growers would profit by sufficiently frequent visits to the station, he began, in his office, a system of directing berry culture from start to finish. He had a letter, dictated by a practical horticulturist, sent to every grower every day in the year, telling him exactly what to do on that day. Paul found that fertilization not only increased the size of the crop but improved the texture of the berry and helped its carrying qualities. He advocated putting back

into the land a pound of fertilizer for every pound of fruit taken off. These berries—owing to the sea breeze—required twice as long to mature as ordinary berries, therefore, they must be twice as good. The daily letter in time became the farmer's daily program. His problems were no longer wholly up to his own judgment and inexperience, and neither was he dependent for advice on what some grower did the year before or the year before that. Each problem of the current season, with its extra rains or extra drouth, its pests or blight, was scientifically worked out on the soil by a horticultural expert.

Thus it came about that the entire little valley of producing acres came under one management, directed by one system. As a result, the valley grew into one vast and trellised berry patch, as uniform as if it truly had but one owner.

PAUL now got the factory feeling for the enterprise. It was a land-factory. In every well-organized factory, he argued, the equipment is used to the full extent of its possibilities; the units are made to function to their full capacity; and there is a keen lookout for by-products. He saw that they were losing an opportunity in by-products. So next he worked out his plan for what he calls "three-story farming." First, berries. Second, chickens. (Chickens, he discovered,



At the left, "Paul" (as the Puyallup Valley affectionately calls Senator Paulhamus) is addressing a group of his neighbors on his pet idea of "three story" farming. This is his name for getting three crops a year from the soil. Below, one of his characteristic attitudes. His sincerity is striking

"PAUL" SAYS

MAYBE you don't like your neighbor, but, like the color of your eyes, you have got him—so help him along.

Meet the minds of people. Don't stiffen prejudice by opposition.

There is no inherent value in land; it's what a man does to it that makes it valuable.

Whatever you consider raising, find out first if you can sell it.

If your children don't want to stay in the country because they think there is less drudgery in town, take drudgery out of farming and put skill and modern machinery in its place. Then add variety and you will keep the children on the farm!



were worth their keep for the dust mulch they put into the ground, the insect life they picked up, and the flesh-life they gave the soil, even if they didn't lay a single egg—and Paul saw to it that they laid eggs: the record season for the valley is 200 laying days and many hens reach 300.) Third, he advocated planting all the early maturing fruit trees, such as damson plums, pears and cherries. He got this system going, and now production is always under way; first, the berries; next, the tree fruits; and, nearly the year round, chickens.

In the beginning, there were continual shipping troubles. Fruit was badly handled; delayed and spoiled in transit; bumped and shaken about unnecessarily, and the charges were excessive. Paul had been protesting right along but to no avail, and he realized that his next real hard fight would have to be with the transportation companies. All right, he would meet them on their own ground! He would

go to headquarters—the state capital at Olympia—and get a close-up view of legislation. He made his trip and he found that the railroads kept lobbyists at the capital throughout the session of the legislature and saw that naturally they had it all their own way, as the farmers were not represented. He went home with his mind made up and the next time he went to the legislature he went as a Senator. His fighting spirit and his indomitable energy as well as his sane, commonsense view of things soon placed him in a powerful position. The railroads fought him unmercifully. He went to the Governor and asked him to appoint a commission to act as a go-between for the railroads and the farmers. The Governor agreed but appointed the wrong commission. The next session Paul went back as candidate for speaker of the House. As speaker, he refused to confirm the Governor's appointments. There was a deadlock. The railroad representatives finally approached Paul differently:

"Paul, what in your judgment had we better do?"

"Go home. Take your lobbies out of Olympia. If anything comes up that affects you people, I'll let you know."

They went home.

"Governor," said Paul, going to the chief executive, "your commission is no good. We want a new one."

The Governor then appointed another commission more acceptable to the farmers. As time went on, the railroad people found that they were treated fairly; that Paul's plan constantly increased tonnage and transportation difficulties were at an end. The Puyallup Valley Association to-day pays more transportation charges than any similar number of acres in the United States, the volume of business amounting to \$300,000 annually. All the railroad people now take their hat off to Paul.

"We'll do anything Paul wants," one of their officials said to me. "Paul's way of taking care of the man ahead"

on the ground, of working the land problems out with the people he has on and, instead of our old-time way of advertising for new settlers and then doing nothing to make life on the soil possible after they got here, is a practical and satisfactory solution of the problem of settling western lands."

After winning the railroad fight, Paul went back to his valley with bigger plans for its future. One of them was for canneries, more canneries and larger canneries, right in the berry fields, for handling the vegetables and fruit fresh from the ground. This meant unloading out; it meant more capital and absolute co-operation.

NOW, the organization was doing business on a capital stock of \$2,700. Every grower was a shareholder, each share being worth one dollar, and no one being permitted to hold more than fifteen shares. Every member had a voice as well as a vote and some of those voices were still raised in discontent and criticism. Whispers were floating about of discontented members wanting to change the management. Paul felt that he must know, before going ahead with his plan for expansion, how many were absolutely with him; so he sent out a circular asking the stockholders to attend an all-day meeting at the Puyallup Opera House.

They came as to a picnic, with lunch baskets, and the women brought their knitting. At ten o'clock, Paul bustled in his shirt sleeves with his hands full of papers and began to make a detailed report of the Association's affairs. The people got tired listening. They interrupted and begged him to cut out the details.

"No, you'll say I stole it," he fired back. "You've got to listen."

When he had finished his report he shot this bomb into the meeting. "I just want to know whether or not you folks want me to go on running this Association. Raise your hands if you do."

Apparently, every hand went up—hundreds of them.

"Raise your hands if you don't."

Four hands went up."

Then the stockholders took the meeting away from Paul and emphasized their approval of all he had done and had planned to do by voting to insure his life for \$25,000; presenting him with his first automobile and a handsome gold watch engraved with their sentiments of appreciation.

This all-day stockholders meeting, I might add, has now become an annual event. One day in every January, Paul comes before them with his figures and spends the most of the day giving them an itemized account of receipts and expenditures. The stockholders are encouraged to ask questions, and everything is cleared up in their minds before the long session is permitted to adjourn. Paul says this is a much better method than sending out a printed stockholders' report, as it brings the people together in friendly, neighborly fashion, and makes the workings of the Association perfectly clear to all. A printed report might not be read, or if read, not understood.

THE State began to figure Paul in.

A strong fighting Governor was needed; leading bankers went to Paul and asked him if he would consider taking office. It sounded interesting—a big job with lots to do! But there

was his valley and his uncompleted plans for its expansion.

"I'd just about have to give up this job?" he said.

They assented.

"And live in Olympia?"

Again, they nodded.

Paul wrinkled his brow; then he slowly shook his head. "It would be about like this," he said, "every time any one wanted the Governor he'd be over in the Puyallup. No, I guess I'll have to forego the honor!"

THE Yakima Valley people wanted an organizer. They sent Paul an offer of \$25,000 a year and Paul declined it. At that time, he was drawing a salary of \$250 a year from the Puyallup Valley Association. When this discrepancy was pointed out to him, he only shrugged, "Farmers can't understand big salaries," he explained briefly, "I'd rather have their confidence." And he has never yet taken as much salary as his stockholders have voted him.

One Saturday morning, the president of the bank of Sumner telephoned him, "Come over quick."

Paul jumped into his car: he found the bank examiner with a set face, and the president with a long one, in conference.

"Our bank examiner says the bank can't open," the president explained.

"What's the matter with it?" asked Paul, turning to the examiner.

"Nothing—just rotten!"

"You're bank examiner—what did you let it get rotten for?"

"No use to argue," said the examiner, backing off, "we'll never agree. I'm going to close the bank."

"I don't think you are," said Paul



The four children of Senator Paulhamus. Where youth is concerned, "Paul" believes thoroughly in the value of outdoor life and the companionship of animals

The Maker of a Happy Valley

"What have you got to do with it?"
 "Nothing—only I say you can't close it."

"Is it your bank?"

"No, but it's my community. How much money is on hand now?"

"\$3,500."

"Give me \$500 of that till I can get some more."

"You ask me to lend you the funds of a defunct bank?"

"I do."

The examiner was silent.

"Give me a gambler's chance till Monday," Paul went on. "Put a fellow in the paying teller's window and simply let him take in the money."

The examiner finally yielded: "I know you," he said at last. "I'll take a chance on you. But you've got to pay out your own money; you can't use one cent of what comes in."

Paul agreed, borrowed \$2,000 and ran the bank till closing time. That afternoon, he called a meeting of bankers and went into the books. There were \$50,000 in good securities and \$75,000 in bad ones: it would take \$75,000 to save the bank. Sunday morning early, he sent out his car for the bank's stockholders and brought them in, one at a time, seeing each one privately. He told them that the bank

was insolvent and he explained that if it closed its doors they would not only lose their deposits but one hundred per cent more, beside suffer the injury of having been connected with a bank that failed. The president assigned all his property; the vice-president all of his; Paul assessed himself \$500, and each of the others all that they could stand. In this way, he got the necessary amount signed up over Sunday and opened the bank promptly on time Monday morning. All this happened three years ago. To-day, the bank, with \$25,000 capital, has \$600,000 in valley deposits; another valley bank with \$10,000 capital has \$200,000 in valley deposits, and a large percentage of the valley banking is done in Tacoma.

The larger development of the valley through the canneries is a big story in itself. But Paul had won all his fights and he now had everybody's confidence. He had established himself as an out-and-out community man and the rest of the way was easier sledding. An outsider spoke appreciatively of his unselfish labors for the valley; "Why not?" Paul came back. "I have four children in it, I have my home and my living in it, I rise or fall as my community rises or falls. I am my community; my community is an extension

of myself, as every community is of every man who lives in it; there's nothing any more unselfish about standing by your community than there is about standing by your country. It's self-preservation!"

The people began to understand Paul, to see in him that something, which for lack of a better name we may call idealism; that something which makes a man go through with a thing he undertakes as the fulfillment of a contract with himself. He is a natural born leader, an organizer, high-powered, far-visioned and absolutely reliable.

Paul has been so much in evidence in his valley, that one is apt to overlook the fact that aside from being a dynamo in organization, he is a very human sort of a person. He wants everybody to have a chance. He believes in everybody working, at least part of the time. He thinks too much idleness and too many artificial provisions for pleasure defeat their own end. He doesn't see much hope in the type of citizen that will come out of the child who is growing up in idleness. He bases his hope for the future of America on the child who has been taught to think, not that everything is in the world to feed it, but that he is in the world to feed other things; the child who makes a garden and experiments with growing things; who raises fowls and rabbits, and invents his own pleasures; gets up his own circuses; knows "the ol' swimmin' hole"; goes fishing and hunting and mountain climbing and camping out, and works enough to know how much human energy a dollar represents, and spends enough to know just what that dollar will purchase. A child's earliest habits must be constructive if those of his manhood are to be the same. You can't take children off milk and put them on money without racial disaster.

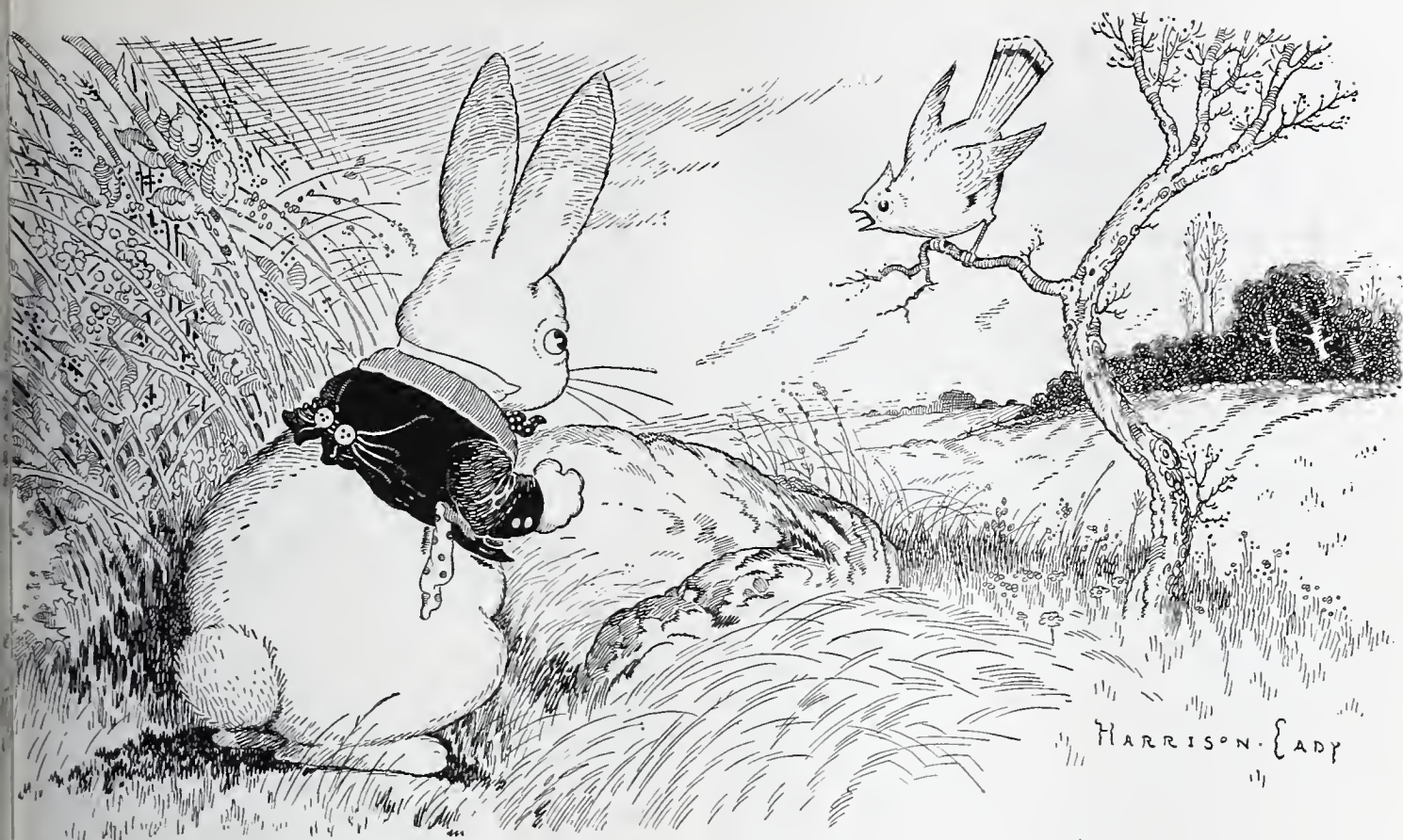
In this connection Paul has suffered—even as he has toiled—with his valley. His young son-in-law in a distant city got into trouble through misuse of funds. The papers made a front-page scare-head story of it. The following morning, Paul came out in all the papers with a letter, putting the blame on the parents, and exonerating the young people.

"Don't censure the children, censure us, the parents," he said. "We didn't raise them right. The fault is all ours and the blame should be all ours. Then he went on to explain that parents who brought up their children on easy incomes, and then turned them out to meet the requirements of life, on an income wholly inadequate, were only throwing them in danger's way. He accepted the responsibility with the characteristic super-sense that has been manifest in all his dealings with humanity.

To get back to the valley, with the expansion of the canneries and the demand for more fruit, business rapidly increased and the (Cont. on page 6)



The kind of fair berry picker you would be apt to meet in the Puyallup Valley



Sammy Jay leaned so far down that he had to spread his wings to keep from falling. "What's that?" he demanded sharply

PETER RABBIT DISCOVERS A WONDERFUL THING

By Thornton W. Burgess

Illustrated by Harrison Cady

SOMETHING queer had come over Peter Rabbit! Yes, sir, something queer had come over Peter Rabbit. It was a feeling different from any feeling he could remember. He knew he ought to feel joyful and happy; ought to want to kick up his long hind legs and skip and dance. At least, he thought he knew that he ought to. He knew Sammy Jay, who was watching him sharply from a little distance on the very edge of the dear Old Briar-patch, expected him to feel that way. But he didn't feel that way at all.

"It's too bad," said Peter, more to himself than to Sammy Jay. "I'm sorry!"

Sammy Jay leaned so far down that he nearly lost his balance and had to half spread his blue and white wings to keep from falling. "What's that?" he demanded sharply, and stared at Peter Richard with his beady black eyes that Peter had that uncomfortable feeling that they were boring right into him. "What was that you said? I-

think my hearing must be getting rather poor."

"I said that it's too bad, and I'm sorry," replied Peter.

"Sorry! Sorry! Sorry!" screamed Sammy Jay and, in his excitement, he did lose his balance and had to fly over to another branch. There he fairly danced in angry disgust. "Here I hurry as fast as my wings can carry me clear from the Old Pasture over here to the Old Briar-patch to bring you good news and you sit there and say you're sorry! I thought you would be tickled half to death. The minute I saw that Reddy Fox was too badly hurt to do any running for a while I said to myself, 'Here is great news for Peter Rabbit.' And instead of being glad you sit there looking as mournful as if it were your best friend instead of one of your greatest enemies, and say you are sorry. Bah! That foolish head of yours is too much for me. There isn't any sense in it at all. Sorry! Well, there are others who won't be sorry. I think I see Danny Meadow Mouse, Bob White, Johnny Chuck or Mrs. Grouse shedding tears over Reddy Fox! They'll know how to appreciate good news when they hear it, and I must hurry along to tell them. Sorry! Why don't you go give yourself

up for Reddy's dinner? It would be just about as sensible. Sorry—bah!"

With this, Sammy Jay spread his blue and white wings and started for the Old Orchard where Johnny Chuck had his home in the far corner. He was sure Johnny Chuck wouldn't be sorry to hear the news of what had happened to Reddy Fox.

PETER watched him go and there was a funny look on Peter's face. He scratched a long ear with a long hind foot. Then he scratched the other long ear with the other long hind foot. It is a way he has when he is puzzled or thinking very hard. Peter was puzzled now. He was very much puzzled. He was puzzled because he was sorry for Reddy Fox. Yes, sir, that puzzled Peter quite as much as it did Sammy Jay, and he didn't understand it any more than Sammy did.

"Of course I ought to be glad," thought Peter. "I *am* glad. No, I'm not either. Oh dear, I never had such mixed up feelings in my life! Ever since I was big enough to first follow my mother's tail, Reddy Fox has tried to catch me. He has given me more frights than I can count. Never since I can remember have I been able to put my nose outside the dear Old Briar-patch without having to watch out every minute to keep from furnishing him with a Rabbit dinner. From the very first time I saw his red coat, I hated him. Anyway, I thought I did. Now, for a while at least, I won't have to worry about him at all, and I ought to be glad. Sammy Jay is right, I ought to be glad. I *am* glad that I haven't got to worry and be everlastingly watching out for Reddy, but—but—Oh, I do hope he isn't dreadfully hurt!" Peter left the dear Old Briar-patch and hopped, lipperty-lipperty-lip, over to a certain favorite patch of sweet clover and prepared to enjoy a feast in peace and comfort. It was a beautiful

morning. The Merry Little Breezes of Old Mother West Wind were dancing over the Green Meadow and joyously tickled Peter's wobbly little nose with the sweet odors of many flowers. Bubbling Bob the Bobolink was pouring out in liquid music the joy in his heart, as he hovered in mid air above Peter's head. Carol, the Meadow Lark, sat on a distant fence-post and his clear sweet whistle was good to hear.

"All the Great World is happy," thought Peter as he reached for a leaf of tender sweet clover. Then as contentedly he began to eat it, he remembered Reddy Fox, his enemy, wounded and perhaps helpless up in the Old Pasture. Over Peter swept that queer feeling again. He didn't know what it was. But you know and I know. It was pity! Yes, sir, pity had crept into and was filling Peter's heart. With joy and gladness all about him, Reddy Fox was lying somewhere up in the Old Pasture wounded and suffering. Peter tried not to think of it, but he just couldn't help thinking of it.

HE stopped eating. Somehow the sweetness had gone out of that clover. "Of course," muttered Peter, talking to himself, for there was no one else to talk to, "Reddy had no business to try to steal that chicken. He ought to have kept away from the hen-house. Then he wouldn't have been shot. This is what Sammy Jay had told Peter had happened. "I suppose it serves him right and that ought to be glad of it, just as Sammy said," Peter continued, "but somehow I can't help feeling sorry for him."

"He wouldn't feel sorry for you if he found you hurt and helpless. He'd gobble you up and tickled to death to get a dinner so easily," said a small voice inside of Peter.

"I don't care if he would," said Peter. "Anyw



At last, Reddy opened his eyes and in them was such a look of pain that Peter knew at once that Sammy Jay had told the truth

he wouldn't let me suffer. He'd put an end to my pain." Peter had to grin at such a queer idea of mercy. "I wonder if he will get well."

At the mere thought that perhaps Reddy might not get well, Peter grew very sober. "The Green Meadows wouldn't be the same without him," muttered Peter. "He makes me a lot of trouble, but the Green Meadows wouldn't be the same without him. If he should catch me, it would be my own fault. I don't suppose he's got a single friend to call on him and try to do something for him. I—I—"

Peter paused to scratch a long ear with a long hind foot. Then he scratched the other long ear with the other hind foot. Then he finished what he had started to say. "I believe I'll run over to see if I can do something for Reddy," said he, and hastily looked this way and that way to make sure no one had overheard him. You see he knew that if anyone had, they would think he was crazy for sure.

Peter wasted no time. Away he went, lipperty-lipperty-lip, across the Green Meadows towards the Old Pasture. But though he was in a hurry, he didn't forget to be watchful. Every few jumps he stopped to sit up and look and listen. Once, he saw Redtail the Hawk sailing round and round high up in the blue, blue sky. Instantly Peter squatted flat in some tall grass and didn't move so much as one of his long ears until Redtail was out of sight.

When he reached the edge of the Old Pasture, he felt safer, for there were bushes and brambles there in plenty. He knew where Reddy's home was, and he headed straight for it. As he drew near, he took the greatest care not to make a sound. Every few steps he stopped to look and listen. You see he thought that Sammy Jay might have been mistaken and Reddy Fox might not be so helpless as Sammy had thought.

At last he reached a place where he could peep out from under a bush and see the entrance to Reddy's home. Reddy was there. He was stretched out in front of his doorway. He didn't move. His eyes were closed. Peter wondered if he could be dead. Peter kept perfectly still for a long time. At last, Reddy opened his eyes and in them was such a look of pain that Peter knew at once that Sammy Jay had told the truth. Peter thumped the ground ever so lightly. Instantly Reddy turned his head and saw Peter. He tried to grin, but it was a feeble, sorry kind of grin.

"Hello, Peter," said he. "I suppose you have heard what happened to me and have come over to tell me you are glad of it, and to make fun of me now that I am helpless."

Peter hopped out from under the bush. "Yes, I have heard, and I've come over to tell you how sorry I am, and to see if I can do something for you," replied Peter, and hopped a step nearer.

Reddy's black ears twitched. "What's that?" said he. "Why don't you tell the truth, Peter? Why

don't you say that you are tickled almost to death to see me like this?"

"But I'm not!" cried Peter. "Truly I'm not. I'm ever and ever so sorry. And I'd like ever so much to do something for you, Reddy."

Reddy looked very hard at Peter, blinked, and looked again. It was hard to believe that Peter was telling the truth. But when he saw the look in Peter's big, soft eyes, he knew that Peter meant just what he had said. Something very like softness crept into Reddy's own eyes. "Peter," said he, "I believe you really mean it. You are the only one who has come near me to-day, who hasn't seemed glad to see me in trouble." Reddy moved one hind leg a little and such a look of pain crossed his face that something very like tears of sympathy filled Peter's eyes.

"Does it hurt dreadfully?" he asked.

Reddy nodded. "It certainly does," said he. "I'm pretty badly hurt. I'll get over it, I guess, but it will be a long time before I can do much running about. You won't have to watch out for me for some time, Peter." Reddy grinned, but it was a very pathetic sort of grin.

Peter didn't grin back. "I would much rather have to watch out for you than to see you suffering like this, Reddy," said he very earnestly. "How will you get enough to eat?"

"I don't feel much like eating now," replied Reddy. "I guess Mrs. Reddy will keep me supplied."

At the mention of Mrs. Reddy, Peter turned his head this way and that way and looked uneasy. He had forgotten all about Mrs. Reddy. Reddy saw that look and understood it. "She's likely to be back any time now," said he. "I advise you to run along back to the Old Briar-patch, Peter. There's nothing more that you can do for me."

"But I haven't done anything," cried Peter.

"Yes, indeed, you have," retorted Reddy quickly. "You've brought me sympathy, which is all you can do. I feel better for it already. You have no idea how much it helps. I shall tell Mrs. Reddy to keep away from the Old Briar-patch. Now skip along, Peter, and watch out that you don't get into trouble yourself."

So Peter once more told Reddy how sorry he was, and then bidding him goodbye, started for the dear Old Briar-patch, lipperty-lipperty-lip. Somehow he felt better than he had felt since he had first heard the news about Reddy. The joyousness and gladness all about him once more filled him, and with it was a new kind of happiness, a happiness he had never found before. It was the happiness of having tried to do something for someone in trouble. He knew now what had caused that queer feeling when Sammy Jay had first told him of the trouble of Reddy Fox. He had found a wonderful and beautiful thing, though of course he didn't know it. Peter had found the spirit of pity and sympathy!

OLD MR. TOAD OPENS PETER RABBIT'S EYES

Is the name of the next Peter Rabbit story in the special series written for us by Thornton Burgess. It will appear in the July Number. Hereafter, Peter's adventures will appear in these pages every month.

GLIMPSES OF THE NEW

By Lewis W. Hine

HERE is the second installment of Mr. Hine's picture-serial of Red Cross work in America. Mr. Hine has gone over much of New York State in



Here is a Red Cross nurse in the Ramapo Mountains of New York State. News that a child has arrived in a distant farm house has come to her and she is starting off on her snow shoes to visit the mother. It doesn't take much imagination to picture how welcome she will be. The nurse, in the upper right-hand picture, is giving help and information on the care of children to the young mother, isolated in the snow-bound country, and badly in need of advice. Only people in similar circumstances can appreciate what such a service means.



At the left, a Red Cross nurse is showing a mother just how a husband can build a "Kiddy Coop." Ingenuity and a couple of dollars can procure for a home a piece of apparatus which if bought at a store would be far too expensive for most families. Ideas are part of Red Cross equipment.

At the right, is a view of the Red Cross Dispensary at Johnstown, New York, in the Atlantic Division. The doctor in the picture is one of the local physicians who volunteers a part of his time and conducts a general clinic not only for babies but for any of the children of the town who are under school age. It is called a "Well Baby Clinic." And so effective is it and so swift in its action that it often avoids the necessity of a sick baby clinic with its much more serious and frightening cases.



RED CROSS AT HOME

ur Staff Photographer

he past few weeks, seizing the
 alient points of modern Red
 ross Service. He gives them to
 s here with the reality and
 onviction of a moving picture.



t the right, is an
 object lesson in
 reventive care.
 he local Red Cross
 urse has gone to
 e village school and
 giving individual
 attention to the
 se and throat of
 ch child. Most
 eases can be
 red if they can
 us be caught in
 eir earliest stages.



The two upper pictures
 on this page show the
 cheerful and the more
 serious side of life in a
 "Preventorium School"
 in Schenectady, New
 York. The main credit
 for this wonderful service
 belongs to the Schenec-
 tady County Tubercu-
 losis Committee, but
 the Junior Red Cross
 has contributed liberally
 from its funds for the
 school; for it cares for
 children who are not
 well enough to go to
 school and not ill enough
 to go to a sanitarium.
 Tuberculosis is a disease
 which only needs to
 be caught in time in
 order to effect a cure.



Here is the Red Cross nurse
 in the High School at Amster-
 dam, New York. A group of
 the school girls are just begin-
 ning a regular course in the
 elements of Home Nursing.
 Some of them are much more
 expert in the handling of the
 dummy baby than others, and
 the simple explanation is that
 they have little brothers or
 sisters at home. Home nurs-
 ing is a thing which every
 woman in the country should
 understand, in these days of
 epidemics, coupled with the
 shortage of nurses. These high
 school girls will be prepared.

THE PRODIGAL VILLAGE

By Irving Bacheller

Author of "A Man for the Ages," "The Light in the Clearing," "Keeping up with Lizzie," etc.

Illustrated by
Thomas Fogarty



Phyllis had been "beating the bush" with her mother at teas and dances and dinners

CHAPTER FOUR

In Which Mr. Israel Sneed and Other Working Men Receive a Lesson in True Democracy

NEXT morning, Mr. Blenkinsop went to cut wood for the Widow Moran. The good woman was amazed by his highly respectable appearance.

"God help us! Ye look like a lawyer," she said.

"I'm a new man! Cut out the blacksmith shop an' the booze an' the bummers."

"May the good God love an' help ye! I heard about it."

"Ye did?"

"Sure I did. It's all over the town. Good news has a lively foot, man. The Shepherd clapped his hands when I told him. Ye got to go straight, my laddie buck. All eyes are on ye now. Come up an' see the boy. It's his birthday!"

Mr. Blenkinsop was deeply moved by the greeting of the little Shepherd, who kissed his cheek and said that he had often prayed for him.

"If you ever get lonely, come and sit with me and we'll have a talk and a game of dominoes," said the boy.

Mr. Blenkinsop got strength out of the wonderful spirit of Bob Moran and as he swung his axe that day, he was happier than he had been in many years. Men and women who passed in the street said, "How do you do, Mr. Blenkinsop? I'm glad to see you."

Even the dog Christmas watched his master with a look of pride and approval. Now and then, he barked gleefully and scampered up and down the sidewalk.

The Shepherd was fourteen years old. On his birthday, from morning until night, people came to his room bringing little gifts to remind him of their affection. No one in the village of Bingville was so much beloved. Judge Crooker came in the evening with ice cream and a frosted cake. While he was there, a

committee of citizens came to confer with him regarding conditions in Bingville.

"There's more money than ever in the place, but there never was so much misery," said the chairman of the committee.

"We have learned that money is not the thing that makes happiness," Judge Crooker began. "With every one busy at high wages, and the banks overflowing with deposits, we felt safe. We ceased to produce the necessities of life in a sufficient quantity. We forgot that the all important things are food, fuel, clothes and comfortable housing—not money. Some of us were money mad. With a feeling of opulence we refused to work at all, save when we felt like it. We bought diamond rings and sat by the fire looking at them. The roofs began to leak and our plumbing went wrong. People going to buy meat found the shops closed. Repairs that might have been saved by time will have to be largely replaced. Plumbing systems have been ruined by neglect. With all its money, the town was never so poverty stricken, the people never so wretched."

Mr. Sneed, who was a member of the committee, slyly turned the ring on his finger so that the diamond was concealed. He cleared his throat and remarked, "We mechanics had more than we could do on work already contracted."

"Yes, you worked eight hours a day and refused to work any longer. You were legally within your rights, but your position was ungrateful and even heartless and immoral. Suppose there were a baby coming at your house and you should call for the doctor and should say, 'I'm sorry, but I have done my eight hours work to-day and I can't help you.' Then suppose you should offer him a double fee and he should say, 'No thanks, I'm tired. I've got forty thousand dollars in the bank and I don't have to work when I don't want to.' Or suppose I were trying a case for you and, when my eight hours work had expired, I should walk out the court and leave your case to the care of itself. What do you suppose would become of it? Yet that is exactly what you did to my pipes. You let them to take care of themselves. You men, who use your hands, make a great mistake in thinking that you are ex-

workers of the country and that the rest of us are your natural enemies. In America, we are all workers! The idle man is a mere parasite and not at heart an American. Generally, I work sixteen hours a day. This little lad has been knitting night and day for the soldiers without hope of reward and has spent his savings for yarn. There isn't a doctor in Bingville who isn't working eighteen hours a day. I met a minister this afternoon who hasn't had ten hours of sleep in a week. He's been so busy with the sick, and the dying and the dead. He is a nurse, a friend, a comforter to any one who needs him. No charge for over-time. My God! Are we all going to money mad? Are you any better than I am, or I am, or than these doctors are who have been killing themselves with overwork? Do you dare to tell me that prosperity is any excuse for idleness in this land of ours, if one's help is needed?"

JUDGE CROOKER'S voice had been calm, his manner dignified. But the last sentences had been spoken with a quiet sternness and with his long, bony forefinger pointing straight at Mr. Sneed. The other members of the committee clapped their hands in hearty approval. Mr. Sneed smiled and brushed his trousers.

"I guess you're right," he said. "We're all off our balance a little, but what is to be done now?"

"We must quit our plumbing and carpentering and lawyering and banking and some of us must quit merchandising and sitting in the chimney corner and grab our saws and axes and go out into the woods and make some fuel and get it hauled into town," said Judge Crooker. "I'll be one of a party to go to-morrow with my axe. I haven't forgotten how to chop."

The committee thought this a good suggestion. They all rose and started on a search for volunteers, except Mr. Sneed. He tried saying to the Judge that he wished to consult him on a private matter. It was, indeed, just then a matter which could not have been more public although, so far, the news of it had travelled in whispers. The Judge had learned the facts since his retirement.

"I hope your plumbing hasn't gone wrong," he remarked with a smile.

"No, it's worse than that," said Mr. Sneed ruefully.

They bade the little Shepherd good night and went downstairs where the glow was still at work with her wash-

ing, although it was nine o'clock. "Faithful woman!" the Judge exclaimed as they went out on the street. "What would the world do without people like that? No extra charge for over-time, either."

Then, as they walked along, he cunningly paved the way for what he knew was coming.

"Did you notice the face of that boy?" he asked.

"Yes, it's a wonderful face," said Israel Sneed.

"It's a God's blessing to see a face like that," the Judge went on. "Only the pure in heart can have it. The old spirit of youth looks out of his eyes—the spirit of my own youth. When I was fourteen, I think that my heart was as pure as his. So were the hearts of most of the boys I knew."

"It isn't so now," said Mr. Sneed.

"I fear it isn't," the Judge answered. "There's a new look in the faces of the young. Every variety of evil is spread before them on the stage of our little theatre. They see it while their characters are in the making, while their minds are like white wax. Everything that touches them leaves a mark or a smirch. It addresses them in the one language they all understand and for which no dictionary is needed—pictures. The flower of youth fades fast enough, God knows, without the withering knowledge of evil. They say it's good for the boys and girls to know all about life. We shall see!"

MR. SNEED sat down with Judge Crooker in the handsome library of the latter and opened his heart. His son Richard, a boy of fifteen, and three other lads of the village, had been committing small burglaries and storing their booty in a cave in a piece of woods on the river bank near the village. A

constable had secured a confession and recovered a part of the booty. Enough had been found to warrant a charge of grand larceny and Elisha Potts, whose store had been entered, was clamoring for the arrest of the boys.

"It reminds me of that picture of the Robbers' Cave that was on the billboard of our school of crime a few weeks ago," said the Judge. "I'm tired enough to lie down, but I'll go and see Elisha Potts. If he's abed, he'll have to get up, that's all. There's no telling what Potts has done or may do. Your plumbing is in bad shape, Mr. Sneed. The public sewer is backing into your cellar and in a case of that kind the less delay the better."

HE WENT into the hall and put on his coat and gloves and took his cane out of the rack. He was sixty-five years of age that winter. It was a bitter night when even younger men found it a trial to leave the comfort of the fireside. Sneed followed in silence. Indeed, his tongue was shame-bound. For a moment, he knew not what to say.

"I—I'm much obliged to you," he stammered as they went out into the cold wind. "I—I don't care what it costs, either."

The Judge stopped and turned toward him.

"Look here," he said. "Money does not enter into this proceeding or any motive but the will to help a neighbor."

They walked in silence to the corner. There Sneed pressed the Judge's hand and tried to say something, but his voice failed him.

"Have the boys at my office at ten o'clock to-morrow morning. I want to talk to them," said the kindly old Judge as he strode away in the darkness.

CHAPTER FIVE

In Which J. Patterson Bing Buys a Necklace of Pearls

MEANWHILE, the Bings had been having a busy winter in New York. J. Patterson Bing had been elected to the board of a large bank in Wall Street. His fortune had more than doubled in the last two years and he was now a considerable factor in finance.

Mrs. Bing had been studying current events and French and the English Accent and other social graces every morning, with the best tutors, as she reclined comfortably in her bedchamber while Phyllis went to the various shops.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

One of the most loved inhabitants of Bingville was Bob, the little crippled son of the Widow Moran, called by Judge Crooker, "The Little Shepherd of the Birds." He spent his days in one room, watching the birds in the big garden next door. His idol was J. Patterson Bing, the foremost citizen of the town; and it was the happiest moment of his life when Mrs. Bing promised to bring Mr. Bing to see him. But the great man did not come. He sent in his place a twenty-dollar gold piece. All Bingville, nevertheless, believed in J. Patterson Bing and everything he did. When he paid the increased war prices for servants and carpenters and plumbers, Bingville did likewise. When he and Mrs. Bing returned from New York and instituted house parties in place of Sunday church, Bingville followed. When Phyllis Bing came back from school and introduced the new dances, and the new evening gowns, Pauline Baker and the other Bingville girls imitated her, at first blushing, then brazenly. In fact, the old simple spirit of Bingville was passing. In its place reigned a new god, a god with a little "g." Through its influence, Phyllis lunched with Gordon King and hovered on the brink of an elopement; and Pauline Baker ran away with a drummer to New York, where she vanished, leaving no trace behind.

All this while, a coin lay in the little Shepherd's bureau drawer, cold and friendless. The Shepherd was cold, too. Fuel and food were scarce that winter in Bingville; and illness and suffering were plenty. But while the Bings luxuriated in their apartment in New York, Father O'Neil and the Reverend Otis Singleton, enemies of Bingville's new little god, ministered to the sick. And, through the kindly understanding of Mr. Singleton, Hiram Blenkinsop, the village drunkard, started on the road to recover his lost self.

Mrs. Crooker had once said "Mamie Bing had a passion for self improvement." It was mainly if not quite true.

Phyllis had been "beating the bush" with her mother at teas and dinners and dances and theatres and country house parties in and about the city. The speedometer on the limousine had doubled its mileage since they came to town. They were, it would seem, a tireless pair of hunters. Phyllis's portrait had appeared in the Sunday papers. It showed a face and form of unusual beauty. The supple grace and classic outlines of the latter were touchingly displayed at the dances in many a handsome ballroom. At last, they had found a promising and most eligible candidate in Roger Delane—a handsome, stalwart youth, a year out of college. His father was a well known and highly successful merchant of an old family which, for generations, had "belonged"—that is to say, it had been a part of the aristocracy of Fifth Avenue.

There could be no doubt of this great good luck of theirs—better, indeed, than

Mrs. Bing had dared to hope for—the young man having seriously confided his intentions to J. Patterson. But there was one shadow on the glowing prospect; Phyllis had suddenly taken a bad turn. She moped, as her mother put it. She was listless and unhappy. She had lost her interest in the chase, so to speak. She had little heart for teas and dances and dinner parties. One day, her mother returned from a luncheon and found her weeping. Mrs. Bing went at once to the telephone and called for the stomach specialist. He came and made a brief examination and said that it was all due to rich food and late hours. He left some medicine, advised a day or two of rest in bed, charged a hundred dollars and went away. They tried the remedies, but Phyllis showed no improvement. The young man sent American Beauty roses and a graceful note of regret to her room.

"You ought to be very happy," said her mother. "He is a *dear*."

"I know it," Phyllis answered. "He's just the most adorable creature I ever saw in my life."

"For goodness sake! What is the matter of you? Why don't you brace

up?" Mrs. Bing asked with a note of impatience in her tone.

Phyllis, who had been lying on the couch, rose to a sitting posture and flung one of the cushions at her mother, and rather swiftly.

"How *can* I brace up?" she asked with indignation in her eyes. "Don't you dare to scold me."

There was a breath of silence in which the two looked into each other's eyes. Many thoughts came flashing into the mind of Mrs. Bing. Why had the girl spoken the word "you" so bitterly? Little echoes of old history began to fill the silence. She arose and picked up the cushion and threw it on the sofa.

"**WHAT** a temper!" she exclaimed. "Young lady, you don't seem to know that these days are very precious for you. They will not come again."

Then, in the old fashion of women who have suddenly come out of a moment of affectionate anger, they fell to weeping in each other's arms. The storm was over when they heard the feet of J. Patterson Bing in the hall. Phyllis fled into the bathroom.

"Hello!" said Mr. Bing as he entered the door. "I've found out what's the matter with Phyllis. It's nerves. I met the great specialist, John Hamilton Gibbs, at luncheon to-day. I described the symptoms. He says it's undoubtedly *nerves*. He has any number of cases just like this one—rest, fresh air, and a careful diet are all that's needed. He says that if he can have her for two weeks, he'll guarantee a cure. I've agreed to have you take her to a sanitarium in the Catskills to-morrow. He has saddle horses, sleeping porches, toboggan slides, snow-shoe skating parties and all that."

"I think it will be great," said Phyllis, who suddenly emerged from her hiding place and embraced her father. "I'd love it! I'm sick of the old town. I'm sure it's just what I need."

"I *couldn't* go to-morrow," said Mrs. Bing. "I simply *must* go to Mr. Delane's luncheon."

"Then I'll ask Harriet to go up with her," said J. Patterson.

Harriet, who lived in a flat on the upper west side, was Mr. Bing's sister.

Phyllis went to bed dinnerless with a headache. Mr. and Mrs. Bing at





Mr. Bing had found a situation in the plant which was new to him. To the committee from the men who called at his office with a demand for more pay and less work, Mr. Bing said "No," with a bang of his fist on the table

They were going back to Bingville next day. Martha and Susan had been getting the house ready. Mrs. Bing had been preparing what she fondly hoped would be "a lovely surprise" for Phyllis. Roger Delane was coming up for a quiet week with the Bings—a week of opportunity for the young people with saddle horses and a new steam launch and a Peterborough canoe and all pleasant accessories. Then, on the twentieth, which was the birthday of Phyllis, there was to be a dinner and a house party and possibly an announcement and a pretty wagging of tongues. Indeed, J. Patterson had already bought the wedding gift, a necklace of pearls, and paid a hundred thousand dollars for it and put it away in his safe. The necklace had pleased him. He had seen many jewels but nothing so satisfying—nothing that so well expressed his affection for his daughter. He might never see its like again. So he bought it against the happy day which he hoped was near. He had shown it to his wife and charged her to make no mention of it until "the time was ripe," in his way of speaking.

Mrs. Bing had promised on her word and

for a long time over their coffee and cigarettes.

"It's something too dreadful that Phyllis should be getting sick just at the wrong time," said the madame. "He has always been well. I can't understand it."

"She's had a rather strenuous time here," said J. Patterson.

"But she seemed to enjoy it until—the right man came along. The very man I hoped would like her! Then, suddenly, she throws up her hands and keels over. It's too *devilish* for words."

Mr. Bing laughed at his wife's desperation.

"To me, it's no laughing matter," said she with a serious face.

"Perhaps she doesn't like the boy," J. Patterson remarked.

Mrs. Bing leaned toward him and whispered, "She adores him!" She held her attitude and looked searchingly into her husband's face.

"Well, you can't say I did it," he answered.

The modern girl is a rather delicate piece of machinery. I think she'll be all right in a week or two. Come, it's time we went to the theatre if we're going.

Nothing more was said of the matter. Next morning immediately after breakfast, "Aunt Harriet" set out with Phyllis in the big limousine for Doctor Gibbs' sanitarium.

PHYLLIS found the remedy she needed in the ceaseless round of outdoor frolic. Her spirit washed in the glowing air found refreshment in the sleep that follows weariness and good digestion. Her health improved so visibly that her stay was far prolonged. It was the first week of May when Mrs. Bing drove up to get her. The girl was in perfect condition, it would seem. No rustic maid, in all the mountain valleys, had lighter feet or clearer eyes or a more honest, ruddy tan in her face due to the touch of the clean wind. She had grown as lithe and strong as a young panther.

honor to respect the confidence of her husband, with all righteous intention, but on the very day of their arrival in Bingville, Sophronia (Mrs. Pendleton) Ames called. Sophronia was the oldest and dearest friend that Mamie Bing had in the village. The latter enjoyed her life in New York, but she felt always a thrill at coming back to her big garden and the green trees and the ample spaces of Bingville, and to the ready, sympathetic confidence of Sophronia Ames. She told Sophronia of moving scenes in the gorgeous spectacle of metropolitan life, of the wonderful young man and the untimely affliction of Phyllis, now happily past. Then, in a whisper, while Sophronia held up her right hand as a pledge of secrecy, she told of the necklace of which the lucky girl had no knowledge. Now, Mrs. Ames was one of the best of women. People were wont to speak of her, and rightly, as "the salt of the earth." She would do anything possible for a friend. But Mamie Bing had



He could distinctly hear the voice of the woman crying now, and he groped his way in the direction from which the sound came and soon discovered her. She was kneeling on a grave with a child in her arms

*In Which Hiram Blenkinsop Has
a Number of Adventures*

ked too much. Moreover, always had been understood between them at these half playful oaths were not be taken too seriously. Of course, he fish had to be fed," as Judge Crooker had once put it. By "the h," he meant that curious under-life the village—the voracious, silent, merciless, cold-blooded thing which fed the sins and follies of men and women and which rarely came to the surface to bother anyone.

"The fish are very wise," Judge Crooker used to say. "They know the truth about everyone and it's well that they do. After all, they perform an important office. There's many a man and woman who think they've been fooling the fish but they've only fooled themselves."

And, within a day or two, the secrets of the Bing family were swimming up and down the stream of the under-life of Bingville.

MR. BING had found a situation in the plant which was new to him. The men were discontented. Their wages were "sky high," to quote a phrase of one of the foremen. Still, they were not satisfied. Reports of the fabulous earnings of the mill had spread among them. They had begun to think that they were not getting a fair division of the proceeds of their labor. At a meeting of the help, a radical speaker had declared that one of the young women wore a noose of pearls on her neck worth half a million dollars. The men wanted more pay and less work. A committee of their leaders had called at Mr. Bing's office with a demand soon after his arrival. Mr. Bing had said "no" with a bang of his fist on the table. A worker's meeting was to be held a week later to act upon the report of the committee.

Meanwhile, another cause of worry had come or rather returned to him. Again, Phyllis had begun to show symptoms of the old trouble. Mrs. Bing, driving at dusk from a market trip to Hazelmead with Sophronia Ames, had found Phyllis lying asleep among the cushions on the great couch in the master's bedroom. She entered the room softly and leaned over the girl and looked into her face, now turned toward the open window and lighted by the fading glow in the western sky and relaxed by sleep. It was a sad sight! There were lines and shadows on her face which the anxious mother had not seen before and—had she been crying? Very softly, the woman sat down at the girl's side. Darkness fell. Black, menacing shadows filled the corners of the room. The spirit of the girl betrayed her trouble in a sorrowful groan as she awoke. Roger Delane was coming next day. There was every reason why Phyllis should be happy. Silently, Mrs. Bing left the room. She met Martha in the hall.

"I shall want no dinner and Mr. Bing dining in Hazelmead," she whispered. Miss Phyllis is asleep. Don't disturb her."

Then she sat down in the darkness of her own bedroom alone.

THE Shepherd of the Birds had caught the plague of influenza in March and nearly lost his life with it. Judge Crooker and Mr. and Mrs. Singleton and their daughter and Father O'Neil and Mrs. Ames and Hiram Blenkinsop had taken turns in the nursing of the boy. He had come out of it with impaired vitality.

The Rubber Tree used to speak to him in those days of his depression and say, "It will be summer soon."

"Oh dear! But the days pass so slowly," Bob would answer with a sigh.

Then the Round Nickel Clock would say cheerfully, "I hurry them along as fast as ever I can."

"Seems as if old Time was losing the use of his legs," said the Shepherd. "I wouldn't wonder if some one had run over him with an automobile."

"Everybody is trying to kill Time these days," ticked the clock with a merry chuckle.

Bob looked at the clock and laughed. "You've got some sense," he declared.

"Nonsense!" the clock answered.

"You can talk pretty well," said the boy.

"I can run too. If I couldn't, nobody would look at me."

"I wish you'd ask Time to bring Pauline back. We must all pray for her to-night," said the Shepherd.

"Not I," said the Little Pine Bureau. "Do you see that long scratch on my side? She did it with a hat pin when I belonged to her mother, and she used to keep her dolls in my lower drawer."

"You'd better lie down and cover yourself up or you'll never live to see her or the summer either," the clock warned the Shepherd.

THEN he would lie down quickly and draw the clothes over his shoulders and sing of the Good King Wenceslas and The First Noël which Miss Betsy Singleton had taught him at Christmas time.

All this is important only as showing how a poor lad, of a lively imagination, was wont to spend his lonely hours. He needed company and knew how to find it.

Christmas Day, Judge Crooker had presented him with a beautiful copy of Raphael's Madonna and Child.

"It's the greatest theme and the greatest picture this poor world of ours can boast of," said the Judge. "I want you to study the look in that mother's face, not that it is unusual. I have seen the like of it a hundred times. Almost every young mother with a child in her arms has that look or ought to have it—the most beautiful and mysterious thing in the world. The light of that old star which led the wise men is in it, I sometimes think. Study it and you may hear voices in the sky as did the shepherds of old."

So the boy acquired the companionship of those divine faces that looked

down at him from the wall near his bed and had something to say to him every day.

Also, another friend—a very humble one—had begun to share his confidence. He was the little yellow dog, Christmas. He had come with his master, one evening in March, to spend a night with the sick Shepherd. Christmas had lain on the foot of the bed and felt the loving caress of the boy. He never forgot it. The heart of the world, that loves above all things the touch of a kindly hand, was in this little creature. Often, when Hiram was walking out in the bitter winds, Christmas would edge away when his master's back was turned. In a jiffy, he was out of sight and making with all haste for the door of the Widow Moran. There, he never failed to receive some token of the generous woman's understanding of the great need of dogs—a bone or a doughnut or a slice of bread soaked in meat gravy—and a warm welcome from the boy above stairs. The boy always had time to pet him and play with him. He was never fooling the days away with an axe and a saw in the cold wind. Christmas admired his master's ability to pick up logs of wood and heave them about and to make a great noise with an axe but, in cold weather, all that was a bore to him. When he had been missing, Hiram Blenkinsop found him, always, at the day's end lying comfortably on Bob Moran's bed.

May had returned with its warm sunlight. The robins had come back. The blue martins had taken possession of the bird house. The grass had turned green on the garden borders and was now sprinkled with the golden glow of dandelions. The leaves were coming but Pat Crowley was no longer at work in the garden. He had fallen before the pestilence. Old Bill Rutherford was working there. The Shepherd was at the open window every day, talking with him and watching and feeding the birds.

NOW, with the spring, a new feeling had come to Mr. Hiram Blenkinsop. He had been sober for months. His old self had come back and had imparted his youthful strength to the man Hiram. He had money in the bank. He was decently dressed. People had begun to respect him. Every day, Hiram was being nudged and worried by a new thought. It persisted in telling him that respectability was like the Fourth of July—a very dull thing unless it was celebrated. He had been greatly pleased with his own growing respectability. He felt as if he wanted to take a look at it, from a distance, as it were. That money in the bank was also nudging and calling him. It seemed to be lonely and longing for companionship.

"Come, Hiram Blenkinsop," it used to say. "Let's go off together and get a silk hat and a gold headed cane and make 'em set up and take notice. Suppose you should die sudden and leave me without an owner?"

The warmth and joy of the spring-time had turned his (Cont. on Page 66)

HELP YOURSELF TO HEALTH

CURIOUS CONTRADICTIONS IN COMMON EXPERIENCE

THE MEAT EATER

HE was deploring the high cost of meat, because it was the mainstay of his diet. It was not merely a matter of gratification of the taste, he explained. It was a question of health; for, having been much afflicted with "dyspepsia" and having tried many diets, meat he had found agreed with him best. Whenever he listened to what some supposed authority had to say about the inadvisability of eating too freely of meat, on account of the special burden its by-products put upon the liver and kidneys, and he tried, as a consequence, to reduce the amount of it in his diet and to fill in with rice, and potatoes, and oatmeal and vegetables and all those supposedly healthful things of every variety; immediately, he was afflicted with acidity.

Apparently such foods did not digest properly, but "fermented" in his stomach. When he returned to his rich meat diet, his troubles vanished. Wasn't it obvious, then, that much meat was the thing for him?

This man was in something like the position of one who has the alcohol habit and the more he drinks of the injurious liquid the more of it he craves. The eating of too high a proportion of meat in the diet is liable to cause the stomach to secrete an over-amount of acid, which, in turn, will require an over-amount of meat for its utilization.

Stomachs, like people, are victims of habit. When you "feel hungry" it is because the stomach, according to its habit, has secreted a certain amount of acid which is later to be used in the digestion of the protein element in your meal—an element in which meat is very rich. If you have accustomed yourself to a diet low in meat or protein, and composed largely of cereals, fruits and fresh vegetables, you have probably trained your stomach to secrete a small or normal amount of this digestive acid. If on the contrary you have accustomed yourself to a high meat diet, you have probably



Merritte
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DID YOU EVER WONDER WHY—

YOU were troubled with acid stomach most at the very time you attempted to diet? Or why your delicate wife often displayed a greater endurance than your own? Or why that pain vanished when you arrived at the doctor's office? Others have had these experiences, and the explanations here given of their problems may answer yours.

trained your stomach to the habitual secretion of a large amount of acid for the taking care of it. In the latter event, suppose you suddenly change to a low meat or low protein diet. The stomach cannot adjust its habits all at once, and will keep on for a while secreting its large amount. What, then, is to become of the acid unused?

The unused acid will, of course, cause digestive disturbance; "acid stomach" will afflict you, and you will probably wrongly ascribe your difficulty to the "fermentation" of the starches of a low protein diet!

Foods do not ferment in the ordinary stomach. This was one of the surprising discoveries that came out of a long series of examinations of the stomach contents of dyspeptics supposed to be troubled with this form of indigestion. The investigators were unable to find one case of actual food fermentation. What they did find was an over-supply of the powerful hydrochloric acid which the stomach itself had secreted and from which gas is in some cases liberated. Excessive use of condiments—salt, pepper, mustard, tea and coffee—also have important contributory parts to play. Smoking must also be mentioned as contributing to excess of acid in the stomach.

Like other bad habits, those of the stomach can be reformed. We should not try, however, to change them in a twinkling. That is what the meat eater, who was deploring the high cost of meat, was attempting to do. In his efforts at dieting, he was suddenly feeling to a stomach which had become a big acid-secreter, no material that required little acid. The resulting unused supply of acid in his stomach he connected up with the wrong cause. What he should have done was to reduce his meat very gradually, and thus slowly train his stomach not to supply so much acid. One way to restrain the secretion is to take a little olive oil on lettuce at the beginning of a meal.



Oil or fat in any form has a restraining effect on the secretion of acid; it "takes away the appetite" or, in other words, it restricts the flow of that digestive acid from which the sensation of hunger is derived.

When a man finds that his own dietetic experiences seem to establish rules of health that are diametrically opposed to those laid down by authoritative health investigators, he may be pretty sure that he is wrong in his diagnosis. Things are seldom as simple as they seem, and those explanations of cause and effect which appear the most obvious may be the farthest from the truth.

THE WEAK WIFE

"HOW is it," a man inquired of a noted hygienist, "that my wife, who is muscularly weak and delicate, has a greater physical endurance than I have, although I am much larger, eat twice as much, and have two or three times her physical strength?"

"One day I tried to hang some curtains," he continued, "and, in the process, a great deal of holding up of the arms was necessitated. In a short time, my arms became very fatigued. When I started to rest, my wife undertook the job and, to my amazement, she stuck to it much longer than I did, and was apparently not so greatly fatigued!"

This husband observed for himself a phenomenon which has already been given special consideration by scientific men—that endurance is a quality quite distinct from strength.

Strength is measured by the utmost force a muscle can exert once; endurance by the number of times it can repeat an exertion requiring a specified fraction of available strength at the start. Thus, if each one of two men is barely able to lift a dumb-bell weighing 100 pounds, their strengths are equal. But if one of them can raise a dumb-bell weighing 50 pounds, 20 times, while the other can raise it 40 times, the latter may be said to have double the endurance of the former. Another mode of expressing the same thought is that endurance is measured by the slowness with which strength decreases from exertion. The strongest people, therefore, are not necessarily those with the greatest endurance.

When a person is free from all specific ailments, both serious and minor, he usually calls himself "well." There is, however, a vast difference between such a "well" man and one in ideally robust health. The difference is one of endurance or susceptibility to fatigue. Many "well" men cannot run a block or a street car or climb more than one flight of stairs without feeling com-



pletely tired out, while another "well" man will run 25 miles or climb the Matterhorn from pure love of sport. The Swiss guides, throughout the summer season, day after day, spend their entire time in climbing. A Chinese coolie will run for hours at a stretch. That the world regards such performances as "marvelous feats of endurance" only shows how marvelously out of training is the world as a whole. In mental work, some men are unable to apply themselves more than an hour at a time, while others, like Humboldt and Mommsen, can work almost continuously through fifteen hours in a day.

As Mosso and others have proved, muscular fatigue is a chemical effect, due to the circulation of "fatigue poisons" in the blood. This has been strikingly shown by experiments on dogs. When blood is transfused from an exhausted dog to a "frisky" one, the latter immediately wilts and becomes fatigued like the former, although he has not exerted himself in the least. These poisons generally come from exertion, but may be produced also by excessive food, or from bad air, or from drugs, or from infections. A heavy eater, and especially a heavy meat eater, is liable to have less endurance than a light meat eater, although of equal strength. This probably accounts, very often, for the surprising endurance of some muscularly weak women, whose habits of eating are very temperate.

In Brussels, an endurance contest was held between two groups of people, one group made up of men and women who did not take meat, and the other of men and women accustomed to the usual amount. Little difference was found in the strength of the two groups, but in endurance, the vegetarians were found to be markedly superior; that is, they could perform a given muscular exertion more times without fatigue. In New Haven, a similar experiment in endurance was conducted, but in this case not with actual vegetarians but with people who ate little meat as against others who ate more. It was found that the small meat eaters greatly out-distanced the heavy meat feeders in the matter of endurance; for instance, they could perform an exercise of "deep knee-bending" some 1,000

times, and in one case even 2,400 times, as against only 400 and 500 times by the opposite group.

It has long been known that the production of poisons from food in the intestines is often due to the putrefaction of "protein," an element in which meat is very rich. It is readily conceivable, therefore, that a woman who is abstemious in her diet may have less putrefactive poisons to cope with, and therefore less potential fatigue in her

system, than a man of more sensuous food habits, even though he has a better developed musculature.

The mental makeup cannot be entirely ignored in any consideration of the causes of fatigue. Doctors have often observed that the female is so constituted that although she is more given to chronic worry and fear than the male, when she is put up against an emergency situation, she may exhibit an extraordinary amount of will to endure. In a series of medical examinations of men and women, it was noticed that the men more often fainted from fear than did the women, although it was generally the latter who did the greatest amount of worrying in advance. They had something wiry in their makeup that carried them through. In any endurance contest, this factor of mentality must be reckoned with. All of us have discovered that when we are doing something that we like to do, we can work without fatigue many more hours than when our hearts are battling against necessity.

Any man who would like to equal in endurance his "weak" wife has but to keep his body free from poisons as does she, and to do his tasks as cheerfully.

THE MAN WITH A "PAIN"

HIS physical troubles dated from the day he got bitten with the germ of ambition. He had held a mediocre job, and had apparently enjoyed good health, up to that time.

A keen observer might have detected, however, that there had always been certain peculiarities in his mental makeup. He had exhibited an inclination to attract attention from his fellow men, and an apparent desire to appear in some light as finer than they were. Until then, there had never been anything in his achievements with which to feed his vanity. The best he had been able to do was to extract some meager satisfaction from posing as a man of superior wisdom and character; by prating, for instance, of how deeply he hated wrong-doing, how opposed he was to sham in all its forms. Now, most healthy men possess just these virtues without in the least being con-

scious of them, so that already this man's consciousness gave evidence of being a little off the normal track. Later, it became so entirely "dislocated" that it brought on actual physical pain. The story of his experience was this:

A certain writer had published a splendid story, of which many people were talking. It happened that our friend visited a house to which the writer came. The flattery and attention bestowed upon the author greatly impressed the young man with the mediocre job and the egotistic tendencies, and he then and there was bitten with the idea that just such adoration and flattery would suit his own inner cravings, and that therefore he, too, would become an author of note.

It is one thing to become an author from an innate appreciation of the romance and literary qualities of life, but quite another thing to attain the same position from a love of attracting public attention. In the latter case, you may or may not have a real talent for the job. In the case of this particular young man, he exhibited no particular evidence of an appreciation of people or of story-telling ability, having, on the contrary, always been entirely self-centered. And when he tackled the job of writing, he did not seem to be able to say anything that other men had not said in a much better way before. But the more he wrote, and the more he became known among his friends as a man who was, or was to be, a writer, the greater became his vanity over the idea, and the more deeply rooted became his obsession to wrest from the world its awe and admiration. That did not, however, make publishers buy his stuff.

BAFFLED, distressed, then it was that his physical troubles began. He became afflicted with one form of indigestion after another. For days, he spent his entire time cramped over his desk, scribbling, re-scribbling, sending out, getting back, building air castles, having them crushed, neglecting his food, improperly bolting what he did eat, ignoring his exercise, still scribbling, still vainly desiring and with a greater and greater intensity. His physical condition grew more and more deplorable, until finally he became afflicted with a constant pain in his stomach and came to believe that he had some serious disease.

And so, although it was a cold gusty day, one of those extraordinary days of early spring when season conflicts with season, when summer blossoms and smiles in the morning, only to be knocked out by the wild and jealous fury of a winter cyclone of snow and hail—it was in the middle of one of these sudden violent outbursts that our aspiring author was caught on his way



to the doctor's office. No cars were available and he had to walk the long distance. In low shoes, unprotected by a rain-coat, he buffeted his way with all his might and main. He arrived, soaked to the skin, his feet wet but, to his amazement, glowing with well-being and entirely free from pain!

WHEN he told his story to the doctor, he was surprised to see how unimpressed was the medical man and when, in turn, he was told that it was highly improbable he had any real "stomach trouble," he was all the more astonished, because the condition was a very rare one.

What the doctor then gave him was a dose of literary romance on the subject of nervous dyspepsia. He called it a "dislocation of consciousness." He explained that on account of some emotional experience, the digestion is interrupted; attention is then called to the digestion—already an abnormal condition—as a result of which the movements of the stomach commence to "hurt." Noting this, the attention becomes more strongly riveted on the stomach symptom, and a vicious cycle is set up, resulting in more stomach symptoms, and more wrongly-directed consciousness. Stomachs are not built to be conscious of. When our minds are directed to them, they are liable to give us trouble, until we redirect our attention into its normal channels—the ordinary affairs of life. A change of environment, a change of work and, at any rate, a change of viewpoint, is often all that is necessary to right an apparently serious stomach trouble. But already the young man of ambition had discovered for himself that just one good battle, with one good storm, had set his stomach right!

AND did he succeed with his ambition? Well, somehow, with a good wholesome pumping of the blood through his system, and a good strong feeling of physical well being, something of his desire for just that one particular thing in life, of shining as an author before his fellow men, was lost in intensity. Apparently, it was out of his over-neurotic condition that the feeling had grown so abnormally strong. With a healthier condition, there appeared to be other desirable things in life, and maybe something better

fitted to his talents and capacities. One of our most authoritative hygienists counsels us thus: "The decision which is perhaps the hardest to make and at the same time the most important from the standpoint of health and working-power, is the decision not to care too much about the objects we are seeking to achieve. We need not go so far as to subscribe to the Nirvana philosophy; a certain intensity of desire is normal. But

modern life tends toward a morbid frenzied intensity. Most of us need, in the interest of mental health and sanity, to moderate our desires. A helpful precept, when one is failing in some crucial undertaking from his very over-anxiety to succeed, is to replace the ambition to succeed by a determination to pass the crisis unruffled, whether one succeeds or fails. 'He that ruleth himself is greater than he that taketh a City.'"

And when a man's attention gets back on the right track, to a wholesome and unegotistic interest in the affairs of business or professional life, many of his stomach troubles vanish. And the same applies to many other types of human trouble.

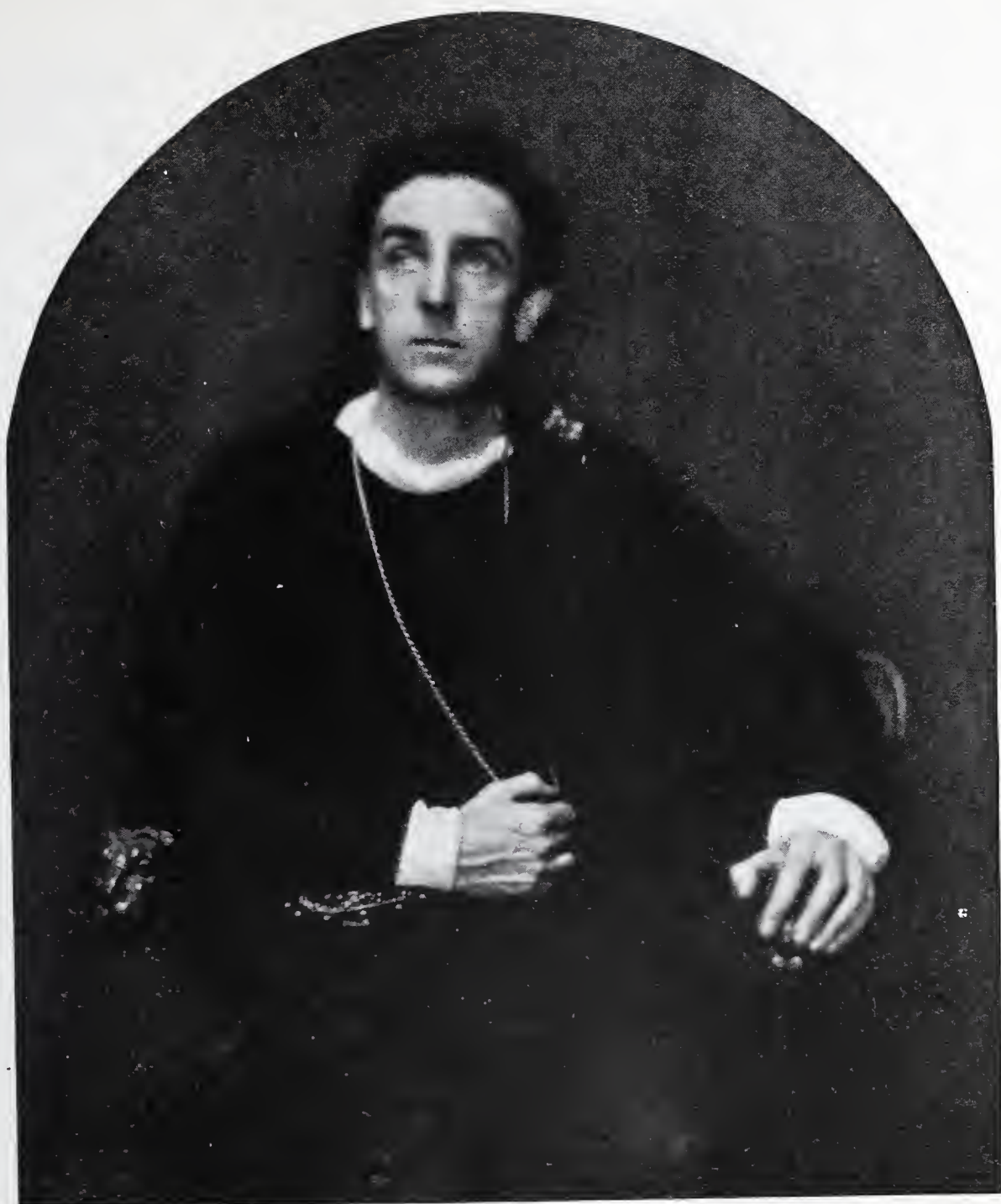
HAVE YOU UNSUSPECTED TOOTH TROUBLES?

MAN breathes, eats and drinks micro organisms! But sometimes micro organisms turn the table and do a little eating on their own account. One of their favorite feeding places is on man's teeth, gums and toothsockets.

Before the bacteria may feed upon the teeth and cause the condition of decay with which we are all too familiar, the way must be paved for them by the dissolution of the hard enamel. This is accomplished by acids that are formed by the fermentation of little particles of food left on the teeth. (At once the importance of keeping the teeth clean is apparent.) After the enamel has thus been damaged, the bacteria that are constantly hanging around, looking for trouble, attack the exposed organic material of the tooth. The result is a cavity.

But, in decay, we generally know of it early in its process, and can take prompt measures for its correction, whereas some of our very dangerous tooth and gum troubles, due to bacteria, are painless and may exist for years without becoming known, doing incalculable damage to the teeth and often seriously affecting the whole general health. One of these troubles is pyorrhœa, or Riggs' disease. The first symptoms of it may be bleeding or receding gums, or loosening teeth. It means that bacteria have gotten (Continued on Page 73.)

IN making a better America we must have an upward bending stage. In this article Clayton Hamilton, who is not only a notable critic but Hampden's intimate friend, pictures a thorough American of high character whose contribution to the theatre and its purpose has always a touch of the ideal. The personal story of Walter Hampden is an example of work and devotion to the higher meaning of a profession that is rare enough in any field of activity.



Walter Hampden as he appears in his notable impersonation of Hamlet. He played the part one hundred and twenty times for the Shakespeare Playhouse during its initial season

AN IDEALIST OF THE STAGE

The Intimate Story of a Fine Actor

By Clayton Hamilton

WALTER HAMPDEN is now generally recognized as the most illustrious exponent of the part of Hamlet who has appeared upon the English-speaking stage since the death of Edwin Booth. He is only forty years of age; and he has already reached what most actors regard as the ultimate goal of his profession. In the natural course of events, many years of beneficent activity still lie before him.

Such an achievement as Hampden's Hamlet, however, does not reach the public without years of preparation. All that Walter Hampden has ever done or ever been has gone into the

composition of this great performance. He has been very fortunate, in the first place, in coming of a fine family and securing an excellent education. He was both a scholar and a gentleman before he went upon the stage; and his culture has given him an unusual background for his work.

From his boyhood, his thoughts have been only of his profession. I met him years ago at the Polytechnic Preparatory School of Brooklyn. A project arose to give a school performance of "The Merchant of Venice," in which

Hampden—aged sixteen or seventeen—was cast as Shylock because of his commanding figure and impressive voice. To the surprise of the audience, his performance was remarkable. He decided at once to shape his destiny toward the attainment of professional success upon the stage and his decision was never altered.

Then and afterward, in our Polytechnic Institute days, we used to attend the theatre together, several times a week. We usually sat in the "peanut gallery." This cost us twenty-five cents for every performance; and, to save the necessary money out of our allowances, we habitually walked to-



Hampden as Julius Caesar in Shakespeare's tragedy. He has played no less than seventy Shakespeare roles

gether, every day, to and from the distant Institute, and went without luncheon for several days at a stretch. Our favorite performer was the great Modjeska. We attended her unforgettable rendition of Lady Macbeth not less than fifteen times; and, after the first few visits, we went home and learned the entire text by heart, in order to be better prepared to study the acting of this incomparable artist. We sedulously cultivated an acquaintance with "Fat" Knowles, the ticket-taker of the Fifth Avenue Theatre, in order to seduce this functionary to invite us to attend the frequently recurrent appearance of Modjeska. We used to hang around the lobby; and, when the house was not completely full, "Fat" Knowles, impelled by a spirit of almost parental pity, would pass us in. On one occasion, Walter Hampden dressed himself up in a tail coat and a tall hat, and went to call upon Modjeska, to ask her for a job. The great actress was extremely gracious to him but the interview

did not result in an engagement.

When I was sixteen years of age, my parents transferred their residence to Detroit, where they remained for several years, and I—an only child—was left alone in Brooklyn. I was immediately adopted, without legal formality, into the family of Walter's father—the late John Hampden Dougherty; and this was the best thing that ever happened to me. Mr. Dougherty was a scholar and a gentleman; and he was the father of a very remarkable family. In addition, he was one of the leading lawyers of his time. But, to me, as a boy, his professional achievements were less impressive than his literary attainments. He was an inspiration to us all. He could recite, by heart, long passages of the "Paradise Lost" of Milton; he was deeply read in the literary records of our English language; and it was owing to his suggestions that Walter Hampden and I read Sir Thomas Browne aloud in the middle of our teens, and nearly every Elizabethan play extant before we had reached

the usual age of going to college.

We became so steeped in the Elizabethan drama that it was but natural that we should follow the Elizabethan pattern in our first joint effort at dramatic authorship. We decided to write a tragedy for Sir Henry Irving, who was one of our favorite actors. We chose, as our hero, Charles the Ninth, King of France; and our action was to culminate with the massacre of Saint Bartholomew. We read every history of the period that we could find, in English or in French, and collected many thrilling incidents. These we arranged in a plot that seemed to us worthy of old Dumas. Then we pounded out a couple of acts in meticulous blank verse, filled with old Elizabethan words to make it sound like Shakespeare. Alas, the masterpiece, for some reason or other, was never completed; and Sir Henry Irving went ultimately to his grave without ever reading this poetical effusion of two boys in Brooklyn.

IN 1899, when Hampden was nineteen and I was seventeen, came our big adventure. I shall never forget that journey to Europe. With a third friend, H. G. Leberthon, we discovered painting; we discovered sculpture; we discovered architecture; just as we had previously discovered literature under the parental tutelage of Mr. Dougherty.

Walter Hampden was singularly beautiful in face, in body, and in voice. There was a radiance about him that everyone could see. So, wherever we went, strangers were charmed by our beautiful companion. He walked the world in loveliness; and he seemed to assume, serenely, that everybody else was as lovely as himself.

To a rooming-house in Bloomsbury, London, the three of us went first to live together in a lofty and ill-appointed room in the back parts of the house. We tirelessly toiled all day, visiting historic places, studying pictures in the National Gallery, and dreaming under Gothic vaultings; and, after we had sat in the pit at some performance in the theatre and had come home for the night, we used to sit up in our separate beds for an hour or two while Walter read aloud, by guttering candle-light, the hovel-scene in "King Lear," or an act of "Hamlet," or a group of poems from the Golden Treasury. He read magnificently, with a justness of ear that even in those days, was impeccable.

FROM London, we proceeded on bicycles to Paris. Several things happened to us on the way—among them, the cathedral of Amiens! In such a place, we separated by a common instinct, and wandered about alone for hours, and, when we met again, said nothing; and this became our habit, later, in the Louvre. Arrived in Paris, we enrolled ourselves as students in the École Coloniale, in order to justify our residence in the Quartier Latin; but we ran away from lectures every week-end, to push our bicycles to such cathedral cities as

theims, or Chartres, or Rouen. We lived in the Rue d'Assas, very cheaply and very happily; and we sucked in the civilization that is France. We soon found a way to join the "claque" of the Théâtre Français; and, thereafter, we sat night after night in the parterre, applauding at appointed moments the repetitions of the classic repertory.

In 1900, when we had earned our accalaureate degrees in Brooklyn, Walter Hampden and I parted company for a while. Walter had been tempted, once again, to travel overseas. He wanted to be an actor; and he felt that no man could give forth upon the stage any more than he had taken in. So he wanted to take in more of the treasured art that is stored in Europe.

SO, in 1900, he returned to the Quartier Latin and lived there for a year in the company of his elder brother, Paul Dougherty, who was busy with his painting. There Hampden studied acting with Sylvain, of the Comédie Française; he studied reading with Georges Berr; he studied singing with the foremost teacher at the Opéra; he played assiduously on the 'cello; and he studied fencing with the leading experts in that exercise,—all accomplishments that might be useful in his future profession. His proficiency in French was already peculiar. His ear was so exact that he could speak the language with almost the precision of a Frenchman. In fact, Sylvain seriously urged him to become a French actor and to join the Comédie Française. I remember, too, when we were traveling in Holland, he could always deceive the natives by his easy rendering of Dutch phrases learned by rote from a conversation-book. Neither of us knew a word of Dutch; but he had caught the sound of the language by keeping his ears open. On one occasion, he asked a question of a casual passerby; it was, of course, a question culled from a phrase-book. His interlocutor, never suspecting for a moment that Walter was not a Dutchman, replied at length, in a language that we could not understand, until we ultimately interrupted him with a halting "Thank you."

When Walter Hampden finally felt prepared to seek employment on the stage, he was persuaded by a great friend of his father's—Sir Sidney Lee—to join the celebrated company conducted in the English provinces by Mr. F. R. Benson—now Sir Frank Benson. As an apprentice in the Benson company, Walter played not less than twenty parts in Shakespeare, at a salary of one or two guineas a week. The illustrious records of many old Bensonians indicate pretty clearly that the Benson company is the best of all training schools for actors on the English-speaking stage. In the tragedy of Hamlet," Walter played with Benson, at one time or another, more than half a dozen of the minor and contributory parts, and became thoroughly familiar with the "business" of the play.

After several years of this apprenticeship, Walter Hampden was invited to



In the great spectacle, "The Wayfarer," at Madison Square Garden, Hampden played the title role

appear in London, by an ex-Bensonian, Mr. Otho Stuart, in the leading part of a more or less poetic melodrama in blank verse by Mr. James Bernard Fagan, entitled "The Prayer of the Sword." Walter scored a hit in this piece, and was favorably noticed by William Archer. When "A Midsummer Night's Dream" was offered by the company, Walter played the part of Oberon. The late H. B. Irving was then engaged to play Hamlet, and Walter was cast as Laertes; but, after the first week, Mr. Irving fell ill, and the manager was confronted with the alternative of closing the house or offering a substitute in the stellar role. Mr. Stuart decided to continue the run with Walter Hampden in the part of Hamlet. Walter went on, with one or two rehearsals, and acquitted himself with credit. He was then only twenty-five years old. He wrote me that the performance was not good; but William Archer told me afterwards that it was the most promising performance of the part that had been shown since the first appearance of

Forbes-Robertson. I soon received, by word of mouth, news from another friend which was even more encouraging. This friend was Arthur Goodrich. I had given him a letter of introduction to Walter when Arthur told me of his intention of going to London. These two men struck up an eager friendship. When Arthur Goodrich returned to this country with good news of Walter Hampden's Hamlet, I introduced him to the family; and Walter's sister, Alice, is now the wife of Mr. Goodrich.

After Walter Hampden had acted for seven years in England, he decided to come back to this country. I met him at the dock. "I have in my pocket," he said, "a play by a friend of mine, Charlie Kennedy. It is a great play. I have come home to act it." That night, Walter read to me "The Servant in the House," and asked me what I thought about it. "There is only one manager in America," I answered, "who might be persuaded to produce that play. He is a fine fellow, with the enthusiasm of a poet; but he



A reproduction of Alice Boughton's "Healing the Blind," one of a series portraying the miracles of Christ for which Hampden posed at the time of the Emmanuel Movement

is rather moody and you can never know what he will like." "Who is he?" Walter asked, and I answered, "Henry Miller." "Well, let us sell 'The Servant in the House' to Henry Miller," Walter Hampden said.

The next day, I introduced Walter Hampden to Mr. Samuel McLeary Weller, who was at that time the business manager for Mr. Miller. Walter read "The Servant in the House" to him. He was greatly impressed. A

meeting was arranged between Mr. Miller and the "English" actor who had just arrived. Walter walked into the office, said "Good afternoon" in his ordinary voice, and Mr. Miller immediately offered him a year's contract as an actor, at a flattering salary. Walter answered, "I have not come to you to seek employment as an actor; I have come to you to place a play." Mr. Miller offered to read the manuscript; but Walter explained that he

had promised the author not to let the manuscript pass out of his own hands, but only to read it himself. Mr. Miller stated frankly that he hated to have plays read to him; but impressed by the face or voice of Walter Hampden, he invited him to Stamford for the week-end.

At his home in Stamford, Mr. Miller settled himself in a hammock and said to Walter Hampden, "Go ahead and read it. I shall probably fall asleep, I

usually do." Walter, with his gorgeous voice, read the first act of "The Servant in the House." "Go ahead," said Mr. Miller. At the conclusion of the reading of the second act, Mr. Miller leaped out of the hammock. "Don't read me any more," he said, "I'll take the play; and we can enjoy the rest of it after dinner. Mr. Weller, draw up a contract: give Mr. Hampden what he wants." It was thus that "The Servant in the House" was sold; but when the time came to import from England the author, Charles Rann Kennedy, and his wife, Edith Wynne Mattheson, Mr. Miller began to wonder whether or not the piece could possibly succeed in the commercial theatre. Walter Hampden struggled with him half the night in Mr. Miller's rooms at the Waldorf-Astoria; and ultimately the enthusiastic actor secured from the hesitant manager an inviolable promise to produce the play.

THE piece was "tried out" in Baltimore and Trenton; and Mr. Miller did not feel at all optimistic concerning commercial chances. He even offered to sell a half interest in the production for an inconsiderable sum; but neither Hampden, nor Kennedy, nor I, could summon up sufficient money, at the moment, to back our faith in the play. The arrangements for the first performance in New York were made by Mr. Weller and me. We decided to present the piece to an invited audience—a special matinee on Monday, at the unprecedented hour of three o'clock; to keep the theatre dark on Monday night; and to offer the first public performance on Tuesday evening. By this arrangement, we calculated that the critics would be granted an unusual amount of time for the preparation of their notices. Then we busied ourselves to invite to the initial matinee the most distinguished citizens of New York and its neighborhood. When the time came for the opening, the theatre was crowded with an audience of noted people. This audience received the play with rare enthusiasm; and, after the first performance, the success of the piece was assured.

"The Servant in the House," in all its parts, was excellently acted. In fact, most commentators on the current stage would agree that no finer all-round performance of any drama has ever been shown in New York. In view of this fact, it is amusing to remember that the casting and direction of the play were accomplished almost casually. Mr. Miller, who is one of the ablest producing directors in America, was so busy at the time, with many other matters, that he attended only a few rehearsals; and most of the direction was accomplished by Mr. Kennedy with the assistance of Mr. Hampden. There were only seven parts in the play; and one of these, the page-boy, was inconspicuous. Of the six important characters, three had been cast "within the bosom of the family," so to speak, before the play had been sold to Henry Miller. Walter Hampden, of course, had been predestined to the role of Manson.

The part of Auntie had been written for the author's wife, Edith Wynne Mattheson; and the part of Mary, the little girl, had been written for Hampden's wife, Mabel Moore. Mabel Moore was also an experienced Bensonian; and it was in the Benson company that Walter Hampden had met and married her. Her performance of Mary, in this play, was exquisite, and justified the fine promise that she had already shown upon the London stage. By a lucky accident, Tyrone Power was then under contract to Henry Miller; and Mr. Miller supplied Mr. Power's services, to create the impressive character of the drain-man. If I remember rightly, it was Mr. Miller who engaged Charles Dalton to play the minister. One important part was left unfilled—the difficult role of the bishop.

IT SO happened that Walter Hampden, Rann Kennedy, and I strolled into the Hotel Astor, rather late one evening. As we were standing in the lobby a somewhat worn man of middle age wandered in. He looked to be down on his luck. Walter Hampden noticed him, and nudged me. "Isn't that Arthur Lewis?" he said. "If it is, I used to know him in London. An excellent actor!" I nodded; and we called Lewis over and asked him how he was. He told us frankly that he was in hard luck and had been out of a job for months. While Kennedy was talking to him, Walter Hampden said to me, "Wouldn't he do for the bishop?" Again I nodded; and Arthur Lewis was invited to come around to the rehearsal next morning. As a result of this most casual encounter, Mr. Lewis secured an opportunity to compose that impeccable performance which established his success on the American stage.

Hampden has always been extremely temperate in all his habits. Though, at certain periods, he has ceased to smoke, he habitually smokes cigarettes, but not cigars or pipes. He is a vegetarian. On this point, he has always been opposed most strenuously by his brother Paul; but Walter continues to be a vegetarian, with no apparent detriment to his health or happiness.

Walter Hampden's serene rendition of the Christ-like role of Manson in "The Servant in the House" appealed very powerfully to a multitudinous public. To critics of the drama, it stamped him as a great actor; but there were many people in his audience whose literal minds were not able to imagine a distinction between the artist and the character it was his duty to portray. During the two years or more when Walter Hampden was playing this Christ-like part throughout the country, he received hundreds of letters from simple people in spiritual difficulties who appealed to him for aid and guidance, as if he were, in very fact, a sort of Messiah. He did not toss these letters into the scrap-basket. He answered every one of them, with sympathy; and he accorded personal interviews to scores of applicants. As a lover of his fellow-men, he deemed it his duty to do all that he could to give a

little help to people tangled in distress.

No man can be greater than his religion—whatever it may be; and religion has always been a strong point with Walter Hampden. He is not a member of any sect or of any church. Instead, he has been a sedulous student of many of the great religions of mankind; and he guides his own life, and the lives of those who appeal to him for counsel, by deep religious principles.

In this connection, I wish to testify, however, that the many simple-minded theatre-goers who confounded the character of Walter Hampden with the character of Manson did not go so very far astray. Walter Hampden is the only absolutely blameless man that I have ever known. I have never known him to say a mean word or to do an unkind deed; he has habitually sacrificed himself for others; he has always been a help to the people who have come into contact with him. Everybody who has ever met him will subscribe to this encomium. Walter Hampden, personally, is a sort of moral monument. He stands four-square to all the winds that blow, and betters the tradition of mankind.

After "The Servant in the House" had been running to crowded houses for a year or more, Walter Hampden began to worry about the problem of sustaining the spiritual freshness of his performance. In those days, I used to drop in at his dressing-room; and I discovered that he spent his time off-stage in reading. What he read in those waiting moments, was the tragedies of Euripides, in the original Greek. He would read in Greek, the text of "The Trojan Women," until he was summoned for his next entrance in the role of Manson.

WALTER HAMPDEN earned a considerable amount of money from "The Servant in the House," and invested it in a farm in Westchester County; but his popular success in this piece impeded his career as an actor for several subsequent seasons. The magnates of Forty-Second Street, who control the American theatre, are accustomed to think of actors as "types." When a new play was to be presented, Walter Hampden might be recommended by the author for the leading role; but the manager would immediately answer, "Hampden? What yer mean. Hampden! He's the guy that played 'The Servant in the House.' This part is different." Most of the managers forgot that before he had created the character of Manson, Walter Hampden had made a big impression on Broadway by his rendition of the very different and even more difficult role of Ibsen's Master-builder, Solness. The late Clyde Fitch—an excellent judge of actors—selected Walter Hampden to create the leading part in what turned out to be his posthumous play, "The City." One of my most interesting memories of Fitch is of a spring-time afternoon when he read to Walter and myself the first draft of this play, and told us eagerly that he considered it the best thing he had ever done. He

died that August, before the final draft of "The City" had been revised. The piece, when shown, proved powerful but a little disappointing. Walter Hampden gave an excellent performance; but his part was rather thankless, and this engagement did not enhance his reputation as an actor.

The aura of Manson still hovered around him and impeded his progress toward the sort of success that may be manufactured by the managers. To dispel, once for all, the illusion that he could depict only a character that was Christ-like in its attributes, he agreed to play the tawdry part of the villain in a piece called "Life," by Thompson Buchanan. It was a Drury Lane melodrama of the traditional type, which was joyfully concocted by an American author with his tongue in his cheek. In preparation for this part, Walter Hampden studied carefully the local dialect that is customary among villains in American melodrama. But one day at rehearsal, he forgot himself for a moment; and, when the word "clerk" occurred in his lines, he accidentally pronounced it in the British manner—"clark." He was promptly reprimanded by the stage-director. But then arrived an unexpected interruption. Out of the cavernous darkness, underneath the distant balconies of the huge Manhattan Opera House, boomed forth the voice of an unseen visitor. It was unmistakably the voice of Billy Brady—the owner of the show. "Wait a minute," said the voice. "You're the villain, Walter, ain't yer?" "Yes, sir." "You want them to hate yer, don't yer?" "Yes, sir." "Then say clark!"

This is almost the only occasion when Walter Hampden has been caught in a linguistic error. He is one of the few performers on our stage who normally and naturally speak the English language, by which I mean a language that is neither locally American nor locally British. It would be impossible to determine, from the sound of his ordinary conversation, whether he had been born in England or in the United States. He came of a cultured family in Brooklyn, and never went abroad till



Above, Walter Hampden as Andrea and Lily Brayton as Ilaria in "The Prayer of the Sword." Below, Hampden in his most famous characterization—that of Manson in "The Servant in the House"

he was nineteen years of age; yet he first appeared upon the stage in England, and played there for seven years before he returned to his native country. His speech is not British, like that of most of the actors who come to us from England; nor is it American like that of most of the actors who are native-born. It is, in sound, the speech of Shakespeare.

Poetic parts like Manson are not written for an actor every year; and for several seasons, Walter Hampden was required to worry along in inconspicuous parts for which he was not especially fitted. He is, essentially, a poetic and romantic actor; and he is wasted in realistic roles. His face and figure are better suited to costume than to clothes; and his voice is better suited to the reading of verse or formal prose than to the delivery of casual conversation. I have never seen him give a poor performance; but, once or twice, in modern plays, I have seen him so impeded by an uncongenial medium that he has looked, at moments, like a bad actor. Yet what was an artist of this type to do in

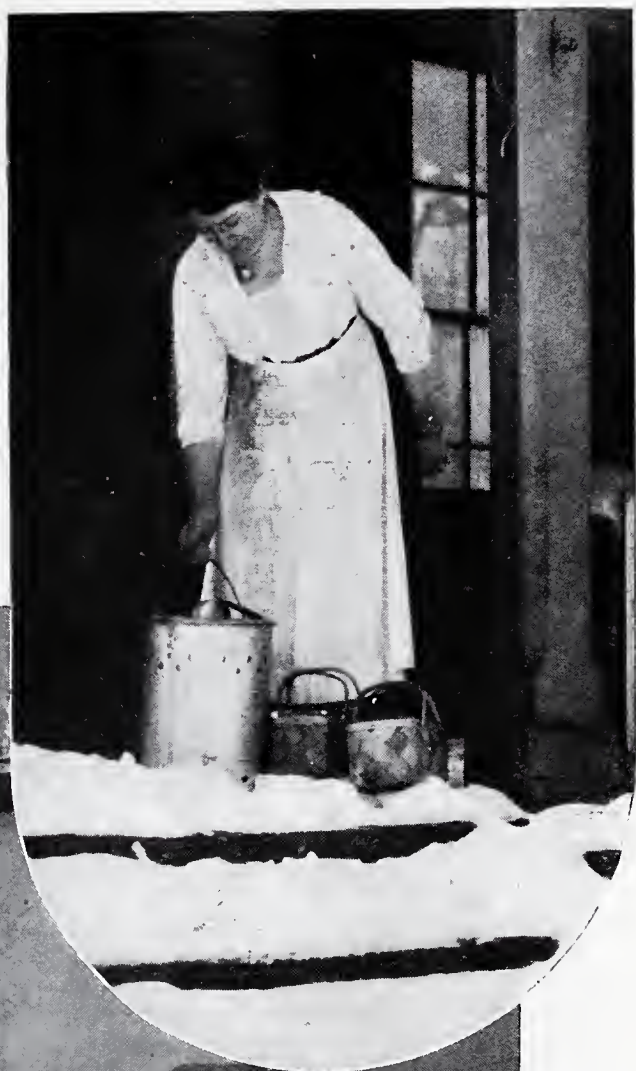
period when the only plays that were favored by the managers were plays which did not offer opportunities for the display of his peculiar talents?

Walter Hampden did the only thing that could be done. He earned his living; he bided his time; and he studied the part of Hamlet for a dozen years. He was not satisfied with the apprentice-effort; and he regarded his success in London—when he was twenty-five—not as an end but only as a beginning. His present Hamlet was gradually made up in his mind through many years of patient study. He has consulted nearly every accredited Shakespearean scholar in England and America during the course of this thorough and leisurely preparation.

But no American manager could be persuaded to risk money on a revival of the tragedy of "Hamlet"; and Walter Hampden was obliged to wait and wait for an opportunity to show what he could do. The opportunity at last came casually. Mr. Frank McEntee conceived an (Cont. on Page 70)

SOLVING THE SERVANT PROBLEM

By Herbert Asbury



In Montclair, New Jersey, the Community Kitchen delivers piping hot meals to customers all over town. The housewife finds dinner on the front porch, ready to serve

ACCORDING to the gazetteer, Montclair is a residential town in New Jersey, with banks and schools and churches and manufacturing factories, thirty minutes from New York City by way of the Hudson Tubes or the Erie and Lackawanna Railroads, with a population in 1919 of about 28,000.

But the citizen of Montclair takes a more roseate view of his town. He amplifies the gazetteer's description into "a veritable paradise of schools and churches and well-paved streets and handsome homes." He passes lightly over the manufacturing business with its disfiguring and discomforting effects; he argues strenuously about the population; and he adds that Montclair is the one place in the United States where the maid and cook problems have been even par-

tially solved. He, and more particularly, she, calls the town a sort of maidless Utopia, a place where a cook is all right if one can be found and employed for anything short of the family fortune, but where a cook is not absolutely necessary.

The reason? Why does Montclair call herself the maidless Utopia, and how has the town solved the servant problem? Well, thus runs the answer.

Mrs. Montclair went to New York shopping and met Mrs. Newark, her dear friend, whom she had not seen for weeks. They lunched together and it came out that Mr. Newark and the Newark children were not at home and so Mrs. Newark was able to accept Mrs. Montclair's invitation to dinner.

"We'll stay in town and go to a matinee," said Mrs. Montclair, "and get home about six or half past, about

the time that Mr. Montclair arrives."

"But won't that delay your dinner?"

"Not at all," said Mrs. Montclair.

"We shall have dinner about seven or earlier."

"You're fortunate," sighed Mrs. Newark, "I've been trying to get a cook for ages, but I can't find one anywhere."

"I have no cook, either," said Mrs. Montclair.

"But you can't possibly get home in time to cook the dinner yourself," objected Mrs. Newark.

"Well, I have no cook," repeated Mrs. Montclair cryptically, "and I haven't cooked a dinner for months. I won't cook one to-night, either!"

"Then how on earth will you manage?"

"Wait and see," laughed Mrs. Montclair. "I shall not cook, my husband

Solving the Servant Problem

will not cook, my children cannot cook, and we have no cook, yet when we get home our dinner will be waiting for us!"

They reached the Montclair home about half-past six and, as they went into the house, Mrs. Montclair picked up and carried with her a receptacle that looked like a lard can. It had been standing on the porch beside a small wicker basket.

"Come into the kitchen with me," she said, "and I'll show you."

MRS. MONTCLAIR placed the receptacle on the kitchen table and opened it. Inside, Mrs. Newark saw four glass casseroles, set in brackets one on top of the other, each with a close-fitting aluminum cover, and each filled with soup or meat or vegetables—everything that goes to make up a four or five course dinner, and the whole resting securely above a lighted can of solidified alcohol. In the wicker basket, were pie and pudding for dessert and a salad.

"There is our dinner!" said Mrs. Montclair.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Newark, "I see. You ordered it sent in from a restaurant."

Mrs. Montclair shook her head. "There are five dinners in this container," she said, "and no restaurant that I know of would cook and deliver any sort of dinner for less than two or three dollars each. If I could afford to do that sort of thing I could afford to hire a cook at any price. Moreover, this container has been on the porch since five o'clock and, although it is now nearly seven, the food is still piping hot. Do you think a dinner sent in from a restaurant

would remain warm that long? After an hour or so it would be uneatable."

"Then where does it come from?" asked Mrs. Newark.

"From the Montclair Community Kitchen," replied Mrs. Montclair. "While I was in New York I simply telephoned to the Kitchen and said that I wanted dinner for five people and at five o'clock the expressman came and put the dinner on my porch and an hour and a half later I came along and carried it into the house. And after dinner I shall wash these containers—you know how easy it is to wash glass—put them back on the porch and the expressman will come and get them. And that's all there is to it—no maid, no cook, no troubles, and usually plenty of food left over for to-morrow's lunch."

And that's all there is to it!

BUT anybody, say, for instance, a man who has been in the Army and done a bit of kitchen police, one who has cooked and then spent hours and hours scouring pots and pans, would hardly believe that is all there is to it! The members of the one hundred and eighty families who use the Montclair Community Kitchen cannot believe that is all there is to it, either. They believe that the Community Kitchen is the most convenient and the finest thing in all of New Jersey, because through it they are enabled to go when and wherever they like during the afternoon, and not have to hurry back and cook the dinner if they haven't a maid—and there seem to be very few families, nowadays, who have maids. They can go to a matinee in New York, for example, and sit seriously through the entire show instead of

hurrying out just as the most exciting things begin to happen, to catch a train and get home in time to see about dinner. They see all of the show, because they have telephoned the Kitchen and they know that when they get home, dinner for the whole family, cooked and ready to serve, will be waiting on the front porch.

THERE is one family, in particular in Montclair which holds that there is nothing in the world as fine as the Montclair Community Kitchen. This family drove to Philadelphia in a motor not very long ago. It was a fairly warm winter day when they left Montclair, but the next day, when they started home, the weather was cold and blustery, and it began to snow before they were twenty miles from Philadelphia. They faced the unhappy prospect of driving into Montclair in a snow storm, and of going into a cold house and cooking dinner—a dismal outlook.

"Let's try that new Community Kitchen," suggested Mrs. X, "I don't want to have to cook dinner when I get home."

So, at Trenton, Mr. X sent a telegram to the Community Kitchen:

"Send four dinners to the home of Mr. X."

And when the automobile stopped in front of the X home and the four members of the family alighted cold and uncomfortable, there on the front porch was the aluminum container and beside it the little wicker basket with the pie and the cake and the pudding. Long before they could have started the furnace and thawed themselves out and cooked dinner, Mr. X and his family (Continued on Page 64)



Getting a proper container was one of their hardest problems. Glass is used because it is easier to wash

NONE SO RICH

By Theodocia Pearce

Illustrated by F. R. Gruger

SPARKLING cut glass, shaded lights, embroidered towels,—all the appointments of a perfect home. These were the things pretty, adorable Alma Knight wanted before she would consider getting married. Not until life gave her a vision of what real riches are, did she realize that these things are only the tinsel trappings of existence. You will find the Alma of this story a much sweeter woman than the girl you last saw in "None So Young."

"YES!" Martha said at the dinner table that evening, as she gave Bruce his second helping of mashed potatoes, "Yes! Ed went back to the grocery business."

"What?" Henry looked up quickly and Martha noted the relief in his tone. "He did, eh? Well, I am glad. What's Bertha got to say, Martha?"

"You know Bertha," Martha smiled wryly, "as usual she didn't say much. But she is satisfied."

"Well, I should hope so," Bruce said, "I should hope so. If her food is coming in free, I guess she can swallow it easy."

"A lot you know," Alma chided. "Food isn't everything. There are lighting bills and coal bills and clothing bills and—"

"And we wouldn't be here to pay one blooming bill," Bruce cut in, "if we didn't cash in on the food bill first. I would like to see the guy who would rather pay for a dress suit than a square meal. If you're going to gimme a job, make it the sort Ed's got."

"Well, anyway," Alma regarded the ring flashing color from the third finger of her left hand, "whatever bill you pay first or last, first and last it's bills, bills, bills. I guess, Bruce Knight, reasoning on the strength of your appetite, you know mighty little about the High Cost of Living."

"What you mean," said Bruce, "is the High Cost of Loving! I guess I know more about it than you think I do. I guess I'm not blind," he winked at his mother, "or deaf either."

"Bruce!" cried Alma.

"If you're going to rave on about the High Cost of Loving," Bruce proceeded glibly, "as you've been doing this last week, why don't you cut down on the expenses? I think two nights a week ought to be enough. But every night! And the way you talk to Mom out in the kitchen. Yep, I hear you, and I betcha Mrs. Sloane up at the corner hears you, too. Well, the way you talk to Mom about the price of things gets my goat." He lifted a spoonful of green peas. "Why when I put this business in my mouth, you make me feel as though I were chewing nickels."

"Well," Alma insisted, "I don't care what you chew, canned goods do come high."

Bruce glared across at her.

"Yep!" he said, "if you really know the price of anything, it's canned goods. I bet you've got them down pat. I bet you know more about canned goods than all the manufacturers put together. I sure will give you credit there. Golly, but I feel sorry for Buster," Bruce rolled his eyes tragically, "omelettes and cocoa and hashes and canned goods when you keep house. Get me, Pop? Canned goods and cocoa and—"

"Bruce, shut up!"

"I'd like to hear you say that just once to Buster, you just bet I would. I'd like to hear you. Say now, I'd miss a ball game just to listen. By Jove! I'd like to warn Buster what's coming to him—omelettes and cocoa and hash!"

"Don't you suppose I'll—" Alma interrupted.

"Canned goods!" Bruce ended shrilly.

ALMA shrugged her shoulders. "Honest, Bruce Knight, you give me a pain the way you carry on sometimes. It ought to be stopped. Don't you suppose I know what I am doing? Don't you suppose I know how to read a cook book? Don't you suppose I can learn a few things from Mamma?"

"Sure you can, if you will," Bruce grinned. "But anyone like you who knows so much about the price of canned—"

"Bruce," Martha put in, "there's mince pie for dessert. You'll never be ready for it if you don't stop talking."

"It's just as bad one way as the other," said Alma. "Eating or talking, Bruce runs the limit. But, anyway things do come high and you can't get away from the High Cost of Living. You know what I mean, don't you Mamma?"

"Yes!" Martha said and she noticed that Alma's lips were quivering. "Yes—I know what you mean."

Later, she called Bruce into the kitchen.

"You know, Bruce, she began, "we have to be pretty good to Alma. We

aren't going to have her with us so very long. About June, Buster will be taking her away."

"Golly!" Bruce whistled softly.

"And it does cost to live, Bruce," she went on slowly. "It does cost a great deal. Alma won't have an easy time at first, Bruce, making ends meet. And, sometimes, I don't think she understands when you tease her so. Sometimes we don't, Bruce—if we are worried or anything."

"Say, Mom!" Bruce regarded her fixedly. "Do you want me to go in there and tell Alma what I think of her? Do you want me to tell her that she beats the bunch for looks, that there isn't another girl in this burg can hold a candle to her. When she gets that rose rag of hers on, she makes Mrs. Cecil Burrows look like a dish washer. Say, do you want me to go in there and tell her that? Listen, Mom," he paused and Martha listened, "she's in there banging down on the piano, and can't she make the racket though? Say, do you want me to go in there and tell her that I think Buster so lucky that he ought to get down on his knees?"

"No," Martha laughed, "I don't want you to do any such foolish thing. She'd only turn and stare at you, anyway."

"YEP," Bruce agreed, "and it might be her head she'd turn, not the piano stool. What is it you want me to do anyhow, Mom?"

"I don't want you to blame Alma because she isn't settled and domesticated like some girls. I want you to blame me."

"No, Mom," Bruce thrust his hands into his trouser pockets. "If it comes to blaming you—I'll be blamed if I blame anybody. Just between ourselves, Alma's O.K."

Alma came out then and dried the dinner dishes for Martha.

"Buster won't be over to-night, Mamma," she said. "He's busy down at the office. I'll bring my fancy work down to the living room and we can talk together."

"That will be nice," Martha agreed. It was so long since she had had an evening with Alma. What a joy it



"It's like this, Mamma," Alma confessed. "Buster wants me to marry him in June but I don't see how I can—not on that salary"

would be. Alma always so gay, so radiant, coming and going, fluttering here, there, everywhere, like a gorgeous butterfly!

Later, Martha went into the living room, mending basket in hand. A fire was crackling in the grate and casting ruddy shadows on the walls. Martha drew a chair near the hearth and sat down. Henry and his evening paper were huddled close to the glow of the reading lamp. Martha loved the subdued lights and the sweet silence of this after-dinner hour. It was precious to her, even as a hushed hour can be precious. Upstairs, she heard Bruce whistling in his room. Martha opened her mending bag and peeked in.

"I'd best darn Henry's socks first," she reasoned and smiled. "For he's always needing them." Threading her needle, she looked over at the leaping lights and shadows of the fire. And looking, Martha thought that Life was pretty much like that fire—leaping lights and shadows. Life had flamed high for her; she had known bounding hope and she had found great gladness with her children. And Life had burned low for her; she had had lost dreams and hours of care and discour-

agement. A tongue of flame darted suddenly and Martha thought of Alma, bright, glowing, beautiful, leaping to sudden flame like that with the coming of Buster. Martha was glad for Alma, glad with a poignant gladness, that folds itself away in the heart and is silent. What Martha had left behind her, Alma was ready to go out to receive. What Martha held in memories, Alma held in dreams. Alma was herself re-born. Alma—

The telephone jangled in the hall. Henry threw down the paper and went out to answer it. Martha heard his voice but she did not catch the words.

HE came back presently and said, "It's Mrs. Martin, Martha. She wants us to run over for a little game of cards."

"I don't know," Martha considered, and in her consideration there was Alma. "I don't know as I had better go, Henry, just getting up to-day. But if Sarah's brother is home, you just run right along. That will make an even four for a game."

"Sure you don't mind, Martha?"

"Absolutely," Martha's voice was

convincing. "Better hurry back to that phone, Henry, and tell Sarah you'll be over." Martha knew Henry's weakness for a friendly game of cards. She put aside her sewing and went into the hall to help him on with his overcoat, pat him on the back, and shove him gently out the door.

"Don't you dare to stay out later than eleven," she warned him, "or I'll be waiting for you with the potato-masher."

"You'd better wait," Henry called back and Martha laughed softly to herself as she shut the door. How happy she was with her family!—how happy.

She went back to the fire and her darning. Ten minutes she waited, fifteen, twenty, and no Alma. So Martha deliberately put aside her sewing and marched upstairs. She found Alma in her room at her desk, bent over a slip of paper, her forehead wrinkled in a frown, her red mouth petulant, and she was dallying with a pencil.

"What's the trouble, dear?" she asked.

"Oh, it's the everlasting High Cost of Living!" said Alma. "Just read it, Mamma."

So Martha read:

Rent..... \$50.00
Food (4 weeks x \$15)..... 60.00
Furniture..... 25.00

Total.....\$135.00

Buster earns.....\$150.00
We spend..... 135.00

Balance..... \$15.00
(For clothes, pleasures and incidentals.)

"Well," said Martha, "what about t, Alma?"

"It's like this, Mamma," Alma confessed, "Buster wants me to marry him in June but I don't see how I can—not on that salary. He's making a hundred and fifty a month, you know. It sounds a lot and it *is* a lot—until two start to live on it. Buster thinks we can manage, but I can't figure it out. He says it will be hard for a time but you know he has a good job, lots of chances for advancement, Mamma, and all that. But still, I can't see how we will ever be able to live on that salary."

"You know, Alma," said Martha, "life has its ups and its downs—especially married life."

"WELL, according to cost, I guess it's mostly ups," Alma took up the list, "First, there's rent. No matter where you live, you can't escape the first thing and that's rent. We thought a little bungalow out Elmwood Park way would be nice, or one of the row of new ones on High Street. There is one thing we both want and that's a home. We could board you know, Mamma, and I could keep on at the office for a while yet, but we don't want it that way. We want a home—a little place of our own. Do you understand, Mamma?"

Martha nodded. Yes, she understood. She had her memories; Alma had her dreams.

"And we are agreed, Mamma, that we must keep up appearances. Buster's job demands that, for one thing, and, well—I demand it for another. But rent comes so high, Mamma. Why, it is just terrible. You can be mighty glad Dad owns this house."

"There are taxes," Martha put in.

"Oh, well," Alma twirled the pencil in her fingers, "taxes are different! But rent, well, you just have to pay it out every month. You just *have to!* And, if we marry, I want a little house to keep just as Buster wants a home to come to every day after the office. And next," Alma looked at the list, "there is food. I guess you remember what Bruce said about the food bills. We simply must eat. We have always had good things at home, Mamma. We simply couldn't skimp on our food."

"I should say not!" Martha said promptly.

"I guess you know what things cost, Mamma. I've put it down at fifteen dollars a week, that makes sixty dollars a month. I am not sure we could do it on that but anyway we could try. Then, there's the furniture. Buster has some money saved. We'd pay that down on our things and the

rest we'd pay by the month. That leaves the balance for ourselves only fifteen dollars a month. How can we ever pay for our clothes and amusements and all the incidentals, car fare and smokes for Buster and other things, how can we pay for them all on that fifteen dollars? Why it's impossible, that's all there is to it. Buster wants the wedding in June and I tell him we will just have to wait."

"DON'T you want a wedding in June, too?" Martha asked her.

"Why, of course I do," Alma wreathed her arms above her head. "Why, of course I do, Mamma, but all because of the H. C. of L. I just can't have one. I want Buster, Mamma, and Oh! I want a little home, too—a little place of my own—" her voice took on a dreaminess, "I want a dear little house, Mamma. I've always wanted it, with a fire-place and a rose-shaded light in the living room, and a whole dinner set, Mamma, some pretty pattern you know, and a few pieces of cut glass sparkling on the buffet in the dining-room. And I want nice linen in the sideboard drawers, snowy tablecloths and napkins, I want shining pots and pans in the kitchen, embroidered towels in the bath room, dainty spreads and pillow cases in the bedrooms. Oh! I do want all those things to take care of, Mamma, to call my very own. I couldn't be happy without them. I want them so badly I can wait longer, just to have them. I couldn't be like Minna and Jessie, marry anyway and struggle along at the start. I couldn't do the way they do, when I go to see them—apologize for their poverty. I just couldn't do that, Mamma. I'd want to be proud of my place right at the start. I'd want to ask my chums in often and serve them tea and those little fancy iced cakes and I wouldn't want to be thinking all the time, 'How much is this costing me? What can I do without to-morrow?' Oh, I don't mind waiting for happiness, Mamma, if I am sure it is coming to me, after a time. I don't mind waiting."

"And Buster?"

"Well, Buster will just have to wait," Alma tilted her head coquettishly. "He just can't get married without me. And he said he'd rather wait and have me sure, Mamma, than not to have me at all. Buster does say some nice things sometimes. It's really hard to wait, too. Why, I'd like the whole thing right now, to-morrow, right now, this minute. But we can't have everything."

"BERTHA didn't have everything at the start," Martha said.

"Well, Bertha's different, Mamma.

I'm not like Bertha! She could take a towel and make a stand cover out of it. I couldn't. I'd want a stand cover. Why, when they couldn't paper the living room, she hung pictures over the soiled spots. I couldn't. I'd never enjoy those pictures. I'd know what was behind them and want new paper. Bertha is different. I admire her tremendously but I can't be like her.

Honestly, I can't."

No, that was true. Alma could not be like Bertha! Bertha was willing to plod through life; Alma seemed made to dance along. Bertha and Alma—both so different—both belonging to her.

"I'll go now," said Martha, "I am sorry it isn't working out just the way you want it, Alma," she laid a hand on her girl's shoulder and Alma caught at it. "Perhaps," Martha added, "perhaps Henry and I can help you some."

"No!" Alma shook her head. "No, you can't help, Mamma. We'll just have to wait, two years about, and may be they won't seem so long. Buster will have had a raise by then and surely prices will drop some. They can't soar much higher. Two years won't be so hard, Mamma, and I would rather wait until the outlook is better. Buster will see it just as I do when I show him this list. Don't you worry about us, Mamma," she patted Martha's hand, "We won't be unhappy waiting and some day we will be happier because we did."

Martha turned to go downstairs.

"I wanted to talk to you to-night," Alma said as Martha paused on the threshold, "but there are some letters here I really must write. I think, though, I've said some things—don't you?"

"Yes," Martha agreed, "you have said some things, Alma, dear."

She took a look in at Bruce sprawled out on his bed reading a book.

"This is some story!" he assured her. "About a guy and the gold rush. Another week, and it's more algebra for mine! But say, Mom, this chap is some fellow!"

MARTHA left with a warning, "Don't read too long, Bruce," and went down the hall to her own room. In the dark, she sat down on the bed and stared into space, her hands listless in her lap. Some sense of inertia possessed her, almost a weariness wrapped itself about her. What was the matter—what was the matter? Tired? No, she wasn't tired; she had rested—those long lazy days in bed, with Bertha working in the kitchen. No, she wasn't tired to-night, and yet she felt lifeless. She had not been that way at dinner or while she was washing the dishes. She had been all right washing the dishes. It was after she had been in Alma's room that the strange sense of dejection had come. After Alma had told her that she and Buster must wait.

And Martha sitting alone in the dark realized that a dream had been shattered, a light had gone out, a hope had been broken—a dream she had had for Alma. Two years! To Martha it seemed a long while—such a long while to wait for Alma's little home! But Alma didn't seem to think it would be so long. She thought of it as just two years.

Martha remembered how it had been with herself, she and Henry, ready to make a humble beginning, unafraid of a struggle together. She remembered the little house on Christie Street. Such

a tiny little place! How bare it was, at first. There had been so little in the front room—a center table with the family Bible upon it, and later she had crocheted a pink mat to place under the Bible, a mat to match the antimacassar that was draped over the back of the one rocker. And there had been a sofa, a poor excuse for luxury it was, and two straightbacked chairs. But to Martha, it had been a beautiful room. She had laughed at the bareness. She had wanted many things—a plush photo album; a draped shelf, whereon she might stand a china vase or two; and a little bank. Martha was aware of all the things wanting in her first home, aware of the emptiness of her front room—the parlor. But she loved it, nevertheless. She was not ashamed of her poverty. It never occurred to her to apologize for it.

Neither had it ever occurred to her at that time to wait two years. She had been willing and glad to do without things, just to have a humble home with Henry. But Alma wanted to wait. Alma wanted sparkling cut glass and shaded lights and embroidered towels. She was willing to wait because she wanted those things.

"IT'S the high cost of living that makes it impossible," Martha reasoned. "Things were cheap in my day, not terrible like now. And labor was cheap, too. Buster's one hundred and fifty a month would have meant riches then."

Two years! Well, Alma was young and two years would pass. Then, she could have everything she had waited for. There seemed no way to solve that problem of living and its cost, no way but to meet it daily. Alma could never skimp and save and measure and portion. She must always have enough. Even Martha had had enough. There was always food for two in those days. And often, going suddenly into the dimness of the little parlor, she had stared fixedly at the simple furnishings and yearned for a horse-hair sofa with chairs to match, a small organ, a china cabinet, and so on. Then Henry would come home, come gaily up the narrow path to greet her, and she would forget to yearn, she would smile instead and think to herself, "If the parlor is empty there is all the more room in it for love!"

Bertha hadn't had everything either, but Bertha had been ready to begin humbly with Ed. But Alma was like a gorgeous butterfly waiting for a summer dawn. She must flit about in the sunshine!

Then Martha felt a strange keen resentment at the conditions of to-day, which made it necessary for Alma to wait two years. Why were prices so high and rents so terrible. They said the world was better, more wonderful and, since the war, a safer world to live in. Yet circumstances, like a strong wind, had blown out the lamp of dreams for Alma.

Two years to wait! It seemed unfair. Oh! if one could only reckon living without the cost, the high cost. Why were the sustenance and the essentials

of life so dear—so beyond reach? Was it because in reality they were priceless?

Martha was very much in the dark. She could not solve the enigma of existence. Like hundreds of others, she could not solve the problem of the high cost of living. She met it daily, combatted with the high prices and came through somehow.

ONE night in March Buster came in to dinner with a look of concern upon his boyish face that troubled Martha. There was something of pretense in his ready smile, something forced that did not escape her scrutiny. She wondered if she could find out just what was the matter. After dinner, in the living room, she tried.

"How's business going, Buster?" she asked.

"Well," Buster settled back in his chair, "it's going at the rate of thirty miles an hour. Our cars really can do better than that you know. We're putting a new motor truck on the market this week—"

"How's that?" Bruce asked. "What is it, Buster?"

"The Marathon Motor Truck," Buster went on. "A slick outfit, Bruce. Come around some day and I'll show you. I'll give you a little demonstration in salesmanship."

"I'll be there," Bruce seized a sofa pillow and shot it across the room at Alma. She was playing the piano. "For the love of Mike, Alma, let up a while, can't you. Say, I'll be there," he turned again to Buster. "How's it done, this salesmanship business anyway? I'm not counting on doing anything like that myself, but a fellow kinda likes to know."

"You bet a fellow kinda likes to know how," Buster took him up. "I wish I knew more about it myself. We've a chap coming into the warehouse to-morrow from some big manufacturing firm in Canada. He's coming to give those Marathon Trucks the once-over. If I could only put them over just once, there might be something doing."

"OH, Buster," Alma twirled on the piano stool, "tell us about them."

"Nothing to tell," said Buster. "Absolutely nothing to tell. A motor truck is a motor truck and I can't make it appear any different to anyone. But if I could only talk this chap into buying, we would have about fifty thousand dollars worth of new business coming to us."

Bruce leaned forward with interest, "Tell us more about those trucks?"

"Say," Buster turned eagerly, "what's up, Bruce? Want to buy a Marathon? Handy little truck you bet, built to make the grade, carry the load, and a neat looking machine into the bargain. They've got speed for a motor truck, too. You bet Marathon is the name all right!"

"Are you going to tell that to the chap from Canada to-morrow?"

"Well, rather! And a whole lot more. Have you anything to say about it?"

"I was wondering," said Bruce, "if it

wouldn't count for a whole lot more to show him a truck rather than to talk truck at him."

"I don't talk truck," Buster laughed, "I talk business."

"Fill up your gas tank then," Bruce said emphatically. "Fill up your gas tank and crank her up. Get me?"

"I can't say I do," Buster reflected.

"Well, you're slow if you don't," said Bruce. "Now, listen and I'll tell you what's in my mind."

"We're listening," Alma said gaily.

Bruce began, "Aren't you going to do something more than talk about your trucks? What's the use of wasting words to make a truck go, when gas does it. My idea is to load a truck to its full capacity—its full capacity—and take your man out for a little spin."

"That's some idea, Bruce. Where'd it come from?"

"Ancestors, I guess," and Bruce grinned.

Buster threw back his head and laughed. "It sure did, Bruce. Why, that idea is as old as the hills; or rather as old as the oldest motor truck."

Bruce glared at him a moment.

"SAY, but you're about as sharp as Mom's bread knife. I said take him for a little spin! I didn't say take him for a ride along the main streets in a baby carriage. I said take him for a spin in a motor truck. And when I say spin—I mean *spin*!"

"And do you mean truck when you say truck?" Alma asked.

"Aw! you go and chase yourself," said Bruce, and turned back to Buster. "Take a hand at the steering gear. Take him for the kind of a ride that he won't forget when he's a grandfather. You said your trucks were built to make a grade, didn't you?"

"I sure did."

"Well, make a grade then," Bruce's fist came down with a crack on the center table. "Golly! Make it then. Say, suppose you take your man for a spin out along the Cliff Road. What's the matter with the Cliff Road, eh? Some grade there, you bet, some spiffy turns all right. Just you try it—just you try it once! And don't forget to load her up. Put in two tons of scrap iron if you can't find anything else. Don't tell him what your old truck can do—make it speak for itself. Make it spurt gas and mud! You'll get the mud out on the Cliff Road this time of the year and I guess I don't have to tell you where to look for gas. Take him for such a ride he'll come back wiaded! Bump something into him, jingle the coin in his pockets, raise the hair of his head every time you take a curve. Some curves there, you bet. Take him for a ride that is *worth* fifty thousand, not one of those nicker jitneys. Get me, now?"

Buster sprang to his feet and started for the hall door. "Thanks for the tip, Bruce. If I could only land that order, the Marathon Trucks are made. So long, to-night," he called back to Martha. "Yes, I'll be going. I've got to hunt up a scrap iron dealer to-night. Our customer will be around



Bruce leaned forward, "Wouldn't it count for a whole lot more to show him a truck rather than to talk truck?" Buster laughed. "I talk business," he said gaily, "I don't talk truck."

early in the morning."

"There's an old stove in the cellar if you want it," Henry suggested.

"Yep, and you can borrow the piano for one night if you want that." Bruce gazed innocently at Alma, "I'd like to miss it for just one night."

"And take the ice box," Alma broke in. "Do take the ice box, Buster. I'd like to miss it out of the kitchen for just one night."

"Well, I'll come back," Buster promised, "if I can't get the junk elsewhere. I'll drive around in the morning."

"I'll bet you drive around anyway," said Bruce. "About eighty-three. Nice little habit isn't it?"

Buster turned around, "I'll get you yet, Bruce," he warned.

"Don't get me, get that fifty thousand."

THE next morning, while the Knights were at breakfast, the telephone rang furiously. Alma answered the call.

"It was Buster," she said.

"Tell me something I don't know," sang Bruce.

"That would be impossible," Alma replied sarcastically. "He just wanted to say that he wouldn't need the stove. His boss thinks it's a capital idea to give the Canadian a real demonstration of the Marathon. But the Canadian can't take his wonderful ride until four this afternoon, so Buster has all day to load up. He has a truck out now," she laughed, "and he's junk gathering."

"I wish it was Saturday," said Bruce, "but it never is—not when you want it to be."

Martha thought of Buster many times during the day and smiled at her work. But it was more than a smile of amusement—it was a smile of sympathy and hope. How she yearned that Life would give joy to him and to Alma. The two years of waiting were, to Martha, pathetic and poignant and pitiful.

She was in the kitchen as usual when Alma returned at five.

"It's perfectly terrible outdoors, Mamma. Windy old March and a nasty drizzle! There's a white mist and

it's the kind of a night on which one likes to be shut up in a cosy house with thoughts and dreams, and Oh, Mamma! what do you think I did to-night?"

"I can't guess," Martha went into the pantry and came back with the egg beater, "I can't guess, so tell me."

"I bought a dinner set!"

"What?" Martha looked up and Alma laughed gaily.

"I bought a dinner set," she repeated. "Why?" Martha gasped, "you won't be needing it."

"Well, I should think I will," Alma said, "I should just think I will, Mamma. It's the most beautiful design tiny forget-me-nots and butterflies. I said to the man, 'I can't buy it all once but, if you will put it away, I be glad to get a few pieces at a time'



Bruce was a forlorn, disconsolate figure hunched up in Henry's chair. "This is awful, Mom," he said. "I told him to go"

So I am to have six cups on Saturday. I'll store them all in the attic until I marry. It's the sweetest set, Mamma, and I can buy it all in about eleven months or a year. I've figured it out at that."

"Oh!" Martha gasped again. "Fancy anyone taking a year to buy a dinner set."

Alma laughed as she carried her wraps into the hall. "Better to buy it in a year than not to buy it at all," she called back.

It was almost seven when Bruce came in and dinner was partly over. Alma brought his plate from the oven and set it down before him. But Bruce had no appetite. Martha looked at him curiously.

"Well?" she asked.

"Say, don't the world beat all sometimes?" said Bruce.

"Why, what has happened now?" Alma asked.

"ENOUGH," said Bruce. "Enough, you bet. Say I'm kinda sick, I am. It was down on Main Street and this is some night, believe me. You can't see any farther than the nose on your face and the wind, say, it's awful. Well it was down on Main Street. I saw the whole thing and you bet I wish I hadn't. Dr. Clark was coming along in that new car of his, slick as you please, and he turned at the corner of High Street, made one swooping curve, and then there was a cry. It sounded like murder. Honest, I can't stop hearing it. It was so awful. I saw the whole business—a man coming along on his wheel, knocked right off, caught under the car wheels and dragged along the pavement—"

"Oh!" said Martha.

"Don't say any more," Alma pleaded.

"Who was the person?" Henry asked.

"Gus McLean's Dad, and Gus is an awfully decent fellow, too. Doctor Clark couldn't seem to get that car stopped. It skidded right along the wet pavement and went smack into the curb. It was some smash—falling glass and everything! About two seconds and the deed was done. They got McLean out and his head was bleeding awful!" Bruce put his elbows on the table and rested his head in his hands. "Say, it just makes me sick to remember it."

"Was he alive?" Henry asked.

Bruce nodded, "He wasn't dead but he was pretty near it, I bet you. Honest, ain't the world a queer place? There was a man riding home on his wheel to his supper and, first thing

you know, he's struck down on the street, right under an auto. Quick like that," he snapped his fingers. "No warning, no chance, no anything. And to-morrow, we'll read in the papers about the accident."

"It's a tragedy," said his mother.

"Yes, a tragedy!" Alma agreed. "Hundreds will read about it and then forget."

"It's kinda fierce having to remember," Bruce said. "This is some queer world to live in, you bet."

HENRY pushed his chair back from the table. "McLean works in the shop," he said, "I had better look into the matter. Perhaps there is something I can do."

"They went to the hospital," Bruce called after him. "Dr. Clark called a taxi."

"I won't be long, Martha," Henry promised. "I won't be long."

Suddenly, he seemed more dear to her than ever—more dear. Suppose he had been knocked down like that, without warning. Suppose he should some time be suddenly taken from her. Suppose—Oh, no one could ever tell!—suppose this time, he should not return.

"Henry," she called softly.

He turned quickly and came back to her.

"Why, Martha," he asked in alarm,

"Why, Martha, what is it?"

She looked up at him and her lips quivered.

"Suppose, suppose it had been you, Henry."

His arm went around her, "Thank God, it wasn't," he whispered.

Martha went back to the dining room. Bruce was still at the table but

he was not eating. He sat there, his head resting upon his hands. Alma was clearing away the dishes.

"WANT to finish your dinner, Mamma?" she asked.

"No." Martha sat down beside Bruce. Alma disappeared into the kitchen. "Bruce, what is it?" said Martha. "Bruce, something more than the accident—"

Bruce nodded.

"Tell me, Bruce. Tell me, my boy."

Silence on the part of Bruce.

"Tell me, Bruce. Go on, I'm listening."

"Well," his voice seemed far away, "It's awful, Mom, outside to-night. The Cliff Road—you know I told Buster to do it. You know, I—"

"Oh, Mamma!" It was a frightened cry from Alma in the doorway. "Oh, Mamma!" Martha looked at the terror on the young face and her heart ached.

"Come, come," she tried to be firm.

"It's nonsense, we're upset. Bruce, you are upset. Buster's all right! Buster will be here this evening! You've lost your nerve, Bruce. If you can't eat, go into the living room and get settled. This talk is all nonsense!" She looked at the clock on the buffet. "Why Buster will be here any minute now."

Bruce went into the living room and Alma helped Martha with the dishes.

"Suppose something should happen," Alma said.

"Nonsense," said Martha, washing the plates vigorously.

"But it could happen, something could happen. That Cliff Road! Oh, why did Bruce ever suggest it! They didn't leave until four and it gets dark so early now, Mamma. And the mist!

It could happen. Something could happen."

Martha spoke slowly, "I guess God knows all about us, Alma."

Later Alma went upstairs and Martha went into the living room. Bruce was hunched up in Henry's chair, a forlorn, disconsolate figure.

"I told him to go, Mom!" he said. "Say, this is awful. I told him to go and that Cliff Road is terrible. If I'd said Terrace Hill or the like, it wouldn't have been so fierce. But I figure it out like this, Mom, if a car could skid on a perfectly straight pavement, what wouldn't it do along that steep Cliff Road, where the mud is so slippery a fellow can hardly walk. What chance has a car got out there on the Cliff Road—one little skid and it would all be over. Oh, say, this is awful!"

"For pity's sake, Bruce," Martha scolded, (Continued on Page 71.)

THE ALIEN

By Maria Moravsky

I'M like a mute. I cannot speak,
I understand so little;—
I feel so helpless and so weak
Among these strange people!
They chat, they laugh and pass by,
They look so self-reliant and gay!
But I know not their earth and sky,—
Its strangeness makes me cry!
Be patient with my strained brain,
Don't laugh so loud, don't speak so quick!
Your words fall like a cold rain
On my bewildered brain.

*It's mighty good as it is
but it ought to be—*

A BETTER AMERICA

Some true tales of folks and



LOOKING OVER THIS BROAD LAND

WE are apt to think that heroes are people set apart, branded, as it were, with an emergency resourcefulness and a courage that are denied us ordinary people, who tread a path somewhat worn of thrills. But heroism isn't something cut and dried and pigeonholed. It crops up in unexpected places, it flares in dim eyes, it bursts forth from the humdrum, and exalts the commonplace. Every month, every week, every day, there are men and women, and children, too, who calmly and unaffectedly are doing heroic things, deeds that barely creep into a corner of the paper, and are often unsung. Every town, and every countryside, in this great land of ours, has its hero.

THERE'S the little ten-year-old Thelma of Chicago, whose dying mother had charged her to look after her younger brothers and baby sisters. Thelma promised and she kept her word. For two years she kept house for them, mending their clothes, and seeing them off to kindergarten. And when the gasoline tank of the kitchen stove caught fire, Thelma did not forget

her pledge. She saved the children, but in so doing she lost her own life.

ON Lake Pontchartrain, down in Louisiana, two schooners were being dashed to pieces in a March storm. But the waves did not terrify the two Pons brothers who lived nearby. Bravely, they ventured out in a small boat and, at the risk of their own lives, brought the crews safely to land.

NOT long ago, out in Oregon, a small boy was walking home from town. Crossing the railroad, he noticed a huge boulder that had fallen upon the track from the cliff above. He was only thirteen, but he flagged the west-bound express, and thus prevented many deaths.

AND the little country teacher in Illinois, who has started many boys on the road to fame and fortune from her little shanty schoolhouse. "There's no use discussing the salary question," she said. "Cooks get twice as much as I do but, with some of us, teaching stops being a vocation and becomes a disease."

NOT long ago we offered prizes for stories of Better America. This month we are printing the three prize winners. One is the story of what a club of women did for their town; the second is about a little girl with an inspiring smile; and the third tells of a big company's Americanization school. Each in its particular field is the story of the making of a Better America

THEN there is the hotel clerk of Mason, Iowa, who lost his life in a fire, because he stuck to his job and aroused the guests of the hotel. The fire had put the telephones out of commission, so he had to run from room to room. He did it, and everyone escaped but himself.

NORTH DAKOTA boasts a girl-hero. In the terrible March blizzard, many children were caught walking or driving home from school, and were lost. Eighteen-year-old Hazel Miner saved the lives of her young brother and sister. When she saw that their old horse could go no further in the driving snow, and the piling drifts, she settled down to wait for help. Carefully and methodically, she wrapped the youngsters in the carriage blankets and added—her own coat. When rescue came, they were still alive—she was frozen to death!

VERY close indeed to the commonplace, hidden away in everyday life, lurks the heroic. The rural mail carrier who tramps his twenty-six miles because it is the only way to get his mail through; the public health nurse who cranks her Ford in all winds and weathers, even shovelling it out of snowdrifts; the little Michigan girl, who so wants an education that she walks ten miles to school; and all the men and women and children who have stuck to their jobs and who have thrown aside self—of such loyalty and devotion is heroism made!

If you love your country
you'll want to help it

IN THE MAKING

things that show a people's heart

HOW EIGHTEEN WOMEN HELPED A TOWN

By E. E. Sherman
(Winner of First Prize)

MUCH has been said and written about Keosauqua, Van Buren County, Iowa, and the men who have climbed to the top of the ladder of fame on the rounds of knowledge acquired in that little quiet corner of the earth.

You must know that Keosauqua has its women as well as its men. The story of the Improvement Association of Keosauqua and how it grew proves that the women in that town do things. A few women began it eleven years ago, by talking of the need of a room, where tired women with their children might rest, when they had finished their shopping and trading, and not be compelled to stand about on street corners and beside store counters waiting for their husbands to finish talking politics and take them home.

This talk soon evolved itself into a meeting. Eighteen women of Keosauqua were present and, under their impetus, the meeting became a Civic Organization, with a constitution, annual dues and standing committees as follows: Streets and Alleys; Main Street and Railroad Station; Public Health; Municipal Business; Membership and Entertainment. The following officers were elected: Mrs. Mary Wolford, a retired farmer's wife; Mrs. Josie B. Sherman, a physician's wife; Miss Margaret Scott, a capable worker; Mrs. Ray McCrary, the Mayor's wife; Mrs. Josie Cocherell, a teamster's wife; Mrs. Caroline Perkins, a minister's wife, and Mrs. Bess Manning, a banker's wife.

Immediately, the standing committees set to work. They found that the streets needed weeds cut, the alleys presenting a frightful appearance to discriminating and close observing women. Main Street needed bonfires to get rid of the sweepings and papers. The depot, with its adjoining health-menacing stock yards, was scrutinized by the committee's field glass. The loafing corners and public places, where something or somebody gathered, presented great puddles of tobacco juice that was offensive to the eye, nose and general cleanliness. Some "nosey" woman had actually noticed that teamsters from the country had no places available for watering thirsty and tired horses and even the dog, with his

tongue lolling out, was an object of pity to these busy, thoughtful women. Hence plans and aggressive movements sprang up.

The committee on Streets and Alleys visited the street commissioner and got his co-operation. A notice of a general city house-cleaning was announced through the city papers in ample time with the declaration that the Improvement Society would pay for hauling, if every householder would get his "junk" ready to be moved by a certain date. The idea of cleanliness became epidemic and yards were raked, weeds cut; cans and garbage and brush went outside the city limits, load after load, until the little city of Keosauqua never presented a cleaner appearance.

The Municipal and Sanitary Committee visited the city council in session, and made an appeal to the Mayor regarding things for the removal of which it was necessary to have an order from him. A committee of women were never treated more courteously and graciously than these who pleaded for a cleaner, purer and better city. As a result of this conference, ordinances were passed by the city council prohibiting many offensive practices, and placards were posted.

Next, we cast about to find a way to increase our bank account, for money was a necessary adjunct. Women can cook, so a market of home-made good things was thought to be the surest way to a man's pocket-book. Success-

ful? Yes, enough to insure the two cement watering troughs that are now so much appreciated. The wonder is how we ever did without them!

The scenery near Keosauqua on the Des Moines River is most picturesque when it is not obscured with sign-boards and weeping willows. Weeping willows are appropriate in some places and sign-boards have their mission, but our women thought both were out of place when they obscured a pleasing view and covered up one of the beauties of our town. So we obtained permission to clean the river banks inside the corporation. The willows were cut, the banks no more became a dumping place, and unobstructed the river reflected the bright sunlight and the moving clouds.

The rest room question was agitated next. An association of one hundred and fifteen women, representing almost that many homes, is a powerful lever in bringing things to pass. So, thanks to our Entertainment Committee, which had been working hard getting up plays and other entertainments to raise a

Keosauqua's Community House, and
Mrs. Mary Wolford, president of the
Improvement Association for 11 years



benefit fund, and thanks to the cordial response of our business men, we were able to buy, at a reasonable figure a cottage of four rooms, comparatively new and located at the outer edge of the city. Also, we bought a lot on Main Street, and moved the house there, remodelling its interior somewhat, adding a cement porch, and papering it with our own hands.

Then came the matter of furnishings. An empty house was no good to anyone. So the women announced a furniture shower to be held to furnish the Improvement Association Building. And it was furnished in a day, from tea towels, tins and dishes, to couches, rockers, settees, mirrors, a clock and everything else pertaining to a well-ordered house.

The building had, at the beginning, four rooms and a basement—a kitchen, a large front living room, an alcove or library room, and a wrap room, but it has been greatly enlarged since those days. It is the center for all kinds of meetings, markets, church affairs, entertainments, suppers, private parties. The women realize a rental for all these gatherings, which is used to complete payments on the house and to improve it. It is lighted with electricity and has a telephone, both being donations from our public-spirited citizens.

Visitors came and praised its comfortableness, inscribing their names on the register, and nearly always leaving their contributions in a little tin box fastened to the wall. For money is very necessary in order to accomplish the vast amount of good that comes through this enterprise.

In April, 1911, we decided to add a new department to our Organization. It was called the Study Department, and the work follows the study program for women's clubs given by the Ames College Extension Department. Books for reference for the year's study were borrowed from the free traveling library furnished by the State Historical department. It proved a most profitable year's study. The year's work was closed by a domestic science course of six days' duration with Miss Eda Murphey of Ames as demonstrator and instructor. There were fifty-four subscribers to the course and tickets were made transferable.

Along with socials and entertainments and courses, the idea of filling our alcove with books—to make it indeed a library—buzzed incessantly in our women's bonnets. Hence a book shower was held and our hopes were more than fulfilled, for eighty books were showered in a day. We had no bookcase, no shelves even, so they were marked and filed, numbered, etc., and piled up in temporary places. Later, a library of 1,200 volumes was given to us by a former resident of the county.

Chautauquas are promoted, community sings are held, and also a series of entertainments and lyceum courses, all of which add receipts as well as furnishing an educational uplift.

Starting with nothing eleven years ago, the organization now has a plant worth \$4,500, including a community

auditorium 30 x 80 feet, capable of seating 250 people, a kitchen and dining room adequately furnished for parties and dinners, and the only public library in the county. This house forms a nucleus for the social activities of the town. It is a center from which radiates a community spirit which means much to our town.

SMILING ROSE

By Elizabeth Guilfoile
(Winner of Second Prize)



SHE had a most unpronounceable surname but to the class she was never anything else but "Smiling Rose." It was November and the air was chill. The little folks had come bundled up in woolly sweaters and gay caps. But when Rose walked into the room in her bleached calico dress and a worn coat too small for even her wizened frame—when she walked in and smiled at us, the temperature went up ten degrees.

Twelve years old, three years retarded by illness, scarcely as large as a child of seven should be, undernourished, anaemic, her left arm hung helpless at her side since her birth. But she radiated a certain joy in living that those well-fed, carefully nourished children seemed incapable of.

We soon found out all about her. There were eleven in the family—five

on each side of her, she gayly informed us. They had been seven years out of Russia. Neither father nor mother spoke English. They had been taken bodily out of the tenement district and were being systematically provided for by the Charities. Poor little Rose was apparently hopelessly incapacitated physically, but she was head and heart and brain for the family whom she was making into one hundred per cent Americans. "What Did You Do This Morning?"

That was our topic in language.

"I cooked the coffee for my father. I dressed Simon and Leah for school and kindergarten." Rose labored conscientiously over sentences. "I taught my mother how to say 'I want two bottles of milk' to the milkman. Then I found Sammie's glasses. After that, I washed the baby. In America, babies must be washed!"

SMALL need of teaching love and service or patriotism to that class when, with a few words of encouragement from the teacher, Rose would tell a simple incident from her daily life, little dreaming of the lessons she was implanting in the hearts of her young associates, thinking only of the joy of being allowed to talk English. She would conclude her speech with the most glorious smile, as if to say by way of postscript, "Isn't it a great life?"

Another day, we talked about what we were going to be when we grew up. "I am going to be a librarian," volunteered Rose radiantly, "and tell stories to poor children."

Christmas came. Happy and mysterious preparations were going on. The children were bringing in their old toys for the stricken babies of Europe. I marveled at the charity of their little hearts when I saw the beautiful dolls and splendid books which they gave up with a farewell hug.

ONE day, Rose came in with a tiny, draggled-looking parcel and her usual shining face. "Teacher," she exclaimed, "I have two dolls I've had since I was in this country. I saved up two nickels and bought them! But I don't need both of them. So I brought one."

She didn't need both of them! But, oh! how Humanity needs courage and devotion like that. May God be good to the Smiling Roses of the world for the sake of the rest of us!



George B. Fout teaching songs and citizenship

OLD SONGS AND NEW AMERICANS

By Roy L. Andrews

(Winner of Third Prize)

WHEN I was asked to teach at the Youngstown Sheet and Tube Company's Americanization Night School I became curious to know just what the school really was.

I went, and in what had once been a store, now repainted and redecorated, on the main street of East Youngstown, scene of former riots, strikes and brawls, I found the school. Surveying the scene from the doorway, I saw nine or ten square wooden tables with folding chairs about them while at one side was a piano. Before this stood Geo. B. Fout, the school superintendent. Just before I was introduced to him, he struck a chord or two and spoke. "Now, men, we're going to sing." And "we're" was the proper word, for I heard him and everyone sing. As I approached one of the tables, I could hear different pronunciations of the words of the chorus of that glorious old song "Keep the Home Fires Burning." We sang almost an hour—good American songs!—and then he cried, "All right, men, to your work now!" and away he went to some other school.

The class to which he assigned me consisted of nine men. At my left was a neat, good-looking member of the Slavic race who spoke English quite well. He was doing arithmetic, in percentage, and I did one example for him and then set him to work while I turned to a Bulgarian at my right who was pushing a sample time card of some sort toward me and exclaiming, "Show me how, me get better job." No doubt some education was needed to get the cards straight and he saw promotion in sight for one who could fill the bill. Besides these, my class was composed of a Greek, a Macedonian, a Roumanian, two Italians, a Serb, a Hungarian and a dusky Hindu. I started them at reading, and each one pushed his forefinger along the line in their books while one after another read aloud, "This is a fire engine. The man on the seat is the driver. The fire engine is drawn by two horses," etc. Some of them were dirty, just come from the mill, others smelled of garlic, while here and there we found some who had caught the spirit and "spruced up" a bit to please teacher.

MANY and many a thing I learned during my teaching that winter but worth most of all I count the patriotic association with Geo. B. Fout, a man who is melting old gold and making American citizens of it. He was apt to be absent when the school opened, but he might turn up before we closed and then we were sure to have a great sing. Afterward we would point out the text of the songs with the men explaining the meaning of each word.

Finally, America entered the war!

Some agitator told the students that Fout and his teachers were just teaching them enough so they could be inducted into the United States Army. Only for one night did the attendance fall off. The superintendent immediately went out into the highways and by-ways and made such stirring, true and living speeches that he gave the budding antagonism its death-blow, and we went right on singing.

Several of the students learned to tell the teachers all about the places where they worked. They pointed to the colored pictures recently framed that made a frieze about the room and represented various sections of the mills, using such technical terms that I confess I was at a loss to understand them myself. And then, we had them write short compositions about their work and what they did during the day. Crude they were in writing, but the grammar I fear was better than that used by some real Americans. They caught the two great points—short sentences and small words.

And still Mr. Fout goes on with the melting pot! I couldn't even guess at the number of nationalities represented. To this day lingers in my memory the speech he made as the East Youngstown draftees left for camp, and I am sure it still lives in the town. The melting pot is boiling, boiling, boiling its contents as they come. It is a crucible of pure Americanism, and it sings those old tunes, "Keep the Home Fires Burning," "Old Black Joe," "My Country 'tis of Thee," and many another that stirs our hearts and endears our country to us forever.

A CHILD EDITRESS

By Margaret Sanborn



WHEN Lady Percival had received the message from Lady Chester about Marguerite's engagement she became very angry and was in a terrible fury! But luckily dinner soon came on and that consoled her, for she was a great eater and weighed 340 pounds.

No, this is not a quotation from Daisy Ashford. It is from a story written by an eleven-year-old girl. She lives in St. Croix, one of the Virgin Islands, which belong to the United States, having been purchased from Denmark a few years ago; and she edits, prints, illustrates and sells a little newspaper of her own, called "The Red Cross Paper." Dorothy Smith is her name, but, as editor and poetess she is Mme. Estelle Vieulle, and, as the novelist who produced this romance of "Marguerite," and the thriller entitled "The Black

Gang," she is D. Longfield Smith and Mlle. Emile Lincoln! All these changes of name and personality are sandwiched in between school and play, for Dorothy Smith knows how to snatch the fleeting minute.

At the left, you will find a reproduction of her paper. We only wish you could read it all. Here is another short extract from the thrilling romance, "Marguerite":

Lady Chester was upstairs decking the bride when Lady Percival entered the drawing-room and waved her hand majestically and said, "Where is that pampered girl, my niece?"

"Upstairs, ma'am!" said the maid.

"Stop! Shocking!" cried Lady Percival. "Ma'am! Say 'My Lady' or 'Madame'!"

Le Papier De Croix Rouge

Editor: Mme. Estelle Vieulle.

December 10 1914.

EDITORIAL	POETS CORNER
Mes Amis! Here I am once more A happy Christmas to you all! I have not been able to make any more papers dur- ing the past four months because I have been very busy at school. I am still, but I will try and make one for Christmas. This magazine may not seem as good this time because I am too busy to make as large a one. Anyway I will try. Once more wishing you a happy Christmas & New Year. I remain yours very sincerely Estelle Vieulle (Dorothy L. Smith)	"The Sea of Life" Softly, gushing, silver Streams across our way Bitter winds are blowing Colder still today. "Child with the wondering, questioning eyes Tell me what do you see Out on the shore where the sunset lies What is the mystery?" "An angel of Peace, is it little one Over the silver sea? The answer is none for she is gone Into Eternity." By K. O. L. Smith



ment just like that of the United States. Miss Agnes Piel of Hewlett, Long Island, a member of the Senior class at Barnard, is the president; Miss Juliet Clark, of Northport, Long Island, is the vice-president; Miss Margaret Myers, of East Orange, New Jersey, is the treasurer; Miss Elizabeth MacArthur, also of East Orange, is the secretary; and Miss Lila North, of Montclair, New Jersey, is the dining room proctor. In addition to these officials there is a proctor at the head of each of the six apartments occupied by the girls.

and make a curtsy, so." But Lady Percival instead of making a curtsy flopped down flat on the floor, which shook the whole house and brought the bride and Lady Chester running downstairs, the former in all her beauty and the latter trying to suppress a smile.

"Come and 'elp me up," said Lady Percival. "Why, I might 'ave broken me spine."

The maid had quitted the room long before Lady Percival had time to address her.

"Well, she's gone, rude rascal!" was all she could say. "Now, my dear Lady Chester, and how are you, may I ask?"

Here is one of the young editor's announcements of more fiction:

LOOK OUT!

In the next publication there is to be a continued story, "The Black Gang"!!! It is an exciting drama of adventures and escape!

Eagerly turning to the issue containing the first instalment of "The Black Gang," one finds the thriller opening as follows:

CHAPTER ONE

The Theft

It was quite late one night. John Gilbert and his daughter were just going to sleep when he heard a slight movement at the window. Looking in that direction, he observed the figure of a man enter the room by the window. Coward as he was, he left off breathing and huddled down in his bed.

But Dorothy Smith does not edit her paper just for the fun of it. She employs her talent for the poor and suffering. Read her editorial in the issue for August, 1919:

All good wishes. I hope you will like this paper, for I am trying to make it as nice as I can. I have collected \$4.00, thanks to my kind subscribers, and hope to collect more, for I have little or no thoughts of giving up this paper, for I am sure it is doing a little to help. Is ten cents too much to ask? No, comes the answer, because it is going to do good to the poor and suffering.



Dusters and carpet sweepers, as well as chafing dishes and mandolins, are part of life at the Barnard Co-operative Dormitories

BEATING THE H. C. L.

By Don Ryan

FORTY-FIVE Barnard College girls are prepared to refute the time-worn theory, undoubtedly originating in some masculine mind, that women cannot get along together when thrown entirely on their own resources and their own society. These college girls are living in an apartment house at 116 West 116th Street, with a community government of their own, and they are not only broadening their minds by unselfish services to each other, they are beating the high cost of living as well.

While their own instructors are having a hard struggle to keep up appearances on the small salaries they draw, these girls are living for \$9.40 apiece, each week; living in a regular elevator apartment with a brass-buttoned official presiding over the foyer, and they are eating with perfect regularity three good meals a day. How do they do it? Co-operation — community service — each girl doing her small bit — about half an hour's work a day.

No, it is not a soviet; exactly the opposite. It is a republican govern-

The girls who occupy the co-operative dormitory allot the tasks of house-keeping among themselves so that very little is required from each and the studies are in no way interrupted. There are between twenty and thirty rooms in the six apartments, each room occupied by two girls. The girls take care of their own rooms and, in addition, they look after the two parlors and two dining rooms which constitute the community center of their little republic. They also take turns waiting on tables, each girl having to serve at this task about a week out of the school year.

All the cooking and kitchen work is done by a domestic staff of three, which the community pays from the assessments of \$9.40 to each girl.

The rooms which the girls occupy are not luxurious, but uniformly comfortable and tastefully furnished. There are two connecting parlors or living rooms with their cretonne curtains and color scheme of blue and yellow, are homelike and attractive. In one living room is a piano, serving, on evenings, as the center of gayety in which singing and dancing have a large share. The two connecting dining rooms are furnished in dark oak. Wicker furniture is used in the living rooms. (Cont. on Page 7)

SELF-SATISFACTION AND THE JOB

By Whiting Williams



WHITING WILLIAMS has looked over the notebook he kept during the seven months he worked as a laborer, and from the incidents jotted down in it, he gives here some very penetrating and wise conclusions about human nature and a man's job. Mr. Williams has been through the thing of which he writes, and he knows. The picture he draws contains truths which will help us all to understand better this country we live in

I WAS all packed and ready to start to an important national assembly of our denomination," a man who had been a minister in many coal towns was relating one evening. "Suddenly a telegram brought word of a great mine disaster and the entombing of many men, including one of my best friends. I was greatly shocked and immediately sat down and wrote the funeral sermon, awaiting further word as to the exact hour of the services. That was more than two years ago. They have been working to open that mine and recover the bodies of the men ever since. This morning, I got back from preaching that sermon: my friend's body has only just been found."

That typifies, as I see it, the difficulty of the problem which the church has to face in its work of serving men and women whose first duty and necessity is to earn their living—to earn their living before they can live their lives.

"I see," said the blind man. "It's plain enough now!" The words represented as much intelligence as my fatigue could muster on those dark, snowy mornings when I walked out of the big steel mill after the great bass

whistle put an end to the twelve night hours of sweat and soot with shovel and sledge, and let me wearily climb the hill past the church, the library and the school. Better than all the books in the world, those long nights of hard labor told me why the church and all the other religious, social, educational and civic influences in American life to-day find it so difficult to make a vital contact with the unskilled wage workers—to touch them where they live. A few nights with a shovel had made plain what had puzzled me during the four years I had spent directing the Cleveland Federation of Social Agencies.

The explanation is in the fact that the wage workers, like all the rest of us, live and move and have their being on the job—but with these two additional and outstanding factors: First, that when they are on their job it is considerably harder for the church, the school and the library to go and touch them than to touch those who have jobs requiring more brain and less brawn; and second, that when they are off the job, they are less susceptible to those influences because—well, because they have less to be susceptible with; their job has required a larger per-

centage of their total equipment and so has taken that much more out of them.

Down there in the mill "on turn," there was little time for talk about anything but jobs—good jobs and bad jobs, "swell" jobs and nasty jobs—jobs and such joys as came to mind by contact with those jobs, most of them better left unmentioned in society. And, up on the hill, with the day's or the night's work done in its ten or twelve or fourteen hours; well, a fellow seemed somehow to feel himself too full of muscles, weary muscles, to give thought to anything except sleep and rest before the whistle should boom again for the next turn.

If you're going to earn your living with little besides your muscles, you have to take *into* the job about all you've got, and then you take *into* the church or the library only what you can take *out* of your job.

Unless, of course, you haven't a job and can't find one even though you try hard.

"Ah doan' call it livin'. Ah'm just existin'," said a young black boy from the South in the employment office where we crowded in from all over the district in the hope of finding work



It is among crowds of workers like this that a man finds difficulty in asserting his own personality on the job—and so takes it out in other ways

when all the war contracts had been cancelled and the peace orders waited for a possible lowering of prices, back there in January, 1919. "Just existin', with one 'o mah feet down toh'ds de cold clay, an' me like to slip if Ah doan' mind mah step close-like. Ah sure is gotta get a job soon."

To such a man, an open saloon looks, or used to look, amazingly more attractive for the burden he carries than a locked church. Besides its warmth, there was a chance that somebody might be able to give a "steer" to that badly needed job.

With those more fortunate, the trouble is that the job in some fields is a little too continuous to permit much contact with the church, or anything else.

"Sunday? Why, a man's gotta get a lay-off for Sundays and holidays just like any other day—and you'd better not get too all-fired many of 'em either," said the youth in the railway roundhouse as we tightened up the bolts which secured the cylinder-head on one of the monster locomotives.

Needless to say, the millwright in the steel plant who had had only two turns off in two years had not been often to church. As mentioned last month, for him and the other millwrights every second Sunday meant the double turn or twenty-four hours; for the labor gang, eighteen. And for them all, also,

too many lay-offs were likely to have the same unpleasant results that were in the mind of the roundhouse lad, especially while such applicants as the colored boy were waiting anxiously at the big gate to be "taken on." When the whistle blows for laying down the wrench or the shovel at seven o'clock of the second Sunday morning, it seems somehow to muffle the bells of the corner church. For it blows the close of a long night's work and the end of a hardly perfect week of something like a hundred hours of work. And at seven o'clock on the following morning, too, it will blow its summons again. Yes, I'll testify as will many of my buddies, those Sunday afternoons are wonderful—for the few short hours they last!

For many workers, of course, the working hours are lengthened by the minutes required to get from home to the plant and back. In the cities, an average of sixty each way is hardly too much. To save this by living close to the plant may mean the saving of car-fare or of father's legs but at the cost of mother's arms in the drops of "elbow grease" required to fight the daily droppings of the tall chimneys of the great furnaces.

"Everybody has to work hard here—even the women. They never get through at all, tryin' to keep things clean," testified the landlady, with her dark-set eyes giving witness to the truth of her words.

Apparently, those feminine arms are pretty generally willing to pay the price. At any rate, the houses nearest the big

mills always seem crowded, every room of them and out almost onto the street with the least well-to-do of the foreign and colored workers, their wives and especially their children. In the small front room, the passerby is too often able to discover the stove, the dinner table, the crib, the chromo and the bed that go together to spell extreme congestion.

The surprising thing is how generally the good housewife manages under the circumstances to keep the inevitable lace curtains in the windows so everlastingly white and spotless! The reason is that these are the household banners nailed boldly to the mast-head, flying bravely in the faces of all the neighbors the message of the family's determined and undying self respect. But, even with the help of the ever-present phonograph, they can hardly suffice to make the crowded single room successfully attractive in competition with the club or the near-saloon, or the place, a block away, where the pane bearing the sign "Soft Drinks Here" is quietly pushed aside as the worker passes, to disclose the beckoning finger of the painted woman.

"Will everybody please stand who wishes to vote to uphold the Christian Sabbath as one of the fundamentals of our civilization and to oppose the pagan hands which would permit the sacrilege of Sunday movies and concerts?" requested the pastor in a town where the men worked six instead of seven turns week.

It was unpleasant to be the only person in the audience who didn't

stand. If I had stood up, it would have been hard to sit again without telling of all the gambling games going on that very day of Spring, all over the State, in crowded boarding-houses or secluded fields—games which would go on into the night to the accompaniment of much boot-legged liquor, because next Sunday the players would perhaps be at work and this Sunday there was no roomy place to stay, no other place to go and nothing else to do.

"Such a place as them men left!" exclaimed the neat and energetic landlady who had succeeded to the management of the boarding-house. "I never seen such a stock 'o beer-kegs and whiskey bottles and filth! Mostly from their Sundays, it was too!"

Any institution, which is going to touch workers where they live, need only give one look at Sunday through the glasses of the job to see that for the fourteen-turn fortnight worker there "ain't no, sech animal" as a normal Sunday, and that for the lucky possessor of the six short turn week a Sunday without movies, especially a rainy Sunday, is a desert of dullness even after full duty has been done by the church.

There are many other things besides weary bodies which muscle-workers must take with them into the church or the library when they enter—if they enter—because they must of necessity take them out of their jobs.

"This job beats bein' off on them boats, anyhow, when you gets back from a long trip!"—is the way black-skinned but wholesome-hearted George put it to me one day when I asked him

about getting a job in the same plant with him. "When you gets back from bein' away on the water a long time, it seem like you just gotta spend all you made—tain't possible to hold back, nohow. It just seems like you gotta even up somehow."

"No, never go back, never no more!" the Swedish sailor repeated sadly, when we became friendly after a chance meeting. "My mother, yes, to her I could talk—she understand. My brothers and sisters? No, not even if I have fine suit of clothes. Not since I run away from home twelf' years ago do I ever speak one word with good woman. I don't know—something in here (*pointing to his heart*)—something in here—gone!"

MOST Americans, I fear, do not yet realize how our War Department did more than ever before in the history of armies to surround our boys in their camps with those contacts of normal life which to a great degree off-set the unwholesome tendencies of the Navy and Army job.

I may be wrong, but I came to the conviction that the boys, who earned their daily bread by getting sufficient speed and action out of their ill-tempered and dangerous mules to satisfy the most ambitious of the coal miners whose earnings for the day depended upon them, could not be expected to maintain their moral fibre in proper condition. "I've learned," said the boss of the mule drivers, very seriously, "that if a stubborn mule fights back, you can beat him into submission, that is, if your arms don't give out on you.

But, if he won't fight back, and just takes his punishment, he's got you licked before you start."

"That boss is a wonder," testified one of his subordinates. "I take off my hat to him. He can do things with a mule in a minute that nobody else could do in a year."

In spite of its possibilities in skill as thus set forth, the gradual elimination of that job by the extension of electric haulage is, I am sure, a program of "safety first" for souls as well as bodies.

IN most fields of work, a certain view of life and people grows daily more solid along with the daily job, and often there is no possibility of changing it by the introduction of machinery.

"Polite!" exclaims Elizabeth at the information desk. "I'll tell the world people ain't polite to us girls! We never get any thanks—and all the fool things they ask us—and get sore if we don't know! Th' other day a woman comes in and asks how can she send a friend to Florida. I says she can go to Washington and take the Air Line—an' she looked as though she wanted to murder me. I wondered what to Goodness I'd done. 'Why,' she says, 'she's my mother! I want her to go by passenger train not by airship!' And then she went away mad at me as though I had fallen down on my job!"

"To-morrow, I quit here," said Jennie after she had told of her nine-hour day and set down the ice cream in front of you. And her complaint was not with her customers, but that she cannot benefit from their kindly human nature as much as she would like. "Well,



Boys, like these, who drive mules in the coal mines, find it difficult to know anything in life except their job



you see the regular pay is seven dollars a week. It's the tips that make it a job. When I have my same tables regular I can build up a little trade by givin' extra good service, so they'll always come to me. That means better tips by a dollar or two a turn—easy. And now they won't let me have my regular tables any more. So I'm leaving."

"Yes, I got a cough and when I go home tired I sometimes lie awake two or three hours before I can get to sleep. Oh, I'll let it go till it gets worse—I always do. But, at that, I ain't as bad off as Fan over there. She has to work nine hours and then sit up most of the night lookin' after her sick mother—gastritis it is or somethin'—and she has dreadful pains. Sometimes her brother can do it but he has to keep from losin' too much time offa his job, too."

The job, with sickness or accident added to it!—well, a long book could be written on the tragedies constantly being caused by piling the load of family sickness on shoulders already well burdened. And they go together to make up *the-earning-of-the-living* as the platform for the living of the life of self-improvement and edification.

"Two years ago, I was getting on fine and had the house almost paid for when the wife got sick. It's only just now that I am gettin' back onto my feet again and can begin to see daylight ahead," was the brave word of more than one friend as we felt for each other's life stories in the pauses between work.

"Ten-twelf dollar week State law pay, yes, good—better as not'ing," said the Slovenian worker, leaning on his crutches, unshaved, lean and sad-eyed



Above, coal miners coming from work. Below, the way in which some men get a little recreation on Sundays. For fourteen-hour workers, there "ain't no sech animal" as a normal Sunday

after his accident, "but still very hard for family man!"

What happens in the States where workmen's compensation is not yet established is hard to imagine. Of course, its presence does not altogether drive away the thought of accident, especially from the roughest, heaviest jobs.

One night, as we got ready to handle the big, hot billets as they came over from the blooming mill, I noticed big Lorenzo using his knife to cut off a finger from one of his canvas working gloves. When I protested, he replied, "What for not, Boodie? No good, see?" and he held up his hand to show that a finger was missing.

DURING the night, as we fixed the crane's chains around the heavy truck-loads or put the tongs on the billets, watchful to extricate our thumbs

and fingers in time, my companion carried on the tale of all the accidents he had witnessed:

"Dese two fingers here dat cost heem. Anodder fellow da whole billet it fall on heem—nine mont' in hospital 'fore he get well! Me? Me never get hurt—me know how—work t'irteen year and never no accident. Green man—lak you—he get hurt, unless he watch quick."

In the restaurant after Tom, the boss, had finished telling how he had his leg broken, a one-footed boy filled his plate and managed amazingly well to get

it with his crutch to the table. On the way home, I passed the one-armed watchman at the crossing and the half-handed news-man at the corner, but only to see, after pushing through the crowd, a mass of thick red blood left on the pavement after a worker on his way home from the job had had a collision and been taken to the hospital. A moment later, on the car, I returned the friendly smile of an early rising baby on its father's shoulder—smiled till I glanced at its chubby hand and discovered to my horror that all its fingers had been cut off at the first knuckle!

"Until now, I ain't been sick a day o' me life!" said the landlord in the boarding-house of a mine town, convalescing from a serious operation. "Fer the last few years I been workin' me eight hours every day and double turn every second Sunday. Ye see, I got ter keep after them pumps or they'll be trouble and no work for the byes."

"A few years back in a mine where I wuz, the byes reported t'was beginnin' ter 'squeeze.' A hundred men goes in

with timbers to stop it—and they goes clear to the fur end instead o' startin' at the 'bottom,' y'understand, near the shaft. And the squeeze it keeps a-gettin' worse and finally it falls in and kills 'em all. My God, t'was awful in that town that week."

Such things go with the job of producing and serving. They count dreadfully towards the complication of life for those whose sole equipment and capital is their arms and legs, or the arms and legs of husbands and fathers. Because they are part of the job, the day-wage worker and his family naturally look out upon the rest of the world through them, just as the rest of us see the world through our jobs, and all that goes with them.

Especially if he is of foreign birth, the worker is pretty sure to be driven by these things into the multitude of lodges and benevolent societies which thus come closer to him than the churches or the other organizations, because their closeness springs out of the job.

All together, they make the daily life of the unskilled wage-worker with a family a matter of closer planning than most of us can readily imagine—certainly closer than I could imagine back in the days when our Federation hoped for gifts from every Cleveland family.

"No, Ah ain't takin' no cah to-day but Ah reckons Ah will to-morrow when we gets paid. Ah done run sho't this time cause mah kids done weah out two pai'hs 'o shoes befoh Ah'd expected 'em to—mah pay check runs around forty-seven dollars foh two weeks aftah takin' out five dollars foh a Liberty Bond."

AS Thomas and I walked out of the plant, the men of another department were folding their pay away, with the street lined by religious orders asking gifts and by men, women and children exhibiting their withered or missing arms or legs.

"It's somethin' fierce!" my friend Thomas added. "Every pay day, the whole town is here wantin' youah money! Even befoh you gets outa the shop they say, 'The boss's mother done die and we wants fifty cents from everybody.' Ah likes to give, but a fellow can't give many fifty cents to nobody outa his pile—leastways, not when he's got to buy shoes and everything else foh his family."

Strangely enough, the chances are that after years of such close figuring, Thomas' widow would feel that the only way she could show her appreciation of his fatherly loyalty to them all would be to spend practically every cent from the lodge or the insurance policy in giving him a funeral that held up the family pride to the limit of the neighborhood's requirements! Strange—and yet altogether human! For every one of us has inborn in us the desire to stand out somehow as a person different from others, if we are to justify our existence. The greatest means to that distinction is in our job. But if our desire for the distinctive job has never been quite

realized, even though trying for it has kept us too busy to achieve distinction outside of it—well, it is easy to understand how those we leave behind hate to have us appear at a disadvantage in one of the most public moments of our years above ground, if their bravery can prevent it.

Oftentimes, it is the job's insecurity against the disability of old age that makes the mother's problem a hard one. In the families where the equipment runs to brawn rather than brain, the death-rate is likely to be high among the children. If any of them are to be counted on to grow up into their working and earning prime in the years when father and mother need a friendly home, there had better be a plenty of sons and daughters.

"YES, these four boys are all we have left of the fifteen born to us," said my landlady as she leaned over the stove, looking positively young and pretty, with a special Sunday 'do' on her hair. "The other eleven we've lost one way or another!"

She wants the sympathy of nobody but her boys and that she has. But she deserved everybody's respect for keeping busily and cheerily going while the husband and father went through the first serious illness of his life.

But all this is the dark side of the picture. I show it only to urge a better understanding of those whose lives seem strange until we know their jobs. If there were space, I should like now to show the other side—to tell of all those who, on their jobs and through their jobs, make the fight which raises them into higher and higher levels of usefulness, to better standing among their neighbors, and to a sympathetic understanding of the life and the people about them. Listen to Rachel there in the store—her childish voice seems somehow to carry the memory of weary young years, years of a hard but a successful fight.

"Of Russia, I remember nothing. We left there when I was eight. That's twelve years ago. Oh, but they were mean to us Jews—no schools, no nothing! Here?—Only a few months of night school, that's all. I had to work—in a private family, you know, scrubbing and cleaning up, mostly. But the dollar and a half I got helped me buy clothes; my father, he got only seven dollars week then. Later, I worked in factory. Then here in store. Here I learn the business and the boss he treat me fine because he know I learn all and can be trusted. And my father he saves always money until he could buy a business; only he afraid he lose it all. So now he clerks at twenty-five dollars a week. My brother, he has good job now, too, so we get on very well, and are happy."

THAT is the story of forward-moving America—the story of American opportunity, met on the job, and grasped on the job, when circumstances favor.

And there, it must be evident, is the contact point for all those influences of

our modern American life which would touch the lives of America's millions for the upbuilding of a better America. There is the point for the application of sympathy, understanding, inspiration!

It is idle to scold men for not learning English in our classes until we know the years of their life—few of us could take on a new tongue after we were forty—or the hours of their job. Twelve hours or even ten of manual labor does not add zest to the evening school!

It is idle to expect ambition, wholesomeness and the wish and willingness to understand the white-collared folk, if their only representative happens to be a boss who daily capitalizes the worker's fear of losing his job or utilizes super-heated language in order to get the required muscle onto the shovel-handle.

"Some of our men are too old and too proud to enjoy turning up at a special class-room," said a superintendent who is seeing the need of meeting men on their jobs, "so we've rigged up a black-board there near the coke ovens and in between times we talk over the mysteries of coke, spelling and such things. They're hungry for it."

A group of English socialists writing about the equipment of the workers speak always as though education was impossible except in leisure. As a matter of fact, the worker sees immensely more point in learning more about his job; his complaint of the rough-tongued under-foreman is not so much of his language as of his unwillingness to share more of the satisfactions and more of the skill and "know-how" that should go with the job to the doer of it.

In that better America which we all want, the churches, the schools and the other agencies of good citizenship will not wait to meet people *after* they have done their jobs. They will try to show how their messages can help on the job, how they can be better understood through this job to-day, and still better through that better job to-morrow.

Of all those who furnish jobs, whether to one person in the home, or ten thousand in the plant, these organizations will ask whether those jobs give to the worker the fullest possible opportunity both to be a good citizen after working hours and also in working hours, to grow in capacity, ability and self respect.

Of all those who perform jobs, they will ask whether their daily performance is such as to warrant their claim to the full and considerate respect of their employers and to the nobility of efficient, productive citizenship.

Of us all, whether furnishers or performers, whether wearing white collars or much-mended overalls, they will ask the withholding of our judgments of the other fellow, until we can better understand his life by better understanding the job which is its cornerstone.

Speaking different tongues; brought together from all the earth into close relations with each other in huge numbers and comparative suddenness; all of us perplexed (*Cont. on Page 72*)

I DISCOVER MY GOVERNMENT

By William Harper Dean

II.

"We must educate or we must perish"

IF OUR Government, through its Children's Bureau, vitally and practically concerns itself with the physical welfare of American mothers and their babies—as we know it does—to what end is this? The Bureau has awakened the nation to the vital necessity of giving every child a chance to develop its body to the end of becoming physically fit to assume the obligations of American citizenship; has awakened us to the national obligation of conserving the strength and health of mothers through the ordeal of childbirth and later through the trying periods of nurturing these little citizens through the critical periods of their dependency.

But after these things—what?

The developing of sound bodies is not primarily for the sake of producing a race of physical stalwarts: a strong body, nourished by rich, red blood is merely the prerequisite to the development of a normal, healthy brain. And brains are what count!

Tens of millions of Russian peasantry have reached maturity with magnificently developed physiques; they are among the world's finest specimens of physical excellence. But, in the past, their government has not concerned itself with the obligation to see that the brains controlling the bodies of these millions have been trained to perform other functions as well. The bodies have been allowed pure air and sunlight; the brains have been confined in poorly ventilated darkness. And now Russia is paying!

American citizenship is not automatically attained by the taking of the oath of allegiance to this Government and its institutions; it does not come to the native born merely with his attaining his majority and casting his vote. It comes only after the would-be citizen has acquired an unclouded vision of what America is and aspires to be. American citizenship is an achievement! In the highest interpretation of the term, it can be achieved only by those who are intellectually capable of thinking for themselves.

Elementary as this prelude may

IN this second article of Mr. Dean's series, he treats of the problem which this country presents to our Bureau of Education in Washington. The way in which the devoted workers there visualize this country; the far reaching effect of their efforts; and the vision necessary to properly direct the work, will come as a revelation to most people. You will find practical information here which may help solve your educational problems.

sound, nevertheless, it is absolutely essential that it be written and read if one wishes to gain a clear perspective of the obligations of our Government to the native born as well as to the immigrant. The entire structure of our government rests upon native and alien conceptions of the obligations of citizenship. Let these be ill conceived as a result of slighted training of the brain and the very foundations of this Government are in peril. Our government must and does jealously watch, direct and aid that American institution known as American education. Only by doing so can it hope to represent a truly Americanized America!

WHICH automatically throws the spotlight on our Federal Bureau of Education.

What is this Bureau? A tremendous university for the training of millions of minds?—a sort of close corporation with directors in Washington prescribing inflexible rules and regulations affecting our entire American system of education? Not at all! Always bear in mind the fundamental fact that the great majority of our Government institutions act in an advisory capacity, offering the services of trained minds, patriotically inspired. So the Bureau of Education after a fashion functions

in the same general way which characterizes the activities of the Children's Bureau.

"The Bureau of Education," said Dr. P. P. Claxton, United States Commissioner of Education, "is the principal educational agency of the United States Government. It is the one organization of the country whose outlook embraces the nation, and whose scope includes every degree of the business of education. It performs no considerable function of its own. It renders information, and it gives specific advice; when advice is asked, but neither the Bureau as an entity, nor its officers as individuals need concern themselves with the execution of plans proposed for the improvement of any educational condition.

"The members of its staff are wholly free from local bias. They are in constant contact with the best educational practice throughout the country, and their understanding of educational movements comes not only from personal study but from frequent discussion with leaders in the several lines of education."

There you have it—just what the Bureau of Education is! Now, what can it do for you and me, for my child and yours, be we native Americans or foreign-born coming to these shores to get the benefit and contribute to the strengthening of what is known as America?

The Bureau cannot and does not attempt to function in accordance with any set of inelastic formulae. It must be capable of modifying its advisory policies to fit the demands of the moment, to rise to emergencies. And it does.

For example, during the war the Bureau saw increasing need of a greater projection and speeding up of the school-garden work which already had gained a splendid momentum under the impetus of private and Governmental effort. So in 1918, the Bureau organized the United States School Garden Army. It already had been promoting school-directed home gardening for four years. This new army

At right, a glimpse of the constant stream of immigrants which pours over the gang plank from steamer after steamer at Ellis Island. Below, a typical crowd of these new immigrants. Every country in Europe is represented. Week after week this tide of ancient prejudices, new hopes and age-old visions pours into America



At bottom, a scene in one of the many night schools in America where an effort is being made, both to satisfy the immigrant's craving for knowledge and to give him a clear picture of the democratic ideals of this country to which he has come. The desire for knowledge recognizes neither age nor sex





was organized to promote greater thrift, produce more food, and drive home to the children the truth that in such service lay a tremendous expression of practical patriotism. The army was recruited from the heart of New York City to the hidden cove school in the heart of the Rockies.

One million boys and girls were enlisted. In 1919, this army had grown to two million and a half, producing \$48,000,000 worth of vegetables. And, for 1920, the Bureau has set the peg of its ambition far in advance of this practical achievement. Here's a practical course in Americanism—manual and mental training and thrift.

This very war which gave rise to the United States School Garden Army revealed some serious faults in our national structure. It enabled us to discover with a shock to the senses that the "Melting Pot" was but a splendid figment of the imagination—that it did not melt, that in the hour of the great ordeal by fire our structure of nationalism began to disintegrate into its elementary parts rather than fuse inseparably. Poles who were catalogued as American citizens began suddenly to think as Poles; Germans as Germans; Italians as Italians. Few were thinking as Americans! And why?

Because our American system of education was weak; it had not sown in brains the healthy spores of an unshakable Americanism. The Bureau of Education was quick to discover this. It began to examine closely into the lamentable condition revealed by the fact that in all the mobilization camps in the country the illiterates averaged nearly 25 per cent! Here was the direct menace to Americanism when its cult had challenged those of militarism. It must not happen again. If the Bureau of Education has its way, it will not happen again. For to-day, it has

constructed a dynamic educational policy for the period of reconstruction we are now entering.

From reliable figures the Bureau has learned, among other things, that for all the purposes of education, from kindergarten through college, the total amount spent for the edu-

cation of our children is \$495.60 for each one, from early childhood to finished youth. This includes teachers' salaries, lands, buildings, equipment—everything!

"One wonders," said Commissioner Claxton, "if the value of the difference between illiteracy and lack of all the training of the schools and the education which the average American citizen should have is not more than \$495.60!"

Here's a premise for constructive educational service, the call to awaken our people to the crushing need of more and better educational facilities. The Bureau has risen to the emergency and everywhere is carrying on a campaign to awaken Americans to a realization of our criminal neglect of our educational systems.

ONE of the most shameful neglects has been that of adequate pay for teachers in our schools and colleges. Through a campaign of pitiless publicity, the Bureau is displaying its collected facts and figures to show just how heavily we are paying for this neglect. Many States have been aroused to action on reading the Bureau's statement that in February, this year, more than



One of the greatest tasks of the Bureau of Education is that of standardizing kindergarten work in schools which differ tremendously in size and equipment and location

18,000 schools were closed because of lack of teachers, while 41,900 schools were being taught by teachers "below standard."

Teachers are leaving the schools and flocking to industries where they are paid wages commensurate with the value of their services. This must be corrected—it will be. No organization could work harder to correct it than the Bureau is working. A whole series of articles might be written on what the Bureau is doing to obliterate this inequity.

How the States, cities, and counties have learned to look to the Bureau for constructive criticism and advice, as regards their educational systems, is well demonstrated by the extent to which they are calling on the Bureau for such help. One of the Bureau's specialties is the making of educational surveys. A total of 39 surveys have been made to date. A single illustration will show the value of this service.

In the eastern part of the United States, there is a certain industrial city with a population of between 60,000 and 70,000, where 80 per cent of the parents of public-school children are foreign-born. This city has had a great deal of trouble from manifestations of social unrest. The Bureau was not long in putting its finger on the reason why, once it had made a most searching survey of the situation.

The last census revealed the fact that this was one of the three cities in the United States having the largest percentage of illiteracy. One out of every three people ten years of age and over could not speak English; 55 per cent of all the foreign-born ten years of age and over could not speak English!

The parents wanted to learn English; they wanted to become American citizens in deed as well as in name. There were many evening schools which had been provided for the teaching of adults, but these were poorly attended. Why?

"I work at night," said one of those questioned by the Bureau investigators. Said another: "I work during the day, but my wife works at night and I have to stay home with the children." Now listen to this one: "My teacher does not understand what I want to talk about or know about!"

The greatest trouble, the Bureau discovered, was that English was not being taught for the purposes of communication. The people were taught to read and write but not to speak in English. Nor was there any attempt at individual instruction.

Very well. The Bureau made a thorough digest of its findings and offered many remedial suggestions which

need not be detailed here. But the most significant words of its report occur in the following summary of the case:

"THE adult education problem is a social problem. If there is any tendency to bring pressure to bear to refuse any individual, or group of individuals, the opportunity to learn English for fear of the opinions which they may express when they can express them in English; if there is an atmosphere of distrust and skepticism outside the schools as to the sincerity of the desire of the majority to learn English; if espionage displaces the community benefits of rational freedom; if the attempt is made to develop the schools for the people instead of with the people, then there is no hope of developing an adequate system of adult education in X—.

"If, on the other hand, it is remembered that the public school system in America was created by the people for the use of all the people, and if the more liberal spirit of social co-operation, confidence, and desire for mutual understanding prevails, then there is every reason why X—may develop a system of adult education which would not only solve her own problems but also serve as a model for other industrial cities."

Now, as an example of an aggressive advisory policy, the Bureau has, on its own initiative, sought to enlist the co-operation of the State Educational Boards in perfecting a system of home-reading courses for adults. This is strictly an after-war activity, designed to meet and remedy some of the glaring inequities in our present system for the

education of the masses. Under this system, any adult may take up a constructive reading course in shipbuilding, for example, and complete it under supervision of his own State educational system—usually the extension division of the State university.

AND while these plans for adults are maturing, the Bureau has inaugurated a campaign for forming State kindergarten associations throughout the United States. It is plain enough that the result of such action will be to greatly extend the usefulness of the kindergarten and to more nearly fix standards of kindergarten work. Only by closest co-operation among such educational agencies can we hope to see them welded into worthy all-American institutions. Up to now, our educational systems from kindergarten to universities have lacked a certain degree of standardization which is indispensable to their highest success.

For six months, during 1918, the Bureau operated a Division of Educational Extension. Now have come many requests for the reviving of this activity to be carried on with the same degree of vigor which characterized it during the period when the division served a war-emergency function.

The Division's record justifies its rehabilitation. Educational extension work is merely the projection of educational facilities beyond the normal boundaries circumscribing schools, colleges and universities. It is sending education into the home, not waiting for the home to come to it.

During the period of the bureau's work in educational extension, it col-



Children of the foreign-born filling the courtyard of one of New York's public schools. They represent part of the problem education must solve

lected some 25,000 stereoptican slides, more than 6,000,000 feet of moving picture film. It edited and distributed more than 4,000,000 feet of films to the extension divisions of universities, colleges and State departments of education. These films depicted the making of good roads; the work of the Coast Guard; dental hygiene; reclaiming American soils; and, in addition, the Division served as a clearing house to send out some 15,000 pieces of material on current topics for colleges and universities maintaining an information and library service; tens of



The Bureau of Education has been promoting school-directed home gardening for a number of years. The school garden army last year, numbering two million and a half, with recruits in every village and state, produced \$48,000,000 worth of vegetables

thousands of bulletins were distributed; 18,000 public libraries were kept informed as to the sources of valuable publications; 11,000 pieces of Americanization literature, giving concrete and specific help in planning courses in teaching immigrants, were sent out to extension agencies. And these are but a few of the Division's activities during 1918.

And to-day, in view of the fact that we have some 4,000,000 recently discharged soldiers eager to pick up their education where they left it when called

to the colors; millions of other men and women eager for opportunities for instruction; millions of recently enfranchised women wanting enlightenment on civic and political problems; millions of foreign-born people seeking the same light, to say nothing of the 2,500,000 boys and girls every year attaining their majority in America; in view of these facts and also that many of these millions have no opportunity whatever to attend college, many not even with the advantages of a common-school education; it does look reasonable and

justifiable that the Bureau should again be allowed to carry on its extension work with many times the 1918 appropriation of \$50,000 to finance it.

There are few better investments the American people could make than to finance the Extension Division through the Bureau of Education, in order to reach the masses at this most critical period of our national readjustment.

During the war, a private organization inaugurated, with the help of the Bureau of Education, an elementary training course for citizenship. This



228,000 individual letters of inquiry were received and answered.

As the Bureau itself points out, the ideal it has set for itself is to give help wherever it can; to answer as many inquiries as possible; to send little without request, but to encourage people to ask for information and, wherever practical, to pay, at actual cost, for the more formal publications; and, in general, to furnish the results of collected experience as widely but as specifically as possible.

There is one field, how-

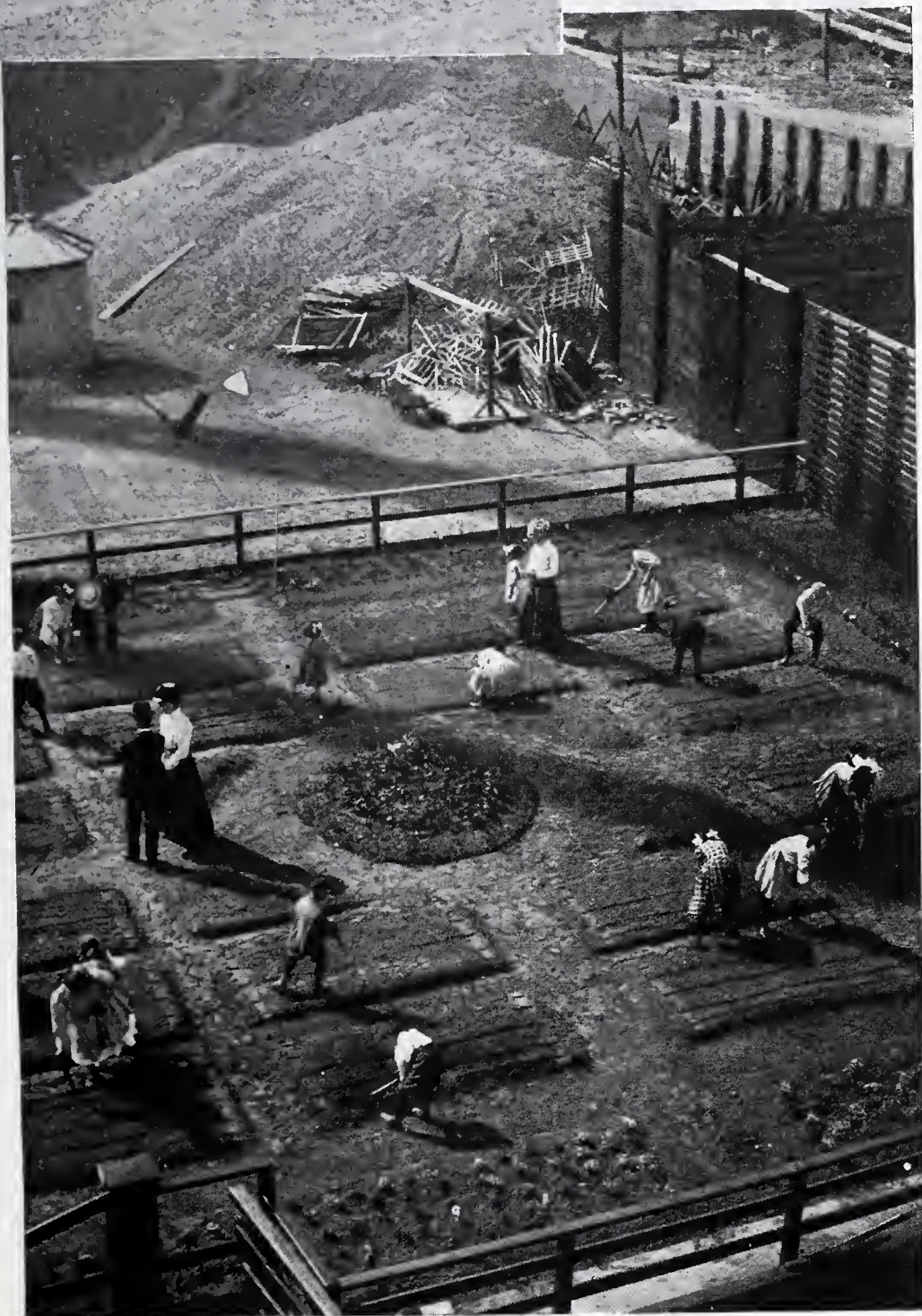
as planned for the benefit of men serving overseas in the American army. This is civic education. It is needed against the return of these men to their homes to pick up the dropped threads of their civic duties.

Now that the war is over, the demand for this civic education has increased. Not only the public schools but numerous other educational agencies are calling on the Bureau for help in training people for citizenship through practical courses of instruction.

"A remarkable stimulation in civic education resulted from the war," said Commissioner Claxton, and it is perhaps worthy of note that the bulletins relating to civic education published by the Bureau of Education prior to 1919 have been widely influential in determining the character of instruction introduced into the public schools for purposes of civic training.

BULLETINS and specially prepared leaflets have been the Bureau's most effective medium for making available to the masses the Bureau's vast fund of information relative to education. One publication in particular was designed to acquaint the American people with their own Government in terms of its everyday usefulness. The Bureau rightly took the stand that one of the essentials of a sound Americanism is public cognizance that the Government is a very human, very practical institution and that there is little if anything affecting the daily life of our masses that escapes its investigational eye.

So the Bureau put out a publication called "Use Your Government." It has met with immediate approval, as evidenced by the demand for it, and the Bureau itself is being patronized more and more by individuals seeking direct, authentic information. Last year, nearly



Above, children from the East Side of New York receiving their first lessons in how to plant gardens. Below, a typical scene in one of the large industrial cities of the country, showing the way in which useless land has been reclaimed and put to agricultural use



Saluting the flag is an exercise that is never omitted in any school in the United States, no matter how large or small

ever, in which the Bureau has given a practical demonstration in the efficiency of its creeds which it would like to see accepted in principle at least by the rank and file of educational institutions in America. That field is Alaska, where education of the natives is directly under the Federal Government through the Bureau of Education. To-day, in Alaska, the Bureau has 3 school superintendents, 3 acting superintendents, 121 teachers, 8 physicians, and 11 nurses. There are some 68 Government schools, with total enrollments of 3,700.

It is hard for those living in milder climates to realize that many of these Alaskan school districts are practically isolated, throughout the long, severe winters, from the rest of the world; that these same schools can show Esquimo boys working in manual training classes, Esquimo girls taking courses in domestic science, children singing "My Country, 'tis of Thee," in storm-bound schools, with the thermometer registering 60 degrees below zero, with no means of transportation except dog sleds, reindeer or snow-shoes. But the work goes on.

"In the morning," recounts a former teacher from the Bureau of Education, who served in Alaska, "when the teacher rang the bell for school, and the babies 'who wouldn't stay home' trooped up the school hill, the mercury, by the light of a match, stood at 65 below zero: Two hours later, the kerosene was frozen in the school lamps."

At twelve o'clock that day—it was

February 1st—the school was thrown into an uproar by the appearance of the sun. But before the teacher could get the class outdoors to revel in its light—after 72 days of darkness!—it disappeared.

"It was 38 below zero," she continues. "Three months of winter yet remained, but what mattered that? Their souls had thrilled once again to 'God's smile,' and hope, joy, and expectation mingled with the regret on every youthful face."

IN nine Alaskan villages, the Bureau of Education has encouraged and can show in successful operation co-operative enterprises, financed by native capital and managed by the natives themselves. The teacher in the local United States school has in every case direct supervision over these enterprises. One such co-operative concern recently showed a capital of \$21,140 and a net profit of \$13,721. One of the first things taught these embryo Americans is self-help.

Now, coming back to the older sections of the United States, the Bureau has made many investigations of the status of both the rural and the urban school. Neither is what it should be, but both can be improved. The Bureau has held three national and sectional conferences on rural education to put before the people its program for rural school improvement, which program finally has been accepted as a working basis. This program is worth recording here; it shows the lines along which the Bureau is directing its organized

energies in behalf of better education for our rural children. Consider:

1. A minimum school term of not less than 160 days.
2. A sufficient number of teachers adequately prepared for their work.
3. The consolidation of rural schools where practicable and, where impracticable, to make the one-teacher school the best it is possible to make it by placing therein an adequately prepared teacher.
4. The teachers' home and demonstration farm of five acres or more, the property of the school and as an illustration for the community in better homemaking and in better farming.
5. An all-year session of schools adapted to local conditions.
6. Community organization with the public school building as a social and civic center.
7. Free county public libraries similar to the California plan.
8. A high school education for country boys and girls that will allow them to secure such education without break in home ties.
9. Such readjustment and reformation of the course of study in elementary and secondary rural schools as will adapt them to the lives of the people they are to serve.
10. The elimination of illiteracy.
11. Better civic and patriotic instruction so as to make true Americans of all who live under the Stars and Stripes.
12. The conservation of rural health.
13. Good roads as related to better rural schools, and (Cont. on Page 7)

The March of the Red Cross

A GLIMPSE

from the

WATCH TOWER

AT

WASHINGTON

From there you can see—

Refugees Beside the Black Sea
Starving Children in Vienna
Tornadoes in Illinois
Cemeteries in France and
Sailors in Distant Honkong



Moslem women in Scutari, Albania, waiting for their daily ration at the Red Cross headquarters. These are the extremely poor

IT IS eighteen months now since the armistice period. And yet from one point of view it begins to look as if there had never been a greater need for an efficient, well supported Red Cross than there is to-day. Tornadoes in the middle West and the Southern states; a frightful epidemic of blindness in China; appalling conditions in Vienna and Central Europe; misery and disease in Constantinople and Asia Minor; thousands of Russian refugees pouring into Belgrade, into Roumania, and northward into the Baltic states. In all these sections of the world the Red Cross is taking part to-day in the desperate campaign which is being waged against disease and misery all over the globe.

In Constantinople, it is the Red Cross chapter which is again on the job, having pulled itself together since peace came. It has appropriated fifty thousand dollars to help the Red Cross workers already on the spot, in their efforts to deal with the influx of thousands of Russian refugee women and children and old men who have been driven in panic from their homes by the Bolshevik advance toward the

Black Sea. Tents are being provided for the more robust of the destitute, while houses outside the city are being put in shape for the women and children.

In South Russia and Serbia, it is the Red Cross Commission which has put the barracks and delousing stations once more in use to handle, with a skill born of experience in the long months since the war began, the new crowds of filthy bedraggled refugees. In Esthonia, it is again our Baltic Commission which is operating for general relief—the only ambulance service in the entire republic is being operated in Riga by the Red Cross—the entire unit numbering over fifty. Aided by such native assistance as can be recruited, they are covering the Baltic coast, distributing relief supplies to the starving, establishing dispensaries and fighting the typhus plague which has spread throughout the country and now numbers nearly thirty thousand victims.

In these places, some headway is being made. Where Vienna and Aus-

tria are concerned, however, the brutal truth about conditions is that they are appalling. To American minds, already surfeited with stories of distress, words fail to carry any adequate picture whatever of life in that part of the world. Of one hundred and eighty-seven thousand school children in Vienna, only seven thousand are getting enough to eat, despite American efforts. In addition, a new and terrible disease caused by the germ of influenza and attacking the brain of its victim, is taking terrific toll among the little boys and girls of that unhappy city.

Hampered by the almost insurmountable obstacle of lack of medicines, supplies or food, the Red Cross doctors have so far fought desperately against this enemy but with only slight success. More than ninety thousand people have received Red Cross aid, over sixty hospitals have been given emergency supplies, while drugs and medicines



IN THIS country, the severe tornadoes in the middle western and southern States have demonstrated once more the necessity and advantage of real disaster preparedness. In town after town, while the storm still raged, Red Cross workers hastened to the relief of the hundreds of injured and homeless, sometimes from a great distance. In every instance, the value of the preparations made in advance were vividly evident.



of all kinds have been given until there are no more. But the disease has swept steadily on notwithstanding, until to-day the former Austrian empire and the lands east are faced with untold horrors. Men, women and children are dying by thousands. Over vast areas, there are neither medical appliances nor medical skill sufficient to cope with the horrors by which those people are faced.

It is a situation that calls for serious thought on the part of American citizens whether or not they feel called upon to replenish by any special contributions the funds the Red Cross has so far used for the alleviation of this intense suffering. At the present writing, the entire problem is being put forward for universal Red Cross consideration in all the leading countries of the world by the League of Red Cross Societies—at the instance of Arthur Balfour, President of the League of Nations Council. It is peculiarly a problem which only Red Cross action can solve, provided the Governments involved furnish the transportation, food and clothing required. Problems of personnel, methods, drugs and medicines would be solved by the different Red Cross Societies.



GENEROSITY ISN'T ALL ONE-SIDED

HERE are some of the toys made by little French children and sent to this country as evidence of their gratitude to America. Below is a reproduction of the frieze with which the French children decorated the play-room walls in the Junior Red Cross schools in Paris. In the centre, a glimpse of what home means, at present, to thousands of children in the ruined districts of Northern France. This is a dugout on the old Hindenburg line

ome chapters had advantage—from a t Aid point of view being practically he spot, as in Chi-, where the storm ot through the sub- of the city itself. re, fortunately, the se of the tornado ver an area not ely inhabited and, e the property loss great, the number asualties was sur- ngly small, there ng only sixteen hs. One hundred twenty-six dwell- , however, were olly or almost lly demolished, in districts, the de- ction being on such



HALF A WORLD APART BUT—THE SAME IDEA

ABOVE, one of the Red Cross warehouses in Warsaw where clothing is dealt out to needy Poles. The Red Cross Commission to Poland consists of over a hundred workers. Their work has been greatly complicated by the influx of Polish refugees from Russia. Below, the Red Cross at home—a little rest house in America, where housewives bring their babies and children from neighboring farms to the Red Cross class in home nursing and care of the sick

a scale as to require the opening of local Red Cross headquarters for the rendering of emergency relief.

At Melrose Park and in the two adjacent villages, Maywood and Bellewood, seventy houses were demolished. At Dunning, thirty houses were demolished. In addition to these, the storm wiped out many homes in the west suburbs. In all of the affected districts, emergency relief work was started a few hours after the catastrophe. A fund of Ten Thousand Dollars was donated for immediate aid; housing, salvage, clearing of debris and other problems were taken up after the wounded had been cared for; three portable school buildings were donated for the use of the homeless, and truck loads of food, blankets and warm clothing were sent from Chicago to the paralyzed communities.



First General Council of League of Red Cross Societies at Geneva. Delegates from thirty different countries assembled in the interest of health and medical science. It is this League which is arousing the Red Cross Societies of the world to concerted action

In Georgia, distance played an important part, the two towns where the hurricane did its greatest damage being some ninety miles from Atlanta, the nearest large city. Destruction of communication delayed news of the fury with which the wind had struck the towns, but the instant that news of the disaster reached the Red Cross in Atlanta, a relief expedition was organized.

With telegraph wires down, trains were not running but automobiles were obtained immediately and Red Cross doctors and nurses with loads of bandages, splints, medicines and other emergency supplies began a ninety-mile ride through the night, over roads hidden by water, fording almost impassible streams. It is worthy of note as showing the self-reliant character of American communities that when the Red Cross arrived in the stricken district the citizens of the tornado-swept towns were already organized and administering relief to the best of their ability. In fact, such was the nature of local preparations, in all the States affected by the storms, and such was the despatch and efficiency with which relief was administered by Red Cross chapters, that assistance from Washington was not required. The results of the work in these tornadoes shows more plainly than ever the value of the preparedness idea.

From every side this last month have come unmistakable and repeated indications of the earnest way in which Red Cross chapters in all parts of the country are taking hold of the peace program for the relief of suffering, the better health of the American people

and the improvement of social conditions in communities, the three great stones upon which Red Cross work at home is founded.

Chapter after chapter has taken up the executive secretary idea; day by day, communication and interchange of ideas show signs of an increasingly enthusiastic co-operation in the country-wide organization; in county after county, chapters are securing the peacetime extension authority and are going ahead in the multifarious ways which local needs dictate.

ALL the things which are being accomplished are too numerous to set down here. But in the Northwest, for instance, four cases of surgical dressings have just been sent to each of fifty-six hospitals which have been greatly in need of them because of the shortage of personnel. In this same section more than twenty carloads of raw and finished materials have been shipped for use in the devastated regions. This is as large a shipment as was ever made over a similar period during the war.

Corning, New York, has equipped and is maintaining an emergency hospital of fifty beds ready for use at all times either in the city or in the adjacent countryside. Each bed with its complement of springs, mattress, blankets and so forth is stored in a compact bag and the entire equipment can be loaded on a truck and started for any destination within a period of three hours.

In Hood River County, a First Aid Kit has been placed in every school and railroad station in the county. At the railway stations, stretchers have been installed, the county has appropriated

two thousand dollars for the county nursing service and all the medical work has been consolidated and put into the hands of a single medical officer.

In Nicholasville, Kentucky, the Red Cross has helped organize a co-operative council of all the social agencies in the county and town and a plans for the betterment of the community have now been put in the great movement to accomplish the good things for which each agency was formerly striving alone.

In St. Louis, a public health program perhaps the most comprehensive of any inaugurated by the Red Cross in America, is being pushed to conclusion by the local chapter. It consists of work along five principal lines—nursing, child welfare, social disease, tuberculosis, and recreation. At the beginning what was most needed was a training school for public health nurses. A former saloon was selected in a congested portion of the city and the area surrounding it was designated a training district where all kinds of community problems could be studied close at hand—overcrowding, malnutrition, insanitary living quarters and the like. The first class is just graduated and its members are now hard at work.

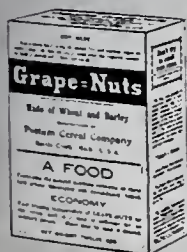
These naturally are only a few of hundreds of items. The entire list brings up a picture of real steady accomplishment in many communities of which any group of Americans banding together under any name might be proud. And everywhere, at the same time, in the army camps of the southwest, among the thirteen thousand wounded in the public health hospitals in the many (Continued on Page 7)



Getting Husky, Son— Grape-Nuts Agrees!

This delicious wheat and malted barley food provides, in easily digestible form, essential elements Nature requires for growth, health and strength.

“There’s a Reason” for
Grape-Nuts
At Grocers Everywhere



Solving The Servant Girl Problem

(Continued from Page 34)

had opened the container and had feasted on scorching soup, hot beef, and fiery soft potatoes.

That is the sort of thing that is being done by the Montclair Community Kitchen, and it is not difficult to understand why it is growing in popularity by leaps and bounds.

The Kitchen, however, has not always been a success. It was first started in 1913 by a group of Montclair women who had always had considerable difficulty in getting servants, and to whom the mounting cost of help and food was becoming a serious problem. But this problem was not then sufficiently acute to make the idea of a community kitchen, a kitchen where many dinners could be cooked and sent out to different families, very popular. It ran along for some years, furnishing meals, but owing partly to the difficulty of obtaining proper containers and the difficulty of interesting families in the scheme, it met with indifferent success.

IT almost fell through at one time and there was talk of abandoning it, but it was then that Mrs. Don C. Bliss, to whom the success of the Kitchen is due, perhaps, more than to any other one person, became interested in the scheme. Mrs. Bliss is what is popularly known as a "doer"; while others sit about planning she goes out and does things. She interested others in the scheme, among them the Reverend Edgar Wiers, pastor of the Montclair Unitarian Church, and the result of their efforts was the incorporation of the Montclair Co-Operative Kitchen under the laws of the State of New Jersey, with authority to transact business and declare six per cent dividends, which, however, have never yet been declared.

The charter of the Kitchen, however, goes further than that. It sets forth that the business of the Kitchen is to supply meals, cooked and ready to eat and, besides mentioning the six per cent dividends, provides that the remainder of the profits must be put back into the business. Under the present arrangement with the manager of the place, E. R. Humphrey, who came down from a New England farm with his family to take charge of the Kitchen, the cooks and other help employed receive, in addition to unusually large wages, one half of the profits. It is hoped by Mrs. Bliss and the others interested that eventually not only will the Kitchen be able to declare the six per cent dividends which the papers of incorporation call for, but that there will be sufficient profits to make possible a weekly or monthly rebate to the families using the kitchen in proportion to the amount spent for meals.

The dividends will, under the law, go to the original incorporators of the Kitchen, of whom there are some six or eight, but the rebate will go to all

users, and it is the sentiment of the majority of the stockholders that the dividends should be put back into the business also, and all share and share alike on the rebate. This is probably the plan which will be followed, and it is not to be doubted that before long such a scheme will be possible.

The Kitchen had not had clear sailing throughout its period of existence. It is only now that the originators of the idea see light ahead of them. They have gone through many trials, and they have had discouragements enough to make one wonder why they haven't abandoned the idea half a dozen times, but they have stuck to their guns and now the results are beginning to show. And not the least of these results by any means is the fact that women's clubs and organizations all over the country are inquiring about the methods of the Kitchen, and experiments of the same sort are springing up in a number of cities.

For a few weeks after the Kitchen was first established it went with a whoop. It was new, and everybody wanted to try it. Then its popularity subsided, and the business dwindled to such a point that it was apparent that there was not sufficient business to warrant going ahead. It looked then as if the Kitchen must be abandoned, but Mrs. Bliss and Dr. Wiers and the other pioneers decided that something could be done and must be done to save it. They knew the Kitchen was a good thing, and that in time it would be successful. They took stock of everything they had, including their troubles, and tried to find out exactly what was wrong. It dwindled down to two things—lack of demand for the dinners, and the fact that proper containers had not been obtained in which to send out the meals. The ones then in use did not keep the food warm, and left the meal soggy and not very good. The first thing that Mrs. Bliss and Dr. Wiers did was to get in touch with a manufacturing concern in New York City, and with the inventors of this firm working with their ideas as a basis, a container was evolved which met all the demands made upon it.

BUT even then, although the demands for the dinners increased, there was not sufficient business to keep the Kitchen operating. So a boarding house was started to carry the overhead expense. This proved immensely popular, and twice this establishment has outgrown its quarters and moved into larger buildings so that to-day the Kitchen and the boarding house operated by the Kitchen is running for the third year in one of the largest and best places of the sort in Montclair. The service improved, but a temporary suspension was caused by the war, due mainly to the fact that the old containers had become worn with so much use, and since the Govern-

ment had commandeered the supply of aluminum, it was impossible to replace them.

But throughout the war the Kitchen organization continued to operate the boarding house, and continued to experiment with whatever types of containers could be obtained, and with food and balanced meals. During the year immediately following the war the concern which had previously furnished containers sent an inventor to Montclair, and from his ideas and those of Mrs. Bliss and Dr. Wiers and others, the container was evolved which is now in use, and which is regarded as the best thing of the sort that has yet been developed. The Kitchen resumed its service last December, and since then has been operating continuously, with constantly increasing patronage and with a gradual lessening of the cost to the consumer.

It is difficult to reckon the saving the Kitchen has made to the families using its service. But at the present price of household help, the high cost of foods and the almost utter impossibility of obtaining servants of any sort, the financial saving is undoubtedly considerable, and the saving in wear and tear on the nerves of the housewife is tremendous. Not all of the families interested in the Kitchen use the service at all times. Some use it but once or twice a week, some four or five times, and some only occasionally. But it is a great comfort to any housewife to know that if the maid quits suddenly, or if the maid has a day off and company comes unexpectedly, there are dinners to be had without troubling to cook them—and the dinners are usually better than the average cook can put together.

The price of the service is not at all excessive. In fact, compared to the prices of the same meals served in restaurants, it is extraordinarily low and it is quite probable that with every item of expense taken into consideration, it is as low as the same food could be cooked for in the home. Here are the rates of the Kitchen:

	Single Meals
1 Four course dinner.....	\$1.00
2 Four course dinners.....	\$1.50
3 and 4 Four course dinners....	2.00
5 or more Four course dinners....	2.50
4 or more Two course dinners....	1.00
4 or more One course dinners....	.75
3 or more lunches (not Sundays)...	.50

THE sort of thing which the Montclair Co-Operative Kitchen is doing is only in its infancy, and within the next few years there probably will be hundreds of such organizations operating all over the United States.

And in the great beauty of such a Kitchen is the fact that the more people use them the cheaper the meals are going to be, largely because additional patronage means additional saving in labor and in quantity buying.



"Never Do to be Without Jell-O"

As Tommy finished the Jell-O dessert at dinner mamma remarked, "That's the last of the Jell-O in the house," and he proceeded to the kitchen to enter an order for more.

"Never do to be without Jell-O," Tommy says.

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Send for the 1920 Jell-O Book, which contains some new recipes for popular dishes.

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The Prodigal Village

(Continued from Page 23)

fancy to the old dream. So one day, he converted his bank balance into "a roll big enough to choke a dog," and took the early morning train to Hazelmead, having left Christmas at the Widow Moran's.

In the mill city he bought a high silk hat and a gold headed cane and a new suit of clothes and a boiled shirt and a high collar and a red necktie. It didn't matter to him that the fashion and fit of his garments were not quite in keeping with the silk hat and gold headed cane. There were three other items in the old dream of splendor—the mother, the prancing team, and the envious remarks of the onlookers. His mother had been lying in her grave for some twenty years. Also there were no prancing horses in Hazelmead, but he could hire an automobile.

In the course of his celebration he asked a lady, whom he met in the street, if she would kindly be his mother for a day. He meant well but the lady, being younger than Hiram and not accustomed to such familiarity from strangers, did not feel complimented by the question. They fled from each other. Soon, Hiram bought a big custard pie in a bake-shop and had it cut into smallish pieces and, having purchased pie and plate, went out upon the street with it. He ate what he wanted of the pie and generously offered the rest of it to sundry people who passed him. It was not impertinence in Hiram; it was pure generosity—a desire to share his riches, flavored, in some degree, by a feeling of vanity. It happened that Mr. J. Patterson Bing came along and received a tender of pie from Mr. Blenkinsop.

"No!" said Mr. Bing, with that old hammer whack in his voice which aroused bitter memories in the mind of Hiram.

That tone was a great piece of impudence. There was a menacing gesture and a rapid succession of footsteps on the pavement. Mr. Bing's retreat was not, however, quite swift enough to save him. The pie landed on his shoulder. In a moment, Hiram was arrested and marching toward the lockup while Mr. Bing went to the nearest drug store to be cleaned and scoured.

A FEW days later Hiram Blenkinsop arrived in Bingville. Mr. Singleton met him on the street and saw to his deep regret that Hiram had been drinking.

"I've made up my mind that religion is good for some folks, but it won't do for me," said the latter.

"Why not?" the minister asked.

"I can't afford it."

"Have you found religion a luxury?" Mr. Singleton asked.

"It's grand while it lasts, but it's like p'ison gettin' over it," said Hiram. "I feel kind o' ruined."

"You look it," said the minister, with a glance at Hiram's silk hat and soiled

clothing. "A long spell of sobriety is hard on a man if he quits it sudden. You've had your day of trial, my friend. We all have to be tried soon or late. People begin to say, 'At last he's come around all right. He's a good fellow.' And the Lord says: 'Perhaps he's worthy of better things. I'll try him and see.'"

"That's His way of pushing people along, Hiram. He doesn't want them to stand still. You've had your trial and failed but you mustn't give up. When your fun turns into sorrow, as it will, come back to me and we'll try again."

HIRAM sat dozing in a corner of the barroom of the Eagle Hotel that day. He had been ashamed to go to his comfortable room over the garage. He did not feel entitled to the hospitality of Mr. Singleton. Somehow, he couldn't bear the thought of going there. His new clothes and silk hat were in a state which excited the derision of small boys and audible comment from all observers while he had been making his way down the street. His money was about gone. The barkeeper had refused to sell him any more drink. In the early dusk he went out-of-doors. It was almost as warm as midsummer and the sky was clear. He called at the door of the Widow Moran for his dog. In a moment, Christmas came down from the Shepherd's room and greeted his master with fond affection. The two went away together. They walked up a deserted street and around to the old graveyard. When it was quite dark, they groped their way through the weedy, briared aisles, between moss-covered toppling stones, to their old nook under the ash tree. There Hiram made a bed of boughs, picked from the evergreens that grew in the graveyard, and lay down upon it under his overcoat with the dog Christmas. He found it impossible to sleep, however. When he closed his eyes a new thought began nudging him.

It seemed to be saying, "What are you going to do now, Mr. Hiram Blenkinsop?"

He was pleased that it seemed to say Mr. Hiram Blenkinsop. He lay for a long time looking up at the starry, moonlit sky, and at the marble, weather-spotted angel on the monument to the Reverend Thaddeus Sneed, who had been lying there, among the rude forefathers of the village, since 1806. Suddenly the angel began to move. Mr. Blenkinsop observed with alarm that it had discovered him and that its right forefinger was no longer directed toward the sky but was pointing at his face. The angel had assumed the voice of his Old Self and was saying:

"I am cold and lonely and have no home and nothing to do in the world. I am wretched. Why do you keep throwing me out-of-doors? If you treated your dog as you do me, nobody would speak to you."

His Old Self vanished and, as it did so, the spotted angel fell to coughing and sneezing. It coughed and sneezed so loudly that the sound went echoing in the distant sky and so violently that it reeled and seemed to be in danger of falling. Mr. Blenkinsop woke with a rude jump so that the dog Christmas barked in alarm. It was nothing but the midnight train from the south pulling out of the station which was near the old graveyard. The spotted angel stood firmly in its place and was pointing at the sky as usual.

It was probably an hour or so later, when Mr. Blenkinsop was awakened by the barking of the dog Christmas. He quieted the dog and listened. He heard a sound like that of a baby crying. It awoke tender memories in the mind of Hiram Blenkinsop. One very sweet recollection was about all that the barren, bitter years of his young manhood had given him worth having. It was the recollection of a little child which had come to his home in the first year of his married life.

"She lived eighteen months and three days," he used to say, in speaking of her, with a tender note in his voice.

Almost twenty years, she had been lying in the old graveyard near the ash tree. Since then the voice of a child crying always halted his steps. It is probable that, in her short life the neglected, pathetic child Pearl—that having been her name—had protested much against a plentiful lack of comfort and sympathy.

So Mr. Blenkinsop's agitation at the sound of a baby crying somewhere near him, in the darkness of the old graveyard, was quite natural and will be readily understood. He rose on his elbow and listened. Again he heard that small, appealing voice.

"By thunder! Christmas," he whispered. "If that aint like Pearl when she was a little, teeny, weeny thing no bigger'n a pint o' beer! Say it is, sir, sure as Heaven!"

He scrambled to his feet, suddenly for now, also, he could distinctly hear the voice of a woman crying. He groped his way in the direction from which the sound came and soon discovered the woman. She was kneeling on a grave with a child in her arms. Her grief touched the heart of the man.

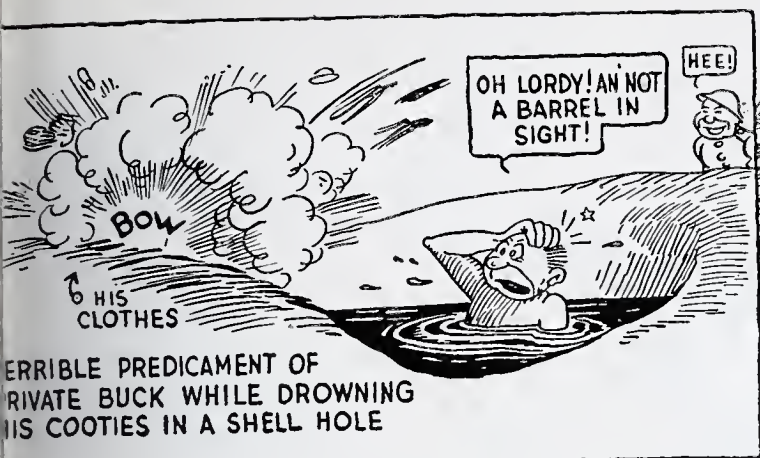
"Who be you?" he asked.

"I'm cold, and my baby is sick, and I have no friends," she sobbed.

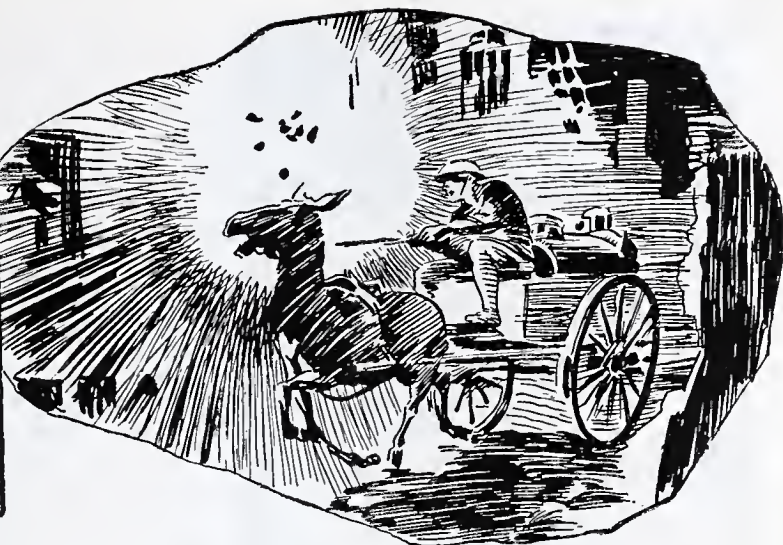
"Yes, ye have!" said Hiram Blenkinsop. "I don't care who ye be. I'm yer friend and don't ye fergit it."

THERE was a reassuring note in the voice of Hiram Blenkinsop. Its gentleness had in it a quiver of sympathy. She felt it and with just a quiver of sympathy in his voice gave to him—an unknown, invisible man—her confidence.

If ever anyone was in need of sympathy, she was at that moment. She felt that she must speak out to some-



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The Stars and Stripes is the only publication of its kind in the history of the United States. It was originally intended only for distribution among the men of the A. E. F. in France, but its fame grew and spread and many copies found their way back to the States. These are highly treasured and jealously held by their fortunate owners. Fabulous prices have been paid for single issues, and finally there sprang up an insistent demand from parents of soldiers, Universities, Statesmen and patriots throughout the country for complete files of this unique, historical publication.

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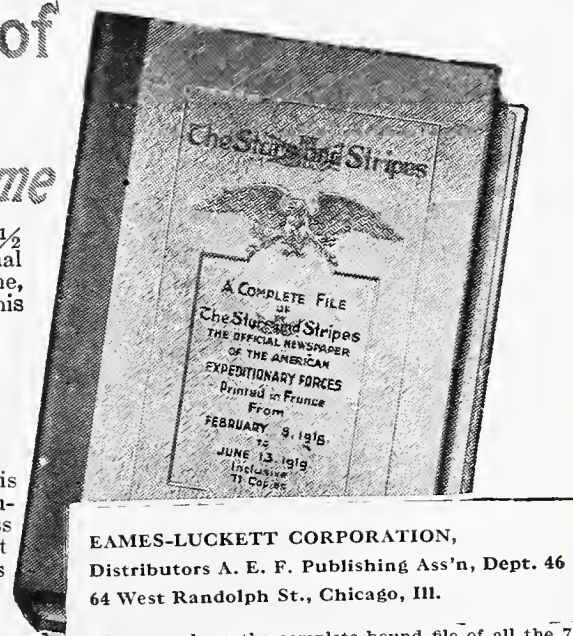
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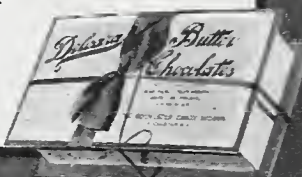


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one. So keenly she felt the impulse that she had been speaking to the stars and the cold gravestones. Here at last was a human being with a quiver of sympathy in his voice.

"I thought I would come home, but when I got here I was afraid," the girl moaned. "I wish I could die."

"No, ye don't neither!" said Hiram Blenkinsop. "Sometimes, I've thought that I hadn't no friends an' wanted to die, but I was just foolin' myself. To be sure, I ain't had no baby on my hands but I've had somethin' just as worrisome, I guess. Folks like you an' me has got friends a-plenty if we'll only give 'em a chance. I've found that out. You let me take that baby an' come with me. I know where you'll git the glad hand. You just come right along with me."

The unmistakable note of sincerity was in the voice of Hiram Blenkinsop. She gave the baby into his arms. He held it to his breast a moment thinking of old times. Then he swung his arms like a cradle saying:

"You stop yer hollerin'—ye gol' darn little skeezunks! It aint decent to go on that way in a graveyard an' ye ought to know it. Be ye tryin' to wake the dead?"

The baby grew quiet and finally fell asleep.

"Come on, now," said Hiram with the baby lying against his breast. "You an' me are goin' out o' the past. I know a little house that's next door to heaven. They say ye can see heaven from its winders. It's where the good Shepherd lives. Christmas an' I know the place—don't we, ol' boy. Come right along. There aint no kind o' doubt o' what they'll say to us."

THE young woman followed him out of the old graveyard and through the dark, deserted streets until they came to the cottage of the Widow Moran. They passed through the gate into Judge Crooker's garden. Under the Shepherd's window, Hiram Blenkinsop gave the baby to its mother and looked for a pebble to throw against the glass above. Suddenly a robin sounded his alarm. Instantly, the Shepherd's room was full of light. In a moment, he was at the window sweeping the garden paths and the tree tops with his searchlight. It fell on the sorrowful figure of the young mother with the child in her arms and stopped. She stood looking up at the window bathed in the flood of light. It reminded the Shepherd of that glow which the wise men saw in the manger at Bethlehem.

"Pauline Baker!" he exclaimed. "Have you come back or am I dreaming? Is it true that my prayer has been answered? Come around to the door. My mother will let you in."

It was a warm welcome that the girl received in the little home of the Widow Moran. Many words of comfort and good cheer were spoken in the next hour or so after which the good woman made tea and toast and broiled a chop and served them in the Shepherd's room.

"God love ye, child! So he was a married man—bad 'cess to him an' the likes of him!" she said as she came in

with the tray. "Mother o' Jesus! What a wicked world it is!"

The dog Christmas hid under the Shepherd's bed, and Hiram Blenkinsop lay down for the rest of the night on the lounge in the cottage kitchen. An hour after daylight, when the Judge was walking in his garden, he wondered why the widow and the Shepherd were sleeping so late.

(To be concluded.)

The Maker of a Happy Valley

(Continued from Page 12)

Association grew apace. It took over the financing of the growers, the furnishing of crates and the providing of shipping facilities, as well as pickers. The grower receives a remittance each week during the crop-handling season, thus obviating the necessity of borrowing from the bank in the old way. The service spread and entered at every open door. When prices of commodities began to soar, throwing income out of balance with outgo, the Association established community stores where every necessary could be obtained at ten per cent less than at ordinary stores. These community stores do a cash business with no delivery. They were not established with the idea of making money but, owing to the immense volume of business, they do make more than the regular privately-owned stores.

THE quality of the valley milk was poor; the Association started high-class dairies. The valley was being served unwholesome meat—the discard of the city packing plants palmed off on the country trade—the Association opened butcher shops. A high-class bakery was started to relieve the valley wives of the drudgery of baking. All sorts of new things began to be grown—rhubarb, asparagus, lettuce. Last year 100 carloads of lettuce were shipped to New York, whereas three years ago lettuce was being shipped into the valley for home consumption. Eggs, also, are being shipped to New York; and over 800,000 jars of jam went to the trenches! Paul believes in jam—pure fruit and sugar without a filler. He says the boys learned to eat jam in the trenches and they brought the appetite back with them and that this will become the greatest jam-eating nation in the world, for jam takes the place of meat and meat will never be cheap again.

In the berry season, an average of 23 carloads go out in refrigerator cars daily and 10,000 berry pickers are in

the fields for 90 days. Pickers come from near-by towns—high school boys and girls chiefly—and the whole valley turns itself into the fields during the rush. There has never been a strike in the valley. People don't strike against their own!

"Pick berries yesterday," Paul says, "not to-morrow!"

THE farms are from one-half to ten acres and the incomes run from one to two thousand dollars an acre, according to the management. Homes are about a quarter of a mile apart. Families have from three to five children apiece. Every family owns a motor car. They have attractive bungalows; the valley is ribboned over with hard-surfaced roads, and the best of schools are within easy reach.

The two valley towns are within walking distance. Tacoma is ten miles away and Seattle, an hour's run over one of the finest boulevards in the world. They have their own fair every September—Paul, of course, being president—where are exhibited the finest fruits and vegetables to be seen anywhere in America to-day. The valley fair outrivals the State fair in every kind of attraction and is a paying concern—a rare thing in agricultural fairs.

In the canneries, 800 people are employed the year round. 11,000 barrels of fruit were put in refrigerators last summer to provide work for winter months. Berries are shipped in from Oregon and California, as the valley product is no longer sufficient to supply the demand. The workers are mostly women—all stockholders in the concern—as it has been found that they work cleaner and are faster than men, while men do better on the soil. Many of these women make as much as \$10 and \$11 a day. A woman physician is on the payroll; there are rest rooms and a cafeteria where hot lunches are provided at cost.

The Puyallup Valley Association is to-day the biggest berry-handling organization in the world. On a capital stock of \$2,700—all owned by the growers—they are doing a business of two millions annually; in five years, at the present rate of growth, they will be doing a business of ten millions.

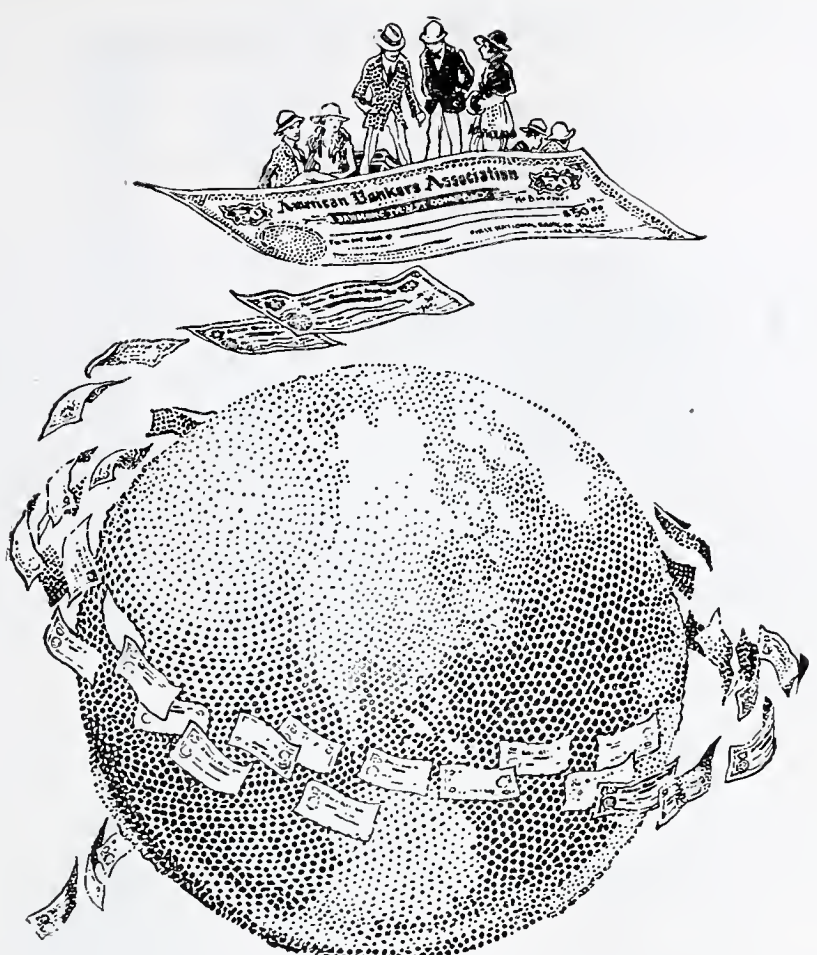
Starting in 1903, with no capital and an indebtedness, Paul has worked out the problem so that now the capital stock is intact; the indebtedness is paid off; the loans are cancelled; improvements are clear; and there is a surplus of \$100,000 to divide among the 1800 stockholders.

"Paul," said an accountant recently, "do you realize that this plant you have developed would be paying you \$50,000 a year if you owned it?"

PAUL, in his shirt sleeves, looked up from his crude pine-top desk. His office force and space have increased tremendously but he still uses the same old equipment.

"What'd be the use?" he shot back. "Why not help some one?"

And the widow? She often drops in and laughs over her early fears; for this is one widow's investment that proved absolutely gilt-edged.



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An Idealist of the Stage

(Continued from Page 32)

excellent idea and organized what he called "The Shakespeare Playhouse," to present a series of Shakespearian dramas at special matinees, with actors and actresses recruited from companies then appearing in the evenings in the ordinary sort of stuff that is current in Times Square. This project so appealed to Walter Hampden that he rehearsed and played the long and difficult parts of Marc Antony, Macbeth, Oberon, and Hamlet in the brief compass of a single month, although, at the same time, he was busy with rehearsals for an evening production. His Antony was one of the best that I have ever seen; and his Oberon was incomparable. His Macbeth was a disappointment and I told him so. To this he answered, "You are right. What you saw was merely a sketch. Macbeth is a part that I hope to be able to play ten years from now."

Walter Hampden's Hamlet was first shown in New York, at the Cort Theatre, on Friday, April 12, 1918, at three o'clock. There was a bad storm that afternoon, and the house was less than half full. Also, there was a special matinee at another theatre; and nearly all the critics had gone to this rival attraction. But I noticed, in his usual seat, the veteran J. Ranken Towse, who has been reviewing plays for *The New York Evening Post* for nearly half a century. In the interval before the last act, I went down the aisle and spoke to him. "Tell me. Is Walter as fine as I think he is?" "This is the best Hamlet since Booth," said Mr. Towse. "How about Forbes-Robertson?" I asked. "I have seen him in the part twelve times, and have worshiped his performance for years; but I like this better. This is even better than Forbes-Robertson," said Mr. Towse.

There was another performance the next evening, with twice the house that there had been the day before; but no manager took any interest in the proceedings.

THE next autumn, when Walter Hampden was playing an unimportant part in "Be Calm, Camilla," Frank McEntee endeavored to revive his project of "The Shakespeare Playhouse" and decided to initiate a series of special matinees with Walter Hampden's Hamlet. The Plymouth Theatre was engaged for two or three performances on Friday afternoons and Saturday mornings, and the play was announced in the newspapers. But, while the rehearsals were in progress, Mr. McEntee told Walter that he had not been able to raise sufficient money to assure the undertaking and stated that the promised matinee of "Hamlet" would have to be cancelled.

Walter then came to me. He told me that he had been announced to play Hamlet, and that he was ready to play Hamlet, and that he wanted to

play Hamlet. He told me also that, at the moment, he had only sixteen hundred dollars in ready cash, to draw upon. He had his farm, of course, and other property that was worth considerable money; but there was only sixteen hundred dollars to his credit in the banks. Should he stake this money on a couple of matinees of "Hamlet" or ought he to play the part of prudence and conserve it? I advised him to bet this sum upon himself, with the idea that, if he lost the money, he would receive a return in advertising that would ultimately prove remunerative.

WALTER HAMPDEN staked every ready penny that he had upon a quick response to his rendition of the role of Hamlet. At the first performance, in the autumn of 1918, there was only six hundred dollars in the house, but many distinguished people were present, who had been invited. The notices were superlative in praise; and the receipts amounted to nine hundred dollars at the second performance. For the third performance, the house was full, and many people stood up. This had been announced in the newspapers as the last performance; but, when the final curtain fell, at the annoying hour of ten minutes after six, nobody hurried home. The entire audience remained standing in their places. They recalled Walter Hampden again and again, and cheered him heartily. In response to these repeated cheers, he made an unexpected speech. "If that is the way you feel about it," he said, "I shall continue to play Hamlet until further notice."

In continuing this project, Walter Hampden was not aided by any of the managers. Yet, during that initial season of 1918-1919, he played the part of Hamlet approximately one hundred and twenty times; and he finished the season with a profit of three thousand dollars. He had bet upon himself and won. His Hamlet has now been seen in Chicago, Philadelphia and Boston, and twenty or thirty of our smaller cities; and everywhere it is regarded as a classic work and one of the finest achievements of our native theatre for a quarter of a century.

I REPEAT the point that, in delivering this noble performance to the public, Walter Hampden was not aided by any of the managers. Neither the Shubert, syndicate nor the Erlanger syndicate would consent to "book" him in the evenings. The valuable evening dates were reserved for current "shows;" and Walter Hampden's Hamlet was shoved in here and there at vacant matinees. Yet, in nearly every city, this great Hamlet outdrew the evening attraction. It was welcomed in the press with editorials and greeted with enthusiasm by an eager public.

After Walter Hampden had estab-

lished his success in "Hamlet," a couple of playwrights at the Players, in New York, foregathered and agreed, as follows: "This fellow has done a fine thing, a finer thing than any of the rest of us: let us give him a little dinner and tell him so." These gentlemen were A. E. Thomas and Austin Strong. A small dinner was forthwith arranged, and held in the private dining-room of The Players on the evening of January 12, 1919. "There had we then our country's honor roofed"; for representatives of all the arts were present—distinguished painters, sculptors, architects, musicians, poets, playwrights, actors, men of letters. Albert Sterner designed the best of all his lithographs as a banquet-card, and then destroyed the stone. Charles Hanson Towne read a poem. David Bispham sang songs from Shakespeare. Austin Strong presided. Speeches were made by Francis Wilson, representing the actors, and by A. E. Thomas, representing the playwrights. At the climax of the evening, a gift was brought in and presented to Walter Hampden. It was the jeweled girdle that Edwin Booth had worn upon the stage in his rendition of the role of Hamlet, accompanied by a letter from Edwin Booth Grossman, the grandson of the founder of The Players, hailing Walter Hampden as the legitimate successor of Mr. Grossman's great ancestor.

Walter Hampden rose, and made a speech more beautiful than any other I have ever listened to. He stated very simply what he had tried to do, and what all of us, who were artists, were endeavoring to do. We were trying to "justify the ways of God to man," by making an eternal message manifest to the many who read only on the run, amidst the fret and fever of the modern world. Walter Hampden's talk was impromptu; and he is not a man of letters; but afterwards, for days, those who listened to this speech would gather quietly in corners and agree that the Walter Hampden dinner had helped them to do better in their own work, whatever it might be. As John Drinkwater has so nobly said, because we had "worshipped greatness passing by, ourselves were great. . . ."

THERE is something ineffable about Walter Hampden! "Something," as Sir Thomas Browne remarked, "that was before the elements and owes no homage unto the sun." This is that mystic something that the helter-skelter public feels when he walks upon the stage as Hamlet. To play this greatest of all parts impressively, it is necessary to be not only a great artist but also a great man. A great man is a gift to the community at large. Walter Hampden is still young; and by the grace of some divinity—

*"He walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies!"*

None So Rich

(Continued from Page 41)

Don't imagine such terrible things. You have Alma all worked up." She sat down near the fire, idle and easy. Yes, it could happen. The Cliff had been steep, narrow and dangerous. And Buster making the grade in the rain and the mist and the wind! Yes, something might happen. Bruce looked at the clock on the mantel. After eight! Oh, how the minutes were dragging by! "And I told him to drive like the devil. I told him—" he sprang to his feet. "Say, Mom, I can't sit around here this. I'm going out to hunt him up. I'll be at his house or the office maybe. I'll go crazy if I hang around here doing nothing."

Now Martha was left alone. How unreal the hour was! How uncertain everything was! She remembered her first sharp fear for Henry. Suppose—suppose Alma choked at the thought—suppose Alma could not call back Buster. Suddenly she saw Alma on the threshold. Her lips were parted. Her eyes were wide with suffering.

"Mamma!" she cried and ran across the room and dropped at Martha's feet. "My dear," Martha whispered, "He'll come back! He'll come back." She tapped Alma's shoulder. "He'll be here soon," she said.

"I feel sure he will come back," Alma said. "He will come soon, Mamma. I feel it. Upstairs, I prayed hard, Mamma, and then I felt sure he would come back. I felt sure! And when he comes, Mamma, I'll tell him that it can be in June. He won't have to wait for me two years. We'll manage somehow right at the start. We'll manage. So many others do. You did with Bertha and Minna and Jessie. Why, we've been silly, wanting to wait for cut glass and shaded lights and embroidered towels. I wanted to wait for all those things and all the while I had the big things waiting for me. But I couldn't see, Mamma. I couldn't see until tonight when I was afraid for Buster."

"He'll come back," Martha whispered. "Yes, he'll be here soon," Alma repeated, "so I can tell him that we won't wait any longer. We'll get things slowly, like Bertha. We'll manage. It doesn't matter, Mamma, about those things I wanted, if I can just have him. I thought, suppose he doesn't come back. And I knew I could live up everything but Buster. I thought I would be poor and I was ashamed. But I won't have to apologize for our poverty. I won't have to do that," she smiled and her voice was like the glitter of the jingle of gold. "I won't have to—for we will be rich, Mamma, rich love."

Martha kissed the bowed head. "Love is priceless," she said. "Alma, you make life a great vault filled with rare gems, little moments of happiness, sweet dreams, precious hours. Love is priceless!"

And then, Buster burst in upon them,

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Under the gums is where pyorrhea starts. Pyorrhea destroys the tooth foundation—the bony sockets which hold the teeth in place.

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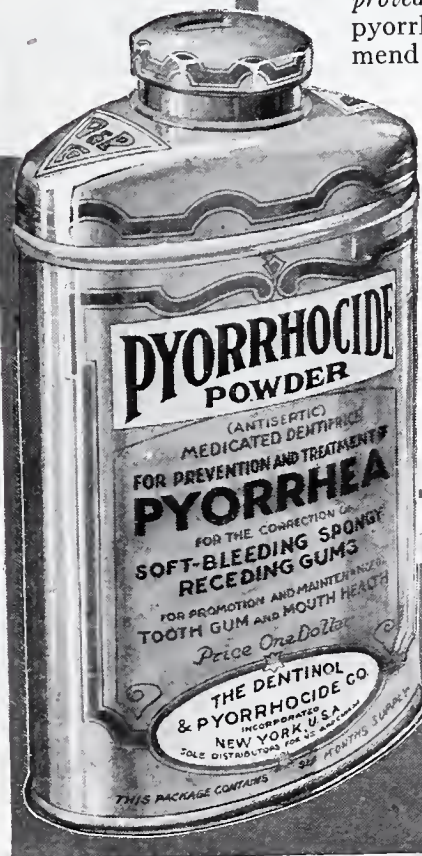
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women; turned the watery fluid in their veins to rich, tissue-building blood; strengthened their vital organs; developed their muscles, external and internal; given them back health, happiness, hope, ambition and the joy to the full of Living Life.

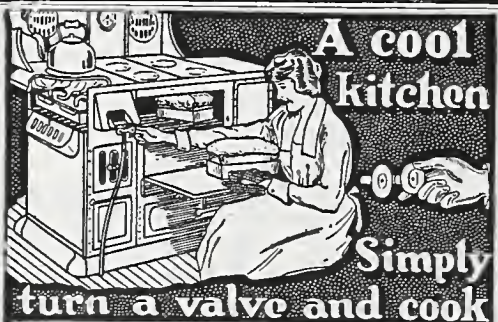
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his eyes sparkling, his cheeks aglow, his hair tousled. He flung his cap on the table.

"Well!" he ejaculated.

"Oh, Buster!" Alma cried and Martha did not know whether the voice was a sob or a song, "Oh, Buster, I thought you were never coming back! I thought you would never get here!"

"So did I," Buster agreed heartily. "Had to have dinner with the Canadian. Business before pleasure, you know."

"Buster, we won't have to wait now," Alma said softly. "I've changed my mind. It will be in June. We won't have to wait now."

"I should say we won't have to wait now!" Buster cried exultantly. "I should say not! The Marathon Motor Trucks are made! Sure, the deal went through! It couldn't fail after that ride we had and there's a commission on fifty thousand for us, little girl, and a raise—two hundred a month now. I should say we won't have to wait. Why, Alma girl, you're crying!"

Martha stole away. She knew there were many things Alma would have to say to Buster. Alone, in the dark kitchen the older woman raised her left hand and kissed her wedding ring.

"To think I've been yearning for a new rug," she chided, "and my life is worth a million dollars!"

Self-Satisfaction and The Job

(Continued from Page 51)

to understand the meaning of all the great industrial and social organization whirring about us in the effort to meet the needs of men and women and children all over the globe; all of us puzzled to understand what the war did and why the cost of it all goes higher; and all of us tempted to believe that the other fellow whom we don't know is somehow to blame, partly because we don't know him and partly because that explanation prevents our needing to bother further about the answer; well, I, for one, do not wonder that we get on each other's nerves, even we who are all indispensable to each other.

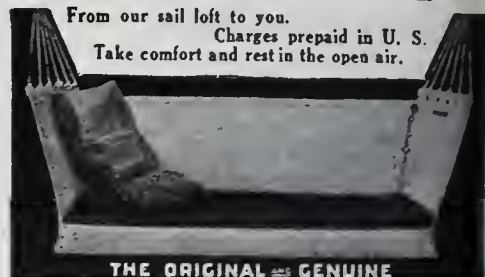
But, of course, everybody knows that the way out is the job—a steadier job, a more effective job, a more worthwhile job, a job in which we find the utmost possible opportunity to be the man we'd like to be because we feel we're doing the thing we ought to do.

"That's all right! You'll learn best by watching me do it for you," said one of the blackest-skinned but whitest-hearted men I ever met; when, there on the open-hearth floor, he insisted on doing for me the hardest and hottest jobs at the edge of the ladlefull of splashing, white hot metal. "Then it'll come easy and you'll enjoy it. The first day's always hard enough for the beginner anyway."

The boys called him "Deacon." He looked to me like the "Prince of the Cinder-Pit." He and the better things had gotten together—on the job!

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Congratulations to young Captain Amey on his own patriotic achievement, which has made him our first officer! Congratulations to the Club on obtaining this fine All-American Captain!

Every boy in America has the same opportunity to become our second Captain. Let's hear from you quickly!

Write

The All-American Boys' Club

The Red Cross Magazine

(Owned and published exclusively by The American Red Cross)

1107 Broadway

New York City

Health

(Continued from Page 26)

er the edges of the gums, or high up
the tooth socket, and are causing
ruction. A favorite location for
operations is in and around capped
bridged teeth, which it is almost
ossible to keep sanitary. Many
e teeth are lost from pyorrhœa than
n decay.

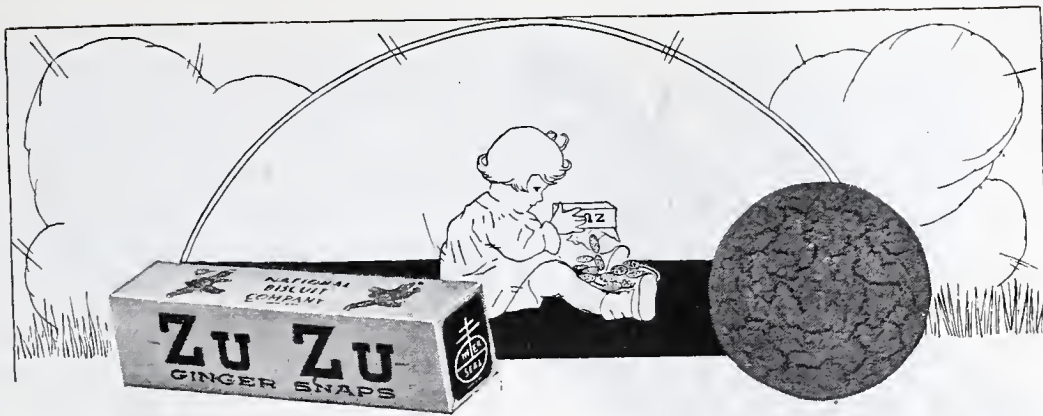
HE trouble would not be so serious
were it not for the fact that bacteria
n such places apparently find their
y to other parts of the body, pre-
ably by way of the blood stream.
amage to vital organs, as for instance
heart or kidneys, is sometimes
ced to such tooth and gum infections.
eumatism is thought to have a very
ect connection, in many cases, with
t such conditions, and often gets well
idly when mouth infections are
icated.

Students of these tooth and gum
oubles point out, however, that
acteria only gets a footing where
istence is lowered, and that in this
nection the general health and in-
rticular the diet (which should con-
a plenty of fresh vegetables, for the
e of their organic salts; green salads,
l fruits, and bread made of the whole
eat), and the action of the bowels
nch to get rid of poisons should be
ays free and copious), are of very
at importance.

Many of the cases of disease about the
ots of the teeth cannot be detected
the human eye. A very bad condi-
n of pus around a tooth and deep
to the jaw may exist without giving
n. Only the X-ray can tell the
ry. Everyone with gum trouble,
capped or bridged teeth, and espe-
cally those with so-called "neuralgia" or
explained face swelling, or even with
explained fevers and heart irritation,
ould make liberal use of the X-ray as
aliagnostic measure. He should have
h teeth and gums examined at least
ce a year. In cases of dead and ex-
tacted nerves, it is imperative that the
ray be used in order to determine if
e root canal has been properly filled
ad is sanitary. In all conditions of
pyorrhœa, periodic dental attention is
ded, sometimes as often as once a
nth.

When all is said and done regarding
e preservation of the teeth, there are
y a few simple rules—give them work
do on some wholesome hard food that
quires chewing, and keep them clean.
leness in teeth apparently breeds
rschief just as it does everywhere else.
e teeth degenerate, as evidenced by
e fact that certain races, when they
ange from hard to soft foods, that
quire no chewing, lose some of the
auty of their teeth.

FOR keeping the teeth clean, use a
tooth brush that is not too hard and
it is kept scrupulously clean. Wash
icarefully after every brushing. Do
t think it is economy to use it until



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any N. B. C. product
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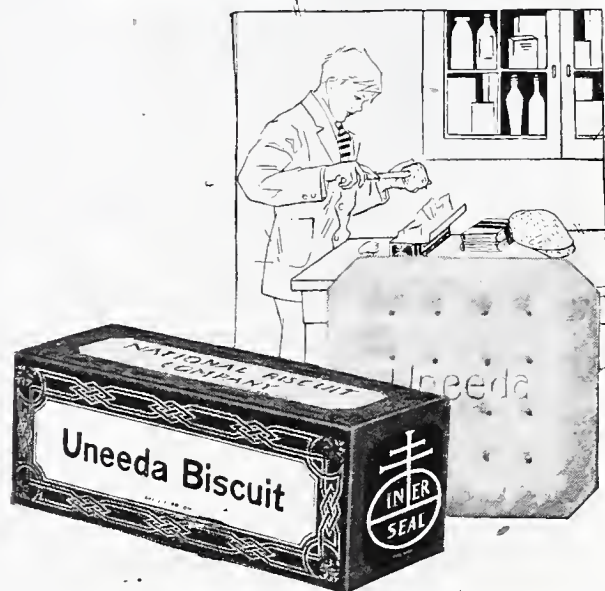
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ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Gives ease and comfort to feet that are tender and sore.

If shoes pinch or corns and bunions ache this Antiseptic, Healing Powder will give quick relief.

Shake it in your Shoes, Sprinkle it in the Foot-bath.

Sold everywhere.

it is hoary with age. None of the tooth powders or pastes is absolutely deadly to mouth bacteria. If they were, probably they would be harmful to the teeth and gums. Alkaline mouth washes are thought to be useful against pyorrhea. Common ordinary lime water is as good as any of them. Many dentists believe that the acids of fruits are even more helpful, and that for promoting health in the mouth it is well to take a little fruit before going to bed, as they say it is during the night that the bacteria have a chance to get a footing and do their greatest damage.

Tartar formations harbor bacteria and are therefore harmful to the gums. They should be carefully scaled off by a dentist, and the teeth kept so "slippery clean" that bacteria cannot get a footing.

For good teeth in children, mother's milk is the first requisite. Upon the care given to a child's first teeth will very much depend the strength and regularity of the second. The first teeth should be carefully cleansed and preserved from decay. An ideal way to keep them clean is with a little sterile gauze and some antiseptic mouth solution or powder. The first teeth should not be allowed to rot away and fall out before their natural time. Nor should the second teeth be unduly delayed.

Mal-articulated teeth in children should have very early correction by an orthodontia expert. Such teeth may cause undesirable changes in the structure of the skull, besides interfering with proper mastication and therefore with digestion. Habits of sucking the thumb, permitting infants to use pacifiers, and so forth, and of breathing through the mouth, cause malformations of the jaw that disfigure their victims for life and interfere with new teeth coming in place.

MANY people are as afraid of the dentist now as they were in the days when teeth were extracted by barbers and blacksmiths, while they have no fear at all of the very serious risks they are running from neglect. Do not hide your pains in the jaw, unexplained facial swellings, and all sorts of tooth troubles under the reassuring term "neuralgia." That word covers a multitude of sins.

WEAK KIDNEYS

WHEN he says, "I have always had weak kidneys," ask him how he knows!

If he has never had a thorough urinary and circulatory examination, he has had no way of finding out. Pain in the back—most often some muscular condition—is no indication of kidney affection. The principal and commonest malady of the kidneys is Bright's disease in its various forms and this is usually painless.

It is the mission of the kidneys to eliminate from the body the poisons which the blood accumulates on its round through the tissues. It is apparently from coping with excesses of poison that the kidneys develop

those common inflammatory conditions which are classified under the heading of Bright's disease.

Sometimes the inflammations are sudden and acute, in which they go well "or something" in a short time. These attacks may come from poison generated within the body in the course of disease, or from undue exposure to cold and hardship, or from specific poisons in food or other substances. For instance, one day to the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston there came an old negress who had been afflicted with pediculosis (explained to the doctor as "extra inhabitants in the hair") and who, to get herself rid of them, had used mercury ointment. The mercury had got into her system, the poison had been too great for her kidneys to cope with, and she was in with acute Bright's disease.

Other types of inflammation of the kidneys, known as chronic Bright's disease, may last for years, but from them the patient may never recover. These are thought most often to result from over-abundant diets, too rich in meat, for instance, from other living habits that exhaust the system, and from the ravages of germs, which may get into the body through the mouth, multiply in decayed teeth or infected tooth-sockets, and then migrate to other parts.

Obviously the way to safeguard the kidneys is to keep down the body poisons, and give the kidneys as little unnecessary work as possible. Much meat means much work for the kidneys, for the reason that in the digestion of meat certain by-products are formed which are poisonous and therefore have to be taken care of by the kidneys. Salt is another substance that has to be gotten rid of by the kidneys, and which therefore it is well to take in very limited quantities. A certain amount of water—at least six glasses a day—is needed to allow the kidneys properly to function. All places where germs are lodged, such as decayed teeth, or infected nasal sinuses, or the tonsils, should be cleared out by the dentist or doctor.

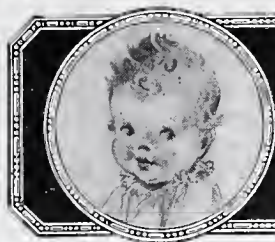
Bright's disease may be detected by examination of the urine, of the heart, blood-pressure, and arteries. One way of finding out the condition of the latter is by looking into the eye with a little instrument on which there is a light. Curiously, from this examination alone Bright's disease is often plainly manifested. Oculists sometimes discover the condition by accident.

EVERY individual owes it to himself to have a circulatory and urinary examination at least once a year, for finding out if there is any modification he should make in his living régime in order to enjoy the full benefit of efficient kidneys and of the long and healthy life to which he is entitled. Patent remedies, advertised in newspapers, for "weak kidneys" must be strictly avoided. There is nothing in which you may find a greater amount of fraud than in "kidney cures." Most of them assume that kidney disease exists if there is "pain in the back," whereas this is no indication at all of kidney trouble.

he March of the Red Cross

(Continued from Page 62)

ges where the visiting nurse is
g, in all the places where rest
es and community houses are being
t, where the Juniors are at work,
re child welfare campaigns are
g carried on, and where the many
blems of the Home Service workers
being solved, the whole Red Cross
is being pushed on.
ull speed ahead on the peace-time
gram may be slower of attainment
n on that of the war, but it is com-
just as irresistibly.
outside of the United States, beside
final shipment to Vladivostok of the
est American Red Cross cargo ever
led in Siberia—seventeen thousand
hundred cases of relief material,
ted at over two and a half millions,
e unloaded from a Shipping Board
mer and strewed on the dock at
divostok, covering an area of over
acres!—besides this, two things in
Red Cross work of the last weeks
d out as of major importance.
n France, a complete system of bus
s has now been organized to all the
erican cemeteries along the old
le lines in northern France, which
for the most part inaccessible by
n. Many of them indeed lie more
n ten miles from the nearest railroad
ion. Even in the towns like Fismes
hich there is a railway, there are no
el accommodations. The town is
ost the same mass of rain-stained
s which it was a year and a half ago.
omnibus line will ply between
sons and Fismes where there are
seventeen hundred American
ves. Another will operate from
sons to Ploisy where some nineteen
dred officers and men are buried.
sons is the nearest point to these
eteries where hotel accommodations
be secured.
ther motor omnibus lines will run
n Chateau-Thierry up the winding
el to Belleau Wood; and from Dun-
Meuse north of Verdun, to the im-
use cemetery at Romagne, where the
housands who died in the tangled woods
he Argonne are buried. At all the
pical cemeteries, the Red Cross has
rted rest barracks where visitors
ny take shelter and obtain light re-
hments, and at Romagne, itself,
h Red Cross Hotel has been installed
hat visitors may remain overnight.
ll over the world shortly the Red
ss will install still another form
Red Cross service. In seaports in
na, South America and wherever
far-flung chapters of the Fourteenth
ision are located, club rooms for
ars ashore are being established,
re they may make their head-
arters while in port and avail them-
es of the various aids provided by
b Red Cross. Committees on Marine
Service are being organized in nearly
f seaport chapters, located in South



Aunt Belle's Comfort Letters

Baby's Perfume

Aunt Belle is a real person and that is her real name. She really understands babies. She would like to correspond with you about your baby.

Dear EDITH:

Is there any scent hidden in flowers so ineffably sweet as the fragrance of a freshly bathed baby?

Yet I know mothers who actually profane baby's body with highly scented powders which were meant only for adult use.

If it were only a question of good taste, I suppose it wouldn't matter much, but strong scents in baby powder are really objectionable for a more serious reason.

They often give Baby a very unpleasant headache—and the fretfulness that follows is apt to give you a headache, too.

I don't know that these strong perfumes are actually dangerous, but an unbroken rule of mine is never to take chances or experiment on a baby's sensitive skin. There is one talcum that I *know* is safe, and that is the kind I use.

Mennen's, in the familiar blue can, has been the choice of



mothers, nurses and doctors for nearly half a century and it has never yet harmed nor failed to relieve a baby's skin.

It is different—and right—what I call a perfectly balanced powder—just enough of each ingredient and not too much of anything.

I use Mennen's on my own skin, which after all, is about as sensitive as that of a baby's.

Lovingly,

BELLE.



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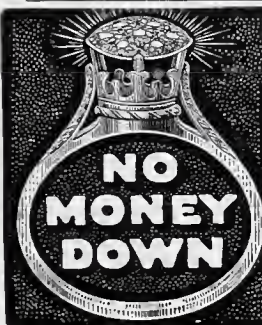
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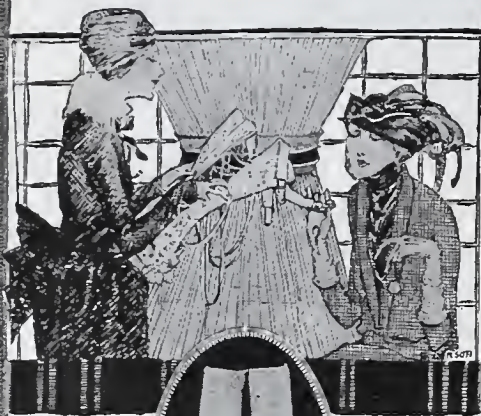
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Patriotic Service Plus Pleasure

Every boy and man, every girl and woman in America can render patriotic service to the country and find pleasure in doing it. The Red Cross Magazine will tell you how. Write to-day!

The Red Cross Magazine

(Owned and published exclusively by
The American Red Cross)

1107 Broadway, New York City

and Central America, the West Indies, Europe and the Far East. This new departure is an effort by the Red Cross to lend valuable aid to the Government Shipping Board in its efforts to build up a large organization of sailors, to man the new American Merchantmen.

In less than three years, the number of American merchant sailors has grown from twenty-four thousand to over fifty thousand. Equally noteworthy has been the radical change in the class of men enlisting in this service so vital to America's trade expansion. Clear, alert, young Americans are taking the place of the old salts of other days. During the war, these men were cared for by the Red Cross whenever they came into port, in the same manner as the men of the fighting arms of the service, and it is the aim of the Red Cross to continue and expand this service wherever American ships dock in foreign lands.

Day by day, the need for such a service and reports on its progress have been evident in the letters received in Washington. From Portugal and China have come the last two. In Lisbon, the Consul General reports the arrival of a great number of American merchant ships and the great need of the seamen for some opportunity to renew their home ties. From Hongkong, comes the story of the vast increase in American shipping in that Chinese port, of the new type of American seamen manning these ships, and of the absolute lack of facilities for furnishing them with recreation. It will not be long before the Red Cross will have girdled the world with still another form of new service.

THE BOND OF THE RECIPE

By Margaret Sanborn

THE women of Minneapolis have a new slant on Americanization. They want to get in touch with the hundreds of foreign wives and mothers of their city and their way of doing it is to exchange recipes and housekeeping ideas. Through this simple means, these foreign women, strangers in our country, come in contact with American life and American ways and American women and, on the other side, the housewives of Minneapolis will probably pick up some fine new ideas for their own kitchens. What could be more friendly than the interchange of housekeeping secrets? Between housewives, whether in Italy, Poland, Russia or our own United States, a recipe is one of the foundations of friendship. It can go farther than lectures, farther than bureaus, farther than laws—for it means real neighborliness.

Genuine Aspirin

Name "Bayer" means genuine
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Say "Bayer" when buying Aspirin. Then you are sure of getting true "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin"—genuine Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for over twenty years. Accepted only an unbroken "Bayer package" which contains proper directions to relieve Headache, Toothache, Earache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Colds and Pain. Handy boxes of 12 tablets cost few cents. Druggists also sell larger "Bayer packages." Aspirin is trade mark of Bayer Manufacturing Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.

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Easy to Play

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This book tells you when to use Saxophone—singly, in quartettes, in sextettes, or in regular band; how to transpose cello parts in orchestra and many other things you would like to know.

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Nothing equals
SAPOLIO
for
scouring
and
polishing
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Makes all
metalware
look like new



A Better America in the Making

(Continued from Page 46)

Miss Mabel Parsons, secretary of the alumnae committee which is raising an endowment fund of \$500,000 for Barnard College, is one of the sponsors of the co-operative dormitory. Miss Parsons explained the dual purpose of the co-operative plan, which is designed to foster the spirit of community service and enable girls of moderate means to keep ahead of the high cost of living. Formerly, Miss Parsons says, many of the girls who could not afford to live at Brooks Hall, the main college dormitory, were scattered about the neighborhood in poor apartments, many living alone. They procured their meals in haphazard fashion, often cooking them in their own rooms over alcohol lamps. Such a life, Miss Parsons explained, tended to ruin a girl's health as well as to give her a good start towards becoming a selfish individualist.

It was to offset these conditions," said Miss Parsons, "that the co-operative dormitory was founded. It gives the girls home surroundings, good food, and good accommodations at a minimum expense.

"The Alumnae Association started the co-operative dormitory in the fall of 1916 under the sanction of the college. A committee of five was appointed, consisting of Mrs. Florence Lowther, Mrs. Alfred Hess, Mrs. John N. Boyle, Mrs. Sidney G. Stacey, and myself. The alumnae took two apartments, housing thirteen girls, at Claremont Avenue. A member of the faculty lived in the dormitory as a social head, but had no special duties. The dormitory was equipped by a fund given by the alumnae association.

"The dormitory on Claremont Avenue was there for two years, and then was moved to the present location, where six apartments, holding forty-five girls, were taken. The additional equipment needed was made possible by the generosity of the board of trustees, and of one member, particularly. The present dormitory is headed by a director, Miss Helen P. Abbot, a graduate of Vassar. The actual management of household affairs is done by the girls under student government.

"The cost of room and board in 1916 was \$7.50 a week. It was later raised to \$8.70, and, to meet the increase in the cost of living, was finally fixed at \$9.40. The girls who live at the dormitory come from all over the country, from New England to Texas. No New York City girls are taken on account of lack of space.

"Not only are these girls solving the I. C. L. while they are at college, but also they are receiving training which will do them in good stead after they graduate. For, besides playing together and studying together, they are working together, building up their community through mutual labor and mutual responsibility.

INDUSTRY HAS A HEART

GRADUALLY, here in America, it is being borne in upon us how important to our country is the health of everybody in it: our children, our workers. In Michigan, not long ago, a new insurance company was started, whose business is to help other companies guard their employees' health, look after them when they are sick and, by this care, keep them well. This is done through illness and accident insurance paid for by the employer. "Industrial Service" the plan is called, and this is the way it works.

A company installs Industrial Service. Every employee who has been working for the company sixty days gets a policy. If he is sick or meets with any accident, he notifies his employer. Immediately, the insurance company sends one of its nurses to his home. If he needs a doctor's attention, she calls a doctor. The doctor's first visit is paid for by the company but subsequent visits by the patient. All the while, the patient receives the illness benefit, according to his insurance policy, for his loss of time.

Thus that bugaboo of the worker, illness, loses some of its horrors. When he falls sick, he does not have to worry about the wages which have stopped rolling in and that terrible question: What shall we do now? does not haunt his family. And this relief is furnished at no expense to him. It is free, paid for by his employers.

AND what is the benefit to the employer?—someone might ask. The old days are passing, when a man regarded the men who worked for him as mere machines to be used to their utmost capacity and then scrapped. His interest now goes beyond the pay envelope of his workers. He knows that their health, their contentment and their loyalty are an asset to him; that all these count on the job and, in protecting his workers, in insuring them against illness and accidents, he is acting wisely, reducing time lost through absence, and probably reducing the labor turnover, as well as doing a human deed.

For underneath, this Industrial Service plan strikes a deep and higher note, that of mutual consideration and interest, or in the language of every day, just plain "human fairness and getting together."

POLISHING UP THE TOWN SQUARE

TO turn a useless, cluttered public square into a plaza with trees, flowering shrubs, a fountain and gravel walks—that is what the town of Orange, in California, has done. And it accomplished all this by the energy of its citizens and their voluntary contributions.

Orange just suddenly woke up, that's all, and saw by the true light of day the eye-sore in its midst: the square at the center of the town, the pepper trees which obstructed the view, the piles of empty boxes stored there by the merchants of the nearby streets, and the yawning trenches of pipe lines left open by the water works to facilitate repairs. And Orange, with that sight before its eyes, set to work. First it procured the consent of the Board of Supervisors of the County, then it formed an Improvement Association, and had a landscape gardener lay out a public plaza. The women of the town got together and gave entertainments to raise funds; leading citizens contributed plants and trees, as well as money.

The end of it all was \$2,500, a lovely plaza with shady trees, a bubbly fountain and flowering borders along the gravel paths, a place of which the people of Orange can be justly proud. And they are! They feel it belongs to them, and at this common meeting place they gather for outdoor entertainments. What was once merely eight lots of land set off at the center of the town and used as a store place and as a passage way is now a real community center.

If one town can do this, why not another?



The Town Square at Orange, California

Lift off Corns with Fingers

Doesn't hurt a bit and "Freezone" costs only a few cents



You can lift off any hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the hard skin calluses from bottom of feet.

Apply a few drops of "Freezone" upon the corn or callus. Instantly it stops hurting, then shortly you lift that bothersome corn or callus right off, root and all, without one bit of pain or soreness. Truly! No humbug!

Tiny bottle of "Freezone" costs few cents at any drug store

When the Doctor comes, he will appreciate it if there is a

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Dodson Wren House
4 compartments,
28 inches high,
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diameter.

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The Dodson Bird Houses

will add to the beauty of your grounds, and the birds will protect your flowers and shrubs.

Order NOW—the birds are seeking homes.

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JOSEPH H. DODSON, Pres. American Audubon Ass'n.
777 Harrison Avenue
Dodson Sparrow Trap guaranteed to rid your community of these quarrelsome pests. Price \$8.00

I Discover My Government

(Continued from Page 58)

the improvement of country life conditions.

14. The needs of the farm woman.

15. Federal aid in co-operation with the States in carrying out the foregoing program to its ultimate success.

"If ever there was a time when our people should have a proper national appreciation of the value of education," says the Bureau, referring to this program, "that time is now."

"1920 will be education year. It begins a 10-year, nation-wide campaign for better schools, with special reference to the improvement of rural schools. The purpose of this campaign must be to educate the people to a full understanding and appreciation of the absolute necessity of education. We must educate or we must perish!"

As far back as 1914, the Bureau was conducting a work known as "Immigrant Education." This was nothing more or less than a practical effort to reach the immigrant who came to this country ignorant of the English language, ignorant of American history, politics, laws and—American ideals! He came because he was told this was a land of freedom, "where a man is a man if he's willing to toil," where he might enjoy religious and political freedom to his heart's content. Out of such raw yet promising material must a goodly portion of the blood and fiber of our our citizenry be drawn.

WHEN the Bureau was doing what it could to educate these immigrants, I doubt if it realized just how vital a thing it was doing; it took the war and its aftermath to demonstrate the portentous fact that the ability of a "naturalized" American to speak broken English does *not* make him an American. He needs a great deal more—a stronger appeal to his understanding in the name of Americanism.

So during the war, the Bureau co-operated strongly with the National Americanization Committee of New York to broaden and strengthen this particular line of educational work. Some of the outstanding objects sought were:

1. To give the immigrant better opportunities to learn America and to understand his duties to America.

2. To unite, in service for America, the different factions among the several racial groups and to minimize in each race the antagonism due to old-country conditions.

3. To cement the friendships and discourage the enmities existing among races and to bring them together for America.

4. To bring native and foreign-born Americans together in more intimate and friendly relations.

"PLAY BALL!"

in the

All-American Boys' Club



Ball days are here and every vacant lot calls every American boy—the natural born lover of the best sport in the world!

And think of it! School days soon will be over when you can fight it out through whole glorious afternoons. Lucky fellows! What wouldn't we go to change places with you for just one more summer—or even to have just one bully game with the gang and help lick the other crowd who thought they were better,—till we showed them!

Of course, grown-ups can get away from the office once in a while and help to swell the roar from the grand-stand at the Polo Grounds. That's pretty good sport, too—but there's nothing like the fun of a bat in your own hands. And just imagine never being able to "steal second" yourself, or never being able to race in from third while your or fellows cheer you on.

So you had better "play ball" while you can. Some of these days you will be old and stiff, and then, when you *have* to sit in the grand-stand you'll be mighty thankful you were a regular play ball once upon a time, anyway.

But What About Your Outfit?

Of course you have to have something to play with—balls and bats, masks and gloves—and school boys don't have money to buy this good equipment every fellow longs for. There's the advantage, belonging to the All-American Club. You're lucky again! For the A-A-C furnishes the best equipment it can get to its members. It is yours to keep, so you can use it many summers. The name of the maker will convince you that The Red Cross Magazine wants our American boys to get the best of everything.

Perhaps You Prefer Fishing—or Camping!

The "regular" boy ought to do some of these things so as to be well and strong, and we want to help you do what you like best.

So come now—join the A-A-C, and if you really prove to be an interested, wide-awake member, a piece of baseball equipment, or almost anything else you want, will be provided for you.

Besides, you will enjoy the A-A-C itself. It is "regular" Club—was named for the famous All-American Division of our Army, and we have Captains, Lieutenants and sergeants, just as the Army did. Every fellow is in line—can become even Major or Colonel if he wants.

All of which costs you not a cent! Write us and we will tell you all about it and you then can join or not, as you please. But remember, vacation days are coming, when you will need these balls and bats, masks and gloves—and will be mighty glad you have written. Address:

CLUB COMMANDER, A-A-C,

THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE

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"Gold Medal"—"The Cot of Many Uses"—for emergencies, porch, camp and summer home, there's nothing better. Light, compact when folded, quickly set up.

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A comfortable porch or camp chair. Weighs only 14½ lbs. and folds to 4' x 21" x 27".



For washing and dressing the baby—a convenient, strong dressing table. Has pockets for powder, brushes, napkins, etc. Weighs only 8½ lbs., folds to 3'2" x 2' x 4'.

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Furniture For Home and Camp

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 (on market for over forty years)
 Made of Borax, Iodine and Bran is a sure and safe relief for those tired, aching, tender, swollen, burning

FEET

that have been causing you so much pain. 5c, all druggists, if unobtainable at your druggist, sent direct on receipt of price.

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WOMEN whose preference for Freeman's Face Powder has never lessened during 40 years know that the exclusive use of this pure, smooth powder in youth and later life is largely responsible for their clear, fresh, velvety skins.

All tints at all toilet counters 50c (double the quantity of old 25c size) plus 2c war tax. Miniature box mailed for 4c plus 1c war tax.

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5. To give native-born Americans a better understanding of foreign-born Americans.
6. To develop among employers a more kindly and patriotic feeling toward foreign-born workmen.
7. To encourage the foreign-born American to assist in the work of Americanization and to develop a more patriotic feeling toward the work in which they are engaged.
8. To develop the school as the center for Americanization work for all alike.

THE war emergency having passed, this work has narrowed down to a bare skeleton. But, as a matter of fact, the peace time reconstruction emergency makes it more and more imperative that our Bureau of Education be empowered not only to continue this work but actually to intensify it.

At this writing, the Kenyon Americanization Bill has passed the Senate, making provision for just such work by the Bureau. Briefly, it provides an annual appropriation of \$6,500,000 to finance a program of educational work particularly in behalf of aliens. It provides that all resident persons, whether citizens or aliens, between 16 and 21 years of age, attend classes for at least 200 hours a year. In a word, this Bill, as passed, marks America's first serious and commensurate effort to Americanize her citizenry.

These are but a scant few of the major activities of our Federal Bureau of Education, which are designed to unify in purpose and method of application the educational systems in operation and projected for this country. Volumes might be written on what else the Bureau has done and will do.

BUT, somehow, in all the mass of material I have studied for high lights on the Bureau's work, there appeared nothing which seemed to bring the Bureau so closely home or which gave me so vivid a picture of the Bureau's belief in its own code as this official utterance:

"If bonds may be justly issued for any purpose whatever by the people of one generation to be paid by those of another, surely the building of school-houses is such a purpose. When we issue bonds to pay for streets, roads, bridges, sewerage systems, courthouses, city halls, or houses and equipment for fire departments, we ourselves get the benefit of these, and when streets, roads, bridges, and sewerage systems are worn out and must be replaced or repaired, and the courthouses, city halls, and equipment for fire departments are outgrown, our children pay for what we have used and probably used up.

"But when we issue bonds to build good schoolhouses for our children, they themselves get the benefit of what they themselves must later pay for. By issuing bonds for this purpose, we only enable the children to borrow from their future richer selves to provide themselves now with that which is essential to their welfare but which we feel ourselves too poor to give them out of our own pockets."

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Advices from big growers in Holland indicate great scarcity of bulbs this coming season and enough cannot be grown to meet the demand. To insure getting your supply send us your order at once. **Until July 1st, not later, our present low prices for the choicest varieties of bulbs grown by specialists in Holland will hold good.**

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Hyacinths, Tulips, Narcissi, Crocus, give, for a small outlay of time and money, an abundance of flowers in the house from December until Easter, and in the garden from earliest spring until the middle of May.

Our orders are selected and packed in Holland, and are shipped to our customers immediately upon their arrival in the best possible condition.

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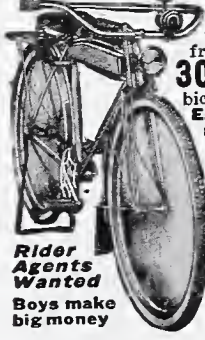
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MIDDLETOWN, O.
March 30, 1920.

Red Cross Magazine,
1107 Broadway,
New York City.

Gentlemen:-

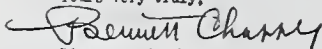
I am glad to see the Red Cross Magazine
issuing from the stress of war into a real, red
blood, American magazine.

The Red Cross is the greatest human
agency for the relief of suffering the world has
ever known and in the broader meaning, its greatest
work has just begun.

Industrial leaders and men of affairs
today find their inspiration in the Red Cross
activities and it is helping maintain the heart
interests of the world.

Your magazine is a very important pilot
of the Red Cross work and I like to see it growing
bigger and stronger as each month goes by.

Yours very truly,


Director of Publicity.

EC:121

The American Rolling Mills Company
stands in the front rank of American
industries. Mr. Chapple has expressed,
in his letter, the attitude of all con-
structive Americans.

This is how The Red Cross Magazine is a very important
“Pilot of the Work of the American Red Cross”

—making our America a better America:

In the July Issue

“THE NEEDS OF THE WORLD”

By WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD

The most up-to-date information gathered
from Herbert Hoover, H. P. Davison, Fred-
erick Keppel and their organizations, that
shows how the world depends on America
for material things as well as moral support.
What we must do to prevent a world famine
greater than any during the war.

**“WHAT A NURSE CAN DO IN YOUR
TOWN”**

By FRED EASTMAN

is a true story of what one nurse has accom-
plished in a Long Island community. It
contains a rousing challenge to every com-
munity in the country.

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A regular department of little articles about
the ways some communities are making
people happy.

The RED CROSS MAGAZINE has recovered
from the first flush of war re-action; it has
weathered the storm of industrial unrest; it
is on a solid foundation. But it must con-
tinue to grow if it is to be of most value as a
function of the Red Cross in building a
Better America.

WILL YOU HELP ?

You can perform a service for the Red
Cross with very little effort. If you believe
in the work of the Magazine, send us the
names of two friends who, you think, would
enlist with your Chapter as Red Cross
workers for the Magazine during spare time.

WILLIAM HARPER DEAN'S

article on the Department of Agriculture tells
of the tremendous work done by the workers
of this Bureau. It contains actual facts
which will be of assistance to thousands of
farmers and people in the smaller communi-
ties who are not acquainted with the things
they can secure from the Government free
of charge.

“THE SPOILED CHILD”

By ANGELO PATRI

is written out of this great school teachers'
experiences with thousands of children. It
is a vivid exposition of the danger which
lets in the theory that a child's individuality
must be preserved.

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A monthly department conducted by the
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You may }
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If I had only put on- WEED TIRE CHAINS

Regrets avail nothing when the harm is done.

Many an accident might have been avoided and many a life saved if drivers of automobiles had only exercised ordinary, everyday precaution and had listened to the warnings which for years have been sounded through the magazines and daily newspapers, viz.—“Always put on Weed Tire Chains when the roads and pavements are wet and slippery.”

It's all very well to say, “I'm sorry—I didn't mean to do it.”

Regrets don't mend broken limbs or bring back the lives that have been taken. The innocent victims have suffered through no fault of their own while the careless motorist escapes with a reprimand, the payment of Doctor's bills and the expense of having his car repaired.

Is there no way to make such fellows realize their responsibility and have *more regard for the rights of others?*

Skidding accidents would never occur if every motorist exercised care in driving and put on Weed Tire Chains whenever roads and pavements were wet and slippery or covered with mud and slime.

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In the interest of humanity—in the interest of safe and sane motoring Put on your Weed Tire Chains “at the first drop of rain,” and insist that others do the same.



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THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE

JULY, 1920

VOL. XV, No. 7

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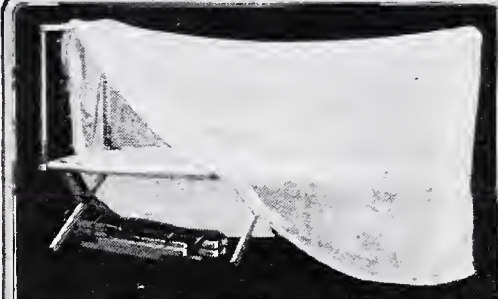
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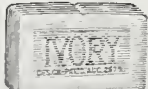


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THE CALL TO YOUTH

THE hope of the troubled world is now in youth; it always rests upon youth. In war, youth did not fail; will it fail now?

From many countries of this distraught earth from millions and millions of men and women and children, there rises to-day a great chorus of suffering and warning. It began in war and was almost unheard in war's uproar. Then, afterwards, our ears became hardened to it, as to the roar of familiar passing trains, or the clatter of accustomed machinery. Now, it seems to pass almost unnoticed through our low lying atmosphere and dies away unanswered among the cold interstellar regions.

It is a call for help, for work; an appeal for stern thought, for self-examination—in the ultimate analysis, for self-preservation!

The consensus of wise men shows that there is a crisis immediately upon us; that gradually, as knowledge lifts the curtain, we will clearly face a starving world, with all the attendant horrors; that we in America cannot simply close our ports; guard our supplies; that, in the end, we must suffer with the rest in proper measure.

In this crisis, the only relief lies in the earth, in getting from it more food, more fruit, more vegetables, in producing more milk, in raising more animals.

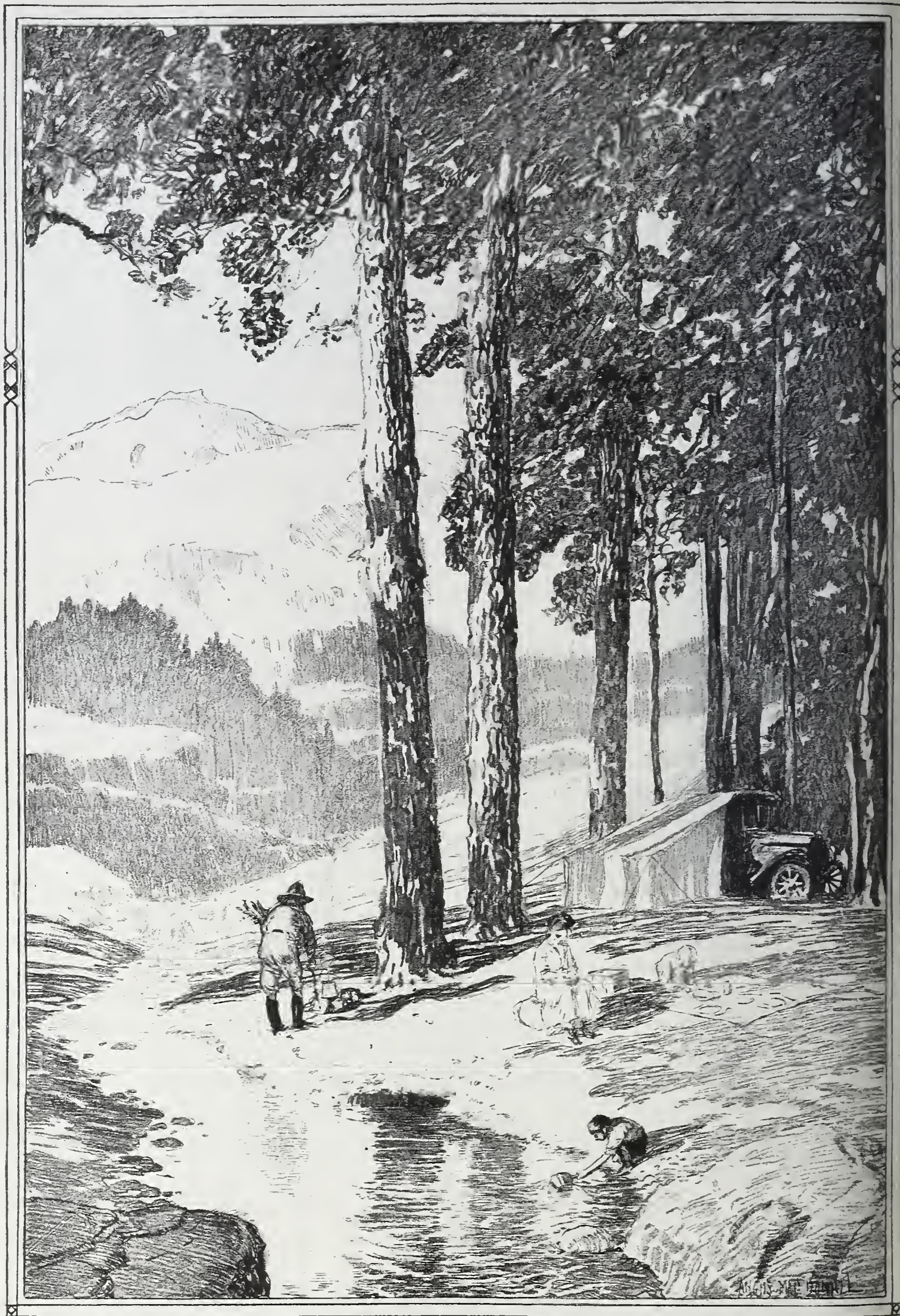
But with the scarcity of willing hands, what is happening? Fallow acres a-plenty everywhere; a hundred closed farmhouses in one county of one State; a hundred herds of milch cows sold in a few months in another county; locked and deserted barns everywhere; reduced market gardens around every great city; car-loads of heifers going into the stock yards instead of furnishing milk and butter (something never seen before in the history of our great abattoirs) in anticipation of reduced crops of grain, with prospects of further reductions, through lack of hands to harvest and store.

Did ever war make such an appeal to patriotic youth to help its country and its world? If the call could but ring out, if some manly, resonant leading voice could but go through the land! If more of the many high minded, resolute, commanding men and women in colleges, high schools, State universities, churches, now making the appeal to youth, could point the way to noble, patriotic service on the soil! If this call could be voiced, the answering chorus would swell into a country-wide pæan of belief and inspiration; it would be heard in ten thousand churches; in ten thousand schools, where realization had not penetrated; and one million, two million or more young men, and young women, too, would enlist in the fight for food; their only opponent Nature—the not unwilling but resisting soil—a wrestling angel like the one with whom Jacob struggled for blessing.

Could youth only see the noble opportunity, indeed, its high heart would be stirred to devotion, to patriotism as it was by the call to war, with such rewards and such gratitude to follow as war cannot offer. Every extra acre tilled and brought to maturity in field or garden means lives saved, lives of women and children and men. Every increase of yield, every bit of crop salvaged, means less disease and pain in weakened human bodies.

If this gallant army could gather to its humane campaign, in every State and county, indeed it might be, not only our physical salvation, but a new evidence of the truth of the Psalmist's words—*"He restoreth my soul."*

Here, it seems to us, is the test of youth and, even more, the test of those whose place and voice give them the ear of youth—*those to whom the path to the heart of youth is open.*



"LIFE, LIBERTY AND THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS"

Drawn by Angus MacDonall

THE HUMAN CRISIS IN EUROPE

By Henry P. Davison

*An accurate statement—the plain truth
about what Europe is up against*

Reported by Edwin C. Hill

IN Paris joy is risen! The silvery laughter of that naughty Fifi trills through the ateliers of the Quartier Latin. M. Poirer, plotting magnificent campaigns against the hosts of Bad Taste, meditates among his silks of Lyons and his laces of Valenciennes—himself again. On a sparkling day, a quarter of a million merry-makers surge to the great, green velvet carpet they call Longchamps to follow with hysterical gayety the speed flights of the slim-limbed thoroughbreds, to wager a hundred million francs, to dazzle the astonished sunlight with the glories of their women's frocks, and the insolence of their jewels.

The little tables once more dot the pavement of the Café de Paris, fascinating rendezvous where, if one tarry long enough, one will meet, so they say, any acquaintance one has ever had. Princes and Ministers of State intrigue for seats at the Comédie Française, so enormous, so keen, is the public demand. By day, laughter rings down the boulevards; and, by night, jests dart—fireflies of the soul—over the heads of great throngs on pleasure bent.

One reads all this and much more in the news of the day, for the cables, as if relieved like human spirits from the burden of war woe, delight to chirp of the gayeties and the follies that have driven grief and gloom from the streets of the world's great playground. One hears much the same from and about London—the plentifulness of cash, the desperate quest for diversion, the rush to the theatres and music halls, the tremendous throngs and heavy betting at the race courses. All of it makes pleasant reading. It all goes to reassure us as to the general plight of Europe. It's exactly the kind of news we want. We were pretty tired (soul-weary, I believe the proper phrase is) of the dismal tidings that we had been afflicted with for five or six years—death and misery, starvation and hopelessness. Things had been bad, very bad, of course. We knew that. There were parts of Europe in which men and

women and little children had perished by the thousands of sheer hunger, and by tens of thousands by the sweep of Plague. Had perished, that is. It was a horrible thing to think about in comfortable, well-fed (even at the high cost of things) America. But, thank Heaven! It was in the past. The war was over. The Armistice was a year and a half old; official Peace more than a year. Surely "the recuperative powers of the industrious populations of Europe (and what can beat the smugness of that phrase!) have mitigated the distresses and solved the graver problems of hunger and disease." I am quoting literally some of the highbrow stuff I have read quite recently.

All in the past, of course, past and done with, thank Providence! We might have had some small doubts occasionally, especially in reading news items about life in Vienna; for instance, how difficult it is for a new born babe to stay alive more than a few hours without any milk, without even the milk of a starved mother; how well-born, well-bred women haunt the garbage heaps to glean such scraps of refuse food as would be disdained by an alley cat in New York. But these gay and colorful cablegrams from Paris and London, so full of laughter, so lively with movement, quite reassure us, do they not? In contrast the disagreeable items about the life wastage of babies in Austria; about the true reason for the enslavement of Russia—hunger; about the numb, nerveless starving despair of Poland; seem grotesquely overdrawn, absurd — propaganda of some sort, doubtless! How could the situation in any considerable part of Europe be so wretched, so hopeless, when there is so much fun and frolic and money-spending in the two cities that stand for Europe in the minds of most of us,

Paris and London?

Sonaturally, humanly, eager to be reassured, to have our still slightly doubtful souls patted upon the back, to have somebody say, "There now, soul, it's all right; don't worry; things are not so black as they have

been painted; you haven't any more responsibility;" we turn to the Sunday magazine stories in the newspapers and to the attractive and alluring advertisements and booklets of the steamship companies and in them find fresh solace. For they tell us quite positively that Europe is reviving. Reconstruction (and I have never been able to get at the meaning of that word!) is going on apace. Flowers and grass are covering the scars of war. The European railroads are using all the rolling stock the Germans didn't steal or burn and are making first rate connections. Champagne is cheap and food is not too dear. There are sights to be seen, including a few battlefields where agony still hangs in the air—guides may be had for these at Messrs. So and So's agency. Don't delay! Apply for your passports now. The rush is commencing and Europe has laid down a new doormat with "Welcome" embroidered upon it in twenty-seven languages.

Now that's cheerful stuff, too. It goes right along with the merry-merry cable chatter from Paris and London. If the bars are down for tourists, if Europe is appealing for tourists, if there's food enough for tourists and even room enough for tourists, then, by the revered name of Cook! things simply cannot be as sable as they have been painted. We'll use our common or horse sense in sizing up the situation in Europe and after making all allowances and taking fifty per cent off for persiflage, we'll decide that the pranksome items from the French and British capitals, plus the newspaper Sunday magazine stories and the steamship advertising allurements reflect fairly well what is now going on across the Atlantic, and that the dull, disagreeable tales from Central and Eastern Europe which make such wretched



Photo by Strauss-Peyton

Henry P. Davison, Chairman of the Board of Governors of the League of Red Cross Societies. He probably knows more about conditions in Central and Southeastern Europe at this moment than any other man in the world

breakfast reading are gross overstatements—exaggerations, doubtless with a purpose. One never knows where the ulterior motive lurks nowadays, does one, Hermione? The famine, the misery and the numb despair are, of course, things of a terrible past, but a past, nevertheless.

Are they? I'm going to tell you what I found out and leave it to you. When I get through, it will be up to your own intelligence and your own perception of the unescapable balance of life upon this earth to decide whether the news fluff from two great, detached capitals tells the truth about what is going on in a great part of the European Continent or whether the truth lies in the weighed and studied report of an American business man, who is as far from being a sentimentalist as he is from being a liar. When the tale is done with, *amigo*, it will be distinctly up to you to figure out what your duty is—for there is a duty that the Armistice did not satisfy; that the Peace of Versailles did not cancel.

After weeks—months, rather—of the soothing cablegrams of high jinks in Paris and of Europe's marvellous comeback I found my own settled conviction

that things were very bad indeed in Central and Eastern Europe somewhat shaken. It's hard to get away from daily newspaper optimism, especially when one craves to be reassured, and although I had got my notion of the real state of affairs from the Director General of the League of Red Cross Societies, Lieut.-Gen. Sir David Henderson and from Henry P. Davison, Chairman of the Board of Governors of the League, the two men who, with the exception of Herbert Hoover, have given closest attention to the situation; and although I had heard Frank A. Vanderlip, about as hard-headed an American citizen as one can find anywhere, confirm all that they had said; and although I had heard Hoover back it up and nail it down; still the fluff stuff bothered me. Like you, possibly, I said to myself: "These gentlemen must have been talking about what *was*, not about what *is*." And then I read a paragraph written by a young man who very recently spent a lot of time in Poland. His name is Kenneth L. Roberts. And what he wrote—hot from the soul—was this:

"We poked around Skierniewice and got up onto the second floor of an old

rattletrap apartment house. A door was unlatched, so we went in. The room was a tiny little one, under the eaves, and it had one window in it, and three children and a hen. It was the sole residence of one family. The hen was tied to a bedpost. One of the children was a baby, and it was asleep on a broken down bed. The two other children were four and six years old. Four-years was a boy, and Six-years was a girl. There was a little stove in the room, and from the stove a rusty stovepipe ran straight back through the wall. On top of the rusty stovepipe were seven slices of raw potato. Six-years was waiting for them to get warm, and then she and Four-years were going to eat them. It was their evening meal. Seven slices of warm, raw potato! The mother was out working for ten marks a day. If she worked steadily for two months, Sundays included, and didn't spend a cent for food, clothes, rent or anything else, her two months' earnings would be exactly enough to buy one pair of shoes. The mother and the baby and Six-years and Four-years had breakfasted on a cup of coffee apiece. And two of them were dining on seven slices of warm raw potato. God knows how the hen lived. I forgot to ask."

THAT paragraph jolted me because I happened to read it the same day I absorbed a dose of the soothing syrup news from Paris. When I found out, too, that the American Relief Administration, a Hoover organization, is providing a meal a day for 1,300,000 children in Poland alone, it jolted me harder. By the time I had taken the trouble to acquire more disagreeable facts I had begun to ask myself a lot of questions, as one will. Is the whirl of gayety in Paris and London significant of anything except the fact that England and even France are better off than the always poorer countries to the east, or that they happen to harbor a lot of folks with money, plenty of Americans unquestionably, out for a good time, regardless? How much in truth, can the stir of life in a great capital or two possibly reflect the state of millions of different races and types, crushed by utterly different problems? Didn't I myself know the sensitive response of the daily press to the unspoken wishes of its readers, and realize the tendency of the press nowadays, in "war reaction," more and more to dwell upon the happy and the pleasant and to ignore the dreary and the terrible, featuring the gayety of Paris and subordinating the starvation of millions? Suffering in Europe is stale news. Gayety in Europe is—new. And, after all, what on earth has the disposition to rush a-sightseeing to the capitals and battlefields of Western Europe to do with the true situation in Eastern Europe? Was it true that the suffering and famine which Lieut.-Gen. Sir David Henderson and Mr. Davison and Mr. Hoover and Mr. Vanderlip had described from months of personal investigation and studied from the reports of competent and

Henry P. Davison

trusted agents—was it true, I asked myself, that these were a thing of the past? The only way to get a straight answer was to go to the man who knows. Henry P. Davison had just returned from opening, as Chairman of the Board of Governors, the first meeting of the General Council of the League of Red Cross Societies at Geneva. His news was fresh, smoking hot. He was the recipient of the very latest reports concerning the true situation in the broad belt of hunger and disease lying between the Baltic and the Black Seas, in the new Baltic States—Poland, Czechoslovakia, the Ukraine, Austria, Hungary, Roumania, Montenegro, Albania, Serbia. At Geneva, he had received a letter, a very remarkable letter I had been told, from the Rt. Hon. Arthur J. Balfour, President of the Council of the League of Nations—a letter which stated, with terrible conciseness, the result of the

British appraisalment of the Central and Eastern Europe situation. At Geneva, in his official capacity as Chairman of the Board of the great new League for human service, he had had the advantage of authentic reports made by the Red Cross investigators of the twenty-seven nations that compose the League. In other words, if he didn't know the truth, no man did—not even Hoover, for Mr. Davison's sources of information exceeded and even excelled Hoover's. I called on Mr. Davison, therefore, at his office at Broad and Wall streets, soon after he returned from the General Council of the League, and I put it to him straight: Would he outline the real situation in Central and Eastern Europe—not what it was but what it *is*? He looked at me for a moment, as if he thought I might be guilty of some gross jest. I understood the thought that was passing through his mind—could any man or

woman fairly up with the times possibly believe that the misery of Europe was a thing of the past, that hunger had been abolished by the Treaty of Versailles, that death had been halted by the mandate of the Supreme Council? I told him that I was afraid that a good many of us had fallen into that delusion, helped by the unintentional trend of the news from Europe and swayed (as he would understand) by the strange tendency of mankind to blink at the truth if the truth continues to be too persistently disagreeable. He agreed that this might be so. He comprehended the human quality of the sort of national astigmatism we have acquired in looking toward Europe since the Peace Conference, and the disposition to believe that because a thing ought to be so it *is* so. He reflected a moment, arranging some papers, then replied that he would lay the facts squarely upon the table—

Without food, medicine and sanitation, whole families are sickening and dying where typhus is steadily on the increase. The ravages of the disease are truly appalling



(Below) Serbian women searching among the refuse in their devastated country for anything that may appear useful as fuel. Disease finds such people easy prey

Photo by Joint Aid Committee



Photo by Paul Thompson



Photo by Keystone

the facts of to-day and to-morrow, not of yesterday. He began by handing me the letter he had received from Arthur Balfour. This is what the British statesman wrote in earnest appeal to the League of Red Cross Societies sitting at Geneva in Switzerland:

"The ravages inflicted by disease upon the war-worn and underfed populations of Central Europe (to say nothing of regions farther east) have reached appalling proportions. Men, women and children are dying by thousands, and over vast and civilized areas there are neither medical appliances nor medical skill sufficient to cope with the horrors by which we are faced. The catastrophe is of such unexampled magnitude that no organization less powerful than the League of Red Cross Societies seems adequate to cope with it. To this great body I, therefore, make appeal. The Members of the League of Nations have agreed to encourage Red Cross organizations whose purposes are the improvement of health, the prevention of disease, and the mitigation of suffering throughout the world. There can surely never be an occasion calling more insistently for action.

"Though confident of the moral support of my colleagues, I have not been able formally to consult them, or, as yet, to speak with their authority. I shall, however, bring it (this matter) before the Council at the earliest possible opportunity; and, in the meantime, I venture to urge the League of Red Cross Societies to organize an effort worthy of its unique position for dealing with a calamity which, following hard on war, seems almost worse than war itself."

"It may be," said Mr. Davison, "that



(Above) Some of the miserable children of Vienna, standing before one of Hoover's American food stations. Disease is becoming universal among them. At left, one of the two hundred canteens at Vienna. Only seven thousand out of one hundred and eighty thousand children have enough food to eat

Photo by Keystone



Photo by International

The poor of Vienna searching among the garbage piles outside the city for scraps of food. Conditions in the former empire are rapidly becoming indescribable

I am providing my climax first. I am not skilled in such matters. But it seems to me that I had better read next, to suggest how gravely we received Mr. Balfour's appeal, the resolution adopted by the League of Red Cross Societies after the letter had been read and discussed:

"We, the delegates forming the General Council of the League, assembled in conference, fully conscious of the unparalleled distress in the stricken districts of the world, and of the imperative need of immediate and comprehensive action, declare ourselves in full sympathy and accord with the



Photo by Near East Relief

For months past, scenes like this one in Armenia have been common sights in many parts of Southeastern Europe. At this very moment, men, women and children are dying like flies twenty-four hours by cable from New York. Look at the child to the right and see the unutterable misery depicted in his eyes



Photo by Near East Relief



Photo by Underwood & Underwood

Assyrian Christians waiting beside the railroad after being driven from their homes in Northern Persia. The confusion in Asia Minor and Southeastern Europe adds immeasurably to the task of battling with disease

will be supplied by Governments, the League of Red Cross Societies shall at once formulate plans for the immediate extension of voluntary relief within the affected district, in accordance with the ascertained requirements, and shall appeal to the peoples of the world, through the Red Cross organizations, members of the League of Red Cross Societies, for doctors, nurses, other necessary personnel, medical supplies, diet food-stuffs and such money as may in their judgment be required in the operation, calling upon various countries, through the Red Cross organizations, for such quota of personnel, materials and money as seem appropriate to the resources and conditions obtaining in each country; and,

"Be it further resolved, that each delegation present charges itself with the duty, immediately upon notice being received from the League, of urging its own organization to take such steps within its own country, as will best insure the success of the undertaking."

"And certainly," I suggested to Mr. Davison, "an absolutely accurate statement—the plain truth—of what Europe is up against is one of the first steps to be taken to insure the success of the undertaking."

"Unquestionably," he replied, "I only wish that instead of the audience of seven hundred at the Red Cross dinner the other night, there had been five hundred thousand, a million of the men and women of the Red Cross within sound of my voice. I feel that I should like to say to everyone, personally, what I said then."

suggestion made by Mr. Balfour. From our own study and survey within part of the districts affected we must, however, declare our conviction that any voluntary aid, to become effective, can only follow the provision of such essentials as food, clothing, and transportation which must be given if the

peoples are to live and be restored to a condition of self-support, and the need of which is so vast that it cannot be given by voluntary organizations but must be supplied by Governments.

"Therefore be it resolved, that upon assurance from the League of Nations that food, clothing and transportation



(Above) A crowd of Hungarian refugees on the road, separated from their homes forever

Then it came to me that I had more than a reporter's duty; that all I could reproduce of Mr. Davison's talk could not compare with his own considered words. Therefore, I have taken a copy of that wonderful speech, and with few omissions I shall add it here in lieu of my own report.

Here is what Mr. Davison would like every man and woman to read, as if spoken to each, personally; as if brought specially to each one of them by him as a message from stricken Europe to humane America:

"There is appalling misery in the broad belt lying between the Baltic and the Black Seas, to say nothing of Russia to the east and Armenia to the south. There is generally an absolute lack of medicines and of sanitary appliances. Doctors, nurses and hospital equipment are practically non-existent, food and clothing are insufficient to make life tolerable, and disease, bereavement and suffering are present in practically every household. According to one authority who made a visit recently to the countries of Central and Eastern Europe: 'There was found everywhere never-ending vicious circles of political paradox and

economic complication, with consequent paralysis of national life and industry.'

"Now," continued Mr. Davison, "I shall read you the confidential reports upon which, as upon Mr. Balfour's letter of appeal, our resolution was based. I shall begin with Poland:

"ABOUT March 1, 1920, the Americans in Warsaw and particularly those associated with the Polish Government, and also the Commissioner of the American Red Cross, the Commissioner of the League of Red Cross Societies, and other principal relief workers, in a signed statement addressed to the American Government, stated in substance that wholesale starvation is threatened in Poland during the months of May, June and July unless very large importation of food from America is secured. In a telegram addressed to the League of Red Cross Societies on March



Photo by Keystone

(Left) A group of people in the Balkans, showing the straits to which many are reduced

20, the following statement was made: 'Conditions in Poland have become worse since October, 1919. There are now approximately 250,000 cases of typhus in Poland and in the area occupied by Polish troops. There is lack of food, clothing, fuel, hospital equipment,

doctors and nurses. Many thousands of typhus patients cannot be hospitalized because of lack of food.

The greatest need of all is for food. From the present indications, the population is threatened with one of the worst typhus fever epidemics in the history of the world, which, unless checked, will prove a danger that will threaten the whole of Europe. In Galicia, whole towns are crippled, schools are closed and business practically suspended because of the disease. There is a great lack of doctors. In some districts there is but one doctor to every 150,000 people.

"CONDITIONS in the Ukraine are as bad as can be imagined. In the winter of 1918-19, typhus and influenza had a most terrible effect upon the Ukrainian population. Nearly everybody was affected. In villages of two or three thousand inhabitants

nearly half of the people would be ill at the same time. There was almost no medical care. There were physicians who attended a territory forty miles in diameter. Doctors who had to fight disease in areas containing 30,000 typhus patients could get no medical supplies and had nothing to give their sick except moral encouragement. This was the condition last year. *This year it is even worse.* The situation is getting worse daily. Pauperism becomes more and more intense. Prices are growing steadily so that most of the necessities of life, which cost now about five hundred times as much as they cost at the beginning of the war, are quite out of the reach of most of the population. The physicians are real paupers. They get the same nourishment as the patients and the nurses, but they receive for their needs and the support of their families an amount which about equals 30 francs monthly. Last year, there were few medical supplies. Now there are practically none at all.

“A REPORT from Vienna says: ‘The people are apathetic, fatalistic, tired. There is an epidemic of dancing. I visited a dance attended by 4,000 people, one-half of whom had had no dinner. They danced until exhausted, refusing to go home. At least 25,000 hospital beds have become useless owing to the shortage of hospital supplies. One hundred thousand school children in Vienna are underfed and diseased as a result of the food shortage, lack of fuel and inadequate hospital facilities. Crime among the child population is on the increase, hunger sometimes driving little boys to ghastly attempts at murder. The juvenile court is overwhelmed with cases of child criminality mounting daily. No words can describe the appalling misery of the famished population of Vienna. Death stalks through the streets in broad midday and takes toll unhindered. The general death rate has risen 46 per cent since 1913, and the mortality from tuberculosis has risen 250 per cent since the same year. Many children a year old have not exceeded their weight at birth. The middle class, who live on salaries, are selling their belongings to buy even the Government ration. An overcoat costs the three months salary of a court justice. A second-hand Renault automobile sold for an amount equal to 17 years’ salary of the Chancellor.’”

“CONDITIONS in Budapest are similar to those in Vienna, although not quite so severe. Indescribable misery is the lot of those least able to stand it—the children. The whole of Budapest is one vast city of misery and suffering. In 1913, there were 23,300 births and 17,300 deaths. In 1918, there were 14,700 births and 29,900 deaths. In November, 1916, the scarcity of milk was seriously felt. In November, 1919, the supply was just one-fourth as great. The effect upon child life can be well understood. Of 160,000 children enrolled in the schools in Budapest, 100,000 are dependent

upon public charity. They not only lack food and clothing; their mentality is menaced. There are 150,000 workers idle. There are 50,000 widows and war invalids. There are 30,000 sick and disabled old people that are a charge upon the State.’

“IN Czechoslovakia, the shelves of the pharmacies are bare and supplies are not being replenished because of the low value of the national currency. A loan of \$500,000 would enable the Government to buy a six months’ supply of drugs. In 1919, typhus appeared in all the four countries composing the Republic. The regions most menaced were Moravia and Silesia, bordering on the Polish frontier, and Bohemia. In Slovakia, typhus and smallpox were prevalent. Czechoslovakia lacks medicines and soap, and at the present time there is a serious lack of physicians.’

“TUBERCULOSIS is spreading in an alarming and unprecedented manner in Roumania. It is making its appearance everywhere, in the cities and in the country districts. The Roumanians have met the refugee situation by establishing a military line along the Dniester River and refusing to let anyone cross it. It is thought there may be 20,000 refugees on the other side, and no one knows what the Bolsheviks are doing to them.’

“THERE is a great shortage of doctors in Serbia. It is said that there are only 200 for the entire country, and that 50 per cent of the doctors of Serbia lost their lives during the war. There are areas with 50,000 to 60,000 people with practically no medical care. Transportation of all sorts is very inadequate. Food, medical assistance, nursing and shelter for a large number of orphan children are urgently required. Typhus has again broken out. The infection is being spread with alarming rapidity by Russian refugees seeking safety in Serbia from the menace of the Bolsheviks. The Russian refugee problem is of far-reaching importance in the typhus peril.’

“IN Montenegro, the general conditions may be said to be slightly better than they were six months ago. But food is running short and there are 5,000 to 6,000 children to be fed daily. There were not over 4 or 5 doctors for an estimated population of 450,000. One area of 70,000 people has one doctor, but he has no facilities for getting about.’

“CONDITIONS in Albania have not improved during the past six months owing largely to the political situation and the general unrest. The condition of the children is deplorable in many respects. As regards the Baltic States, there are reports of an epidemic of typhus in Esthonia, with about 15,000 cases. There is an acute lack of food, clothing and transportation.’”

“THERE,” said Mr. Davison, “is the exact situation in sufficient detail. Before offering any comment myself, I should like to submit this extract from a communication from Sir William Goode, British Director of Relief:

“‘All official and other reports which reach me give no hope of improvement in the situation in Central and Eastern Europe. The misery of the outlook in many parts, particularly in Austria, Poland and Armenia, is worse than ever. I earnestly trust that before the date of your meeting the American Congress will have decided to approve the European food credits which they are now discussing and on which further credits by the British Government are contingent. I also have reason to hope that several other nations will combine their efforts with the Governments of the United States and Great Britain. Agreements between Governments to furnish so many tons of food and so many tons of raw materials do not in themselves, however, bind up the wounds of Europe. There are phases of suffering which Governments are powerless to relieve. Unofficial effort on relatively small expenditure can achieve results beyond the reach of Government.’”

“I have reported the exact situation as regards Central and Eastern Europe,” continued Mr. Davison. “It is important to distinguish between these countries and our principal allies in Western Europe who, whatever their distress, are doing their best to pull all Europe out of the Slough of Despond. The French Government has many serious problems to solve, but the French peasant is working, and the French artisan, while still sadly in need of raw materials, has not lost his habits of industry and thrift. The most encouraging fact about France is that her people are alive to the seriousness of France’s problem, and they are going forward bravely to solve that problem.

“Italy, despite her great shortage of raw material, is looking forward, not backward. England is meeting the problems of reconstruction just as those who knew her past expected her to meet them. With head erect, quiet courage and sturdy common sense, she is doing her own day’s work and, at the same time, rendering all the assistance that her resources permit to the countries on the Continent. Neither Belgium nor France nor Italy nor England is asking charity of the United States. The peoples of those countries are as proud as we are. They are as eager to work out their national destiny as we are. They want to carry their own burdens. In the face of an almost overwhelming catastrophe, they seek only the opportunity to regain their own economic strength.

“Europe has to-day a tremendous number of idle people. Many of them want to go to work but there is a great shortage of raw materials with which to go to work. Such has been the output of paper money, and so much greater is the need of imports than the possibility of (Continued on Page 75)

How far do you carry the theory
that your child's individuality
must be preserved?



This boy eats what he wants,
regardless of inconvenience to
other people. Do you know him?

THE SPOILED CHILD

By Angelo Patri

Illustrated by Angus MacDonall

THE spoiled child is an old story. He dates back to the time of King Solomon the Wise who said, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." In this day and generation, he is still strong in the land. There are people who say that the American product is the most complete of them all. Perhaps that is true. It is enough for us to have to acknowledge that we have our full share of spoiled children. One meets them everywhere. They abound in the schools, in the street cars, the summer hotels and boarding houses. They have even been discovered in our own homes!

Now why do sensible people spoil their children? Why do they follow a course of training that leads only to unhappiness? Every man's hand is against the spoiled child. He is avoided and shunned as the plague. His parents are put to all sorts of annoyance and inconvenience. The landlord raises the rent, the summer hotel-keeper finds it impossible to provide for the family

after the end of the week. Things are no better in school. The teacher sends home poor reports; then, reproachful notes. The parents conclude that there is a conspiracy on foot and pet the child a bit extra to make up for the cruelty of the childless ones of the earth.

All of which might be well enough and as it should be if the youngster himself was not being placed at a tremendous disadvantage by the whole proceeding. Doors that should have been opened wide before him close at his approach. Friends that might have stood him in good stead turn coldly aside. Opportunities that might have been his pass him by in favor of some child who has learned to live easily with other people.

His parents did not follow King Solomon's advice. They could not bear to see the child suffer a disappointment; they could not bear to see their

child unhappy; they did not like to insist upon a course that they knew was wise but that the child felt was inconvenient.

The parents were too lazy, or too selfish, or over-indulgent, or very short-sighted. It is difficult to say which, because each weakness involves and leads into the other. Certain it is they failed to do their duty by the spoiled child.

Most parents proceed on the basis of a mistaken notion that they are making the child happy. "I am going to give my child a happy childhood to look back upon. His troubles will begin soon enough." They think they know what makes a child happy. They are sure that it means to give him everything that he asks for, never cross him, never thwart him. He is to share in the pleasures of the adults down to the coffee and cigarettes.

Are the parents who reason this way really letting the child have his way and be happy, or are they too lazy and selfish to try to find out what is the

child's way to happiness and usefulness?

A very little study on the part of the most inexperienced parents will show them that a child is not a little man or a little woman but a child who delights in childish things. He does not enjoy the grownup's recreations in proportion to his height and weight. He really never enjoyed the dregs of the wine glasses or the scrapings of the chafing dish. He did not care at all for the late motor ride. He would have preferred to have been asleep at home in his little bed after a day of childish living had they but known what that meant.

A child is a child! That is a very different sort of human being from an adult. He wants a child's food, a child's play, a child's clothes, a child's occupations. He wants to be respected as a child—neither talked down to, nor looked up to. He can stand an enormous amount of letting alone when once provided for. He is no plaything. He is a sacred trust, a potential man or woman. Spoiling him is a crime, a mean crime, for the punishment falls most heavily on the child. He always pays the bill.

Spoiling children is begun very early in some homes. When the baby cries, he must be carried, although his mother has been instructed not to do so. If he cries at bedtime, his mother lets him play about his crib a while longer although she knows better. It is hard to put out the light and go away and let him cry it out. Discipline is so hard—for the mother.

A mother sat on the porch of a summer boarding-house with her baby beside her in the go-cart. He threw his ball down and mother picked it up. He did this again and again until mother's back began to ache with picking the ball up from the floor every time it was thrown. Then she said, "No more, now. Mother's tired!" Down went the ball again. Mother picked it up and baby promptly threw it down again.

"Now, if you throw it down again, mother will keep it and you cannot have it again."

"Down," said baby and away it went over the porch. Mother went after the ball and restored it to the child who promptly threw it down again.

Positive fatigue at last forced the mother to let the ball roll off the porch and lie on the lawn. "I want it, I want it," screamed the little chap.

"You can't have it. Mother is too tired." Then a happy thought struck the lady. "Here, Robert, play ball with baby. I'm tired." Robert was the son of one of the visitors.

"Sorry," he said politely, "I'm going fishing."

"Children are very selfish," said the mother. "When I was little, we children thought we should try to help other people. You might play with a little baby, it seems to me."

THE baby in the go-cart began to cry and kick. The mother, now thoroughly worn out, slapped him. He howled louder. A couple of older ladies who had brought up their families and thought they knew how, remonstrated with her and gave her good advice. The mother lost the last shred of temper and told them to mind their own business. She and her poor abused little child could and would get along without any assistance from anybody.

When the father arrived to begin his vacation, the house was divided into

two camps; mother and baby in one—everybody else in the other.

Three years later we met Billie again. He was about five years old now and had as many friends as when he was two. His father and mother sat at a table with four other people. The four changed from week to week. One old gentleman grimly stuck it out.

Little Billie had no table manners. Sometimes he sat on his chair but oftener he changed about from his mother's to his father's lap. He ate what he wanted from their plates and kept up a constant stream of "I don't like!" and "I don't want!" He stretched across the table for whatever he thought he wanted regardless of the inconvenience he caused other people. He spilled soup and overturned water goblets at every meal, until only strangers or the grim old gentleman would go near the table. The father and mother paid no attention except to complain of the selfishness of the other guests.

One evening, at tea, there was a bright red pepper lying on the salad plate of the grim old gentleman. Billy flattened himself out on his stomach and reaching across the width of the table, snatched up the pepper and crammed it into his mouth. Everybody held his breath while Billie sputtered and choked. Finally, he got his breath and let it go. His father carried him out and his mother followed, carrying a glass of water and murmuring, "It's a shame! The idea of serving a hot pepper. Of course, the child though it was good to eat. It's a shame!"

The family went away in the morning and nobody grieved. The grim old gentleman said, "No hope for him. He chose the wrong parents and there is no law against fools."

When the wise old king spoke of the rod he did not, as so many people think, mean that a child should be beaten. The rod carried the idea of discipline. Discipline means training. Every child is entitled to that. It is his right. The world is a place of grown-ups. Everything in it is run by grown-ups. The child does not understand its customs and laws. He is here for the first time, you know. It is the

Are these parents doing their best by their children in letting them act as they please?



plain duty of parents and guardians to interpret the world and its manners and customs and people to the children.

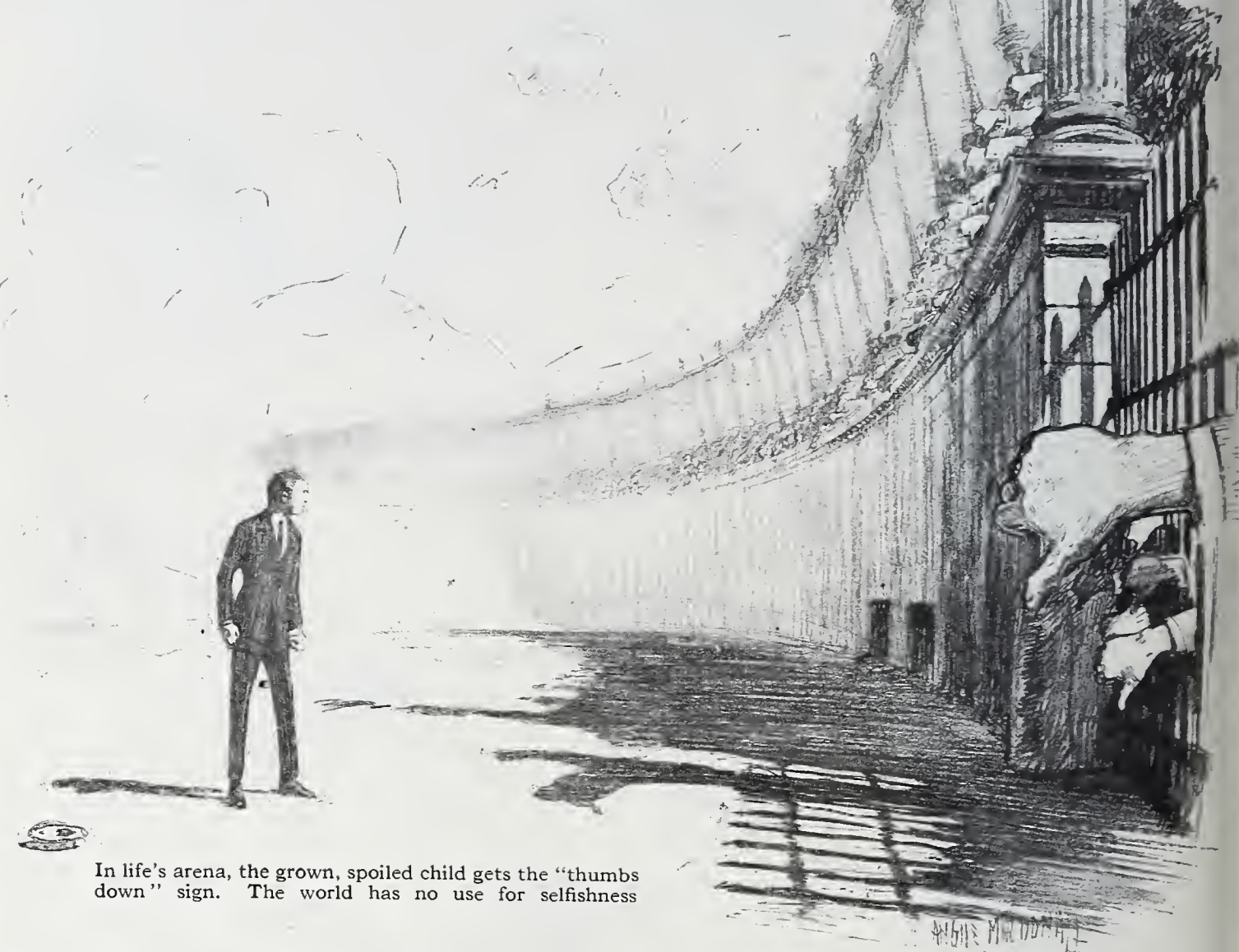
This interpretation, instruction, and guidance is the rod that King Solomon meant. Spare it, leave the child to his own resources, helpless, and you spoil him. That is a heavy responsibility to assume. Teaching the child would seem easier, yet some parents cannot see it.

A young couple had a very handsome little son. They thought him the most wonderful little fellow that ever was born, and they made up their minds to

conceited, bad-mannered—was the note one of them had made of him in her record book. "Jealousy," said the mother. "Those teachers are actually jealous because the child is brighter than they are and they have hard work to keep up with him."

A famous man announced his intention to visit the little town. He was the son of a man whom the town had delighted to honor. Now that this famous son was about to pay them the honor of a visit they decided to do their utmost to give him a fitting welcome.

There was to be a dinner given by



In life's arena, the grown, spoiled child gets the "thumbs down" sign. The world has no use for selfishness

give him a wonderful childhood by giving him everything that he wanted. They were the too-indulgent sort of parents.

In the beginning, Grandma lived with them. Afterwards, she went west to live with one of her other children. "Yes, Grandma went away," the mother said. "You see, she had the old-fashioned idea about children. She thought that they should be seen and not heard and all that sort of thing. She thought we were spoiling Hamilton. She couldn't get used to our treating him as one of us. I really think that the child annoyed her. Strange, how old people feel about children!"

Hamilton was what Grandma termed impudent and bold. The neighbors called it "bad breeding." He had no respect for older people. His teachers did not like him; difficult to teach,

the town officers with music and flowers and speeches. Hamilton's father was to be the toastmaster. The school was to give him a reception. A little boy was to make the speech of welcome and a little girl was to present the bouquet. It was a great honor to be chosen to do any of these things. Hamilton's father called upon the Principal and asked that his boy be allowed to make the speech. When the Principal demurred, he talked of family tradition and moral obligations and things of that sort. The Principal selected Hamilton, and the father was very proud.

PREPARATIONS went on merrily for the great party. Hamilton's mother, and all the other mothers lucky enough to belong to the town official party, got new dresses ready and were

animated and eager about their parts in the evening's festivities.

The day of the party, school was dismissed early to give the children a chance to dress up and come back looking their best for the reception in the afternoon. Hamilton with the others was frisking about on his way home.

A stranger came marching up the street. He was an elderly man of very upright carriage. His hat was high as to crown and broad as to brim and flapped as he strode briskly along. He carried a huge twisted stick which he swung and flourished and thudded as he planted his sturdily-booted feet.

Hamilton's honors had gone to his head. He picked up a stick, straightened out the brim of his hat and fell in behind the stranger, mimicking his every movement. A couple of the boys followed for a short distance but soon

fell away. People smiled at the strange couple or frowned as they passed.

Near the school the Principal appeared, stopped short at the sight of the stranger and then held out his hand. "How is it you are here? We did not expect you until the noon train."

"I came in a train ahead by mistake. But I have had an escort. Please introduce me."

Poor Hamilton was ready to sink from sight but the Principal introduced him.

"Yes; your grandfather was a friend of my father's. My compliments to your mother, young man."

Hamilton told his mother and was amazed to find that she took his story very seriously. In fact, she gave every evidence of being much upset over the happening.

"How should I know that the old guy was him? Is it my fault?"

Of course it wasn't his fault. But then, somebody had to be blamed for it and he was the smallest! Almost any adult old enough to have a child of his own knows what good manners are and fully understands what a handicap bad manners are to a child. Yet they will stand by and see their child growing up with no manners or very bad ones without a protest. Perhaps they think it is preserving the individuality of the child. In that case, the individuality is not worth saving. Better replace it with one more serviceable for every-day living. Or perhaps, they are just plain lazy. It is hard and persistent work that teaches a child good manners. Besides that, it requires a good example. It is the rod of self-restraint, and parents, like other folk, hate to use it upon themselves.

We all know the bad-mannered child. When the newspaper is brought in and laid on the table, he is the first to take it. He does not ask if he may; he does not offer it to the older people, nor ask if they would care to see the paper they buy daily. He takes it off to the cosiest corner in the room and proceeds to enjoy himself.

When seated at the dinner table, he announces that he doesn't like this and hates something else and demands of the serving-maid what there is for dessert. If the maid does not reply, his mother tells him.

He offers his opinion on the subject under discussion, with no shadow of doubt. He settles the Fiume question and disposes of the League of Nations without a second of hesitancy. He speaks first, loudest and longest.

The visitors hope that he goes

to bed early but that hope is soon dispelled for, as the group gathers about the fireplace, for a smoke and a chat, his mother beams upon the company and says, "Homer is going to have a special treat in your honor. He is going to stay up past his bedtime to-night!"

NOW why? Surely his parents must know that a child imposes restraint upon the visitors. There are things that they want to talk to the elders about. Perhaps it is a bit of business, a bit of friendly gossip, or a discussion that is far above his head. All of this must go by, because the fond parents think that the child is enjoying the pleasures of the grown-ups. Neither of them is enjoying anything. The child is bored and the grown-ups are irritated. They are storing up unpleasant memories regarding that particular child which will bode him no good in the future.

The child is just as appreciative of the

adult experiences you share with him, as you are of the childish games he shares with you. Remember the day you played hide-and-seek in the barn with the nine-year-olds? A little of that sort of thing goes a great way. Some of it must be done. But spare the friends of the family.

Let the child have his own life. It is a life of growth and development. A period of preparation! He needs your sympathy and interest and intelligent co-operation. Above all, he needs to be taught the rules of the game. Life is a complicated process at best. Reduced to fundamentals, it is getting along the best way possible with other people. It becomes simpler when one learns and follows the rules. And there are a few simple laws for human intercourse, and the simplest of minds can grasp them.

Consideration for the rights and feelings of others is the first law and, if one masters that, he has all the others. Some (Continued on page 73.)



Hamilton's honors had gone to his head. He fell in behind the stranger, mimicking his every move

ANGLO MACDONALD

THE MELTING LOT

By

Howard Brubaker

Illustrated by

Hawthorne Howland



Our telephone poles were defaced by posters announcing a game between the Grasshoppers and the Lincoln A. C.'s

WE old families in Grassmere prided ourselves upon being rather open-minded but we admitted two honest New England prejudices; one was against foreigners in our midst, the other was against letting our fields go untilled, our trees untrimmed and our cows un milked. Unfortunately, our farming community is not far from big industrial towns which stretch out their grimy hands, full of high wages, to the sturdy sons of our soil. Our farmer boys cheerfully galloped off after fat pay envelopes and short hours leaving us with our tidy little farms and our two prejudices. The practical consideration promptly devoured the sentimental one, as is so apt to happen in this faulty world. We did not like foreigners but we needed them in our business. As a consequence, our scenery was increasingly defaced by stocky, undersized people with high Slavic cheek-bones or queer Magyar noses or soft, dark Latin eyes.

This state of affairs was especially dis-

ness interests here and there but he yet had time to keep his eye upon Grassmere and view things with alarm. We might not always approve of Andy's way of putting things but, after all, he was one of us and we old families had to stick together.

If you know New England you know Grassmere or something sufficiently like it. It is more countryside than village, a beautiful clean, green spot with fine white colonial houses, all complete with good doorways, green shutters and revolutionary traditions, each upon its small farm so that we do not have to rub elbows with our neighbors. On the hills are elaborate new houses belonging to well-to-do city people. These summer residents have the best views but we have the best land. We live with them on terms, not of cordiality but of perpetual armistice. Privately we call them the "hillbillies." They help to make life expensive, but on the other hand they are welcome additions to the tax list. Our community has telephones and electric lights but no city

trespassing to Andrew Winthrop.

"I don't object to foreigners in their proper place," Andy said. "If they stay at home they can be as foreign as they please—the foreigner the better. But they are getting too thick around here. The other day I saw a woman with a barrel on her head. Is that the way for a Grassmere lady to act?"

Andy was a tall, flexible, homely man in the middle thirties, with a lazy drawl and a solemn humor. He had his farm to look after and some busi-

ness or gas; good macadam roads but no sidewalks; a school and a church but no business district; a railroad, a trolley and a rich mixture of motor cars.

"There's more foreign matter in our midst," Andy reported one day. "I saw a brand-new, tow-headed boy going toward the schoolhouse this morning with a younger sister trailing along about twenty feet behind. Probably there's some Polish rule of etiquette against being seen in public with your sister. I approached the boy with fair words but he gave a squeal like a frightened woodchuck and ran away. I suppose he thought I was going to have him arrested for using the road." He added with mock cheerfulness, "Well, our loss is Poland's gain!"

We learned more about the matter in a few days. Our latest misfortune was called Surrettsky; the father, in our language called Joe, had a job on Hezekiah Tinkham's truck farm. The cotton-topped lad was Mike and the girl who walked by herself was Sasha. They lived next to the creek in a cottage that was formerly half a barn—that is, a contractor had bought an old barn and made it the nucleus for two new houses. It was rather a shock when we awakened to the fact that Eel Creek Lane was now entirely Polish from the little corner grocery to the Minute-Man statue by the State road. Of course, that was not more than six or eight houses owing to the loose scatter way our town is put together.

IT was no longer a pleasure to drive a car down Eel Creek Lane because the younger Polish set persisted in living all over the road. Now, to make matters worse, the thrifty Surrettskys, being next door neighbors to a creek, were raising a large and promising family of ducks. The passing motorist always found these birds in the act of changing their plans, moving from one side of the road to the other, or *vice*



When the games were over it was a notable fact that Sasha was no longer "the girl who walked by herself"

versa in a procession which took a long time to pass a given point. Unless one's time was one's own it was far better to reach the State road by another route—taking precautions not to get into little Hungary.

The Hungarians clung together in a little side road near the trolley line. You did not realize how much of a colony it was until you drove down there to see somebody about the washing.

They believed themselves quite superior to the "Pollaks" (who, having one of their own, did not share this superstition) and not at all in the same class with the "Wops." Our scattered German and Irish elements looked down upon all of them as foreigners. These prejudices and counter-prejudices seemed at the time rather amusing, though perhaps we, who lived in the white houses, were not in a position to throw

stones. We had a blanket prejudice that covered the entire lot.

Andy Winthrop got excited about what he called the Latin Quarter—the little street between the railroad and the marsh.

"It was all lit up last night with lanterns in honor of some saint or other and there's an Italian flag on every house to-day. Do you know what they call it among themselves—our plain



old Anglo-Saxon Railroad Street? They call it *Avenue Garibaldi!*"

Andy reminded us of the Arab who invited a camel into his tent and got himself kicked out as a slight return for his benevolence.

"Anyway the door's slammed shut now," he said. "They can't import any more."

We were to have our other troubles during the war years but at least our foreign colonies did not grow. On the contrary, the fellows too young for the army showed a distressing tendency to run off to the towns and wallow in war wages. We leaned heavily upon such as Joe Surrettsky in those days of labor famine. Their feet had been in the soil all their lives and they were too old to transplant. Sometimes in winter they, too, tried their luck in the factories but with spring they always came creeping back with a distress in their insides and a renewed devotion to the good brown earth.

All this time, that small foreign substance, the tow-headed Mike, was growing constantly larger and less foreign. He had come to America when he was too young for self-determination but he adopted our institutions as fast as they were brought to his attention. It was not long before it was hard to distinguish him from our native sons. He spoke English as well as our boys—which was not any too well—and he had a normal dislike for shoes, washing and education. He took on a rich, brown tone at walnut time;

he was lumpy and rattly in the marble season; and he tried patriotically to blow off his hands on the Fourth of July. Long before our elders knew what was going on, it was perfectly well understood among our smaller, if not better people, that Mike was one of those rare spirits who could meet the ball square on the trademark and give it a long, fast ride.

Certain things can be taught; but hitters are born, not made. Poland may have its potential Ty Cobb who never saw a bat; Czecho-Slovakia its mute inglorious Babe Ruth. One beautiful afternoon in May, less than four years after he had left Poland to struggle along without him, Mike Surrettsky, standing at the home plate, knocked a ball through a window in the schoolhouse, a glory never before or since achieved by mortal boy!

FRED JONESCU who was living in the vicinity of third base at the time declared that the thing was whistling when it passed him. The ball when found by its owner under a desk in the third room was a sodden wreck. The matter appeared in the public records only as an item "*To glazing...\$.75*" but it seems to us now that Mike's power in the community dates back to the day of that historic swat.

When interviewed, on the way

Down in Eel Creek Lane, among the Polish children and was out in the road "thawing out the old

home, Mike is reported to have said in part:

"Some guys swings too late and some swings too quick. Wait'll you see where it is, then—biff!"

No doubt he meant to be helpful but the interview only goes to prove that hitting cannot be taught.

JUVENILE baseball evolves by slow and painful process out of chaos into order and discipline. The trouble is that it has to evolve all over again for each fresh crop of players. The game is more important than anybody's personal grievances, but this rule cannot be handed down from above like a Supreme Court decision. At first, Mike, like everybody else regardless of nationality, fought manfully for his alleged rights whenever they were trampled upon. As a result, the game was constantly defeating itself; what started as baseball invariably ended as pugilism. Games seldom lasted more than four innings owing to riotous conduct and mob scenes. Mike, who loved baseball better than anything else up to and including eating, began to throw his prestige on the side of law and order. "Aw play ball! Wha's the differ'nce?" came to be a guiding rule in his young life.

We learned these facts from our own



and ducks, Mike had already eaten his supper wing" with the collusion of a younger brother

highborn sons, who were constantly turning up late for meals.

"Mike kept us there till six o'clock!" some direct descendent of the Revolution was apt to say. "We played seven full innings. Mike busted a forty cent bat."

It gradually dawned upon us that the inhabitants of the school yard spent a good deal of time revolving about this Pole-star.

"Why do you let that foreign kid order you around?" Andy Winthrop asked his young nephew, a scion of a noble Grassmere house.

"He's the captain of the team," the boy replied.

"But why is he the captain of the team?"

"He got it up."

Andy demanded further enlightenment and was duly informed that when Mike leaned on one, fair and square, it was "*Good Night, ball*," that Mike never let anything get by first base, that Mike was a wonder at picking them for the team and that if anybody started any trouble Mike would very likely hit him with a bat.

"I should think you'd hate Mike," Andy said.

"Nobody hates Mike! He's always gener'ly laughing unless somebody tries to bust up the game."

In his half-serious way, which some-

times made it difficult to know whether he was in earnest or not, Andy talked this situation over among the first families and demanded to know whither we were drifting.

"It looks to me like a clear case of the dictatorship of the proletariat. We ought to take steps."

BUT before any steps could be taken the problem magically solved itself. Mike, having caught up with those who had started eight or ten generations ahead of him and having attained the age of working papers, now declared his education complete and went to work in the paper box factory at Staunton village, two miles away. To the Surrettsky family, higher education was a luxury beyond their means. Father Joe's agricultural income had risen slowly with the tide but the family had grown rapidly, both numerically and in eating powers and all hands were expected to help make ends meet. In summer, our sensibilities were sometimes shocked by the sight of Mike's mother wheeling a cheap, fluffy baby carriage which contained, not only the newest towhead, but also a ground fork and a hoe. For this sturdy peasant woman, who might easily have done housework in honest American fashion, chose to take day's work in the fields—at a man's wages. Sasha was still an economic liability; she continued to walk—by herself—to the daily mis-

fortune of education. Little wonder then, that Mike abandoned the pursuit of knowledge for the pursuit of the pay envelope as soon as the law allowed. Mike's job had no future and very little present, yet he expressed kindly sympathy for our descendents who had to continue in school.

"I carry home my eight dollars every Saturday!" he boasted.

But the Mike problem had not been settled long before a graver question arose—what Andy called a serious case of indigestion of our alien elements. One Saturday night, in the winter following the Armistice, the long-smouldering enmity between the Poles and the Hungarians broke out into actual violence. The casualty list contained some broken windows and heads with minor cuts and bruises. A little meeting was held in the church parlor to consider what should be done to protect Grassmere's good name. Andrew Winthrop had done a little investigating.

IT seems that there was a Polish wedding and some of the gentlemen dined too well. A mischief-maker brought a yarn about Hungarian threats against the noble Polish race and the able-bodied residents of Eel Creek Lane went to Little Hungary and indulged in riotous behavior. Personally I have no objection to Poles and Hungarians beating each other up, but it doesn't seem quite the thing for Grassmere, does it?"

The Melting Lot

The affair was childish in a way but with a serious difference. Boys can have fights and become good friends again, after a decent interval—say fifteen or twenty minutes. But this quarrel had left bad feeling that pointed to further trouble.

"We ought to establish some sort of community center," said the minister, "and try to draw these people together. It's being done in larger places—music, movies, athletics, that sort of thing."

We rejected the minister's proposal in the good old American way; that is, we praised it and referred it to a committee of busy men for respectable burial. But we spent the rest of the winter and early spring nervously alert for what might turn up. Hostility continued but there were no further riots.

"Perhaps there have not been any weddings," said the pessimistic Andy.

What "turned up" was quite different from anything expected, was something that we thought had been disposed of for all time; viz: Mike Surrettsky.

We had been vaguely aware that Mike was growing into a husky young fellow. One saw him coming home from the 5.30 trolley in almost man-sized clothes; he shaved and smoked a pipe and was quite a spectacle in Sunday finery. His father openly complained that Mike already spoke Polish with an American accent. Now, he threatened our altars and our fires. Mike smilingly proposed to organize a Grassmere baseball team—to have games in the Old Meeting House lot—on Sundays!

"We'll make short work of that young Pollak before this nonsense goes too far," said Andy.

"How is the law on Sunday baseball?" somebody asked.

"There's no law against it—the big factory towns got it repealed. But the lot is private property and we'll handle it that way. It belongs to the Harding estate—let's see, isn't somebody renting it now?"

"That Hungarian Jonescu. He uses it for a pasture."

"Let's drive around and see him."

Jonescu was polite and deferential, as becomes a foreigner—also stubborn.

"The boys ask me, Mr. Wint'rop. I say 'Sure I keep my cows home Sunday!' You know my boy, Fred? Mike say, mebbe he play third base, I dunno."

"They'll spoil the grass for your cows."

Jonescu delivered a Magyar shrug.

"No much hurt, I guess. My boy, Fred, work hard every day. Come Sunday, mebbe have a little fun!"

"I thought you—never mind, I'll see Mr. Harding."

"I was going to raise the Polish question," Andy said as

the "committee" drove away. "but it didn't seem quite sporting. We can't stimulate ill feeling, can we?"

However, he went straight to Ezra Harding, executor of the Harding estate, held in trust for his nephew and niece, both minor children.

"You know how people feel about the Old Meeting House lot," Andy said. "Can't you stop this baseball business? Jonescu only hired it for pasture purposes. It would break his lease."

"I have to rent it, in justice to the heirs."

"We could handle that part. I'll rent it myself and cut the hay."

Mr. Harding nervously whittled a stick; the skeleton in his closet was presently revealed. The truth was that young Robert Harding was not only an heir but, also, a promising young pitcher. Mr. Harding took no interest in such things personally but it was a matter of common knowledge that Robert had quite a hop on his fast one. He would be home from his preparatory school soon and Mike had promised to let him display his wares to the home folks.

"Well, think it over, Mr. Harding," said Andy. To his fellow committee-men he declared, "That's two strikes.

If we don't be careful, we'll fan. I guess we'll have to go over this evening and have it out with Mike."

In the late afternoon, Andy's little touring car collected three of us soldiers of the common good and crawled down Eel Creek Lane among the Polish children and ducks. Mike had already eaten his supper and was out in the road—"thawing out the old wing" with the collusion of a younger brother. When the car stopped he came forward smiling.

"You're thinking of organizing a baseball team, Mike?" asked Andy.

"Yeah! It's goin' fine, Mr. Winthrop. "I ain't sure about short yet but—"

"Would you get in and ride over to the lot with us? I want to show you something!"

"Sure!" Mike tossed his glove to his brother and climbed in. Andy stopped the car at the scene of the proposed crime and pointed to a signboard erected by the Daughters of the American Revolution.

Mike read without difficulty:

*"SITE OF MEETING HOUSE
BURNED IN 1776
BY THE BRITISH"*

"And that." Andy pointed towards the cemetery across the road where a similar sign announced that it was the burial place of many soldiers of the Revolution.

"If any guy touches them signs, he'll wish he hadn't," said Mike.

"No, that isn't the point. We folks, here in Grassmere, like this place. It's a—you know—historical relic. About the only one we have. They never rebuilt the church here, but this is the old graveyard. George Washington came down this very road on the way to Cambridge to take command of the army."

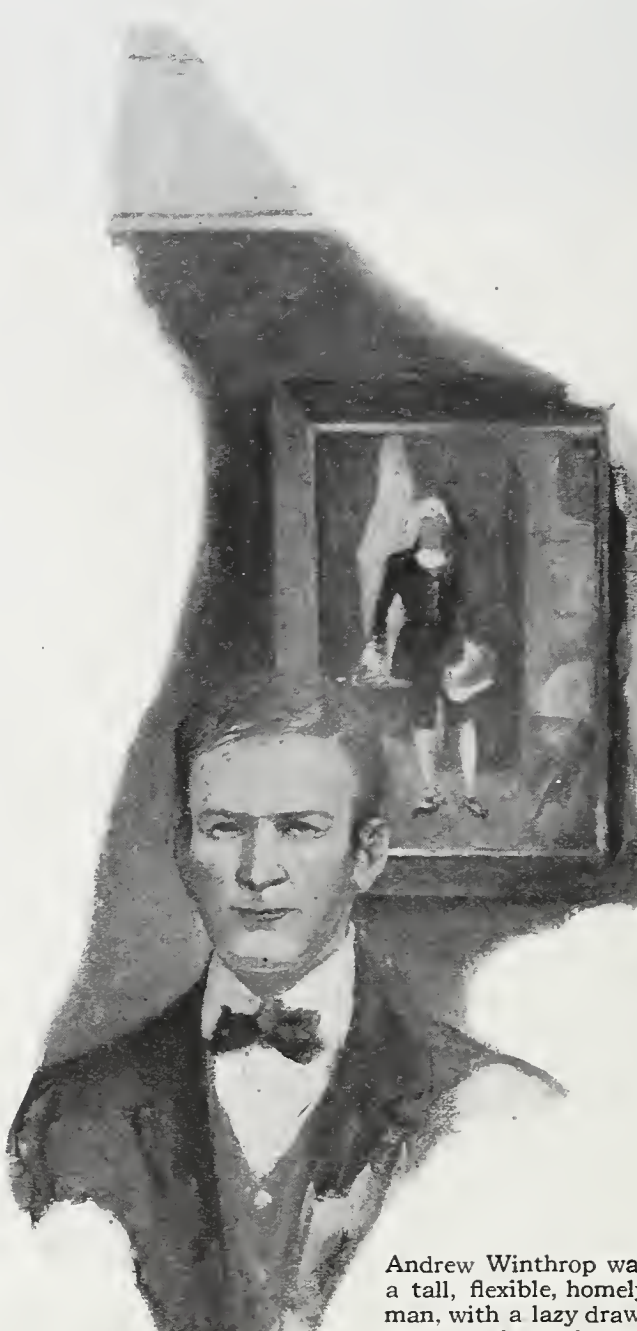
Washington, it seemed, was not a total stranger to Mike; in fact, some countrymen of his had helped the General with his job. He refreshed our memories about Kosciusko. Suddenly he slapped his knee as one stricken with an idea.

"I tell you what let's call 'em—now listen—how's this? The Grassmere Young Washington Giants."

Thus did Mike Surrettsky propose to do honor to the father of his adopted country.

It was hard to convince Mike that he must find some other field. It was the best place in town, he pointed out, level and big. Jonescu's cows kept it cropped short. The schoolhouse lot wasn't half big enough. Anyway, it had been a long time since there was any church here.

"There's another thing," said Andy, pretending that this point was settled. "People around here like to observe Sunday. (Continued on Page 66)



Andrew Winthrop was a tall, flexible, homely man, with a lazy drawl and a solemn humor

THE RANCHO IN THE RAIN

By Henry Herbert Knibbs

THE rabbit's ears are flattened and he's crouchin' close and still
Beneath the drippin' cedar: and the quail across the hill
Are huddled up together where the brush is low and thick;
The purple hills are sheddin' snow and chokin' up the creek;
The clouds are low and level, draggin' slow across the plain;—
And myself? I'm settin' smokin' and a-smilin' at the rain.

There's a saddle that needs fixin' and some overalls that's tore,
But the stock is fed and watered and the milk is on the shelf:—
Now a woman, she would have a fit to see the kitchen floor,
But I'm bachin' on the desert, and I'm runnin' things myself.

Kind of lonesome? Not exactly. Kind of used to livin' so;
If I feel the need of talkin', there's the pup that's full of pranks,
And the hosses in the stable munchin' lazy-like and slow,
And it's company to feed 'em and to hear 'em nicker thanks.

With my feet ag'in the fender and the fire a-snappin' bright,
And the cozy smell of cedar-wood a mixin' with my smoke,
And a rarin', tearin' story of the range that's ribbed up right,
What's the use to fix the damper where the isinglass is broke?

I'm a bachin'—that's the answer; takin' orders jest from me;
And I aim to say I'm workin' for a kind of easy boss;—
Not forgettin' there's The Marster lookin' down, and He can see
If I'm ridin' with the drags or puttin' every deal across.

Kind of simple, this here livin', if a fella keeps his head,
Keeps his stock from gettin' ribby, keeps his fences tight and straight,
Sweats enough to keep him limber—ain't a scared to go to bed
When the fellas are a drinkin', playin' cards and settin' late.

Ridin' range and punchin' cattle, I've took notice now and then,
That the man who uses critters right is like to reach the top;
If he's good at jedgin' hosses, then he's good at jedgin' men,
But a man ain't savin' money that will work 'em till they drop.

But it's rainin'—just a roarin' and the desert's drinkin' deep!
On the bunk-house roof the water's dancin' sassy-like and cold.
The world she looks as if she'd kind of like to go to sleep,
Kind of yawnin' and a shiverin' and feelin' mighty old.

Here come Buddy cross the pasture, buttin' weather strong and stout;
Now I wonder what's the racket? *Yearlin' bogged at Sandy Brake?*
Hunt the stove—I'll get my slicker. Say you couldn't git her out?
Well, I reckon we can make it. I'll just saddle up old Jake.

That's the way it goes a ranchin'; never know what's goin' to come,
Luck or trouble, till it hits you—and you've got to guess it some;
Saved that yearlin' Mud and leather! but the fire feels good ag'in!
Yes, you got to keep a-guessin' and you'll hit it, now and then.

Night has stitched the clouds together now, jest left a hole or two
And a mighty slimsy linin' where the water's pourin' through,
But it's feedin' thirsty pasture, makin' hay and makin' grain,
And I'm settin' here and smokin' and a-smilin' at the rain!



THE IMMIGRANT'S CHALLENGE

By Anzia Yeziarska

Decoration by Willy Pogany

I AM the ignorant immigrant of the street. I hunger and thirst for education. I am consumed with famine for knowledge—not the dead knowledge of dead books. I'm too hard pressed with the struggle for bread to have time or patience for lifeless, bloodless book-learning. I can't swallow the second-hand stuff that college people hand out. I long for live knowledge—electric, dynamic knowledge—knowledge that will help me give out what's in me.

I am the ignorant immigrant of the street. I have come to give the dreams and hopes of ages to America. But I'm choked dumb with the suppressions of centuries. I'm burning with things to say but—I don't know how to say them. I only stammer and stutter and grow red in the face with confusion when I get near you. Hunger leaps out of my eyes to you. The voiceless in me makes frantic gestures to you—help me find voice—help me give out what's in me. Only one friendly, comprehending look and—I'm articulate!

But you educated ones are too tight-hearted. You are too shut-in and—you shut me out. You freeze me with your arm's length stare. You see only the crude shell of me—the uncouth aggressiveness, the wild gesticulations, the over-emotionalism.

Shut-out of humanizing, socializing contacts—forced back upon myself over and over again, yet the resistless pressure of my hunger—the burning anguish of my ignorance—breaks through all barriers. I am driven back to you. Something in me stronger than myself drives me back in spite of all rebuffs. Because you are the educated and I am the ignorant. You have the power of knowledge and I can only look up to you, powerless.

You, the educated, the guardians of the spirit of America—what is your education? A cold, hard, dead thing—inorganic, metallic as Midas's gold. You do not circulate your education. You hoard it as a miser hoards gold. When the

Here is a very remarkable document. We print it just as it came to us from the writer, who came as an immigrant to this country. There are parts of it that will make you wince, possibly because you will feel the truth of some points of this passionate protest. Let us not reject it, however, for it is the sincere cry of one who wants to be an accepted American. Only through understanding can America and her immigrants reach a common goal

ignorant come clamoring to you, you dole it out in thin dribblets. Your education is uncreative—that is why you hold yourself aloof and build barriers—because you fear the creative force of the ignorant.

You, the educated, are the stone wall against your professed aims of education. You are dense, opaque, pig-headed with piggish pride.

What is the purpose of education? Is it not to make fluid the spirit of love—to share the beauty of the sun and stars among the people of the earth? But you use your education to wedge yourself into the smug and safe aristocracy. You use your education to hold hands with the rich. You are not servants of the people. You are footlickers of those in power.

Ah! What miracles I could achieve if I had your education! More than the hunger for bread is my hunger for knowledge. More than my longing for life is my longing to know. You make no use of your knowledge. With you, knowledge is a sterile thing of dead roots—inhibitions—fears. With me, knowledge would live, expand, reach out, radiate among millions.

I am an explorer, on fire with thirst for new worlds, but without ships to get there. You have the ships, but no urge, no thirst for new worlds. I have a message. You have the language, the medium for spreading my message.

My hands reach out to you. I cannot help it. I beg—I pray! Do not throw me a stone when I come for bread. Do not give me the cold sterility of your haughty intellect when I need the warmth of your spirit. Your love, your heart, is what I need—also your humility—your need of the things I have to give as I have need of you. I am burning to give out all that I am but I can only do so if you give me all that you are. Share yourself with me, share yourself—all that you are—share yourself as Christ shared his Being with the lowest of the low. Then, then only will the Sermon on the Mount be made alive and real among the people of America.





Baby contestants for the Blue Ribbon in the Fourth of July Baby Parade at Locust Valley, Long Island

Photos by Jos. Burt

WHAT ONE NURSE DID IN OUR TOWN

By E. Fred Eastman



Miss Weber believes that a good beginning is half the battle of life for a baby

This is what the author wrote to us concerning this story—

"WE, in our town, were just as proud and complacent as you are. Our children's cheeks were just as rosy. We knew, as well as you do, how to bring babies into the world and how to take care of the sick. But our complacency has had some rude bumps during the past four years and now we feel a bit more humble. It might save a few lives and much sickness for you to read and ponder the story of Miss Coba Weber and Locust Valley, Long Island."

YOUR town is a good town, perfectly normal, reasonably intelligent and filled with people who are more or less cultured. Just as you do not need a school and village nurse. Of course not. But how many potential epidemics are lurking in the atmosphere of your town—epidemics which might be prevented if detected in time? How many of our bright-faced children have inipient diseases or defective teeth, eyes, ears, tonsils or lungs? How many of the babies being born into your community are receiving proper pre-natal and post-natal care—care that will help give them sound bodies and

nerves? How many of your sick or disabled are really suffering because they do not know how to follow up their doctor's advice or how to take care of their wounds? Who is looking after the babies who are underfed, and the poor who are in distress but too proud to ask for help? If you fell sick and no private nurse were available, is there any one in your town who would drop in to give you trained care?

Miss Coba Weber came to us four years ago during the epidemic of infantile paralysis. She came simply to act as matron of our Emergency Hospital but she has been here ever since

and, to-day, most of the people in our village would agree that she is the most important individual factor in our community life. We could spare a few of our millionaires; we could get along without one or two of our retired farmers; we could even do with fewer public officials; but we cannot dispense with Miss Coba Weber, our School and Village Nurse.

By what a strange combination of circumstances she came! And what obstacles she faced! She was in Belgium in 1914, when the war broke out. Through turbulent and tragic days she served until her health broke down and she came back to this country to recuperate.

By the time she was able to work again, the epidemic of infantile paralysis was sweeping over Long Island and Death like a piper was piping our children away to the land from which they would never return. Dr. George Draper and his assistants who had been assigned to help us by the New York State Department of Health issued a call to the citizens of our county asking for the establishment of an emergency hospital. Theodore Roosevelt was made chairman of our Citizens' Committee on Public Health. This



Photos by
Jos. Burt

Committee attempted to secure an emergency hospital in the village of Oyster Bay. There were several dozen misunderstanding voters in the township who were convinced that the whole epidemic was hysteria for which John D. Rockefeller was primarily responsible. Mr. Rockefeller, they said, had established a Foundation for Medical Research. This Foundation was just so much honey for the doctors. The doctors, like bees, were seeking the honey and they were stinging us. The New York newspapers watched our battle with amused curiosity. The local authorities finally decided against the Citizens' Committee and Mr. Roosevelt was gently advised to confine his efforts to the discussion of national rather than local problems.

So it was that the Citizens' Committee appealed to us in Locust Valley to provide the emergency hospital, raising the funds by public subscription. Our Neighborhood Association took up the task. Our president and our minister came before our motion picture audience on the following night, which was Saturday. They urged us to omit church service the following morning and to come with brooms, mops, shovels, hammers, whitewash, and so forth, to an old residence which had been secured that day. If the whole village would work on the job, they said we would be able to convert the house into an emergency hospital within forty-eight hours.

Some seventy or seventy-five people appeared early on Sunday morning and, by four o'clock in the afternoon, the house had had a complete cleaning from garret to cellar (including both), and was in sanitary order for its new purpose. The local plumbers worked Saturday night and Sunday connecting



Miss Weber is a district nurse to the whole village. Her work is not confined to an eight-hour day nor is any limit set to her friendly services. Below, the young generation at play under the trees at Locust Valley

up a water supply, putting in new fixtures and generally overhauling the plumbing. The Telephone and Electric Light companies connected up the wires Sunday and Monday. The next two days were spent in securing hospital necessities, kitchen utensils, blankets, and the thousand and one things necessary for conducting a hospital. Doctors, nurses, a cook, and a laundress were secured and, on Thursday, patients began to arrive.

Amid the confused mass of equipment that came to us, we saw the figure of Miss Weber busily engaged in bringing order out of chaos. She was a medium-sized, fair-haired, blue-eyed

girl—not the sort one sees on magazine covers, but a heap more dependable. Somehow, by the time the first patient arrived, she had a ward ready for them and hot meals and all the essential service which belongs to modern hospitals. Of course, the hospital was quarantined at once and for the next two months we did not see Miss Weber. We knew she must be having her own troubles, for we knew that the cook had left, and that the laundress left, and that the nurses fell ill, but we knew also that the hospital was continuing its service to the patients. Many a day Miss Weber cooked all the meals and did the work of a laundress and relieved the nurses—all this in spite of a weak head.

Finally, the epidemic was over and the Piper passed on to other communities. There were only two deaths in our hospital among our twenty-seven patients. The mortality was less than eight per cent, while the records of New York City for the period of the epidemic showed a mortality of twenty

six per cent. When full credit had been given to the doctors and the other nurses, a large share remained for Miss Weber and the Directors of our Neighborhood Association, and our School Board agreed that she was too valuable a person to lose from the community. They engaged her to stay as School and Village Nurse. They gave her a program and prescribed no hours or methods. "Here is the village," they said. "See what you can do to give us more health and less sickness. And don't let us have another epidemic!"

Now there were only fifteen hundred people in our village and we were widely scattered. Most of us doubted very

much if a School and Village Nurse could find enough to do. Moreover certain obstacles, many of them two-legged, began to appear. Miss Weber's first concern was with the children of the Public School. She was welcomed most cordially by the principal and teachers, but a number of the parents objected to having their children subjected to any sort of physical examination. They felt it was a slur upon the care given the children at home. When the nurse advised them to consult a doctor about some incipient disease whose effects were not yet obvious or painful, she was often regarded as we regard those who increase the cost of living. Another object was the fear of patronage; if the nurse came into one of our homes, following up some ailment discovered in school, would not the neighbors say that we were objects of charity?

BUT such obstacles could not stand long against the approach of a devoted girl whose face radiated friendship and whose hands were always busy relieving human suffering. The obstacles that did persist were the ignorance and the prejudice of those who still clung to superstition rather than to science, and who wished to set their opinions against the trained judgment of experts and even insisted that their children be governed by their opinions rather than by the advice of the doctor or the nurse. The thing that did surprise us was the tremendous amount of educational work that had to be done in a village of fifteen hundred souls who regarded themselves as more or less cultured, and typically American. The greatest obstacle was undoubtedly our self-satisfaction. We were a prosperous and intelligent community, we thought, and except in the case of epidemic what was there that a School and Village Nurse could do for us?

Miss Weber began with our Public School—the pride of our town! The school authorities were glad to give her a free hand, but most of them would admit that they were very skeptical about any great good that a nurse could do among our bright and robust-looking children. Miss Weber gave each one of our two hundred and forty children a physical examination—and gave us the shock of our lives.

She discovered eight cases of defective vision, seventy-two of defective teeth, ten of defective breathing, nine cases of skin diseases, ten diseased tonsils, three cases of nervous trouble, two cases of cardiac difficulty, two cases of orthopedic defect, one of defective hearing and one of pulmonary disease. In other words, one hundred and eighteen—nearly 50 per cent—of our two hundred and forty children needed medical attendance—and we had prided ourselves on the splendid appearance of our children and the care we had given them!

She followed up each case, giving accurate information to the parents,

and endeavoring to have each child receive the proper medical treatment. For example, Minnie Shafer had complained of headaches. In a simple physical examination, Miss Weber discovered that Minnie's eyes were poor. The next day she called on Minnie's mother. The mother did not welcome the information and was inclined to resent Miss Weber's interference in her family affairs. But the nurse would not give up and finally she persuaded the mother to permit her to take Minnie to a New York hospital for further examination. There Miss Weber's judgment was confirmed. Glasses were provided and Minnie was told to wear them constantly. Within a few days her headache disappeared. In school she advanced rapidly in writing and reading. At home, she was a brighter and happier girl.

Little Jimmie Clark, eleven years old, was rather dull in school. His speech was impaired by severe stammering. His writing was nervous and, in the rest of his studies, he was so backward that his teacher had small hope of his promotion. Miss Weber's examination brought out the fact that Jimmie had adenoids and very large tonsils. Jimmie's parents consented to have him taken to a New York hospital where the tonsils and adenoids were removed. Within a few weeks, Jimmie was so much improved that his stammering ceased and he began to catch up in his studies. By the end of the term, he was so well caught up that he was promoted with the rest of his class.

In like manner, day in and day out, Miss Weber followed up her school cases. By the end of six months, she had seen to it that forty-five of the children with defective teeth had received dental attention. And the necessary medical treatment had been given to six of the children with defective vision; to six of those with diseased tonsils; to six of those with defective breathing; to one nervous patient; and to all the fifteen others in need of special attention.

IN the meantime, she was beginning her preventive work. It was not enough to detect and correct incipient cases of disease. Somehow, she must *prevent* disease so far as it was humanly possible to do so. So she established her Health Catechism and a system of grading for cleanliness. Every morning she inspected the pupils in each grade. Each child was, and still is, asked these questions daily:

1. Did you wash your hands and face before each meal yesterday?
2. Did you brush your teeth last night and this morning?
3. Do you have a handkerchief this morning?

If all the pupils of a given grade could answer "Yes" to these three questions

that grade received a 100 per cent mark for the day. The grade having the highest rating for the month won the Hygienic Banner for the month. It was not long before a keen competition for this banner sprang up among the children. It was not necessary for the nurse or the teacher to scold the boy who came to school with dirty hands or face. He was condemned by his fellows in his grade.

For example, Freddy Andrews persisted in coming to school with dirty hands. It became evident to everybody in his grade that the banner would be lost unless drastic action was taken. So, at recess, Freddy was hustled to the basement and thoroughly scrubbed by the other boys in his class.

Willie Perkins, while on his way to school, happened to remember that he had not brushed his teeth. He hurried back home and brushed them so that his grade might have a 100 per cent mark in hygiene for that day.

Booth Tarkington will not believe these stories. But Mr. Mould, the Principal of our school, vouches for them and insists that these boys are "regular fellers" and not Georgie Bassetts.

Hygiene talks have been made a weekly feature in the school curriculum. The children have learned what germs are and how to treat them. "What should we do to our person when we have had a contagious disease?" Miss Weber asked a lad. "Burn it!" replied the boy.

THE children have been much interested in the weighing contests instituted by the nurse. She weighs each boy and girl once a month and marks the record on a weight chart which is kept in the class room. The weight chart is divided into two sections—one section, written in blue, for those of normal weight; the other, written in red, for those whose weight is below normal. Needless to say, the children strive to change the red to blue.

Johnny Walters, a five-year old Kindergarten, gained two pounds in one month. When asked how he managed to gain so much he said, "Oh, I cut out drinking coffee and drink milk now."

Our children are reasonably peaceful and we have had no earthquakes, yet in one year, Miss Weber was obliged to use fifty ten-yard rolls of bandages to dress the cuts and bruises that occurred on the school grounds.

At the Neighborhood House, Miss Weber instituted her First Aid Classes for boys and her Home Hygiene and Care of the Sick Classes for girls. The value of these classes is not a matter of speculation—their worth is beyond reckoning.

"Three years of this preventive work in the school," says Mr. Mould, our Principal, "has greatly reduced the amount of remedial (Continued on Page 71)



(At Left) King Oweida of Nauru Island, who is President of the Red Cross Society of native workers. Almost any day he can be seen going about the island on his bicycle, to which is attached the Red Cross flag. The two natives are his faithful attendants

(At right) A glimpse of the natives at work in one of the phosphate of lime mines of Nauru. This industry employs about one thousand people and turns out each year hundreds of thousands of tons of fertilizer which is sent to every country in the world



(Below) The native police force of Nauru Island saluting the Administrator on one of his visits. Before the war Nauru Island was one of the German territories in the Pacific, but since 1914 has been in British hands. Excellent administration has done wonders for the welfare of the native population

Thos. J. McMahon Photos

THE RED CROSS FLAG IN

Even on distant Nauru Island,

ONE of the most extraordinary things that has come out of this dramatic world in the last six years has been the growth of the Red Cross idea. There is scarcely a spot in the inhabited globe to-day that hasn't witnessed some part of humanity's effort to hold out a helping hand. In country after country, in nation after nation, men and women have given without stint and labored without reward that those who were in distress might feel the magic touch of sympathy. These pictures give a vivid glimpse of one of the far places of the earth to which the idea has spread.

The little island of Nauru is in the vast Central Pacific. It is only twelve miles in circumference but on account of its rich deposits of phosphate of lime, it is one of the most remarkable islands in the whole world.



The Administrator is here shown making one of his periodical tours of the island and visiting the outlying native communities. The roads of the island are very good and a Ford car and a Red Cross flag make a fine advance guard for civilization



(At Left) One of the beautiful lagoons of Nauru Island, where the luxuriant tropical vegetation finds itself reflected in the smiling water. Since ice boxes are unknown, the natives use lagoons for keeping fresh the fish they bring from the ocean

(Below) The King and Queen and members of the Royal Ballet which occasionally gives entertainments for the benefit of the local Red Cross fund. The King can be distinguished by the silk hat he wears. The customs of his followers may be different from ours, but their hearts are in the right place

CENTRAL PACIFIC SEAS

humanity's heart beats the same



WHEN the war began, Red Cross work was eagerly taken up by the white people of the Phosphate Settlement, and also by the native inhabitants under the presidency of their king, Oweida by name.

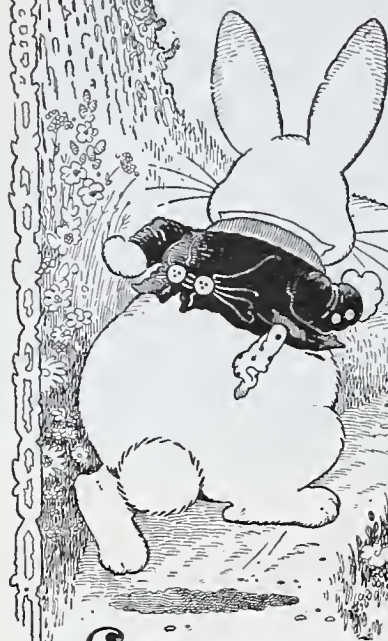
Since 1917, over Three Thousand Pounds Sterling have been collected on the island. Every house of the Settlement and every hut of the native villages shows either a Red Cross badge in the window or a Red Cross flag flying from the roof. The native king is frequently to be seen riding about on a bicycle to which is attached a Red Cross flag. Two stalwart young natives as runners are always in attendance upon him, either to hold his bicycle, or to carry his messages.

Red Cross work on Nauru Island is under the direction of the British Red Cross.

OLD MR. TOAD OPENS PETER RABBIT'S EYES

By Thornton W. Burgess

Illustrated by Harrison Cady



PETER RABBIT was in a hurry! He was in a great hurry. You see he had just been chased out of the garden by Farmer Brown's boy, and he wasn't quite sure that Bowser the Hound wasn't with Farmer Brown's boy. If he was, it would be best not to stay too near that garden. So Peter was in a hurry. People, found in a place where they have no business to be, usually are in a hurry when they leave. Perhaps you have noticed that.

So, in the dusk of early evening, Peter scampered down the Crooked Little Path, lipperty-lipperty-lip, as only he can. Being in a hurry he was heedless—a not uncommon failing of people in a hurry. But Peter is such a happy-go-lucky fellow that he is apt to be heedless even when not in a hurry. Perhaps, too, the fact that he was looking behind him to see if he was being followed had something to do with it. Anyway, he ran smack into Old Mr. Toad and knocked him over on his back.

Peter stopped. He first made sure that he wasn't being followed. Then he turned to Old Mr. Toad. "Excuse me," said he. "I didn't see you at all!" Then Peter began to laugh. "Ha, ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho, ho!" he laughed. You see, Old Mr. Toad was flat on his back and was having a dreadful time trying to turn over and get to his feet again. He was so awkward and clumsy as he kicked and struggled that he looked very funny indeed.

At last Old Mr. Toad got to his feet, and he was so indignant that for a minute or two he couldn't find his voice. When he did, he fairly sputtered.

"What do you mean, you long-legged bunch of

heedlessness?" he demanded. "What are you laughing at? I don't see anything to laugh at."

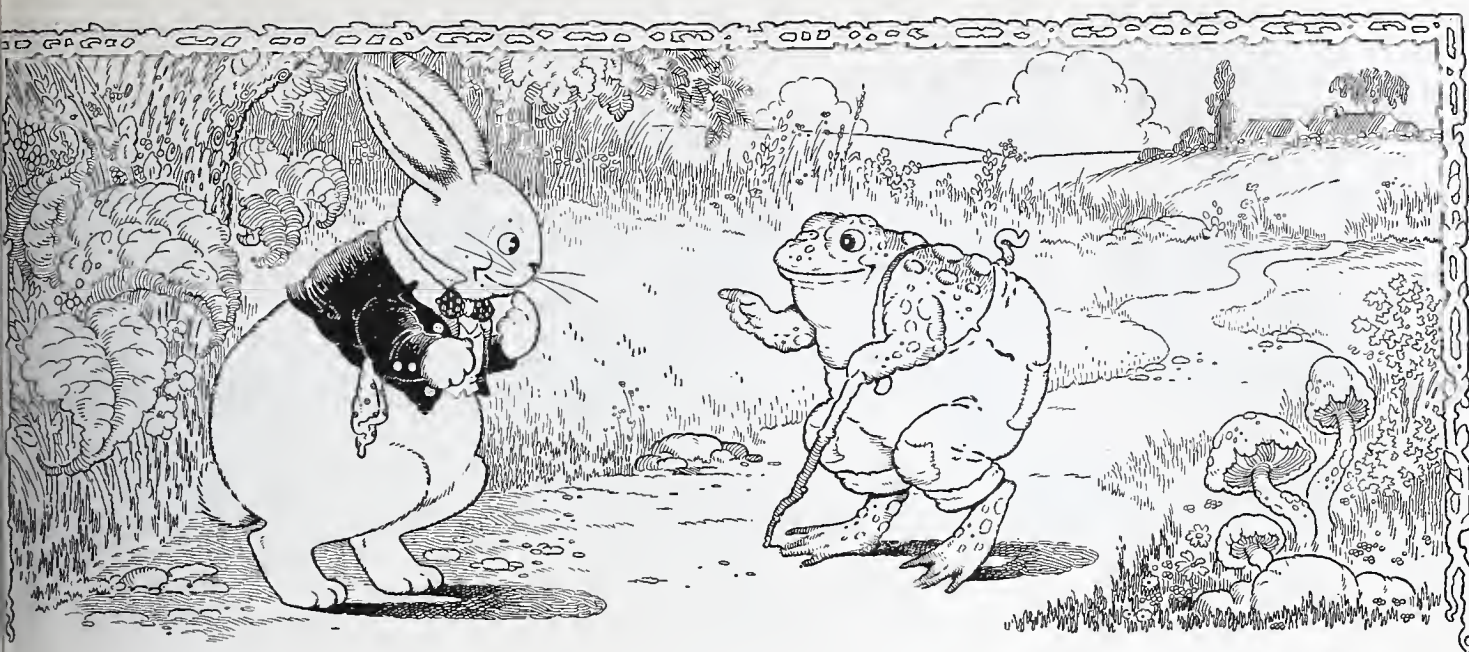
"That's because you couldn't see yourself," retorted Peter, wiping tears of laughter from his eyes. "You looked too funny for anything." Then he tried to make his face sober. "I'm sorry, Mr. Toad. Truly I am," said he. "I didn't do it purposely. You were right in my way and I didn't see you at all. If you had hopped out of my way it wouldn't have happened."

Old Mr. Toad was so swelled out with indignation that he looked in danger of bursting his coat. Peter had hard work to keep from laughing again. "Why should I have hopped out of your way?" Mr. Toad demanded sharply. "Do you own the Crooked Little Path? Haven't I just as much right on it as you? Why should I have hopped out of your way? Tell me that!"

"For your own good," chuckled Peter. "I'm even so much bigger and stronger than you and—"

"How does that give you any more right on the Crooked Little Path than I have?" interrupted Old Mr. Toad. Without waiting for a reply, which was just as well for Peter, he continued. "The trouble with a lot of big people is that they think that size and strength give them a lot of rights that others don't have; that they can do just as they please regardless of others not big enough to stop them; that just because they happen to be big they are more important than their smaller neighbors. So they do as they please without regard to their neighbors and sometimes actually fool themselves into thinking that it is right and proper. Huh! A pretty kind of a place the Great World would be if that





"Some folks, Peter Rabbit, are not half so important as those they look down on"

ere true! Huh! Let me tell you, Peter Rabbit, some folks are not half so important as some of those they look down on."

"Meaning that you are more important than I?" asked Peter, and chuckled at the idea.

"I didn't say so," snapped Old Mr. Toad. "But do say that I have just the same right on this crooked Little Path that you have, and anybody else has an equal right. There was no more just reason for me to get out of your way than there was for you to get out of my way. If you had given me half a chance I would have stepped aside for you to pass. But just because you were thinking of nobody but yourself you didn't pay any heed to your steps and knocked me over, and then thought it a great joke. I wish you would answer me one question. What good do you do in the Great World to make it a better place to live in?"

"Why—why—" began Peter, scratching a long ear with a long hind foot, a way he has of doing when he is puzzled. "Why—" Then, because he couldn't answer the question to his own satisfaction, he lost his temper. People are that way. "Why, you little, bow-legged, homely, big-mouthed, pop-eyed, warty runt, I certainly do as much good in the Great World as you do!" he snapped.

Old Mr. Toad, instead of becoming angrier, suddenly chuckled. "That wasn't what I asked you," said he. "I haven't said that you don't do as much good as I do. Instead of answering my question, you call me bow-legged, homely, big-mouthed, pop-eyed and warty. I am all of those things, but that isn't my fault. I was made that way. But what have looks to do with doing such good as I can? Nothing. There may be nothing beautiful about me, but—"

Just then Old Mr. Toad turned his head so that

the light fell full in his eyes, and Peter gave a little gasp of surprise and pleasure. It seemed to him that he had never seen more beautiful eyes. Probably he never had, for Old Mr. Toad's eyes are truly beautiful, having the glint of pure gold in them. "I—I—I apologize for what I said, Mr. Toad," stammered Peter. "Your eyes are lovely! They are wonderful! I never really saw them before."

Old Mr. Toad chuckled away down in his throat. It was plain that he was pleased. "You usually can find something beautiful in the homeliest person if you look for it," said he, dryly. "You've been up in Farmer Brown's garden," he added.

"How do you know?" asked Peter in great surprise.

"You left in such a hurry that you didn't finish that last lettuce leaf; a bit of it is hanging from a corner of your mouth now," retorted Old Mr. Toad. "I was on the way up there myself."

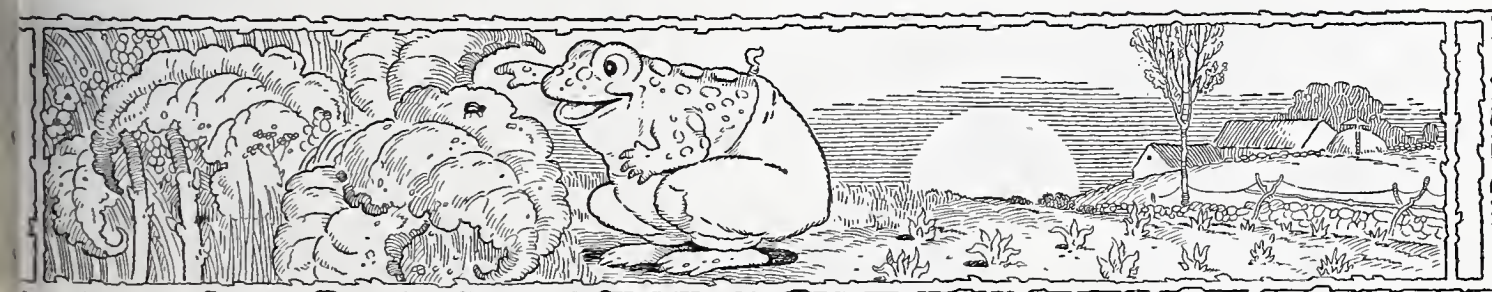
"Well, you better keep away from there," replied Peter. "Farmer Brown's boy just chased me out of there. You are so slow, you wouldn't have much chance if he got after you."

"Farmer Brown's boy won't chase me out of there; he'll be glad to have me there," replied Old Mr. Toad confidently. "I work for him every night."

"You work for Farmer Brown's boy!" exclaimed Peter.

"Well," explained Old Mr. Toad, "of course, I work for myself but, at the same time, I work for him. I keep his plants free from bugs that would destroy them. I get a good living and at the same time make it possible for those plants to live and grow. That is part of what I do, or try to do, to make the Great World a better place to live in. Farmer Brown's boy doesn't seem to care because I am bow-legged, homely—"

"Please forget I said that," begged Peter, looking





But Farmer Brown's boy always chased Peter Rabbit out of the garden

very much ashamed. "I am beginning to see that you really are important, more important than I had any idea of. If five minutes ago anyone had asked me of what use you were, I should have said that you were none at all, just a common little person the Great World would never miss. But now I—I—well, I guess you are of more use than I am, Mr. Toad."

"I wouldn't say that," replied Old Mr. Toad kindly. "You see, I don't know of what real use you are, just as you didn't know of what use I am."

"I guess, come to think it over, I'm not of any use," said Peter, a little sadly and very meekly.

"Nonsense!" retorted Old Mr. Toad. "Everybody is of some use, or can be if he will. It does the rest of us little people of the Green Forest and the Green Meadows a lot of good just to see you hopping and skipping about having a good time. Everybody loves you, Peter, and, without you, something good would be missing from our lives. So you see you *are* of use in making us glad. The trouble with you is that you are such a heedless, careless, happy-go-lucky chap that you never stop to think. How many lettuce plants did you eat up there in Farmer Brown's garden?"

"Oh, I just took two or three of the tenderest leaves out of several," replied Peter carelessly.

"There you are!" declared Old Mr. Toad triumphantly. "Instead of eating your fill from one plant you destroyed a number without gaining anything. Of course you hadn't any right to touch that lettuce at all. But the least you could have done would have been to destroy only one plant."

"Those are just plants, and I've got just as much right to them as Farmer Brown's boy," declared Peter Rabbit stoutly.

Old Mr. Toad shook his head. "Did you plan them?" he asked. "Have you watered and tended them and helped them to grow? Farmer Brown's boy has done all those things. But for him there wouldn't be any lettuce there. They are his plants and you haven't any right to them at all. You don't need them! You have plenty of sweet clover and other things to eat down by the Old Briar-patch, things you have as much right to as anybody. But you like lettuce and, simply because you want it, you help yourself without a thought that you may be doing someone else a great wrong."

"Selfishness, Peter! Just selfishness! That's all that's the matter with you. Fact is, that's all that's the matter with a lot of folks. Nobody can live for himself alone. It just can't be done. Everything he does affects somebody else, just as your heedlessness here on the Crooked Little Path upset me and my temper. You didn't mean to do it, but you did it. The result was just the same as if you had meant to."

"When each one does his part in the work of the Great World, getting all he rightly can for himself while helping others to get all they can, it will be a great place in which to live. Well, if I don't get up to that garden pretty soon, the bugs will eat all you left. So long, Peter! And Peter—"

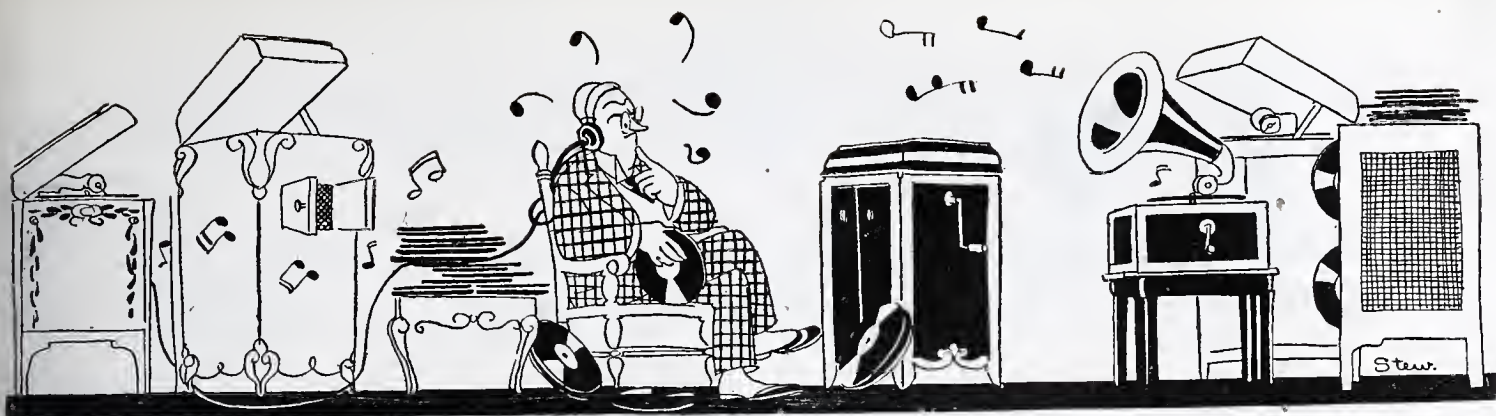
"What?" asked Peter meekly.

"Don't forget that we common little people may not always be as unimportant as we look," said Old Mr. Toad with a twinkle in his eyes, and started up the Crooked Little Path.

Peter scratched a long ear with a long hind foot as he watched Old Mr. Toad slowly and awkwardly hop, hop, hop up the Crooked Little Path and disappear. "Well," said Peter (Continued on Page 72)

Old Mr. Toad slowly hopped up the path and disappeared





THE LISTENING GALLERY

A guide to the best new phonograph records

Selected and Described

by Disco

IS it not strange that with phonographs in the homes of millions of people, and with nearly 500,000 discs being manufactured every day, there has been practically no reviewing of records.

Theatrical productions are reviewed in the newspapers. So are moving pictures and books and art exhibitions and finance and sports and automobile improvements. But where has a person been able to turn for information about the new phonograph records?

Of course, the various companies issue monthly bulletins listing their new discs. If you have time, you may visit dealer after dealer and listen to as many records as you care to hear.

But music cannot always "sell" itself in one hearing. There are innumerable fine selections which might not impress the average person in a single playing, but which, after being brought home and played again and again, would prove their worth. Your best friend is not necessarily the person who attracted you most at first meeting. Beethoven is not always as clever at closing a sale as Irving Berlin.

That great composers and thorough artists may fail to score is proved by the lists of "cut-outs" which the phonograph companies draw up each year, comprising those offerings which are dropped from their catalogues. Included in these lists will be found records of genuine worth—records that hundreds of people would have delighted in, had they had the opportunity of really knowing and becoming familiar with them. To avoid failures like these some of the most capable opera singers are obliged to record vaudeville songs.

Being a phonograph enthusiast, and something of a practical musician, and finding nowhere any reviews or critical comments on the new records, I undertook to do my own exploring in this fascinating field. I heard and studied each new disc that came out and selected those which seemed to me to be the best offerings of the month. These I classified and described.

Beginning as a single column on the

IN all ages music has been the key to a world of wonder. Never before, however, has good music been so universally accessible to every home. This is a good thing—a fine thing. A musical America will be a happier and a better America

last page of a magazine of smaller circulation, this selective review department grew and grew till it occupied several pages, and readers in all parts of the United States and Canada, and even in Europe and South America, wrote for information about records and machines. "Does so and so, whom I heard at a recital last evening, sing for any phonograph company?" "Are there any records yet of such and such a musical comedy?" "What has become of so and so, who used to sing for Edison?" "Can I run an electric Victrola with a storage battery?" And so forth. Before I knew it, I had a busy little information bureau on my hands.

Now that my reviews have been transferred to the RED CROSS MAGAZINE, with its large circulation, I am happy to have the opportunity to be of service to more readers than I was before. I hope you will be glad I came.

Personally, I have found this phonograph study a most fascinating adventure. The various machines I have collected—and I now possess quite a number—are to me distinct individualities, each with virtues and eccentricities of its own. Hearing in a month a couple of hundred records, mostly double discs, and playing the majority of them over and over many times, has its arduous aspects, but I manage to face the music. My studio is as stuffed with records as a post-office is with packages at Christmas time. Yet each disc is to me a live entity; for I

have visited most of the recording laboratories and the great factories where the wax master-records are copied in the metal matrices from which the black discs you play are pressed—and I feel almost affected as I look at a record in my hand, "I've known you since you were created, I say." The artists, too, are my friends. I have never met Caruso, or Muratore, or Barrientos, or Heifetz, and I probably never shall; but the artists' selves as revealed in their recordings I know well. With each new collection of discs that comes to me I have the pleasure of hearing from admired acquaintances and greeting new ones.

Even the frothy vaudeville offerings are an interesting intellectual study. The very trashiest or most maudlin of these gives one an insight into "What Catches the Public," since no song gets recorded that has not already made a hit in sheet music form. The best of them are genuine good fun. He would be a poor specimen indeed who is not heartily amused by Billy Murray's singing of "He Went In Like a Lion," reviewed in this month's list. With popular songs it is necessary to sift out the wheat from a lot of chaff. One worth-while popular song is worth a dozen poor ones.

Trickiest of all to select are the dances. An attractive tune played by a finished orchestra may yet not give the feet that indispensable urge. A fox trot, a waltz number, either has that subtle something or it has not. I think you will find that all the dances in my list of this month have that irresistible stimulus.

Well, hereafter, the Listening Gallery and my pet records are at your disposal.

DISCO is glad to answer questions regarding phonographs and records of all makes. In writing be sure to enclose a stamped and self-addressed envelope for reply

Disco



CONCERT

(VOCAL)

Edison 80487

By An' By (*Arr. by Burleigh*)
Go Down, Moses (*Arr. by Burleigh*)
(Sung by Reed Miller and Chorus)

These negro spirituals, sung by Reed Miller and chorus, and recorded with astounding realism, are as enthralling as any offerings of the month. In fact, there is no record in this list which we more cherish with the thought of many future playings. Reed Miller has caught the spirit of these half-primitive old chants and presents them in all their vigor and earnestness.

Edison 80499

Cruiskeen Lawn (*Benedict*)
(Sung by Leola Lucey and Quartet)
We Parted (*Glover*)
(Sung by Gladys Rice and Elizabeth Lennox)

A stirring old Irish ditty in praise of the flowing bowl. It is given with fitting gusto. On the reverse is a soprano and contralto duet, quaintly old-fashioned in its sentiment. It is tenderly melodious and the voices of the two women are charmingly blended.

Victor 64863

Duna (*McGill*)
(Sung by Reinald Werrenrath)

An appealing song expressing an old man's longing for the little town of Duna where he dwelt as a child. Werrenrath is gaining steadily in the power to move his hearers' hearts. He sings this ballad, with its effectively orchestrated accompaniment, beautifully indeed.

Columbia A2897

I Know A Lovely Garden (*D'Hardelot*)
The Want Of You (*Vanderpool*)
(Sung by Louis Graveure)

Another baritone who is a thorough artist. The two love songs are delightful in themselves, and it would be hard to imagine them more perfectly given.

Brunswick 13003

Just A-Wearyin' For You (*Jacobs-Bond*)
Love's Old Sweet Song (*Molloy*)
(Sung by Irene Pavloska)

A fresh-voiced new soprano singing heart songs that are old favorites. "Just a' Wearyin' for You" isn't actually very old, but it is so universally liked that it seems as if it were of as long ago as "Love's Old Sweet Song."

Brunswick 13001

Little Mother of Mine (*Burleigh*)
I'll Sing Thee Songs of Araby (*Clay*)
(Sung by Theo. Karle)

So many maudlin and trashy songs have lately been written and sung about Mother, that it is a relief to hear a really fine one on this subject. Karle sings it charmingly, as he does the ever-appealing "Songs of Araby."

Victor 74608

Lo, Here the Gentle Lark (*Bishop*)
(Sung by Amelita Galli-Curci)

A blithe and debonair old English setting of a Shakespeare lyric, sung with Galli-Curci's flawless vocal artistry.

Edison 82164

A May Morning (*Denza*); At Parting (*Rogers*)
I Dreamt That I Dwelt In Marble Halls (*Balfe*)
(Sung by Julia Heinrich)

The two short songs represent an interesting contrast of mood. "A May Morning" is buoyant with happiness; "At Parting"—one of the most beautiful songs ever written by an American—is exquisitely sad. The air on the reverse, from the "Bohemian Girl," is known to everybody.

Brunswick 10013

Old Folks At Home (*Foster*)
(Sung and played by Virginia Rea and Elias Breeskin)

A strange yet successful union of "Swanee River," sung by a soprano, with Dvorák's "Humoresque," played as obbligato by a violinist.

Victor 64864

Sunrise and You (*Penn*)
(Sung by Edward Johnson)

A melodious new ballad gloriously given.

Brunswick 5000

Whispering Hope (*Hawthorne*)
(Sung by Ida Heydt and Elizabeth Lennox)
Oh, Dry Those Tears (*Del Riego*)
(Sung by Elizabeth Lennox)

This favorite duet for women's voices is well presented. The Del Riego standby is also capably done and appealing.

(INSTRUMENTAL)

Columbia A6145

Waltz In A Flat (*Brahms*); Juba Dance (*Dett*)
Molly On The Shore (*Grainger*)
(Piano Solos by Percy Grainger)

All in all, this is the most notably successful piano recording Grainger has made. The little Brahms waltz is one of the precious gems of music and he plays it ravishingly. The Juba Dance is animated and interesting. His own composition is full of sunny vitality and worked out with cunning intricacy. The tone of the piano sounds rich and full.

Pathé 40197

Extase (*Ganne*)
Serenade (*Widor*)
(Played by Tollefsen Trio)

Pleasing salon pieces played by a combination of violin, 'cello and piano.

Victor 64861

Fond Recollections (*Popper*)
(Violincello Solo by Hans Kindler)

A brooding 'cello reverie played with deep feeling but no sentimentality. Genuinely beautiful.

Pathé 27027

Perpetual Motion (*Weber*)
To Spring (*Grieg*)
(Piano solos by Rudolf Ganz)

Grieg's "To Spring" is a universal favorite. Ganz plays it with charm and subtlety. His rendition of the brilliant "Perpetual Motion" is the acme of virtuosity.

Victor 74607

Songs Without Words "Cradle Song" (*Mendelssohn*)
(Violin solo by Mischa Elman)

Elman's own arrangement of this lovely Mendelssohn melody. He plays it with gorgeous tone and masterly double-stopping. This is a record to be prized.

Brunswick 13005

Souvenir Poétique (*Fibich*)
Minuet in G (*Beethoven*)
(Violin solos by Elias Breeskin)

A much-played classic that can never lose its popularity, and an interesting piece that is less known. Well recorded.

Victor 74609

Symphony in G Minor: Minuetto (*Mozart*)
(Played by Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra)

The difficulty to be met with in reproducing symphonic music for the phonograph is the length of the classics and the shortness of the time that a record runs. Complete first movements can seldom be given. Minuets, however, are comparatively short; hence we are able to enjoy his sparkling masterpiece and to discover new beauties in it at each re-hearing.



OPERA

Pathé 60084

La Bohème: "In poverta mia lieta" (*Puccini*)
Voce e' Notte (Neapolitan Folk Song) (*de Curtis*)
(Both sung by Aristodemo Giorgini)

This double-faced record introduces a new tenor possessed of an ingratiating voice. He sings the aria from "Bohème" which is generally spoken of as Rudolph's Narrative, for in it the Latin Quartier poet tells Mimi, his newly-met sweetheart, of his precarious career as a poet and of the ardor that has suddenly come into his life. On the reverse is a melodious Neapolitan street song.

Victor 74613

Carmen-Habanera: Love Is Like a Wood Bird (*Bizet*)
(Sung by Gabriella Besanzoni)

Here is another newcomer—and an extraordinarily gifted one. Madame Besanzoni has chosen for her phonographic debut this famous number from "Carmen." Its brilliant combination of mockery and witchery—the feminine caprice that plays with fire and taunts the devil himself—is presented with unusual dramatic vividness. A great interpretation.

Columbia 49596

Dinorah: "Ombra Leggera" (Shadow Song) (*Meyerbeer*)
(Sung by Maria Barrientos)

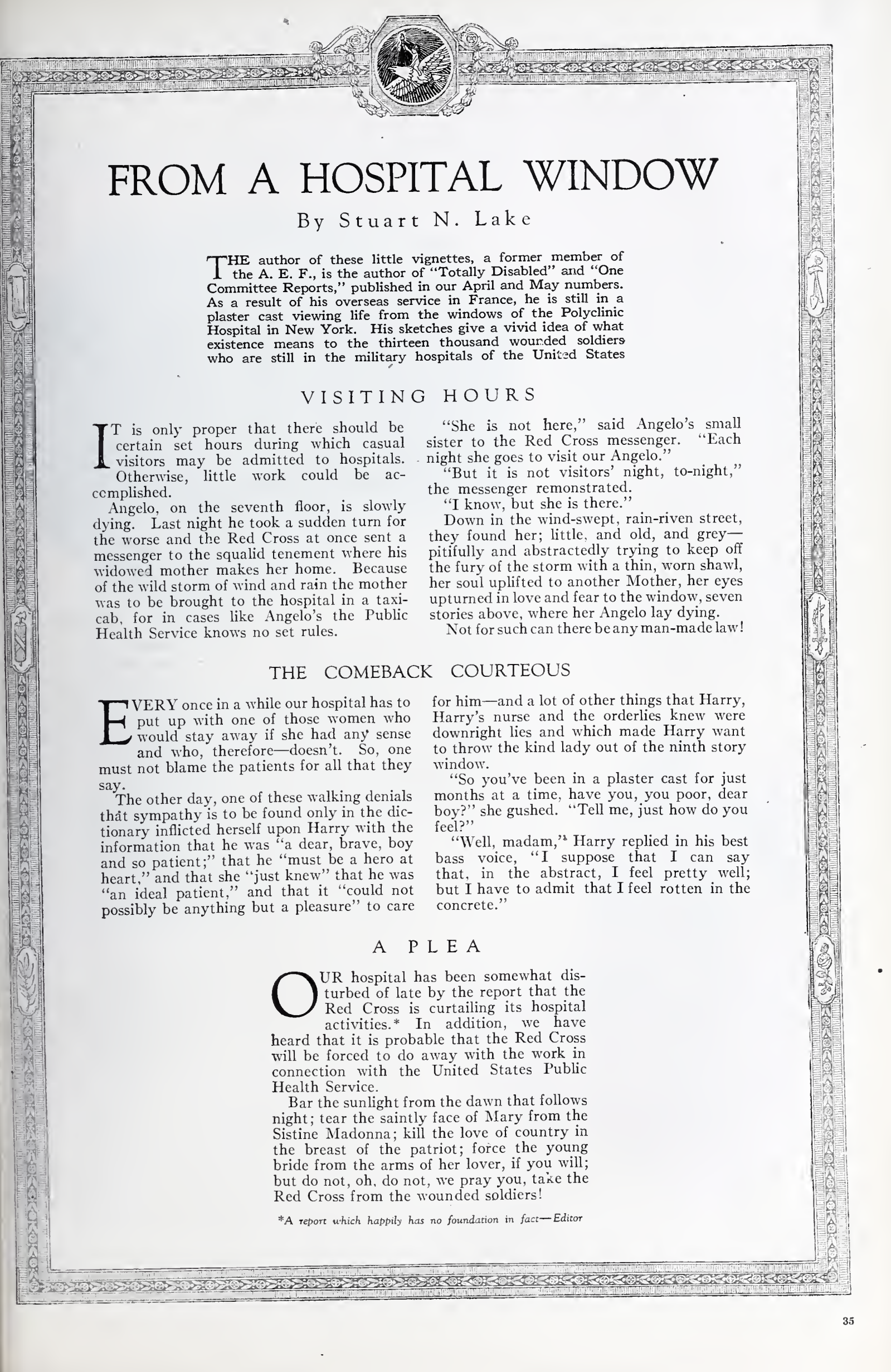
A coloratura classic, sung with airy ease and finesse. That over-worked word, "bird-like," is the most accurate term to describe it.

Victor 74612

L'Éclair: (Romance) "Call Me Thine Own" (*Halevy*)
(Sung by Mabel Garrison)

Exquisite limpidity of tone, which is sympathetic rather than impersonal—as so much high soprano singing is wont to be. This is an aria culled from a French opera now practically forgotten. It is altogether lovely.

(Continued on Page 76)



FROM A HOSPITAL WINDOW

By Stuart N. Lake

THE author of these little vignettes, a former member of the A. E. F., is the author of "Totally Disabled" and "One Committee Reports," published in our April and May numbers. As a result of his overseas service in France, he is still in a plaster cast viewing life from the windows of the Polyclinic Hospital in New York. His sketches give a vivid idea of what existence means to the thirteen thousand wounded soldiers who are still in the military hospitals of the United States

VISITING HOURS

IT is only proper that there should be certain set hours during which casual visitors may be admitted to hospitals. Otherwise, little work could be accomplished.

Angelo, on the seventh floor, is slowly dying. Last night he took a sudden turn for the worse and the Red Cross at once sent a messenger to the squalid tenement where his widowed mother makes her home. Because of the wild storm of wind and rain the mother was to be brought to the hospital in a taxicab, for in cases like Angelo's the Public Health Service knows no set rules.

"She is not here," said Angelo's small sister to the Red Cross messenger. "Each night she goes to visit our Angelo."

"But it is not visitors' night, to-night," the messenger remonstrated.

"I know, but she is there."

Down in the wind-swept, rain-riven street, they found her; little, and old, and grey—pitifully and abstractedly trying to keep off the fury of the storm with a thin, worn shawl, her soul uplifted to another Mother, her eyes upturned in love and fear to the window, seven stories above, where her Angelo lay dying.

Not for such can there be any man-made law!

THE COMEBACK COURTEOUS

EVERY once in a while our hospital has to put up with one of those women who would stay away if she had any sense and who, therefore—doesn't. So, one must not blame the patients for all that they say.

The other day, one of these walking denials that sympathy is to be found only in the dictionary inflicted herself upon Harry with the information that he was "a dear, brave, boy and so patient;" that he "must be a hero at heart," and that she "just knew" that he was "an ideal patient," and that it "could not possibly be anything but a pleasure" to care

for him—and a lot of other things that Harry, Harry's nurse and the orderlies knew were downright lies and which made Harry want to throw the kind lady out of the ninth story window.

"So you've been in a plaster cast for just months at a time, have you, you poor, dear boy?" she gushed. "Tell me, just how do you feel?"

"Well, madam," Harry replied in his best bass voice, "I suppose that I can say that, in the abstract, I feel pretty well; but I have to admit that I feel rotten in the concrete."

A P L E A

OUR hospital has been somewhat disturbed of late by the report that the Red Cross is curtailing its hospital activities.* In addition, we have heard that it is probable that the Red Cross will be forced to do away with the work in connection with the United States Public Health Service.

Bar the sunlight from the dawn that follows night; tear the saintly face of Mary from the Sistine Madonna; kill the love of country in the breast of the patriot; force the young bride from the arms of her lover, if you will; but do not, oh, do not, we pray you, take the Red Cross from the wounded soldiers!

*A report which happily has no foundation in fact—Editor

A BETTER AMERICA

Some true stories of people and things that

A NEWSBOY'S CODE

By MARGARET SANBORN

ALL cities and even small towns have their newsboys, who shout unintelligible incantations into our ears. We take them all quite as a matter of course; even though we may have our favorite newsboy and pass his corner every day and greet him with a "Good Morning," we buy our paper and hurry on absorbed in the headlines—and forget all about him.

But being a newsboy is a regular business! A little while ago, a dinner was given some newsboys in Minneapolis and, in the course of it, a lot of interesting discoveries cropped out. For instance, we discovered that to a newsboy, his corner is his corner—usually he paid for it in good solid cash. One boy, in Minneapolis, paid \$5 for a corner to a boy who was giving it up or, in bargain terms, \$15 for the four corners. And such is the business



Miss Sarah Burrowes, with her rubber boots, her Ford and some of the children whose teeth and tonsils she inspects

ethics of the profession that no one would think of trespassing on another boy's corner, which he had legally bought and paid for.

"Aw, nobody'd tink un goin' on Dulan's corner. We all know dat he paid fer it!"

THESE boys have a club too, a club with a constitution and rules, which they have composed and set down in their own plain language so that guys could understand them, as the secret was explained. Here are some:

"Members of the club are forbidden to associate with drunks."

"There shall be no stealing by members of this club."

"There must be good conduct by members of this club when they are riding on street cars."

"There shall be no stealing from the 5 and 10 cent stores downtown."

"There shall be no 'gypping' of newspaper customers by any member of this club."

"Every member of this club must pay car-fare on the street cars."

"Members of this club must dress neatly."

"Nobody in this club is allowed to sell papers against the United States."

"No loafing after you are through with your sales. Go right home."

"No 'liming' school."

PRETTY good rules of conduct, are they not? Underneath them is a big purpose as set forth in the language of their club's constitution, "to make hustling paper a straight and profitable business," or in other words, to do a good job and play the game straight.

RUBBER BOOTS

By SARAH BURROWES

I HAVE often wished that every member of the Red Cross could have seen the equipment provided for nurses in War Service. Every article, from the blue velour hat to the stout tan boots was suitable, becoming and of the best quality; and every necessity had been thought of, even to two little black hatpins. But of all the outfit, nothing thrilled us quite so much as the rubber boots. Perhaps at the back of our minds lingered a childhood vision of Puss in Boots, setting out on marvelous adventures; but I think the boots appealed to our imaginations as the promise of real service, of work worth doing, a challenge to the heroic, which lies buried somewhere in all of us, painful as it is to an Anglo-Saxon to admit it.

My own boots had ample opportunity to become acquainted with French mud. At last, however, they saw home again and, as I drew them out of the hold-all, I said, "I'm sure I don't know what I'll do with these, unless I tie them up with red, white and blue ribbon and hang them over the mantelpiece!"

But not at all! I have them on this very minute, ready for a three-mile walk through the drifts which defy my Ford, for I have beaten my sword into a plowshare, and have settled down to rural nursing in my native state. Upon their return to America after four years of war service, two of the finest nurses I knew in France found the atmosphere of the private sick-room and the sanitarium stifling, and fled to the Sas-



This is the kind of boy who belongs to a Newsboys' Club, and makes selling papers a good, straight, paying business

IN THE MAKING

will strengthen your faith in your country



A CITY'S PARK

MOST cities are not as fortunate as Colorado Springs. But, though they may not have a canyon in their parks, they can still give their citizens glimpses of green trees, green grass and bright flowers. Both our big city parks and our town squares prove that they do

katchewan to do rural nursing. Life out there may be one continuous Ralph Connor novel; but one need not go fifty miles from New York City to find mud as sticky and work as well worth doing as any in France.

To be sure, there are no German bombs; but the spice of danger is never lacking in the combination of a temperamental little Ford and steep and rutty country roads. If I had the awarding of the Distinguished Service Cross, I should confer it upon a certain colleague of mine. One bitter winter night the telephone rang at 2 A.M. A man three miles out in the country begged the nurse to come to his wife who was in agony. Their own physician was ill in bed. He had telephoned to every doctor within a radius of ten miles and they had all declared it was impossible to take either an automobile or a horse over the roads, which were a glare of ice. But the nurse thought only of that other woman in peril and pain. She went out to the garage, warmed up her engine, and started on her dark and solitary way. Going down the first hill, the car turned completely around and slid down backward; but it reached the bottom. It crawled up the next hill and then skidded down, somehow. At last, she reached her journey's end, and saved the woman's life. And

But do not imagine it is all babies! The rural nurse, like the country doctor, is a general practitioner. There are the school children to inspect and instruct, to escort to the oculist, the dentist, the nose and throat specialist, the orthopedist. There is grippe, laying low whole families in a day; there is pneumonia, sparing neither young nor old; there are the miseries of old age and the multitudinous forms in which Nemesis overtakes the gourmand; there are the problems of tuberculosis and of feeble-mindedness; and there are all sorts of accidents, from a dog-bite to a wrecked aeroplane. One's patients are not confined to one nationality, or one class. I go from a D. A. R. who bears one of the

they never even named the baby after her!

But, just as in France, it is the patient that usually displays the heroism. I have never seen any soldier show better courage in the face of death and suffering than the mother who entertained me with jokes between her pangs; nor more fortitude than the same woman displayed when the sudden death of her husband, four weeks after her baby's death, left her with five little children and no home. What greater service could one offer one's country than to safeguard the lives and health of these splendid American women and their babies?

oldest Huguenot or Dutch names in the country to the Italian who speaks not one word of English; from "the colonel's lady to Bridget O'Grady!"

It is undeniably pleasing to one's egoism to find oneself a distinct personality in the community. In a village, one is not a mere trained nurse, to be sent for like a bottle of castor oil or a box of mustard; one is "The Nurse" and as unique as the doctor, or the minister, or the postmaster. The isolation of the rural nurse gives her a chance to develop individual initiative; she is forced to think for herself, with no head-nurse or supervisor to whom to appeal in emergencies.

But the life of the rural nurse is not all rubber boots; there is a time for slippers, too. One makes all sorts of delightful friends, from the little dogs to his Reverence. One learns to know the neighborly kindness and genuine democracy which seem to flourish better under low roof-trees than in the skyscraper. It is "under the greenwood tree" that one finds the new-laid egg and, now and then, a jar of cream, or a print of fresh butter. That alone ought to be a sufficient lure to anyone who spent the winter of 1916-1917 in France. There is skating and coasting, and picnicking, if one has the time. And always there is the ever changing glory of hills and woods and sky, which no art gallery and no stage setting can approach.

Our great need in the country is good



A PLAYGROUND IN ACTION

THESE are a few of the one hundred thousand children who flock daily to New York City's playgrounds during the summer months. Some of the playgrounds are connected with the public schools, and others are under the Park Department. There are also piers and gymnasia



The Plaza at Tyrone, showing the station at the left, and the store

music and drama. But why can we not have something better than the phonograph and the movies? Why do not some of our social workers who went to France bring us the old-fashioned singing school, and amateur theatricals, and a good time for one and all? There is an immense field for the talent, the tact, the ingenuity, the patriotism which the War brought to light. Why cannot the thousands who volunteered for war, volunteer now for peace and use their rubber boots in America?

TYRONE, A SPANISH GEM of the MOUNTAINS

By JANETTA G. MACGREGOR

TO a woman, at least, the prospect of life in the usual Western mining camp, with its grime and squalor, with its isolation from the city and its subsequent lack of opportunities for recreation and advancement, is one that holds no allurements. Yet hundreds of women of refinement, as the wives of mining men, find their lives cast in such remote camps, in boxes of houses running into hundreds of the same design and color. The monotony and narrowness of such a life is stifling and the men of the company, engaged in a business enterprise, necessarily bent on the utmost efficiency and economy, too often forget the needs of the women and children.

But there once was a woman with a vision—the wife of one of the directors of the Phelps Dodge Mining Company—who knew and understood the aspirations of mining women, and who believed that utility and

beauty might be combined even in a mining camp. When the Phelps Dodge people bought a tract of copper impregnated mountains in southwestern New Mexico this woman had something to say in regard to the new town of Tyrone about to spring into being. Responsive to the peculiar beauty of sear-brown hills dotted with cedar and juniper, white yucca and crimson cacti; entranced by the grandeur and fascination of the surrounding peaks; and awed by the all-pervasive stillness of the mountains, she determined that the new mining camp should not be a blot on the handiwork of nature, but should be made to harmonize with it.

What more fitting or more beautiful than to produce in Tyrone a replica of the architecture of the Spaniard, the first of the Whites to view this promised land? To carry out such a scheme, the advice of an expert was needed. The services of Mr. E. G. Goodhue, one of the architects of the San Diego Exposition, were secured, and castles in Spain began to materialize in cement archways and towers of warm glowing hues. And dear little cement "casas" or bungalows, with projecting wooden beams began to appear on the hilltops just as they might on the peaks of the rugged coast of old

Spain. In truth, this woman brought her vision to reality, and made Tyrone a Spanish gem in its proper setting in the Burrom mountains of New Mexico, eight thousand feet above sea level—the very mountains where, in the early days, Lieut. Colonel Carrasco, with other Spanish soldiers of fortune, came seeking precious metal to fill the coffers of Spain.

In 1910, the work of setting the gem began and, to-day, Tyrone with its population of six thousand, is a type of the town women may have and enjoy if they persist in demanding the best, and refuse to accept makeshift ways of living. Its business life centers in the plaza or square. Here are grouped, around a circle of well-designed grass plots, the company administration building, the bank, the three-floor store, a splendid school, the railway station and postoffice. The nearness of these buildings to each other is a time-saver in the busy life of the townspeople.

The station, with its buff coloring, fairly smiles in the glare of the New Mexico sunshine. Its double row of columns and intervening arches form a cloistered walk around a patio, made entrancing by the interplay of sunshine and shadow across its pebbled surfaces and across the octagon-shaped flower beds—Moorish in design and tinting. Across this patio saunter to-day representatives of two races—the dark-eyed, bewitching senorita, the descendant of the conquistadores of earlier days, and the Anglo-Saxon maiden.

The store also is tinted buff, and has Spanish arches across the front with an imposing tower rising from the center. Within, it loses its Spanish atmosphere, for it has all the appurtenances of an up-to-date American department store. The



LEARNING TO BE A CITIZEN

THIS picture shows men and women of 17 nationalities learning how to vote at Public School 27, New York City. This is no new departure. For the last ten years, New York has been teaching citizenship to her foreign born

A Better America in the Making

refrigeration plant, annexed to this building, is modern in every way, and is one of the show places of the town. It makes possible the preservation of perishable supplies, very necessary when the main railway is fifty miles distant. The credit system is unique. Each employee has a book in which the company enters the full or partial amount due him in salary. When he makes a purchase at the store, the amount is deducted from the credit registered in the book. Thus a family is protected from the bugaboo of accumulating bills.

Going from the busy square to the homes one finds dwelling places that are no longer canvas-top tents or wooden shacks, so familiar in the ordinary mining camp, but cozy one-story houses that look inviting with green vines climbing over the grey cement and bright red geraniums or hollyhocks bordering the fronts of the houses. Cement has one great sanitary advantage. When a house is vacated, it can be thoroughly hosed out.

On the promontory, three hundred feet above the plaza, one may live in a veritable fairyland house. These variously designed houses tinted in buffs, robin-egg blues, greys or pinks, with care taken to tint adjoining houses in harmonizing colors, stand on the bluff, and with their projecting beams and harmonious settings are veritable works of art. Wherever a tree adds its natural beauty to the design, it has been allowed to stand.

The modern housewife wants her town to have a church, a hospital and

a school. These buildings, so often lacking in a rough and tumble mining camp, are adequately provided for in Tyrone.

The Parker Memorial Hospital, named for Mr. Thomas Parker who originally owned the site of Tyrone, is a splendid structure, excellently equipped and in charge of physicians with reputations for skill. For the small yearly sum of twelve dollars, each family is cared for at the Parker Hospital. Places are so much in demand that patients are discharged as soon as possible. The Red Cross provides a public health nurse who visits every ex-patient of the Hospital. She also looks after the school children's health, examining them and giving them instruction in hygiene. She teaches the young mothers of the camp how to care for their babies. She is a general blessing and such a nurse should be provided for every mining camp.

The school is a two-story cement structure, oil heated and well lighted. The curriculum extends through the second year of high school.

The grounds are furnished with modern playground apparatus.

For recreational outdoor dancing in summer, the cement floor of the Plaza is used. Here, also, a Mexican band furnishes music three evenings of the week and, in the nearby moving picture house, one can see the latest films.

To many, it would seem that the very completeness of Tyrone makes their efforts at camp improvement seem futile. But it must be remembered that this completeness came about gradually,

and is due to the persistent carrying out of definite plans. When women cooperate and, with the counsel of experts on city planning and sanitation, decide what they and their children require, the men of the camp, employers and employees, are only too glad to help the good cause along to the best of their ability. And if the women hitch their wagon to a star so much the better for the community.

FAITH WITH A CAPITAL "F"

By HUGH FULLERTON

WHEN an entire city—two entire cities to be more accurate—pays homage to one who, in his own estimate, is the humblest of all within those cities there is a reason. And when a million men and women, more or less, are eagerly seeking ways of perpetuating a work that one man has done for fifty years, his Faith (he would spell it with a capital F) seems justified.

Four months ago, the word went out in Minneapolis and St. Paul that W. A. Petran was ill, and that for the first time in more than fifty years there was a chance that no prayer meeting would be held in the Christian Workers' Mission. From offices, from churches, from all around the city came volunteers to help—vowing that the work should not cease and, when (Continued on Page 79)



Above, at the left, another view of the Plaza; at the right, the kind of house in which the people of Tyrone live. Below, a Spanish Senora in Tyrone's "Old Town"



A French peasant pressed into service to carry Red Cross material in the north of France

The March of the Red Cross

A GLIMPSE from the WATCH TOWER AT WASHINGTON

From there you can see—

Workers on the Baltic
Salvage Shops in New Jersey
Children in Austria and Poland
and
Soldiers still in Plaster Casts in
America

THREE years ago, in discussing the then new activities of the Red Cross, President Wilson made the remark that of all the plans put into practice the Junior Red Cross held the greatest possibilities for the future. Events to-day are bearing out that statement. Week by week lately, the evidence has been overwhelming that the idealism born of the war has suffered no diminution among our youthful members. Both at home and abroad, Red Cross work done by the children is reaching more than respectable proportions.

The Children's Effort

THEY do not seem to have lost their interest either in working for the children of saddened Europe or for their own country. In these last few weeks their efforts have ranged from weaving rugs and making gifts for the

heroic disabled soldiers of our A. E. F. who are still in hospitals, to providing the means whereby fifteen thousand wretched Austrian children have been transported to Northern Italian cities to be brought back to health by Italy. Their funds, raised in every conceivable method known to childhood in and out of school, have steadily grown and their enthusiasm with them. Their organization, scattered in communities of every kind and size, has increased in efficiency and in ability to carry to

completion, tasks assigned or voluntarily undertaken.

The variety of their activities is seemingly endless. They have made and sent boxes of toys and souvenirs to the Virgin Islands; they have completed and sent to Europe all manner of things for the European children; they have helped poor families in need at home; they have collected books for mission schools in less fortunate places; have made clothes

and a great variety of articles for Home Service workers to distribute; have held Red Cross sales; learned about First Aid and applied it; carried through numberless health crusades; financed traveling dental clinics; made and distributed First Aid kits and numberless other things.

In Europe, too, the efforts of their representatives appear to be increasingly productive of achievement. Twenty-six carloads of condensed milk for the starving children in Vienna; forty-five soup kitchens operated daily

March of the Red Cross

the devastated parts of Flanders for the Belgian school children; vacation colonies for French war orphans in Brittany—these are merely items appearing in the reports from abroad last month—items which say nothing of the sixteen other projects which are being carried on abroad by the Juniors, but which show the vitality of the work.

Gradually indeed, Junior Red Cross members are acquiring a sense of responsibility to humanity, a realization of the basic things of civilization and a new idealism which their elders in many cases could imitate with profit. They are the Red Cross of the future!

The Red Cross Rear-Guard in Europe

MEANWHILE, the Red Cross of to-day is doing at least one heroic man-sized job.

There exists in Europe at this moment a situation which Mr. H. P. Davison has described in the first eight pages of this magazine—a description which cannot be forgotten.

Disease imperils most of European civilization.

In the face of this, the Red Cross workers still in Europe are working to the limit of their ability. They are using all the supplies with which they can be furnished. They are employing all the local assistance they can gather, one Red Cross worker sometimes having as many as fifty

native helpers. And with every passing day, as the hour for their departure nears, the burdens which they are carrying are growing heavier and heavier upon their shoulders. The Red Cross workers in the Baltic provinces are working twenty-four hours a day. Red Cross warehouses in Bohemia are supplying relief materials to over one hundred cities and villages. Many of the refugee camps in Roumania have no aid other than the Red Cross. In Constantinople, since the rush of Russian refugees from the Black Sea region began, over one hundred and fifty carloads of Red Cross supplies have been unloaded to be distributed by the Near East Relief Commission which is trying to reach the swarming crowds of misery in the lower Balkans and the Caucasus. The cablegrams from Vienna and Budapest calling for things which are needed—such as garments for infants—are heartrending.

The Death Squad

IN Poland, where the largest Red Cross Commission now is, it is the same story so far as Red Cross workers are concerned—endless misery and disease, and such a limited ability to combat it that the last ounce of human determination is needed.

The passing of "The Death Squad" the other day showed what grim work it has been and still is. For six months

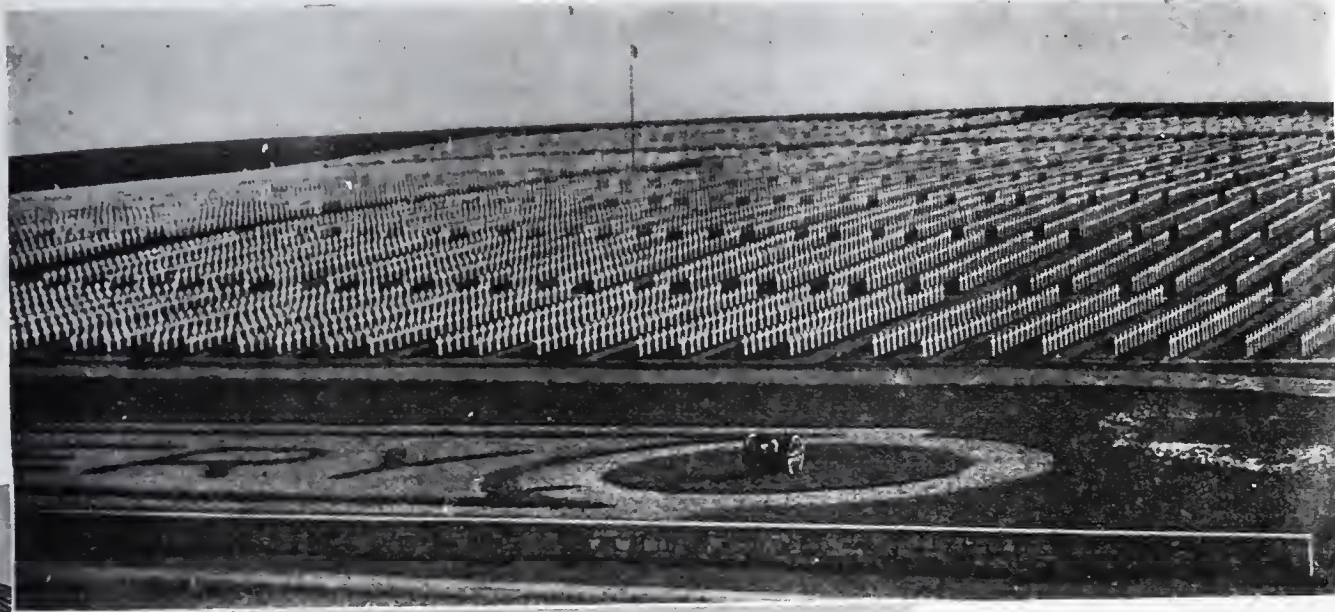
this squad—a little band of seven devoted Americans—have faced mortal danger, day in and day out, fighting with plague and typhus. To-day, only one member of the squad remains on duty in West Russia unscathed. Two are dead and three will bear to their graves marks of the terrible spotted typhus.

In this situation, the Polish Red Cross is making valiant efforts, aided by many other organizations including the League of Red Cross Societies and our own Red Cross, which a few days ago gave two million marks to the Poles to aid them in establishing hospitals.

But all their efforts are rapidly proving of no avail and the day will soon come when the aid which Mr. Davison pleads for will either have to be extended by the American people along with other nations, or else definitely refused forever. Day by day and hour by hour, indeed, the heroic rear-guard of the Red Cross is having proven to it the truth of the Davison statement. And meanwhile, the hour approaches when they must leave Europe finally, their supplies all distributed, their war job completed and the hundreds of workers returned to civil life.

Winding Up in France

IT is possible now, too, to get a little perspective of the winding up of the work in France during the last few



Here, in the Argonne cemetery, as far as the eye can reach, lie the heroic American dead. The Red Cross is running a motor omnibus and rest-house service for relatives who visit the graves this spring. There are other cemeteries in France wherein our dead lie buried but this one is the largest



The comforts of home are provided for the boys of Uncle Sam's merchantmen, by the American Red Cross and U. S. Public Health Service, at the Seaman's Center in New York. Similar homes will be opened on the island possessions of the U. S. by Red Cross Chapters

his local Red Cross Chapter, with all trace of the war gone from him. Where vocational training has been needed the Red Cross has tried to be especially faithful in the discharge of its duty. Where the well soldier is concerned the Red Cross is still unexpectedly busy helping him; securing allotments and allowances (sometimes as many as eight thousand a month); releasing Liberty bonds which have been purchased but never delivered; filing compensation claims; and, in numberless ways, acting as the ex-service man's

months. It has been a work of steady, tenacious upbuilding, based on the sound principle of helping others to help themselves. It will give many people a new idea of the vast amount of work which it has been necessary to do in France since January, 1919, to know that over One Hundred and Seventy Million Francs have been employed to ease the load of those people who are still suffering from the war. The application of these sums has been through local committees of responsible French men and French women who, with their first hand knowledge of the needs of their own people, have effected the objects in view in the most efficient manner. In this way, in the last year and a half, more than four thousand devastated villages in France have had relief and many thousands of returning refugees have been saved from misery. Over four thousand war orphans have received succor through American charity. Communal schools have been established; hundreds of farmers have been furnished with live stock for their pastures and seed for their fields, and dozens of Red Cross medical units have been established in the ruined hamlets of the north of France. The good thus accomplished since the war will remain, indeed, as a monument to the friendship existing between the two republics, a bond which will guarantee the affection of France for her American sister.

The Red Cross at Home

IN this country, the war job is merging gradually, unmistakably into the peace job, although the war job is even yet not completed.

Why is it not completed?

Well, the disabled soldier is the biggest reason. Thirteen thousand of them in military and public health hospitals! Shell-smashed hips in plaster casts show an irritatingly feeble desire to knit again. Tuberculosis contracted in the Argonne Woods

seems irritatingly indifferent to armistices and peace treaties! In the public health hospitals at the present moment—and there are fifty such hospitals, containing about nine thousand ex-service men—the Red Cross is following out its war pledges to the end, by giving the same service that it gave to the military hospitals during the war. In addition to this, there are about fifty thousand former soldiers invalidated because of their war service, who are receiving treatments of various kinds in sanatoria, such as the tuberculosis colony in Rutland, Vermont.

In all these cases, from the hour the ex-soldier enters the hospital for treatment, until he is discharged, the Red Cross is keeping in constant contact with him; securing his allowance; renewing his insurance; advising him how to use his money wisely (many of the boys being quite young); caring for his family; in all these ways, the Red Cross is still doing its level best to help him, just as it did in camp and in France. It is standing by him until he is once more himself again, at home and in touch with

lawyer, claim agent and best friend, all in one. Simply where Home Service is concerned, the last report shows that two hundred thousand families are still on the Red Cross lists for assistance of one kind or another.

All these are reasons why the war jobs are not yet completed and will not be for some little time. Where the peace job is concerned, over one thousand chapters scattered all over the country are now supplying the answer to the question of what the Red Cross is finding to do in peace time. Everyone of these chapters has applied for the peace time extension and is going ahead on it.

The Multifarious Activities of the Different Chapters

THE different things they are doing would fill an encyclopedia, dictated as they are by local needs and necessities. Orange, New Jersey, for instance, provides a good example, among dozens of others, of the way the peace time



March of the Red Cross

ogram is taking hold in certain towns. That Chapter, which covers a population of around one hundred thousand, are helping about two hundred and fifty discharged soldiers to solve their problems and are concentrating particularly upon the care and vocational training of disabled men. They are raising money to finance their work through their busy little Red Cross shop Around the Corner, which, through sale of donated second-hand articles, has managed to net the Chapter nearly twenty-five thousand dollars in the last year and a half. People have been systematically canvassed for things of all sort and the whole affair run on a business basis.

Many thousands of garments have been shipped overseas from the workrooms. During the flu epidemic, over five thousand dressings, masks and such things were made to meet the emergency. The sick were cared for in their homes, and in this case, the sick did not mean the needy poor, but people in all kinds of circumstances, no, owing to the shortage of nurses were desperately in need of help. With the assistance of the Motor Corps, who were kept busy day and night carrying nurses and nurses' aids from house to house, over two thousand cases were cared for. At the present moment this Red Cross Chapter is supporting sixteen teaching centers, located in public schools, social settlements and nurses' associations. Of these, the one in the Italian section and the one in the colored district are probably doing the most noticeably good work. This is one view of the job at home.

Clark County, Ohio, where Springfield is located, shows an entirely different view of the peace program, and

yet one that is the same in purpose. Here the community, which is mostly rural, was first surveyed and a definite program outlined. Playgrounds for children have been established; community houses erected; all sorts of good things, such as baseball fields, tennis courts and town parks have been fixed up; better lighting systems have been installed in some of the villages, bad railroad crossings, even, have been eliminated in Safety First movement; and many plans are under way for the future. The secret of the whole scheme in Clark County has been the co-operation with the Red Cross of many other organizations, a scheme which has resulted in decidedly finer community living.

The Universal Red Cross Idea

THESE are only two examples of the different aspects which the Red Cross peace time program is assuming. There are hundreds of others. Behind them all, nevertheless, lies the universal Red Cross idea of better health in a better community. Some chapters are concentrating for the moment on sufficient relief organization for disaster and at the same time getting an intimate knowledge of their communities' needs.

It is only necessary, indeed, to mention in a general way a few such things as New England's hundred bed field hospitals; the information service in New York; and the assistance which is being extended to the men of our merchant marine; the health centers in St. Louis; the interest in life-saving and disease-prevention everywhere; the community surveys going on; and then to reflect on the lack of such affairs before the war, to realize the vast stride the country as a whole has taken in such matters. If the peace time program continues to gain as much momentum in the future as it already has in the past year, it will soon constitute a definite step forward in American life.



(Above) The Red Cross Exhibit of the Foreign and Insular Division in the exhibition recently held at Grand Central Palace in New York



(At Left) Some of the French farmers who were injured by the explosion of "duds" in their fields. These patients have slept in Red Cross beds and been treated with Red Cross drugs and medicines

WHAT THE

A startling article that every American

By William



HALF a mile away from where George A. Williams spends his days at work in a Washington office there is another office that has on record some of the most startling figures it has ever been my lot to scan.

These figures, which anyone may go and read, as I did, prove that the world is

going to be hungrier next winter than it was last winter. They prove also that we in the United States, instead of rushing ahead to greater production of food, are not even holding our own and that we too, if the spring forecasts will hold good, will find less grain and garden-grown food in our markets this year than we did in the best years before the war.

Statesmen of the world know these facts; they know that every extra inch of soil that is used this year for food production will serve not to furnish the world with luxuries but actually to keep some man, woman or child alive through the winter that is coming. The statesmen of Europe are crying to their people, "Work! Work! Work!" But the extra inches of European soil are not being turned.

I went out from the office of the Department of Agriculture aghast, as any one may well be who knows the facts, and came across the story of George A. Williams. The effect of the facts told by the figures passed away, as I heard of the power of the human will, the might of human decision to conquer all obstacles.



France is doing as heroically on the farm as she did on the battlefield. Her best efforts, nevertheless, do not suffice to feed a single human being outside her borders. These pictures show partially why. (Above) A typical French gardener, once a *Poilu*, now at work again. (Center) The village to which he once sent his produce. (Below) One of the many fields in Northern France where nothing will grow in the filled-in-trenches. Over a great portion of the devastated districts, particularly on the Belgian frontier, the top soil is completely gone. France's wheat yield this year is one half of her pre-war production.



WORLD NEEDS

farmer and city dweller should read

G. Shepherd

stacles, came to me in the story of George Williams. There was proof in it that any man, woman or child who says to himself, "*Things must be made better in this world,*" and then starts to act on that decision can immediately make the world visibly better.

George Williams isn't one of Washington's great officials, whose name gets into the paper every day. He is a clerk in the pension office, like thousands of other clerks in Washington. He has a wife and two small children and not enough salary.

When things began to tighten up in the United States and in the whole world; when the shortage of food became more acute and prices went up and we all began to head toward the conditions that are disclosed by the volumes of figures which I have described; Williams wasn't one of those who sat back and said, "*It seems to me that somebody ought to do something about this.*" Not by any means. He took a motto, which, if it became the motto of the people of the world, would end the world's troubles. "*I'm going to do something about this!*" he said.

He couldn't take affairs into his own hands for the simple reason that he has only one arm. But he did take affairs into his one hand. He bought three city lots in Washington, promising to pay for them. He sensed that the only help that can come to this worried world must come from Mother Earth.

Then he started to "garden."

In the two years, 1918 and 1919, with his one-armed gardening, he fed his wife and two children with the finest and freshest vegetables they had ever eaten and, in addition, he fed so many other American families in Washington with the same good things that, in return, they paid him enough money to settle his debt on his three lots!

And the garden that Williams will have this year—well, when I think of the figures I have seen in the Department of Agriculture, Williams' 1920 garden is more beautiful to me than the most beautiful garden I have seen anywhere else in the world.

We need in America, to-day, millions of these good-willed, burden-lifting Williamses; we need them in the business world; in the manufacturing world; among employers and employees. And we need, with an incredible insistence, millions of Williams' gardens. They ought to be planted right

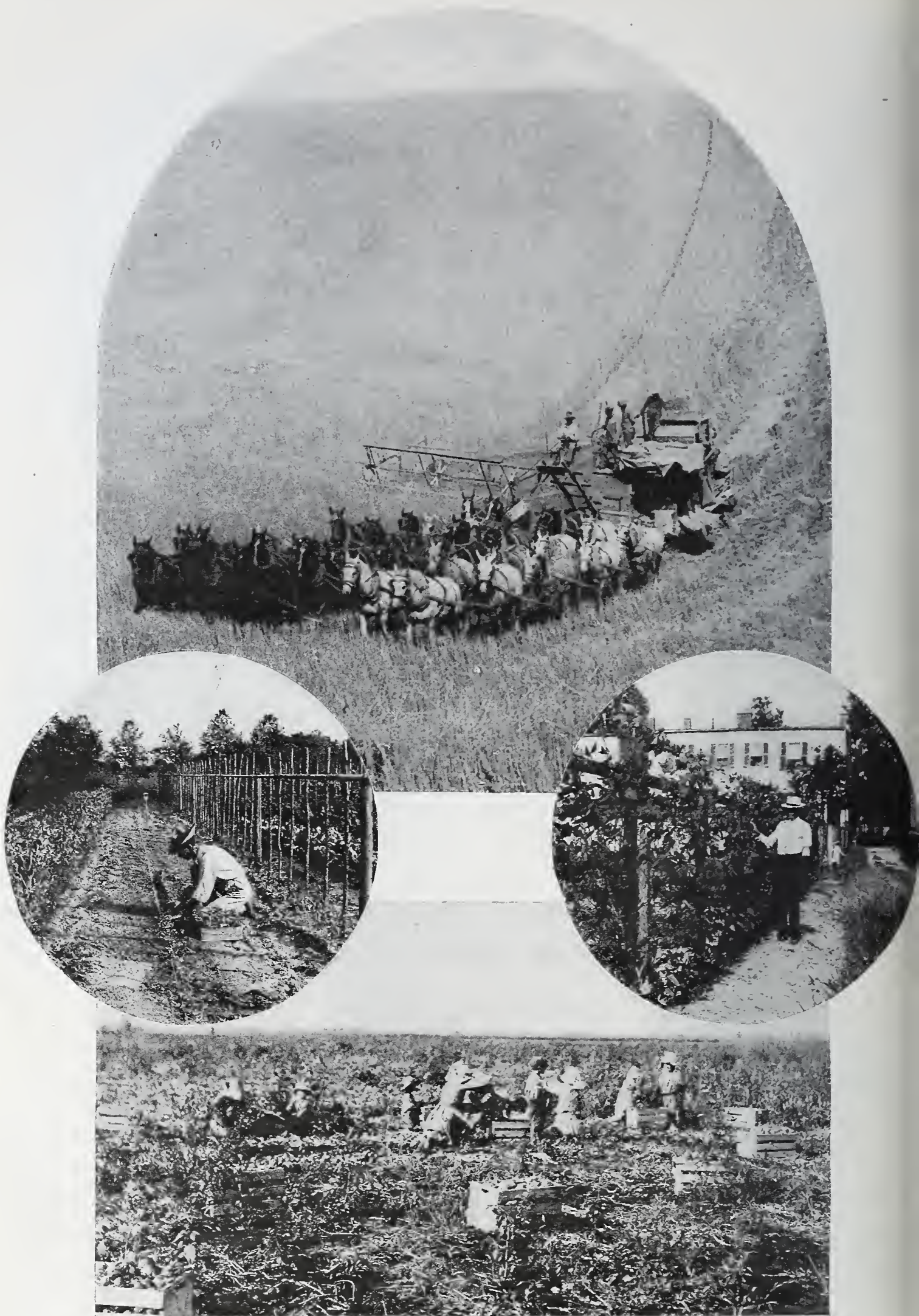
away; June suns are already with us warming the soil of millions of home gardens in the United States for the seeds that would bring us food for next winter.

Please let me show you some of the figures in the Department of Agriculture. Telegrams and cablegrams are pouring in here every hour of the day.

The cablegrams bring the darkest news. We will consider them first. They come from Rome where an international bureau is watching, as closely as it can, the sprouting wheat fields of this entire planet. "Short! Short! Short!" say these cablegrams. "The world will not be able to catch up with its needs for wheat and other grain this summer. In great, rich Australia, there is drought. The crop will be only one-half of last year's. Wheat



Where food is concerned, Poland is in a desperate condition. These are common scenes in that wheat-producing country. Mile after mile, acres of land lie untilled, the farm machinery is rusting and the crows are the only workers in the fields! The same thing is true of the wheat fields of Roumania, which lie bleak and idle. Across the world, India's crop is short; in Australia there is drought. And now comes news of reduced food production in America and scarcity of farm labor. Only in the Argentine are the prospects bright. More food is the most crying need of the world to-day



(Above) An American binder at work in the great wheat fields of the Northwest. This is the section where the scarcity of harvest labor is most acute. (In Circles) The type of garden one man can handle, and George Williams, who has only one arm, producing food in his garden of city lots in Washington, D. C. (Below) A rich yield of onions from the fertile soil of Ohio. Children can be of great assistance in this work

elds of Roumania, on which the wheat millers of the world used to keep their gaze fixed, will be bleak and idle, for lack of tools and men. India will be perhaps fifty million bushels behind. New Zealand will fall off nearly one-half. The wheat crop of France will be about one-half her pre-war yield. Canada's forecast is that she will raise one-third less wheat than last year. The fields of the mighty Argentine will pour in a golden flood that may make up for the shortage in far away India, but it will be a flood that will by no means raise the level to human needs." Here are the wheat prospects—with Russia absent—as they appeared in May, gathered from reports from many of the leading wheat growing countries:

Pre-War Average
1,647,007,000 bushels

1919 Crop
1,673,899,000 bushels

1920 Prospects
1,433,324,000 bushels

You can make these figures living things if you realize that, according to the latest estimate, there are 1,600,000,000 human beings on this globe. When the world ran along at a peace time rate, its average crop of wheat, leaving out isolated Russia from which both wheat and news are unobtainable, was a bushel apiece for every man, woman and child alive. The average fell off fearfully during the war while men were fighting. But as soon as the war was over and while men were glad of peace, they went back to their fields and raised more wheat than they had raised before the war. That was in 1919.

But this year—1920! Whether the light is on the minds of men or whether it is on their fields, who can tell? Wheat will be short almost 250,000,000 bushels. Fortunately, not all men on this earth live by wheat. If they did, 50,000,000 of them would be minus their one bushel a year.

These figures have been about the wheat crops of the entire world.

But what about the telegrams that come hourly from every corner of America telling of our home crops? Here's one story they tell:—

When we were knee deep in war, our farmers were able to get 72 men for every 100 men they needed for sowing and gathering crops. Last year, with the war over and farmer boys hurrying back home to the folks to tell them all about it and to receive the blessings of Dad and Mother, our farmers were able to get 84 men for every hundred they needed. Sons turned to farming as soon as the welcomes were paid. America turned out an avalanche of wheat, almost

one billion bushels. But this year, this spring of 1920 which is just closing—how are the figures now? Well, just now for every hundred men needed on our farms, there are only 72 to supply the demand! We are back to the low level of war time. Our farmers are crying for men as desperately as they cried then. If we were right to shout then, in the depth of war, "Save Wheat!" we have better reason to shout it now. Then, only a third of the world which was our ally was looking to us for wheat. Now the eyes of the whole hungry world, including our former enemies, are turning to us.

In America, the year 1920 will show us, according to the May estimates, with a crop of 700,000,000 bushels instead of 1,000,000,000.

WHAT does a shortage of 300,000,000 bushels mean? How can we make these figures alive? Frenchmen eat an average of eight bushels of wheat a year. The population of France is 40,000,000. This American shortage is almost enough to supply France, the greatest bread-eating country on earth, with bread for a year. Americans eat about five bushels of wheat per head every year. This shortage of 300,000,000 bushels would be enough to supply the bread for 60,000,000 Americans—over half of our population or 12,000,000 families—for a year.

Shall we Americans take our fill of wheat? Shall we permit France or other nations to seek for wheat in other lands, where there is no surplus? Is it safe for us to permit hunger to stride over this earth, unsettling civilization, and not to expect that the unsettling process will come our way in time?

So much for the grim news about wheat! Let us now turn to animal food.

There are perhaps as many head of cows and swine in the world to-day as there were before the War. The figures

which they show you in Washington, about the world's population of live stock give you a momentary thrill of hope. And then they show you other figures that change the picture. The live stock is not well fed. In Germany, hogs and cattle have fallen off about one-half in weight! With the cattle, it is the milk-giving quality as well as the fat that has fallen away. With the swine it is the fat, and fat is one of the very first necessities of life. Fodder is short. If the world turns to live-stock for food, it must first turn to the soil for food that will produce fat in animals.

We may go to Herbert Hoover's American Food Administration figures to discover the ghastliness that comes with leanness in live stock. In Germany and Austria, tuberculosis climbed just as rapidly as live stock disappeared or as live stock lost in weight. The thinner the cattle became, the more rapidly the babies died. What connection does the layman see, at first blush, between great mangers full of cattle food, and the lives of babies; or between brimming swine troughs and the physical welfare of children? And yet, empty mangers mean empty milk bottles; and empty troughs mean thin and ever-hungry anemic men, women and children.

The United States has 12,000,000 more cattle this year than it had before the war. On our farms and ranges there are over 68,000,000 animals. We have about 50,000,000 sheep, just about the same as before the war. We have about the usual number of swine, around 75,000,000.

Our exports of animal food cannot be much greater than the average; they cannot be as great as they were during the war.

And so, with the world leaning on us, with millions of families everywhere hoping against hope that the great, rich United States can, in some way or another, by some miracle, fill not only their empty stomachs for to-day, but their empty cupboards for to-morrow and for the coming bitter, foodless, hopeless European winter; we Americans, doing our best, cannot stem the full tide of misery that is moving among the homes of half the world's population.

But the amount of help that we can give will not be small, if we put the mighty elbow of America to the hoe and bend the mighty knee of America to the weeds in millions of city gardens.

There are other things in the world to eat besides wheat. Potatoes and pumpkins and squash and beans and turnips—the full list would make any healthy man hungry just to read it. America ought to have cellars full of these things with the coming of frost; and much of it ought to be raised in city gardens.

There is bad news at Washington now about the
(Continued on Page 74)

HELP FEED YOURSELF

By E. T. MEREDITH

U. S. Secretary of Agriculture

REPORTS to the U. S. Department of Agriculture indicate that the plantings by commercial vegetable gardeners have been materially reduced because of the scarcity of labor. This creates a condition that can only be met by larger production in the back yard and vacant lot gardens of our cities and villages which rendered such important service during the war. Gardening is one of the simple, yet very little practiced, means by which men, women, and children in all parts of the country can help to feed themselves. Let us not only save food whenever possible but also aid in the present serious situation by producing food for our tables in our gardens

HELP YOURSELF TO HEALTH

A Department Conducted by

Merritte W. Ireland, Surgeon-General U. S. Army; W. C. Braisted, Surgeon-General U. S. Navy; Rupert Blue, Surgeon-General (retired) U. S. Public Health Service

STUFF THAT MAKES HEROES

Do you know how to save a life? Are you prepared for the emergency? Here are the things you need to know



Merritte W. Ireland



William C. Braisted



Rupert Blue

If you are interested in these matters why do you not apply to your Red Cross Chapter for a full course in First Aid?

IN CASE OF ACCIDENT

SEND for a doctor at once, except in very slight injuries. If any doubt exists in regard to the extent of the injury, send for the doctor anyway, or take the patient to him. Injuries that are apparently trivial may have serious consequences if not treated promptly by a doctor.

In approaching an injured patient, do so calmly and without hurry. Generally speaking, the first thing to do for a patient is to get him into a safe and comfortable position. The best position, unless there is some special reason to the contrary, is on the back, with the head low. Never raise the head more than necessary to put under it a small pillow, such as one made of a folded coat. With a flushed face, the head may be raised to this extent; with a pale face, it should not be raised at all.

If the patient is vomiting, he should be placed on his side, or his head should be turned to one side, so that the matter vomited will not go into his windpipe and choke him.

Unconscious persons cannot swallow. They should never be given water or stimulants, as they will choke.

Tight clothing interferes with both breathing and circulation. The collar should be opened at once, and generally the belt and suspenders should be loosened.

If the injured person asks for water, it may be given him with safety. Give it slowly, so that the patient has time to swallow between sips.

Whatever the injury may be, it must be seen clearly before any attempt is made to treat it. In order to do this, it is generally necessary to remove some of the clothing. This is likely to be a very painful, and possibly a dangerous, process for the patient, unless he is handled with great gentleness.

In injuries to the foot and ankle the boots or shoes should be cut freely when removal is necessary.

PRIZES AND AWARDS

THE Red Cross offers during each calendar year the following prizes for First Aid to injured persons:

First Prize.....	\$50.00
Second Prize.....	\$25.00
Third Prize.....	\$15.00
Fourth Prize.....	\$10.00

Competition for these prizes is open to all holders of Red Cross First Aid Certificates, and, in special cases, to others who have been instructed in First Aid under the auspices of the Red Cross and yet may not hold certificates.

These prizes are not open to railroad men for whom special prizes in like amounts are provided from a fund known as "The William Howard Taft Fund."

The prizes provided for in "The William Howard Taft Fund" are awarded to the individuals doing the best First Aid work among railroad men during the calendar year.

The report on this work should be in the form of a sworn statement by the individual, accompanied by the sworn statement of the physician by whom the injured man was first treated.

Reports, affidavits, and so forth, should be sent in all cases to the First Aid Division of the American Red Cross, Washington, D. C., on or before December 1st of each calendar year.

There are also similar prizes offered under like conditions, to Life-Saving Corps.

WHAT TO DO IN SHOCK

More or less shock accompanies all injuries. It is sometimes called collapse. It is a condition in which a person who has had an accident appears stupid, or takes no interest in what is happening about him. He may be partly or totally unconscious, or his mind may wander. He is pale, anxious, and pinched looking. His eyelids droop, his eyes are dull with dilated pupils, his skin cold, his breathing shallow and his pulse so feeble that it may be almost imperceptible at the wrist.

The symptoms usually appear immediately after the injury. Some persons are peculiarly sensitive to shock, and get a worse case of it even after a slight injury than do others who are severely hurt. The danger of shock is that a person may die of heart failure.

Send for a doctor immediately. Meantime, keep the patient from seeing his own injury, as this is apt to increase shock—especially if there is severe bleeding.

Put the patient on his back, with his head low so that the blood will enter his brain.

Hot coffee, hot tea, or half a teaspoonful of aromatic spirits of ammonia in a tablespoonful of water, may be given if the patient is able to swallow. Smelling salts to the nose are a help.

Keep the patient warm. Never remove more clothing than necessary from an injured person, as this causes more severe shock. Spread coats or blankets over him. Place hot water bottles or hot bricks around the patient. Flannels wrung out in hot water and applied to the abdomen and chest have the same effect.

Rubbing the legs and arms toward the body, under the blankets, quickens the circulation and is useful. Be careful while doing this not to uncover the patient.

While shock is so extremely common in injuries that it should always be kept in mind and treated, it must not

be forgotten that something more dangerous even than shock may require attention. The symptoms of severe bleeding are very like shock, and if shock only is treated in such a case and the bleeding is not stopped, the patient may very easily bleed to death.

REMEMBER THESE THINGS WHEN THE WOUND COMES

IN cases of wounds where the skin is broken, there are two principal dangers—one, from germs, and the other, from bleeding.

Germs are living organisms, too small to be seen by the naked eye, but lurking everywhere, and able to enter the broken tissue and do great harm. A wound which bleeds freely is less likely to prove dangerous, as far as germs are concerned, than one which does not.



Stopping Bleeding From Head

because the blood often washes away the germs that have entered when the injury was received. If a doctor is quickly available, do not try to wash the wound. Water is dangerous, for it may contain pus germs. Simply cover the wound with a piece of sterile cloth, to prevent further contamination.

With trivial wounds, it is better to encourage bleeding than to stop it. Do not suck such wounds, but by pressure at their sides make them bleed. Do not wipe off the blood unless you have a surgically clean cloth with which to do so.

Do not touch a wound with your own hands

When a wound is accompanied by severe hemorrhage, have the patient lie down with his head low. Prevent all violent movements, for they will increase the bleeding. See that the patient gets plenty of air, cover him warmly, and put hot water bottles around him. Don't give stimulants, as they increase the force of the heart and may thus increase the bleeding. There are cases, however, in which stimulants are necessary to prevent loss of life. Whenever possible, avoid administering the stimulants until the bleeding has

been checked by some mechanical means. One-half a teaspoonful of aromatic spirits of ammonia in a table-spoonful of water is a good stimulant.

In order to check hemorrhage, it is necessary to know from which kind of a blood-vessel it comes.

1. Arterial hemorrhage is recognized by bright red blood, expelled in jets. The blood is lost very rapidly.

2. Venous hemorrhage is characterized by a steady flow of darker blood.

3. Capillary hemorrhage is characterized by the oozing of blood of a brick color.

Hemorrhage will not be severe except from arteries and large veins. Naturally as arteries, capillaries and veins may all be cut in a single wound, there may be bleeding from all three: In this case, arterial hemorrhage demands first consideration, and venous and capillary hemorrhage may be disregarded for the time being.

In arterial hemorrhage, send for a doctor at once. Do not wait until he arrives before doing something to stop the bleeding, for by so doing the patient may be dead or in a hopeless condition when he gets there. Press with your fingers or thumb on the artery between the bleeding point and the heart.

The temporal artery, which furnishes the most dangerous bleeding in scalp wounds, is reached by pressure in front of the ear, just above where the lower jaw can be felt working in its socket. Bleeding from any part of the scalp may be stopped by a tight bandage around the head. This bandage should go across the forehead just above the ears to the base of the skull behind.

The carotid artery may be compressed by pressing the thumb or fingers deeply into the neck, in front of the strongly marked muscle which reaches from the upper part of the breast bone to behind the ear. All bleeding from the head, would best be checked by pressure on the carotid artery.

Wounds of the neck, whether from arteries or veins, are so immediately and extremely dangerous that direct pressure on the bleeding point should be resorted to at once.

In bleeding from wounds of the shoulder or arm-pit, the sub-clavian artery may be reached by pressing the thumb deeply into the hollow behind the collar bone.



The Necessary Tourniquet

In bleeding from any part of the hand or arm, the brachial artery should be pressed outward against the bone just behind the inner border of the larger muscle of the upper arm.

Bleeding in the palm may be checked in the same way, but direct pressure, by means of a stone wrapped in gauze, firmly bandaged in the palm with the hand closed on the stone, is much better.

Bleeding from the thigh, leg, or foot, may be checked by pressing the thumbs at the middle of the groin where the artery passes over the bone. In making pressure with your fingers, if you feel the beat of the artery, you can be quite sure that with a little care to get it between your fingers and the hard point you can check the bleeding.

As it will be impossible to hold the fingers pressed over an artery for a very long time, in all cases where possible apply a tourniquet for checking the loss of blood. A tourniquet is made as follows: A cork, or a smooth



Stopping Bleeding from Scalp

round stone, or some object of similar size and shape, is used for a pad over the artery. (The object would best be wrapped in a piece of cloth, so it will not bruise the skin.) A strap which may be made from a handkerchief, or towel, or bandage, or cravat, is passed twice around the limb, over the pad, and tied loosely. A stick is put between the two layers of cloth thus formed, and twisted until the cloth is brought so tight that it stops the bleeding.

Tourniquets are not necessary except in very severe injury; they are therefore seldom needed. When they are needed, they are needed badly, and should be put on tight. All tourniquets should be loosened periodically, however, to allow the blood to flow through the adjacent tissue, else grave damage may be done to it.

In checking bleeding from any of the large veins, remove all bands such as tight collars, belts, garters and clothing, which prevent the return of blood to the heart. If a limb is wounded, elevate it so as to assist the flow of blood back to the heart. Apply a compress directly to the wound and bandage it tightly.

In wounds of the neck, such as those

caused by attempts to cut the throat, some of the jugular veins are often divided. Jam the fingers on the bleeding point.

In bleeding from varicose veins, put the patient on his back, remove all bands from around the legs, raise the leg, place a surgically clean compress over the bleeding point and bandage it firmly into position. Keep the patient lying down for some hours with the leg elevated. If there has been a considerable loss of blood, cover the patient warmly, and place hot water bottles around him. Do not place the bottles directly on the skin, as they may burn the patient.

RESCUE TREATMENT IN ELECTRIC SHOCK

DO not touch the body of a person suffering from electric shock and still in contact with the live wire or third rail, unless your own body is thoroughly insulated. Insulate yourself by covering your hands with a mackintosh, rubber sheeting, several thickness of silk, or even of dry cloth. In addition complete this insulation by standing on dry board or a thick piece of dry paper or even on a dry coat. Rubber gloves and shoes or boots are still safer, but they cannot always be procured quickly. If a live wire is under a patient and the ground is dry, it will be safe to stand on the ground and pull him off the wire with your bare hands. But they should touch only his clothing, and this should not be wet.

A live wire lying on a patient may with safety be flipped off with a dry board or stick. In removing the live wire from the patient, or the patient from the wire, do this with one motion. Rocking him to and fro on the wire will increase shock and burn.

A live wire may be safely cut by an axe or hatchet with a dry wooden handle, and the electric current may be short-circuited by dropping a crowbar or poker on the wire. These should be dropped on the side from which the current is coming and not on the farther side, because dropping them on the farther side will not short-circuit the current before it has passed through the patient's body. *Drop the metal bar.* Do not place it on the wire or you will

then be made a part of the short circuit and receive the current of electricity through your own body.

You must act promptly, as the danger to the patient is much increased the longer the current is permitted to pass through his body.

Many cases of electric shock are hopeless from the beginning, but it is impossible to tell this at first, and in every case, therefore, an attempt should be made to save the life of the patient by prompt treatment.

Send for a doctor. Loosen the patient's clothing around the neck, chest and abdomen. Keep him well covered and warm.

Perform artificial respiration, preferably by the Schaeffer prone-pressure method.

As soon as the patient is brought to consciousness, administer a mild stimulant, such as a teaspoonful of aromatic spirits of ammonia in a half a glass of water, or a cup of hot tea, or coffee.



The Prone-pressure Method

ARTIFICIAL RESPIRATION

PLACE the patient face downward, on a flat surface, one hand under the cheek, to raise the mouth from the ground, and the other hand above the head. This position slightly raises the chest, and allows the tongue to drop forward out of the throat.

In a case of drowning, it is not necessary to waste time trying to get the water from the lungs, as by this method the water runs out of the mouth while you are working.

Kneel astride the hips of the patient and, with your arms kept straight, put your hands on the small of the patient's back, over the floating ribs, lean forward and throw your weight upon them. This compresses the lungs, and forces out the air. Release the pressure suddenly. The air will go back into the lungs. Repeat this from twelve to fifteen times a minute. This method gives more air than natural breathing, and three times as much air as any other method of resuscitation.

Don't give up! Persons who have been under water as long as thirty-five minutes have been resuscitated by this simple method after six hours' work.

TREATING A PERSON NEARLY DROWNED

The treatment is essentially artificial respiration. Mud and water may be cleaned from the mouth with a handkerchief on the finger, or drained from the throat and lungs by claspings your hands around the patient's waist and raising his body with head hanging face downwards. But in the Schaeffer prone-pressure method of artificial respiration, such draining is not absolutely necessary, as the water is forced out of the lungs when the pressure is applied.

IN CASE OF SWALLOWED POISON

GIVE an emetic. Good emetics are:

A teaspoonful of mustard in a cupful of water.

A teaspoonful of salt in a cup of warm water.

The wine or syrup of ipecac in doses of from one to two teaspoonfuls.

Plain, lukewarm water in large quantities or run the finger down the throat.

An emetic will always work better if a patient will drink something before taking it. Send for the doctor and tell him what poison has been taken; he may be able to bring with him an antidote.

In all cases, administer the treatment for shock.

IN GAS POISONING

TO rescue a person in a place filled with gas, move quickly, and carry him out without breathing yourself. Take a few deep breaths before entering and, if possible, hold your breath while you are in the place. Frequently less gas will be found near the floor, and one may be able to crawl where it would be dangerous to walk.

Get the patient to a place where there is plenty of good air. Loosen his clothing about the chest and abdomen. Perform artificial respiration. Sprinkle cold water on his face and chest, and give stimulants as soon as the patient is able to swallow. (Cont. on Page 77.)



There Is Always Air On The Floor



Drop a Metal Bar On a Live Wire



The background is old Virginia. The girls are members of a canning club who are receiving instruction from one of Uncle Sam's demonstration agents

I DISCOVER MY GOVERNMENT

By William Harper Dean

III

How Uncle Sam visits the farms

THAT "splendid isolation," which characterized our pre-war conception of America's geographical and political relations to the rest of the world, no longer exists, save in the minds of near-sighted non-progressives. The war has shown us how narrow are the seas, how intimately is our destiny associated with that of other nations. We know that America no longer can plan her future without seriously weighing every factor entering into the complex equation of internationalism.

By the same token, we are becoming more and more cognizant of the fact that internally we must make provision for a multitude of factors heretofore slighted or ignored. The voice of labor has made itself heard; the needs of naturalized Americans are more keenly appreciated, the demand of American womanhood for equal suffrage; all these, and many more equally momentous problems, have awakened us to our first full realization of the interdependence of our classes and their creeds.

WHAT the devoted workers of the Department of Agriculture are doing for the housewives of this country, is one of the finest things among the varied activities of our Government. On farms, in every corner of the country, thousands of women already realize exactly what it is. There are millions more, however, to whom the facts in this third article of Mr. Dean's will be news. You women of the towns—here's practical help which is open to you also. If you are interested, write to the U. S. Department of Agriculture, Office of Extension Work, Washington, D. C.

Perhaps no class has come into greater prominence than our farmers. For the first time, Washington has seen farmer representation strongly entrenched in the very shadow of the Capitol dome. For the first time, politicians, industry, and plain consumers have been brought face to face with the delayed understanding of the vital role played by the farmers in the drama of American sovereignty. The farmer is no longer material for vaudeville characterizations or subject matter for the jocose cartoonist. He demands recognition in keeping with the importance and dignity of his calling. And he is getting it!

For many years, while the public took no heed, our Government has been concerning itself with the farmer's welfare. A certain class of politicians have utilized this fact to draw wholly ludicrous parallels between what the Government is doing for the farmer and what it is not doing for this class and that—especially for industry. But since the problem of food production has become so



An outdoor canning class conducted by the Government for the girls and women of Indiana



The Government gives a practical demonstration of home nursing in New Hampshire

acute in the face of adverse economic forces—notably the scarcity of farm labor—these facetious comparisons have been stilled. Even the class politician at last admits the critical necessity of a more intimate understanding of the economics of food production, of the Government's inherent obligation to step in and help clear away the economic entanglements obstructing the path of sound agricultural achievement. Without support, encouragement and a sympathetic understanding, the farmer will not play the game. And when he retrenches, disaster threatens.

Hand in hand with Government recognition of agriculture as a sovereign industry—manifested in the form of Government-directed efforts in behalf of better roads, better schools, better markets, and the like—goes Government recognition of the needs of the farmer's wife. The bald truth is that for years and years while every State and Government agency interested in agricultural

problems concerned itself with the perfection of labor-saving devices for the field, the woman on the farm was totally neglected. And yet, without her, the farm could not stand.

She is the mainspring of the farm. She it is who feeds the harvest hands, raises the farmer's children, makes his home. And, in doing these things, she performs a thousand laborious and oftentimes humdrum and wholly unnecessary tasks that drain her vitality and kill her enthusiasm.

It hasn't been fair that she should have seen her husband visited by the county agricultural agent, working as representative of State and Government alike, to show the farmer how he could double his production and increase the farm income by putting in a better piece of machinery here and there, by changing crop rotations and using better seed. It hasn't been fair that she should have seen her husband plowing

with a tractor while she churned the butter with the antiquated dash churn, brought water in buckets from the well to the kitchen and to the wash-tubs, went without ice for keeping her poultry and dairy products through the summer months, cooked on a stove as hot as a furnace, performed every household task from dawn till dark in the same way that her great-grandmother performed them, with never an improvement to suggest to her that her place on the farm was as worthy of respect as that of the men who drove plows and threshed wheat, not with a flail, but with a modern power-driven thresher.

Several years ago, when Secretary of Agriculture Houston entered the Department of Agriculture, he declared in favor of directing a worthy portion of the Department's energy and resources toward service in behalf of the farm women. He believed the Department could help them just as it was helping their husbands. So he circularized some

55,000 farm wives, asking how the Department could serve them.

The replies to those letters, in their aggregate, furnished a vivid cross-section view of the estate of the farm woman. Near-tragedy ran through every line. They wanted some measure of relief from the monotonous drudgery of their work under antiquated methods; they wanted better schools, roads, more telephones, a chance for social intercourse with their neighbors, wanted to know about labor-saving devices, wanted better farm home sanitation. They knew exactly what they wanted and looked directly to this Government of ours to give it to them!

Not all the things—the inequities—could be righted by the Government, but many of them could be and many have been. The Lever Extension Act made heavy provision for work in behalf of the farm women as well as for the farmers themselves and, to-day, practically every county in the United States has its home-demonstration agent going from farm home to farm home, carrying messages, making demonstrations in the name of better farm homes, just as the county agricultural agents are going from farm to farm taking to the farmers the vast store of information which has been accumulated by the States and the Federal Government.

In the fifteen Southern States, by way of illustration, some 475,000 farm women are enrolled in clubs organized for home demonstration work. The thirty-three Northern and Western States have some 650 rural home-demonstration agents employed co-operatively by the States and the Govern-

ment. What are they doing to make farm home life a better, brighter thing than ever before? What are they doing to take our Government into the farm home for its practical betterment?

Well, they are working improvements in home management through replanning of the house and through the introduction of labor-saving devices. They are enabling the farm women to achieve greater independence through increased personal incomes from the sale of products which in the past were often wasted. They are enabling farm girls—as well as boys—to go straight on the highroad of independence. In a word, they are conserving the health and happiness of farm women, safeguarding the farm life against the lure of the city, even as the county agents are contributing in no small measure to the stability of the business of the farm owner or renter himself.

I WISH you could have seen the sprawling, one-story, unpainted structure serving as the farm home of a certain farm family in one of the Southern States. It depressed the mother, it nerved the daughter to attempt its betterment. There were eleven in the family. The girl was a member of a garden club conducted co-operatively by the Government and the State under home-demonstration leadership. She had one-tenth of an acre of beans and tomatoes.

She offered some of the products of this plot to a local carpenter in exchange for a certain portion of his time to be spent on improving the house. They made a bargain. The girl had a

canning outfit of the kind advocated by the home-demonstration agents. She furnished this carpenter canned beans and tomatoes throughout the season while he worked on the house. The other members of the family, seeing what the girl was achieving, pitched in and helped.

Pretty soon a local hardware merchant offered a prize for canning club work in the community. The girl won it! The prize was silverware. She didn't want silver; she wanted a front door, side lights, and glass in the door! She found that the hardware merchant would give her these instead. So she took them.

NOW, this girl was only fourteen years of age. It was her second year in canning club work. And in that year, she transformed the old depressing house into one of the neatest, brightest, freshest bungalows you ever saw. Every penny came from the sale of products which, in the past had been wasted, but which now, thanks to the home demonstration work fostered by this Government, are being saved and turned into real wealth by tens of thousands of farm families. That girl in that year canned 700 cans of tomatoes, 750 cans of beans.

The home-demonstration agent on entering the farm home, comes to advise with the farm housewife, not to make wholesale recommendations and criticism of her method of managing her home. These women agents are tactful and resourceful in the extreme. They have a tremendous enthusiasm for, and a belief in, their work. They



The backbone of the country! These women are listening to the voice of the Government in a lecture room improvised from a railroad car. Note the serious purpose in these faces



THESE are some of the experts chosen by the Department of Agriculture to safeguard the lives and protect the health of Uncle Sam's great family of citizens. They are part of the body of devoted workers who stay on the

Dr. John R. Mohler, Chief of the Bureau of Animal Industry

He sees that there is plenty of beefsteak and bacon for all and that they are good to eat



George Livingston, Chief of the Bureau of Markets
Farmers must have a market for that second blade of grass. This man finds it and helps to send the grass there



Dr. L. C. Howard, Chief of Bureau of Entomology

He poisoned the dewdrop on the cotton plant—the boll weevil's morning "eye opener"—and thus conquered the enemy of cotton. Forty-two years of service have made him the dean of the scientific corps



Dr. Wm. A. Taylor, Chief Bureau of Plant Industry

Your daily bread is his concern. Through his Bureau have come a better wheat from Russia, a superior cotton from Egypt, better dates from Palestine and the navel orange from Brazil for California

Prof. Milton Whitney, Chief of Bureau of Soils

He tells American farmers what their soil is good for and what's good for their soil. He has dug into and analyzed 517,940 square miles of it and, therefore, he knows just what he is talking about

Thomas H. McDonald, Chief of the Bureau of Public Roads

This is the master road builder of America. He is now supervising for Uncle Sam the biggest road-making enterprise in history. \$633,000,000 worth of new roads will be built this year as a part of the program



job in Washington, year in and year out, regardless of politics. The captions beneath their pictures will give you a vivid conception of their achievements as well as a brand new idea of what our Government does for its citizens

Dr. H. C. Taylor, Chief of the Office of Farm Management

He makes farming attractive and profitable, thus keeping 7,000,000 farmers on the job



Dr. C. L. Alsberg, Chief of Bureau of Chemistry

He makes life miserable for food crooks and medicine fakers. He believes red pepper should be red pepper, not sawdust



Dr. C. L. Marlatt, U. S. Horticultural Board

He is on the alert when new pests and plant diseases threaten to enter the country. He watches every carrier. He quarantined against the whole world to keep out the European corn borer



J. K. Haywood, of Insecticide and Fungicide Board

He commands Uncle Sam's poison squad. His business is to see that remedies for plant pests and diseases affecting plant life are effective and that manufacturers make them that way



Prof. Charles F. Marvin, Chief of Weather Bureau

Here's the weather man! He tells the farmer when to harvest, the shipper when to ship, the captain when to sail, and all the rest of us when we should carry umbrellas and wear our rubbers



Dr. A. C. True, Director of the States Relations Service

The sales manager! By means of some 1,700 county agents and 1,000 demonstration agents he sells the services of the United States Department of Agriculture to every farm and fireside throughout the country





The way to a man's heart.
Chocolate cake and coffee
at a typical home club



The Government teaches us
how to can peaches by the
one-period, cold-pack method

become members of the farm family, so to speak, and as such they can suggest and aid in making improvements which would never be adopted if coming from one looked upon as an outsider bent on philanthropic undertakings. The agents help the women to help themselves!

In the Southern States, ice is a rare luxury on many farms, and the farther the farm from town, the greater the rarity, inasmuch as the genial climate precludes the possibility of making a home supply. Here the demonstration agents have worked the little miracle of the iceless refrigerator, in which hundreds of thousands of pounds of butter are being kept cool and sweet and firm, and other perishable foods stored with no chance of spoiling.

The iceless refrigerator is simplicity itself. A simple wooden cabinet is built, fitted with as many shelves as necessary. It is covered with cheesecloth. A pan of water feeds moisture to this covering through simple wicks. The moisture, saturating the cheesecloth, evaporates in the warm air and this very evaporation lowers the temperature inside the cabinet to refrigerate butter and foods.

THE demonstration agents have also been instrumental in introducing into farmhouses thousands of fireless cookers, made at home out of inexpensive material and, consequently, very cheap. This, together with a little marvel of efficiency in the form of a special kerosene stove, has made many a farm kitchen endurable during the

hot summer months whereas, in the past, the huge wood stove converted that room into a veritable torture chamber.

A record taken at random will serve to illustrate the extent to which these practical suggestions are adopted by our farm women. In one State, there are ten home-demonstration clubs scattered throughout the rural communities of one of the counties. The clubs have a total membership of 100 farm women. Under the guidance of the county demonstration agents, these women made, in their homes, 40 cookers, 4 iceless refrigerators, 150 fly traps, 15 more convenient ironing boards, 6 wheel trays for the saving of steps from the kitchen to the dining room, 3 homemade shower baths, 4

kitchen cabinets, 10 water systems, 3 dumb waiters. Forty homes were screened against flies and mosquitoes. Fifteen porches were screened. In addition to the homemade devices, these women bought, at the suggestion of the demonstration agents, 10 fireless cookers, 4 kitchen cabinets, 40 kerosene stoves, 25 gasoline irons, 15 canning outfits, 15 incubators, 10 brooders, and a number of home lighting devices.

Should a farm family decide to install a water system to provide running water in the kitchen, the Home Demonstration Service can and will furnish full working plans for several systems varying in price and size. It can and will furnish full working plans for the building of sanitary outhouses. All these plans and specifications may be obtained from various departments of the Government.

Sewing schools conducted by the demonstration agents have developed into real rural institutions. In one section of Arizona, such a school was held in the waiting room of the railway station, the only building available. The walls and floors were scrubbed and three machines and two work tables installed. The first day twelve women came for instruction. One woman, in the three days she attended, made a voile dress, a gingham dress, a skirt from old material, a hat and a baby cap. All the time she minded her baby, one foot working the machine, the other rocking the baby carriage. And, while she worked, she sang to that baby a Dutch lullaby!

A WOMAN in Florida wanted more home conveniences, wanted a brighter, fresher home. She did not have the money to buy these things. So she went to work to earn it. She learned to can under the direction of home demonstration agents. She learned how to put her products up attractively. The first year's profits from her work were invested in a gasoline engine. That engine furnished power for a water system in her home and, also, ran her washing machine.

Then, another year, she sold 2,000 large cans of tomatoes to a grocery at West Palm Beach. With the profits, she added two more rooms to her home. She bought paint and put it on, inside and out. This year, she has a standing order for 4,000 cans of tomatoes.

"Don't grumble if you haven't conveniences and improvements in your home," says this woman, "Get busy canning and buy them!"

One practical method of teaching farm home improvement is to show what other women are doing to improve their own. And so the Home Demonstration System has taken up the custom of arranging sight-seeing tours for farm women. Fourteen cars filled with farm folk recently made such a tour in a county in Idaho. The home demonstration agent organized the trip. At the first home, the women confined their inspection to the kitchen, which had been planned to eliminate useless steps and was fitted with many labor-saving devices.

In the next home, the women studied the amusement room. Part of the basement had been given a hardwood floor and a rustic fireplace. It was used for dancing. In one end of this room was a billiard table.

After a picnic dinner, the party went to a farmhouse where the arrangement of the furniture and the color scheme of the furnishings were given close inspection. In another home, they saw what could be done with homemade furniture.

In a Missouri county, eight automobiles filled with farm women recently made a similar tour. All manner of home improvements were studied—electric and gasoline engine water systems; lighting plants; draftless self-cleaning fireplaces; clothes chutes; home laundries; heating systems; and garbage disposal systems.

"FOR several years before I was married," a woman was telling, "I was a stenographer. When I found myself with a home of my own to manage, I learned that there was a great deal about cooking and household work that I didn't understand.

"Four years after we were married, we moved to North Carolina. There, we had the services of an excellent country home demonstration agent. She was beginning her canning club work for the year when we went into the county, and I joined the club in her community.

"That year, I canned 150 cans of tomatoes and other vegetables in tin, and enough in glass for the family's use. I sold 150 cans at a good price. The following year, I canned over 1,000 cans and sold them readily at from \$2.00 to \$3.50 a dozen.

"As soon as the canning season was over, our demonstration agent began giving demonstrations of cooking and butter-making to the clubs. In the butter-making we were requested to use the rectangular mold and cartons, so that we could market and exhibit the product to better advantage.

"In January, the following year, there was a large dairy show at Wilson, North Carolina, at which dairy products from all over the State were exhibited. The demonstration agent asked all the club members to send butter to the show. I sent 2 pounds and received first prize—a \$75 cream separator. Later, I won a number of premiums at our community fair, and at two county fairs for exhibits of canned foods, samples of cooking, and the like.

"The home-demonstration agent had a 'making over' campaign, in which she showed the economy in remodeling old clothes, suits, coats, and the like. I had two coat suits and some other clothes that were good but out of style. She helped me make these over, and now I have all my winter clothing made from out-of-style garments. They all look as good as new, and some of the dresses were better than any I could have bought for \$50. They did not cost me a cent, except for thread, a few trimmings, and a little work. Anyone, who will take interest in the demonstrations given by a county

agent, cannot help being repaid for the time a thousand-fold."

Up in the Ozarks, canning demonstrations are like big picnics. In many neighborhoods, the announcement of a lecture by the agent will bring out every man, woman and child for miles around.

A club in one of the Ozarks counties, 20 miles from the county seat and a railroad, is called "The Snowball." A year ago, this club bought a steam pressure canning outfit. The husbands of the women members built the canner house, work-table, and other equipment. One man donated the trees and others cut them into logs and hauled them to the sawmill.

The agent of this county does most of her traveling on horseback, over hills and down valleys, fording streams. It is the only means by which she can reach all parts of the county.

Last year, the State of Georgia required each demonstration agent to have two demonstrations on improving the front yard. In Oklahoma, homes in different parts of the State have been selected for demonstration homes. The county and home demonstration agents help plan the improvements and the owners carry them out. Pictures are taken of the yards before and after. The South Carolina agents not only have many calls for plans for exterior improvements but the people are asking for advice on interior decorations. A farm home improved and beautified was one of the exhibits made at a recent South Carolina county fair.

EGG circles, organized under the leadership of home demonstration agents, are beginning to develop into influential factors for the betterment of farm life. They are enabling thousands of farm women to realize a better price for the eggs from the small farm flocks than ever before. The eggs are marketed co-operatively, the members guaranteeing the freshness of the eggs and catering to a class of customers who are willing to pay extra for this guarantee.

In one year, more than 500,000 eggs were marketed collectively by club members in the fifteen Southern States, representing a value of \$233,746. Co-operative poultry breeding associations are also becoming popular, ninety-four breeding associations having been formed in the South last year alone. They sold 22,922 fowls for breeding purposes, the standard-bred roosters in these sales bringing nearly \$35,000.

Likewise, Southern farm women are beginning to double their receipts for butter through improved quality and better marketing practices. As soon as the home demonstration agents have trained a sufficient number of farm women in a community to make first-class butter and cheese, a butter club is organized.

As in the case of eggs, butter is marketed co-operatively. One such club in Mississippi has had more demands for butter than it could fill. During the past season, it has supplied three markets and in addition shipped away about 40 pounds a week. On July first, (Continued on page 70.)



His old self appeared before him. "What's a brain for," he was saying, "if it isn't to travel without moving your legs?"

THE PRODIGAL VILLAGE

By Irving Bacheller

Author of "A Man for the Ages," "The Light in the Clearing," "Keeping up with Lizzie," etc.

Illustrated by Thomas Fogarty

CHAPTER SEVEN

In Which High Voltage Develops in the Conversation

IT was a warm, bright May day. There was not a cloud in the sky. Roger Delane had arrived and the Bings were giving a dinner that evening. The best people of Hazelmead were coming over in motor cars. Phyllis and Roger had had a long ride together that day on the new Kentucky saddle horses. Mrs. Bing had spent the morning in Hazelmead and had stayed to lunch with Mayor and Mrs. Stacy. She had returned at four and cut some flowers for the table and gone to her room for an hour's rest when the young people returned. She was not yet asleep when Phyllis came into the big bedroom. Mrs. Bing lay among the cushions on her couch. She partly rose, tumbled the cushions into a pile and leaned against them. "Heavens! I'm tired!" she exclaimed. "These women in Hazelmead hang onto

one like a lot of hungry cats. They all want money for one thing or another—Red Cross or Liberty bonds or fatherless children or tobacco for the soldiers or books for the library. My word! I'm broke and it seems as if each of my legs hung by a thread."

Phyllis smiled as she stood looking down at her mother.

"How beautiful you look!" the fond mother exclaimed. "If he didn't propose to-day, he's a chump."

"But he did," said Phyllis. "I tried to keep him from it, but he just would propose in spite of me."

THE girl's face was red and serious. She sat down in a chair and began to remove her hat. Mrs. Bing rose, suddenly, and stood facing Phyllis.

"I thought you loved him," she said with a look of surprise.

"So I do," the girl answered.

"What did you say?"

"I said no."

"What!"

"I refused him!"

"For God's sake, Phyllis! Do you

think you can afford to play with a man like that? He won't stand for it."

"Let him sit for it then and, mother, you might as well know, first as last, that I am not playing with him."

There was a calm note of firmness in the voice of the girl. She was prepared for this scene. She had known it was coming. Her mother was hot with irritating astonishment. The calmness of the girl in suddenly beginning to dig a grave for this dear ambition—rich with promise—in the very day when it had come submissively to their feet, stung like the tooth of a serpent. She stood very erect and said with an icy look in her face:

"YOU young upstart! What do you mean?"

There was a moment of frigid silence in which both of the women began to turn cold. Then Phyllis answered very calmly as she sat looking down at the bunch of violets in her hand:

"It means that I am married, mother."

Mrs. Bing's face turned red. There

was a little convulsive movement of the muscles around her mouth. She folded her arms on her breast, lifted her chin a bit higher and asked in a polite tone, although her words fell like fragments of cracked ice:

"Married! To whom are you married?"

"To Gordon King."

Phyllis spoke casually as if he were a piece of ribbon that she had bought at a store.

Mrs. Bing sank into a chair and covered her face with her hands for half a moment. Suddenly she picked up a slipper that lay at her feet and flung it at the girl.

"My God!" she exclaimed. "What a nasty liar you are!"

It was not ladylike but, at that moment, the lady was temporarily absent.

"Mother, I'm glad you say that," the girl answered still very calmly, although her fingers trembled a little as she felt the violets, and her voice was not quite steady. "It shows that I am not so stupid at home as I am at school."

The girl rose and threw down the violets and her mild and listless manner. A look of defiance filled her face and figure. Mrs. Bing arose, her eyes aglow with anger.

"I'd like to know what you mean," she said under her breath.

"I mean that if I am a liar, you taught me how to be it. Ever since I was knee-high, you have been teaching me to deceive my father. I am not going to do it any longer. I am going to find

my father and tell him the truth. I shall not wait another minute. He will give me better advice than you have given, I *hope*."

The words had fallen rapidly from her lips and, as the last one was spoken, she hurried out of the room. Mrs. Bing threw herself on the couch where she lay with certain bitter memories, until the new maid came to tell her that it was time to dress.

She was like one reminded of mortality after coming out of ether.

"Oh, Lord!" she murmured wearily. "I feel like going to bed! How *can* I live through that dinner? Please bring me some brandy."

PHYLLIS learned that her father was at his office whither she proceeded without a moment's delay. She sent in word that she must see him alone and as soon as possible. He dismissed the men with whom he had been talking and invited her into his private office.

"Well, girl, I guess I know what is on your mind," he said. "Go ahead."

Phyllis began to cry. "All right! You do the crying and I'll do the talking," he went on. "I feel like doing the crying myself, but if you want that job I'll resign it to you. Perhaps you can do enough of that for both of us. I began to smell a rat the other day. So I sent for Gordon King. He came here this morning. I had a long talk with him. He told me the truth. Why didn't you tell me? What's the good of having a father unless you use him at times when his

counsel is likely to be worth having? I would have made a good father, if I had had half a chance. I should like to have been your friend and confidant in this important enterprise. I could have been a help to you. But, somehow, I couldn't get on the board of directors. You and your mother have been running the plant all by yourselves and I guess it's pretty near bankrupt. Now, my girl, there's no use crying over spilt tears. Gordon King is not the man of my choice, but we must all take hold and try to build him up. Perhaps we can make him pay."

"I do not love him," Phyllis sobbed. "You married him because you wanted to. You were not coerced?"

"No, sir."

"I'M sorry, but you'll have to take your share of the crow with the rest of us," he went on, with a note of sternness in his tone. "By God! When I make a contract I live up to it and I intend that you shall do the same. You'll have to learn to love and cherish this fellow, if he makes it possible. I'll have no welching in my family. You and your mother believe in woman's rights. I don't object to that but you mustn't think that you have the right to break your agreements unless there's a good reason for it. My girl, the marriage contract is the most binding and sacred of all contracts. I want you to do your best to make this one a success."

There was the tinkle of the telephone bell. Mr. Bing put the receiver to his ear and spoke into the instrument as follows:

"Yes, she's here! I knew all the facts before she told me. Mr. Delane? He's on his way back to New York. Left on the 6.10. Charged me to present his



"Yes, she's here," said Mr. Bing. I knew all the facts before she told me"

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regrets and farewells to you and Phyllis. I thought it best for him to know and to go. Yes, we're coming right home to dress. Mr. King will take Mr. Delane's place at the table. We'll make a clean breast of the whole business. Brace up and eat your crow with a smiling face. I'll make a little speech and present Mr. and Mrs. King to our friends at the end of it. Oh, now, cut out the sobbing and leave this unfinished business to me and don't worry. We'll be home in three minutes."

CHAPTER EIGHT

*In Which Judge Crooker
Delivers a Few Opinions*

THE pride of Bingville had fallen in the dust! It had risen and gone on with soiled garments and lowered head. It had suffered derision and defeat. It could not ever be the same again. Sneed and Snodgrass recovered, in a degree, from their feeling of opulence. Sneed had become polite, industrious and obliging. Snodgrass and others had lost heavily in stock speculation through the failure of a broker in Hazelmead. They went to work with a will and without the haughty independence which, for a time, had characterized their attitude. The spirit of the Little Shepherd had entered the hearts and home of Emanuel Baker and his wife. Pauline and the baby were there and being tenderly loved and cared for. But what humility had entered that home! Phyllis and her husband lived with her parents, Gordon having taken a humble place in the mill. He worked early and late. The Bings had made it hard for him, finding it difficult to overcome their resentment, but he stood the gaff, as they say, and won the regard of J. Patterson although Mrs. Bing could never forgive him.

In June, there had been a public meeting in the Town Hall addressed by Judge Crooker and the Reverend Mr. Singleton. The Judge had spoken of the grinding of the mills of God that was going on the world over.

"Our civilization has had its time of trial, not yet ended," he began. "Its enemies have been busy in every city and village. Not only in the cities and villages of France and Belgium have they been busy but in those of our own land. The Goths and Vandals have invaded Bingville. They have been destroying the things we loved. The false god is in our midst. Many here, within the sound of my voice, have a god suited to their own tastes and sins—an obedient, tractable, boneless god. It is my deliberate opinion that the dances and costumes and moving pictures we have seen in Bingville are doing more injury to Civilization than all the guns of Germany. My friends, you can do nothing worse for my daughter than deprive her of her modesty and I would rather, far rather, see you slay my son than destroy his respect for law and virtue and decency. Ruthless and depraved are these

enemies who have entered our village under the banner of the false god. Let us cast them out."

It was done and quite effectively done by a committee, the chairman of which was a person no less efficient and uncompromising than Judge Crooker himself.

LATER, in June, a strike began in the big plant of J. Patterson Bing. The men demanded higher pay and shorter days. They were working under a contract but that did not seem to matter. In a fight with "scabs" and Pinkerton men they destroyed a part of the plant. Even the life of Mr. Bing was threatened! The summer was near its end when J. Patterson Bing and a committee of the labor union met in the office of Judge Crooker to submit their differences to that impartial magistrate for adjustment. The Judge listened patiently and rendered his decision. It was accepted.

When the papers were signed, Mr. Bing rose and said, "Your Honor, there's one thing I want to say. I have spent most of my life in this town. I have built up a big business here and doubled the population. I have built comfortable homes for my laborers and taken an interest in the education of their children and built a library where anyone could find the best books to read. I have built playgrounds for the children of the working people. If I have heard of any case of need, I have done my best to relieve it. I have always been ready to hear complaints and treat them fairly. My men have been generously paid and yet they have not hesitated to destroy my property and to use guns and knives and clubs and stones to prevent the plant from filling its contracts and to force their will upon me. How do you explain it? What have I done or failed to do that has caused this bitterness?"

"Mr. Bing, I am glad that you ask me that question," the old Judge began. "It gives me a chance to present to you, and to these men who work for you, a conviction which has grown out of impartial observation of your relations with each other.

"First, I want to say to you, Mr. Bing, that I regard you as a good citizen. Your genius and generosity have put this community under great obligation. Now, in heading toward the hidden cause of your complaint, I beg to ask you a question at the outset. Do you know that unfortunate son of the Widow Moran known as the Shepherd of the Birds?"

"I have heard much about him," Mr. Bing answered.

"DID you know him?"

"No. I have had letters from him acknowledging favors now and then, but I do not know him."

"We have hit at once the source of your trouble," the Judge went on. "The Shepherd is a representative person. He stands for the poor and the unfortunate in this village. You have never gone to see him because—well, probably it was because you feared that the look

of him would distress you. The thing which would have helped and inspired and gladdened his heart more than anything else would have been the feel of your hand and a kind and cheering word and sympathetic counsel. Under those circumstances, I think I may say that it was your duty as a neighbor and a human being to go to see him. Instead of that you sent money to him. Now, he never needed money. In the kindest spirit, I ask you if that money you sent to him in the best of good will was not, in fact, a species of bribery? Were you not, indeed, seeking to buy immunity from a duty incumbent upon you as a neighbor and a human being?"

Mr. Bing answered quickly, "There are plenty of people who have nothing else to do but carry cheer and comfort to the unfortunate. I have other things to do."

"THAT does not excuse you from the liabilities of a neighbor and a human being, in my view. If your business has turned you into a shaft or a cog-wheel, it has done you a great injustice. I fear that it has been your master—that it has practiced upon you a kind of despotism. You would better get along with less—far less—business than suffer such a fate. I don't want to hurt you. We are looking for the cause of a certain result and I can help you only by being frank. With all your generosity you have never given your heart to this village. Some unkind people have gone so far as to say that you have no heart. You cannot prove it with money that you do not miss. Money is good but it must be warmed with sympathy and some degree of sacrifice. Has it never occurred to you that the warm hand and the cheering word in season are more, vastly more, than money in the important matter of making good will? Unconsciously, you have established a line and placed yourself on one side of it and the people on the other. Broadly speaking, you are capital and the rest are labor. Whereas, in fact you are all workingmen. Some of the rest have come to regard you as their natural enemy. They ought to regard you as their natural friend. Two kinds of despotism have prevented it. First, there is the despotism of your business in making you a slave—so much of a slave that you haven't time to be human; second, there is the despotism of the labor union in discouraging individual excellence, in demanding equal pay for the faithful man and the slacker, and in denying the right of free men to labor when and where they will. All this is tyranny as gross and un-American as that of George the Third in trying to force his will upon the colonies. If America is to survive, we must set our faces against every form of tyranny. The remedy for all our trouble and bitterness is real democracy which is nothing more or less than the love of men—the love of justice and fair play for each and all.

"You men should know that every strike increases the burdens of the



Christmas Eve was a great occasion for the Little Shepherd. His voice trembled when he said, "You have been very kind to me." Mr. Bing, who was a judge of pictures, said the boy's work showed great promise

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people. Every day your idleness lifts the price of their necessities. Idleness is just another form of destruction. Why could you not have listened to the counsel of Reason in June instead of in September, and thus have saved these long months of loss and hardship and bitter violence? It was because the spirit of Tyranny had entered your hearts and put your judgment in chains. It had blinded you to honor also, for your men were working under contract. If the union is to command the support of honest men, it must be honest. It was Tyranny that turned the treaty with Belgium into a scrap of paper. That kind of a thing will not do here. Let me assure you that Tyranny has no right to be in this land of ours. You remind me of the Prodigal Son who had to know the taste of husks and the companionship of swine before he came to himself. Do you not know that Tyranny is swine and the fodder of swine? It is simply human hoggishness.

"I HAVE one thing more to say and I am finished. Mr. Bing: Some time ago you threw up your religion without realizing the effect that such an act would be likely to produce on this community. You are, no doubt, aware that many followed your example. I've got no preaching to do. I'm just going to quote you a few words from an authority no less respectable than George Washington himself. Our history has made one fact very clear, namely, that he was a wise and far-seeing man."

Judge Crooker took from a shelf, John Marshall's "Life of Washington," and read:

"It is substantially true that virtue or morality is a necessary spring of popular government and let us, with caution, indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion."

"Let it simply be asked where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if a sense of religious obligation desert the oaths which are the instruments of investigation in courts of justice?"

"Let me add, on my own account, that the treatment you receive from your men will vary according to their respect for morality and religion."

"They could manage very well with an irreligious master, for you are only one. But an irreligious mob is a different and a highly serious matter, believe me. Away back in the 17th century, John Dryden wrote a wise sentence. It was this:

"I have heard, indeed, of some very virtuous persons who have ended unfortunately but never of a virtuous nation; Providence is engaged too deeply when the cause becomes general."

"If virtue is the price of a nation's life, let us try to keep our own nation virtuous."

Mr. Bing and his men left the Judge's office in a thoughtful mood. The next day, Judge Crooker met the mill owner on the street.

"JUDGE, I accept your verdict," said the latter. "I fear that I have been rather careless. It didn't occur to me that my example would be taken so seriously. I have been a prodigal and have resolved to return to my father's house."

"Ho, servants!" said the Judge, with a smile. "Bring forth the best robe and put it on him and put a ring on his finger and shoes on his feet and bring hither the fatted calf and kill it and let us eat and be merry."

"We shall have to postpone the celebration," said Mr. Bing. "I have to go to New York to-night, and I sail for England to-morrow. But I shall return before Christmas."

A little further on, Mr. Bing met Hiram Blenkinsop. The latter had a plank on his shoulder.

"I'd like to have a word with you," said the mill owner as he took hold of the plank and helped Hiram to ease it down. "I hear many good things about you, Mr. Blenkinsop. I fear that we have all misjudged you. If I have ever said or done anything to hurt your feelings, I am sorry for it."

Hiram Blenkinsop looked with astonishment into the eyes of the millionaire.

"I—I guess I ain't got you placed right—not eggzac'ly," said he. "Some folks ain't as good as they look an' some ain't as bad as they look. I wouldn't wonder if we was mostly purty much alike, come to shake us down."

"Let's be friends, anyhow," said Mr. Bing. "If there's anything I can do for you, let me know."

That evening, as he sat by the stove in his little room over the garage of Mr. Singleton with his dog Christmas lying beside him, the thought came to Blenkinsop that all men would be

very much alike with their clothes off. "And suppose you took off their diseases and their appetites and threw 'em in a corner?" a voice inquired.

Mr. Blenkinsop turned and saw his old Self standing in the doorway.

"I guess there wouldn't be much left," the former answered.

"That's right," said the old Self. "In some cases it would be one small potato an' so many weeds that no wonder it couldn't grow."

"YOU make me feel about as big as a lightnin' bug," said the poor man. "Will you help me?"

"I can only show you the work to be done," his old Self answered. "It is a lonely job! No one can do it for you. Go to work and keep the weeds down. We men are nothing but seed planted in a fertile field."

"I guess I'll go down to the hotel," said Mr. Blenkinsop. "There's nobody here but night and silence."

"Don't you know how to travel without movin' yer legs?" his old Self asked.

"How do you do that?"

"With your brain to be sure," the old Self went on. "Don't you remember Robinson Crusoe and how we used to live with him on a desert island? What's a brain for, anyhow?"

The man rose from his chair and rubbed his eyes and said, "Well, Christmas ol' boy, Blenkinsop has suddenly discovered that he has a brain. He mislaid it years ago an' it's all covered with dirt an' rust. It could fly like a bird when I was a boy. We'll get some story books an' see if its wings'll work. If they do, Night and Silence won't be able to bluff us anymore."

CHAPTER NINE

Which Tells of a Merry Christmas Day in the Little Cottage of the Widow Moran

Night and Silence are a stern test of wisdom. For years, the fun loving, chattersome Blenkinsop had been their enemy and was not yet at peace with them. But Night and Silence had other enemies in the village—ancient and insoluble enemies, it must be said. They were the cocks of Bingville. Every morning they fell to and drove Night and Silence out of the place and who shall say that they did not save it from being hopelessly overwhelmed. Day was their victory and they knew how to achieve it. Noise was the thing most needed. So they roused the people and called up the lights and set the griddles rattling. The great, white cock that roosted near the window in the Widow Moran's hen-house watched for the first sign of weakness in the enemy. When it came, he sent (Continued on page 66.)

COURAGE

By Edna Mead

Courage, My Heart!

High hills obstruct our way

Across the fair, white road

From yesterday;

Yet, I admonish you, take leave of sorrow,

The guide-post points us white, fair roads

Again—to-morrow!

BILLY BRAD DISCOVERS CAPITAL

By Ellis Parker Butler

Author of "Pigs is Pigs"

Drawings by J. R. Shaver

WHEN Christmas came, Billy Brad's Uncle Peter Henry, who was quite bald and wore big spectacles with real tortoise shell rims and looked as wise as an owl, gave Billy Brad a big, round dollar, just as Billy Brad had hoped he would. He gave Billy Brad a pair of ice skates, too, but Billy Brad was more pleased with the dollar.

"What are you going to do with it, Billy Brad?" asked Uncle Peter Henry, when Billy Brad had thanked him for it and kissed him for it.

"Why, I'm going to put it in the Savings Bank," said Billy Brad. "I'm going to put it in the Savings Bank with my other dollars until I need it to pay it for rent to Mr. Giffen for the ground I am going to grow my corn on. Because this will be my rent dollar, Uncle Peter Henry."

"That is a very good idea," said Uncle Peter Henry.

"And I wish Christmas was every month, I do," said Billy Brad.

"Why so, Billy Brad?" asked Uncle Peter Henry.

"Because then I would get a Christmas dollar every month," said Billy Brad frankly. "And I need some more dollars for my corn farm, I do."

"I see!" said Uncle Peter Henry, smiling. "A progressive young agriculturist cannot even grow corn without spending some money—is that it?"

"Yes," said Billy Brad. "Because Henny Staples had to, and he told me. He had to pay Mr. Giffen to plow the ground with his plow and horses, and he had to pay for the corn to plant in the ground, and he had to buy a hoe to hoe it with."

"And how about fertilizer? Didn't he have to pay for that?" asked Uncle Peter Henry.

"Yes," said Billy Brad, "but the scarecrow he didn't have to pay for, because he made it. And I can make one, too."

Billy Brad's corn farm was the thing he thought about most. All winter he had talked about it to his father, and to his mother, and to Uncle Peter Henry, and hundreds of times with Henny Staples. He had walked over to Mr. Giffen's field many times to see



ALTHOUGH a small boy, Billy Brad represents the eternal question mark. He wants to know; he is a little explorer in the world. His experiences and his questions touch many fundamental things. In this adventure he finds the great idea, Capital, and with the help of his Uncle Peter begins to understand something of its meaning. Whether you are young or old, you will get enlightenment and possibly information from Butler's wise and humorous sketch.

just where his corn field was going to be, and he had made maps of it on paper—dozens and dozens of them—showing just how many rows of corn there were going to be. He really knew where every grain of corn was going to be planted. I believe he could have told Uncle Peter Henry just how many grains of corn he meant to plant.

"It would give me great pleasure if you would let me furnish the coat for the scarecrow for the famous corn farm," said Uncle Peter Henry.

"All right, you can," said Billy Brad, "if you've got a floppy one, Uncle Peter Henry. Henny says the floppy ones are the best kind."

"I think I have a remarkably floppy coat," said Uncle Peter Henry, "and if you find you have not enough money in the Savings Bank to pay for all you need to start the corn farm properly I think I know a capitalist by the name of Peter Henry who can lend you the money you need. How many dollars have you in the Savings Bank, Billy Brad?"

"Ten Dollars," said Billy Brad.

"Ten Dollars!" exclaimed Uncle Peter Henry. "Why, you will not need to borrow. You are a capitalist yourself."

"Am I?" said Billy Brad, and then he asked—for asking was one of the things he did best—"What is a capitalist, Uncle Peter Henry?"

"A capitalist," said Uncle Peter Henry, "is a man who has capital."

"What is capital?" asked Billy Brad promptly.

"Wheat that has not been eaten, water that has not run over the dam, money that has not been spent," said Uncle Peter Henry. "It is wheat that has been gathered into the barn, water that has been stored in the reservoir, money that has been accumulated. Capital is part of yesterday saved to help us do the work of to-day and to-morrow. Do you understand that, Billy Brad?"

"No," said Billy Brad frankly.

"Well, now, let me see!" said Uncle Peter Henry, thinking hard. "You had a garden last summer, Billy Brad. You grew some radishes in it, didn't you?"

"Yes, Uncle Peter Henry," said Billy Brad.



"Did you eat all the radishes?" asked Uncle Peter Henry.

"No. I couldn't," said Billy Brad. "There were too many!"

"Too many for everybody in the world to eat?" asked Uncle Peter Henry.

"Oh, no!" said Billy Brad. "Of course not, Uncle Peter Henry; just too many for me to eat by myself. So I sold them, I did. To my mamma."

"And she gave you money for them," said Uncle Peter Henry; "and you put the money in the bank. And now you have that money to use. So, you see, you can use the radishes that were too many for you to eat; you can use them to pay Mr. Giffen for plowing your corn farm, and you can use them to pay for your seed corn, and to pay for the fertilizer. So really, it will be your

more-than-enough-for yourself radishes that will plow the ground and buy the seed and the fertilizer. Isn't that so?"

"Yes, Uncle Peter Henry," said Billy Brad.

"So that is what Capital is," said Uncle Peter Henry. "It is the *more-than-enough* that has been saved by somebody, or by many somebodies, or by all the somebodies in the world. It may be the *more-than-enough* radishes, or the *more-than-enough* wheat, or the *more-than-enough* water, or *more-than-enough* money. But all Capital is somebody's *more-than-enough* that has been saved for another day. Do you know what wheat is, Billy Brad?"

"It's grain," said Billy Brad. "It grows. And they grind it up and make flour of it."

"Yes," said Uncle Peter Henry. "And if a man has a wheat farm, and

plows it, and harrows it, and sows the seed wheat, and the wheat grows and ripens, and the man reaps it, and threshes it, he has more wheat than he planted, hasn't he?"

"Yes," said Billy Brad.

"Of course," said Uncle Peter Henry.

"And if he has had a very poor year he may have just enough wheat for his own family to eat and no more. But if he has had a very good year he may have a great deal more wheat than that. But, no matter how much wheat he grows, he must eat some of it; or sell some of it for money to buy other food to eat. And some must go to pay the men who helped him. And some for clothes. And some for taxes or rent. And some for other things."

"For the Red Cross," said Billy Brad.

"Probably," agreed Uncle Peter Henry. "But, after all, he has quite a lot of wheat left over. So what does he do with it—throw it away?"

"No," said Billy Brad.

"But he could, if he wanted to," said Uncle Peter Henry. "He could throw it in the creek and let the birds eat it and the rain spoil it. couldn't he? But what does he do with it, Billy Brad?"

"He puts it in his barn," said Billy Brad. "In a bin, Uncle Peter Henry, don't he?"

"Yes," said Uncle Peter Henry. "And the next year he may add a little more or a great deal more; or if he has a poor crop, he may take some out of his bin to use. But the pile of good, sound wheat in his bin is Capital. And now, suppose there is some land near this man's farm and it is waste land.

It is all stones and brambles and scrubby trees and thistles, but good wheat land. From somewhere, a man comes and sees this land. He has just enough money to buy the land—because it is so cheap—but it will take him a whole year to clear the land and make it fit to grow wheat. If he can buy the land, and clear it, and grow wheat on it, there will be more wheat for all the hungry people in the world, but in a year he will have starved to death. How can he manage it, Billy Brad?"

"Can he get some wheat from the man that has it in his barn?" asked Billy Brad.

"He can," said Uncle Peter Henry, "and it is exactly what he does. He borrows enough wheat to keep him alive and comfortable for a year and, at the end of the



year, he has his new farm all clean and growing wheat of his own, and he pays back the wheat he has borrowed, or part of it. So, because there was a man who saved his *more-than-enough* wheat, here is a new farm, growing good wheat. Isn't that so?"

"Yes," said Billy Brad.

"BUT, sometimes," said Uncle Peter Henry, "no man comes to buy the scrubby land and make a farm of it. Then, very often, the man who has the bins of saved wheat says, 'I will make a farm of that scrubby land myself. I have so much good saved wheat that I can give some of it to buy that scrubby land. And I can give some of it to men to pay them for clearing the land. And I can give some to buy fertilizer. And I can give some to pay the men to plow and harrow and sow and reap and thresh. And I can use some for seed. So he does that with his saved wheat. And in that way a new farm is made, to grow good wheat to feed the hungry. Can you understand that?'"

"Yes, Uncle Peter Henry," said Billy Brad.

"Of course you can," said Uncle Peter Henry. "You can see that the man's *more-than-enough* wheat, stored in his barn, helps All-the-people, because it is a reservoir from which wheat can be taken when it is needed to help do things. If a mill is needed to grind the wheat of All-the-people, the man with the stored wheat can lend enough wheat to pay for building a mill; or he can pay for building the mill himself. He can lend wheat to pay for building an inn for travelers; or he can build the inn himself. Of course, if he lends the wheat he expects it to be sent back to him and he expects the man who borrowed it to send back more than he borrowed. If he lends one hundred bushels of wheat, he expects to receive back one hundred and six bushels, let us say."

"Why?" asked Billy Brad.

"Because of the rats, for one thing," said Uncle Peter Henry.

"The rats!" said Billy Brad. "What rats?"

"The rats that eat his stored wheat," explained Uncle Peter Henry. "As soon as the wheat is stored, the rats try to gnaw into the bins and eat it, and they often do. The man must watch his wheat and mend his bins and catch the rats. And the rain spoils some of his wheat. It comes through the roof and wets it and sours it. And he must keep a sharp look-out for thieves who try to steal his wheat. No matter how careful he is, the rats and the thieves will get some of his wheat, and some will spoil. So, when a man comes to have much stored wheat, he must watch it all day and all night. He must spend all his time doing that, and measuring the wheat he is lending and the wheat he is being paid back. He has no longer any time to spend in growing wheat. Instead of growing wheat on one farm, he is helping a hundred farms grow wheat. He may, indeed, be ten or a hundred times as useful to the world as when he was growing wheat himself. But he must live, too, so he asks those who borrow and use his wheat to pay back a little more than they borrowed. The 'little more' is what feeds and clothes him, and replaces the wheat that is eaten and spoiled. It is called 'Interest.'"

"I know!" said Billy Brad eagerly. "I get interest for my radish money in the Savings Bank."

"Right!" said Uncle Peter Henry.

"For it is just the same thing whether the *more-than-enough* that is saved to work as Capital, is radishes or wheat or dollars. If the farmer has saved his *more-than-enough* wheat he can keep it as wheat or sell it for dollars and keep the dollars. It is Capital either way. And there are rats and thieves always at work destroying dollar Capital just as they are at work destroying wheat Capital. There are taxes and spend-thrifts and bad loans and poor investments and losses of all kinds always nibbling at the dollar Capital. Capital must earn Interest to replace these losses, for we must have Capital to keep the world going. If there was no Capital it would be necessary, for the good and comfort of the world, to create Capital."

"WHY, Uncle Peter Henry?" asked Billy Brad.

"Because Capital is the great reservoir of yesterday's *more-than-enough* from which all the people with less-than-enough can be paid while they are working to have enough," said Uncle Peter Henry. "If there is a famine in the land, the starving people cannot get wheat from those who have none, but only from those who have some. If I have a water-mill, I cannot turn the wheel with the water that I have let run by, but only with the water I have held back with my dam, or that another man has held back with his dam. There must be Capital to feed those who are working to-day to make or grow or build something that will not be completed until to-morrow."

"Like my corn farm," said Billy Brad.

"Or like a perfect world," said Uncle Peter Henry.

Billy Brad thought this over carefully. Then, he said,

"I'm going to make my scarecrow first. Before I plant any corn."

"A very good idea," said Uncle Peter Henry.

"Oh, there's Henny!" cried Billy Brad, catching sight of Henny Staples, who was taking a short cut through the schoolhouse yard. "Hello, Hen!" he shouted, "I'm going to make my scarecrow now. Uncle Peter Henry says I can have his floppy coat. I'm going to buy some nails. Come on over and help me, Henny."

"All right," Henny called back, "I'll bring the hammer and we'll make a good one!"



Uncle Peter Henry promised to furnish a floppy coat for Billy Brad's scarecrow

The Melting Lot

(Continued from Page 22)

I know it's different in Europe and that's all right but—"

"I was over here last Sunday, Mr. Winthrop. You know, nice spring day and everything! They was a auto passed about every minute. What's the difference, autos or ball games?"

This was bad logic but hard to answer, so Andy laid down the law.

"We don't feel that way about it. You must have your games on Saturday afternoon!"

"Some of the boys can't get off. And our folks couldn't come. Farms don't close on Saturday afternoon. Your own don't."

"Sorry, Mike, but it won't do. You'd be getting all kinds of riffraff out from Millport on Sunday and making a rough-house out of the Old Meeting House lot. We'll have to forbid it."

The perennial smile faded from Mike's face. Andy said he suddenly remembered his nephew's remark, "Mike is generally always laughing, unless somebody spoils the game."

"Get in," said Andy, a little ungraciously. "We'll take you back home."

"No, I'm goin' to stay here awhile. I got to figger on the di'mond a little."

As we looked back, we saw Mike solemnly pacing base lines in the Old Meeting House lot. It looked a little like three strikes and out.

ABSURDLY enough this matter had crystallized into a fight between Andrew Winthrop, Mayflower descendant, well-to-do, educated, influential, and a half-illiterate Polish boy, a paper box maker, one Mike Surrettsky. An unequal contest? It didn't seem quite so unequal after two or three days had passed. The ranks of the white house people were surprisingly leaky. The contest broke up families; everybody under five feet high was a Mike supporter. Our little patriotic societies adopted flowery resolutions but they withered when they got out from behind the green shutters. The hillbillies were not greatly interested in our past and gave us little support. Our men had begun trickling home from France. Our peerless leader leaned patriotically upon them, and found them broken reeds.

"Their patriotism doesn't seem to date back so far," said Andy gloomily. He lowered his voice as one feeling an attack of sedition coming on. "And I'm afraid the Sabbath wasn't observed very strictly in this war. When they weren't fighting on Sunday they seem to have been playing baseball."

Owner and tenant stood firm; the town selectmen had a bad case of masterly inactivity; our own flesh and blood weakened our case. After all, it was an unequal contest! Youth, as is its distressing habit, was served. The old guard never surrendered but it most conspicuously died.

Andy Winthrop was never more admirable than in the hour of his defeat.

"We can't wash our hands of it, can we? We've got to go there on Sunday afternoon and throw our influence on

the side of law and order. We've got to stop violating the Sabbath in our own way and adopt their's. It's a wicked world!"

Accordingly, our cars were parked under the ancient elms when the Grassmere Young Washington Giants met a team from a Millport machine shop on the first Sunday in June. We, gentlemen unafraid, even dropped our quarters into the hat when it was passed to meet the expenses of the visitor, obviously the hire of the jitney bus which brought them out. When we left, it was with a virtuous feeling of duty well done. We seem to have had a restraining influence. There was plenty of bad baseball but no bad language; a good deal of rooting but no personal abuse. The entire families of our alien players, regardless of nationality, sat on the grass but there was no race rioting. And, although Mike "leaned on" several, with devastating effect; "our" team was beaten.

When Captain Surrettsky rid his system of a three-base hit, a great and Sabbath-breaking cheer went up simultaneously in several languages. Andy looked apprehensively at the old burial ground across the way.

"I bet some of our Puritan ancestors turned over that time," he said.

Even the team's patriotic title was ruined before the game was over. A leather-lunged Millport rooter, honestly intending to be insulting, bellowed out:

"Hey, you grasshopper, what do you know about baseball?"

The epithet captured the fancy of the guests, then of the hosts and "Grasshoppers" the team became promptly—and officially. In the middle of the following week, our telephone poles were defaced by hand-made posters announcing, on the coming Sunday, a game between the Grasshoppers and the Lincoln A. C.'s of Millport. Which aggregation, on subsequent inspection, proved to be a team of colored youths, amiable, orderly, and unbeatable in eleven innings. It is an actual fact that during that rather hectic conflict, the objectionable epithet was never hurled, even by irresponsible small boys.

"I suppose you'll have some of your games away from home?" asked Andy. Mike was passing the hat while the visitors were on the field. If Andy expected a day off, he was doomed to disappointment. Mike's face beamed with pride.

"No, we don't have to go any place. Them Millport fellars are crazy to get out in the country on Sunday. We can get all the dates we want. I tell 'em if they's any rough-house they can't never come again."

WE began to wonder whether we were as important to the cause of law and order as we supposed. Nevertheless, we continued to lend our gracious presence and not infrequently the handsome motors of the hillbillies were parked beside our shorter and uglier cars.

The Grasshoppers' diet of victories was pretty scanty for a while and it taxed the loyalty of the fans. They were a queer looking aggregation playing in their working clothes with only two or three baseball suits in the lot. Several of the boys made a practice of depositing their "valuables" with us before the game. By some queer freak of psychology, one felt, secretly, a little proud of this confidential relationship with the near-great. It was Andy, as usual, who best summed up the situation:

"The Grasshoppers are not much to look at, but they have been beaten by some of the best teams in this part of the State."

BUT their fortunes took an upward turn presently. Young Harding, who had taken a lot of punishment in the pitcher's box and who often retired to private life in the middle of his term, began to get the seasoning he needed. He got so that he could face a pair of iron-moulder's arms flourishing a bludgeon with a calmness which betokened a lot of real character. We agreed that Bob had a brilliant future as a school and college pitcher. Fred Jonescu rapidly acquired a mortgage on third base, and Mike finally solved the short stop problem with an undersized Italian lad, who was of course called Tony—no great power at the bat but a vacuum cleaner between second and third. Tony's accession brought to the game the entire population of Railroad Street, where his name was apparently enshrined alongside those of d'Annunzio and Caruso. Meanwhile, Mike, himself, continued to corral most of the bad throws to first and to spoil the good intentions of visiting pitchers.

The umpiring was commonly done by a ne'er-do-well called Zip Coonley, a local character who worked only when his board bill at the Widow Towsling's became threatening. His decisions showed human frailty but were obeyed when issued.

Here we were with a Continental Sunday, a feeble patriotism and a goulash of nationalities, yet the old tribal baseball dieties were running the show. The umpire is not always right but he must be obeyed for the game's sake. Baseball is an autocracy but the game is the autocrat, not the umpire. The official rules are regarded with superstitious reverence. If you do not like the rules of baseball, your only recourse is to quit and play croquet. If the umpire is unjust, you are entitled to one protest or one and a half; anything further is regarded by the fans as too much argument. If he wrongly decides in your favor, take what the gods provide as slight compensation for old wrongs and injustices. Self-extermination has never been a recognized feature of the game.

It was interesting to see our own baseball code being carried on by this job lot of assorted nationalities. Somehow, they seemed a little less alien with each (Continued on Page 78)



No More Coffee —
Bring Me Postum!

The result of a ten days trial of

INSTANT POSTUM

in place of coffee, is so conducive
to comfort and health that the
change is usually permanent.

"There's a Reason"

The Prodigal Village

(Continued from Page 62)

forth a bolt of sound that tumbled Silence from his throne and shook the foundations of the great dome of night. It rang over the house tops and through every street and alley in the village. That started the battle. Silence tried in vain to recover his seat. In a moment, every cock in Bingville was hurling bombs at him. Immediately, Darkness began to grow pale with fright. Seeing the fate of his ally, he broke camp and fled westward. Soon the field was clear and every proud cock surveyed the victory with a solemn sense of large accomplishment.

THE first blare of trumpets awoke the Shepherd that Christmas morning. "Merry Christmas!" said the little round nickel clock, in a cheerful tone. "It's time to get up!"

"Is it morning?" the Shepherd asked.

Then the clock answered: "The night has begun to move. The cocks are scaring it away. Santa Claus has been here. He brought ever so many things. The midnight train stopped."

"I wonder who came," said the Shepherd.

"I guess it was the Bings," the clock answered.

Just then it struck seven.

"There, I guess that's about the end of it," said the little clock.

"Of what?" the Shepherd asked.

"Of the nineteen hundred and eighteen years. You know seven is the favored number in sacred history. I'm sure the baby would have been born at seven. My goodness! There's a lot of ticking in all that time. I've been going only twelve years and I'm nearly worn out. Some young clock will have to take my job before long."

These reflections of the little clock were suddenly interrupted. The Shepherd's mother entered with a merry greeting and turned on the lights. There were many bundles lying about. She came and kissed her son and began to build a fire in the little stove.

"This'll be the merriest Christmas in yer life, laddie boy," she said, as she lit the kindlings. "A great doctor has come up with the Bings to see ye. He says he'll have ye out o' doors in a little while. I went over to the station to meet 'em last night. Mr. Blenkinsop has brought us a fine turkey. We'll have a gran' dinner—sure we will—an' I axed Mr. Blenkinsop to come an' eat with us."

Mrs. Moran opened the gifts and spread them on the bed. There were books and paints and brushes and clothing and silver articles and needlework and a phonograph and a check from Mr. Bing.

The little cottage had never seen a day so full of happiness. It rang with talk and merry laughter and the music of the phonograph. Mr. Blenkinsop had come in his best mood and apparel with the dog Christmas. He helped Mrs. Moran to set the table in the Shepherd's room and brought up the

platter with the big brown turkey on it, surrounded by sweet potatoes, all just out of the oven. Mrs. Moran followed with the jelly and the creamed onions and the steaming coffee pot and new celery. The dog Christmas growled and ran under the bed when he saw his master coming with that unfamiliar burden.

"He's never seen a Christmas dinner before. I don't wonder he's kind o' scairt! I ain't seen one in so long, I'm scairt myself," said Hiram Blenkinsop as they sat down at the table.

"What's scairin' ye, man?" said the widow.

"'Fraid I'll wake up an' find myself dreamin'," Mr. Blenkinsop answered.

"'Nobody ever found himself dreamin' at my table," said Mrs. Moran. "Grab the carvin' knife an' go to wurruk, man."

"I ain't eggzac'ly used to this kind of a job, but if you'll look out o' the winder, I'll have it chopped an' split an' corded in a minute," said Mr. Blenkinsop.

He got along very well with his task. When they began eating he remarked, "I've been lookin' at that pictur' of a girl with a baby in her arms. Brings the water to my eyes, it's so kind o' life like and nat'ral. It's a number one pictur'—no mistake."

He pointed to a large painting on the wall.

"It's Pauline!" said the Shepherd.

"Sure she's one o' the saints o' God!" the widow exclaimed. "She's started a school for the children o' them Eytalians an' Poles. She's tryin' to make 'em good Americans."

"I'll never forget that night," Mr. Blenkinsop remarked.

"If ye don't fergit it, I'll never mend another hole for yer," the widow answered.

"I've never blabbed a word about it to anyone but Mr. Singleton."

"Keep that in yer soul, man. It's yer ticket to Paradise," said the widow.

"She goes every day to teach the Poles and Italians but I have her here with me always," the Shepherd remarked. "I'm glad when the morning comes so that I can see her again."

"God bless the child! We was sorry to lose her but we have the pictur' an' the look o' her with the love o' God in her face," said the Widow Moran.

"Now light yer pipe and take yer comfort, man," said the hospitable widow, after the dishes were cleared away. "Sure it's more like Christmas to see a man an' a pipe in the house. Heavens, no! A man in the kitchen is worse than a hole in yer petticoat."

SO Mr. Blenkinsop sat with the Shepherd while the widow went about her work. With his rumpled hair, clean shaven face, long nose and prominent ears, he was not a handsome man.

"This is the top notch an' no mistake," he remarked as he lighted his pipe. "Blenkinsop is happy. He feels like his old Self. He has no fault to find with anything or anybody."

Mr. Blenkinsop delivered this report on the state of his feelings with a serious look in his gray eyes.

"It kind o' reminds me o' the time when I used to hang up my stockin' an' look for the reindeer tracks in the snow on Christmas mornin'," he went on. "Since then, my ol' socks have been full o' pain an' trouble every Christmas."

"Those I knit for ye left here full of good wishes," said the Shepherd.

"Say, when I put 'em on this mornin' with the biled shirt an' the suit that Mr. Bing sent me, my old Self came an' asked me where I was goin', an' when I said I was goin' to spen' Christmas with a respectable fam'ly, he said, 'I guess I'll go with ye, so here we be.'"

"The old Selves of the village have all been kicked out of doors," said the Shepherd. "The other day you told me about the trouble you had had with yours. That night, all the old Selves of Bingville got together down in the garden and talked and talked about their relatives so I couldn't sleep. It was a kind of Selfland. I told Judge Crocker about it and he said that that was exactly what was going on in the Town Hall the other night at the public meeting."

"The folks are drunk—as drunk as I was in Hazelmead last May," said Mr. Blenkinsop. "They have been drunk with gold and pleasure—"

"The fruit of the vine of plenty," said Judge Crocker, who had just come up the stairs. "Merry Christmas!" he exclaimed as he shook hands. "Mr. Blenkinsop, you look as if you were enjoying yourself."

"Well, sir, my Self has got back home an' I'm glad of it."

"And you've killed the fatted turkey," said the Judge, as he took out his silver snuff box. "One by one, the prodigals are returning."

THEY heard footsteps on the stairs and the merry voice of the Widow Moran. In a moment, Mr. and Mrs. Bing stood in the doorway.

"Mr. and Mrs. Bing, I want to make you acquainted with my very dear friend, Robert Moran," said Judge Crocker.

There were tears in the Shepherd's eyes as Mrs. Bing stooped and kissed him. He looked up at the mill owner as the latter took his hand.

"I am glad to see you," said Mr. Bing.

"Is this—is this Mr. J. Patterson Bing?" The Shepherd asked, his eyes wide with astonishment.

"Yes, and it is my fault that you do not know me better. I want to be your friend."

The Shepherd put his handkerchief over his eyes. His voice trembled when he said: "You have been very kind."

"But I'm really hoping to do something for you," Mr. Bing assured him. "I've brought a great surgeon from New York who thinks he can help you. He will be over to see you in the morning."

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They had a half hour's visit with the little Shepherd. Mr. Bing, who was a good judge of pictures, said that the boy's work showed great promise and that his picture of the mother and child would bring a good price if he cared to sell it. When they rose to go, Mr. Blenkinsop thanked the mill owner for his Christmas suit.

"Don't mention it," said Mr. Bing.

"Well, it mentions itself purty middlin' often," Blenkinsop laughed.

"Is there anything else I can do for you?" the former asked.

"Well, sir, to tell ye the dead hones' truth, I've got a new ambition," said Mr. Blenkinsop. I've thought of it nights a good deal. I'd like to be sextunt o' the church an' ring that ol' bell."

"We'll see what can be done about it," Mr. Bing answered with a laugh as they went down stairs with Judge Crooker, followed by the dog Christmas, who scampered around them on the street with a merry growl of challenge, as if the spirit of the day were in him.

"What is it that makes the boy so appealing?" Mr. Bing asked of the Judge.

"He has a wonderful personality," Mrs. Bing remarked.

"Yes, he has that. But the thing that underlies and shines through it is his great attraction."

"What do you call it?" Mrs. Bing asked.

"A clean and noble spirit! Is there any other thing in this world that, in itself, is really worth having?"

"Compared with him, I recognize that I am very poor indeed," said J. Patterson Bing.

"You are what I would call a promising young man," the Judge answered. "If you don't get discouraged, you're going to amount to something. I am glad, because you are, in a sense, the father of the great family of Bingville!"

THE END

I Discover My Government

(Continued from Page 57)

the members of this Club were receiving 55 cents a pound for their butter, while the regular price in the local market was 20 to 25 cents. During the first six months of the year this butter circle received \$725 for the butter shipped out of town after supplying the local markets.

"One of the objects of the work is to develop a skill that shall result in the economic independence of girls and women in the country," said Bradford Knapp, Chief of Extension work in the South, who has carried on with signal success the work begun by his father, Dr. Seaman Knapp, pioneer in the field of agricultural extension. "Their home has many functions not performed by

the city home. It is a producing as well as a consuming center. Its contribution to the income of the farmer, especially in saving the waste and expense of conducting farming operations, often measures the difference between profitable farming and unprofitable farming. The skill and business ability of farm housewives and children are a notable contribution to the economic resources of the farm. In many cases incomes must be increased before standards of living can be raised or progressive community enterprises fostered. Proceeding upon this basis, the work in the South has added materially to the wealth, health and happiness of country people."

HOW far this last statement is borne out by figures, I should like to indicate by reference to official documents.

Recently, in one single year, the women's clubs in the South canned, stored and otherwise saved \$17,852,353 worth of farm products. In the Northern and Western States, an increase of \$450,000 worth of cottage cheese has been produced on the farms in one year, and, also, more than 12,500,000 cans of fruit were canned that year. In these Northern and Western States, nearly 70,000 families are co-operating in the demonstration project designed primarily for clothing conservation. In one State, where this work was emphasized, a saving of \$337,000 worth in woolen and other garments is recorded. The clubs in the South are reaching to-day more than 3,283,000 women and girls. In the Northern and Western States there are over 640 State Rural Home Demonstration Agents and more than 115 Urban Home Demonstration Agents.

The demonstration work, its activities apace with the demands of the moment, has now extended its endeavors to reach the home lives of the foreign-born. The agents are teaching American ways of living and the English language to these women.

The organization of foreign-born women is difficult; many foreign husbands claim that the Americanizing of their wives results in their being too much away from home. He doesn't want his "woman" to seek this training in community centers.

Nevertheless, the demonstration workers say, women are women, no matter under what flag they may have been born, and when the word goes through the neighborhood that an American lady is at Mrs. Kistowsky's house teaching her how to make a waist like the one in the shop windows, or showing her how to cook American foods, they just will run over to the Kistowsky home and look on.

In one New Jersey city, this demonstration work is becoming so popular among the foreign-born that it taxes the organization's ability to the utmost to follow up the demonstrations given in the foreign homes or to go to all the homes which ask for help. But, through the milk stations and the school nurses, the families in greatest need of instruction are readily located.

One of the home demonstration agents in a city in New York State last

winter opened a thrift kitchen especially for foreign-born Italian women. Prominent Italian laymen indorsed it and advertised it from the churches. Also schools and macaroni factories posted announcements of the kitchen's inauguration.

To conciliate the Italian husbands, who believed their wives should stay constantly at home, the husbands themselves were invited with their wives to be present at the formal opening of the little kitchen. Good music was provided for the occasion. All Italians love music. And the husbands who came to the kitchen enjoyed themselves immensely and have never since objected to having their wives attend it.

IN another city, the demonstration agents discovered that many of the cheap nutritious American foods were unknown to the Italian and Polish women. Few used oatmeal, and, when they did, prepared it improperly. In one month, those agents taught twenty-five mothers how to prepare oatmeal as it should be prepared. In the families of these mothers there were 92 children.

The agents found a girl of 13 years taking entire charge of six younger brothers and sisters. The mother had died during an epidemic of influenza. The father was giving this girl \$1 a day to buy food for the seven. Three times a day, those children were feeding principally on coffee and cake. Then the agent took this little mother in charge and taught her how to buy and prepare other foods that were cheap, simple and nutritious.

It is claimed that at least one-fifth of the school children of the United States are under-nourished. In order to arouse the attention of parents to the necessity of giving their children proper food, home demonstration agents at many fairs measure and weigh the children brought to them at their booths. At one fair, in Connecticut, 177 boys and girls were measured and weighed by the agent, the majority of these children being from 8 to 12 years of age. Of the 75 boys weighed, 43 were under weight. Of the 92 girls, 55 were under weight.

Arrangements have been made, with the home economics committee of this town, to follow up the cases showing marked signs of malnutrition. The children themselves have taken a lively interest in watching themselves develop.

All of which are but scattered high lights on the activities of what has now become one of the most powerful institutions in America—the farm home demonstration work. No other country in the world has developed this to such a degree as we have; few other countries have even a semblance of such an organization as ours, manned by thousands of trained men and women and financed by millions from State and Federal appropriations.

THE home demonstration work is just another example of service rendered by the American Government. By means of it, the Government takes itself straight into farm homes!

What One Nurse Did in Our Town

(Continued from Page 27)

work necessary. The physical examination last fall showed only sixty children defective as against one hundred and eighteen the first year—a decrease of about fifty per cent. Before we had our school nurse, cases of toothache were very common. So far as I have been able to observe, we have not had a single case for several months. The president of our school board testifies that at least two epidemics have been prevented by Miss Weber's prompt discovery of the incipient cases in the school."

The school work is by no means the whole of Miss Weber's task. For four years, she has been a district nurse to the whole village, knowing no hours for stopping and setting no limit to her friendly service. More than half the babies which have been born into our town during these four years have been helped into this world by Miss Weber assisting our doctors. She has attended mothers during confinement and, in most cases, has made at least ten morning calls upon mother and child. And to stimulate interest in "Better Health for Babies," she has inaugurated a Fourth of July Baby Parade and each year all the proud parents display their offspring with perfect confidence as to where the blue ribbon will go; that is, if the judges really know what's what about babies.

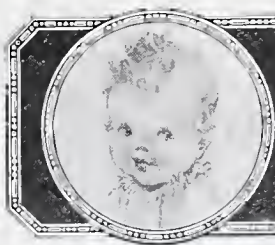
BUT maternity cases are not the whole of district nursing. Here is a more typical case of the sort of thing which Miss Weber has done for our town. A few weeks ago a mother in straightened circumstances called up Miss Weber asking her to come down and look at her four-months'-old baby. Miss Weber examined the baby. "This needs a doctor," she said, and bundling mother and child into her car, she took them to the doctor's office. The doctor treated the baby and gave the mother some medicine for it. Two weeks passed but the infant's condition did not improve. Meanwhile the doctor had fallen ill and his substitute had attended the case and done his best, but had finally given it up as hopeless.

"Nothing could save that child," he said, "except possibly an operation, and I have not the nerve to operate on a four-months' old baby without an anesthetic. Besides, it is doubtful if it would do any good." Again, the mother sent for Miss Weber.

"Tell me what I should do?" she begged. "I can't let my baby die!"

Miss Weber called up the first doctor again and, although he was still ill, he agreed to do what he could for the baby if it could be brought to his house. Again, Miss Weber bundled mother and child into her car and set out for the doctor's. It was night, and the distance was six miles.

No sooner had they started than the mother cried, "Stop! I am afraid the baby is gone!" They listened intently for a moment. The child did not



Aunt Belle's Comfort Letters

Aunt Belle is a real person and that is her real name. She is a specialist in common sense baby culture.

The Loving Hour

Dear BEATRICE:

It's all very Spartan never to pick up your baby, but after all, Spartan methods are not exactly modern. Of course, Baby isn't a plaything and ought to be sleepy and snug as a cocoon most of the time, but late in the afternoon, always at the same hour, it is really good for the cherub to be picked up and cuddled and snuggled and carried about the room to see all the sights.

Even a baby gets stiff and tired lying on its back all day, but soon learns not to cry if it knows the loving hour is as certain as bath and lunch. You will look forward to it as much as Baby does, stretching up his little arms and gurgling with delight.

You ask about talcum. Of course, there are several good kinds but somehow I always feel that Mennen's is just a wee bit safer for Baby's flower-petal skin. You know it was the first Borated Talcum and I think it must mean something to have been the choice of mothers and doctors and nurses for over forty years. And do you know, I use Mennen's on myself. If it's safer for Baby, it's safer for me.

What did people ever do before

Mennen invented Borated Talcum—isn't it a comfort after a bath—especially if you are to put on tight clothes? Try it between sheets on a hot night.

And Mennen's is economical—the blue can is so large—one thing, thank goodness, that doesn't cost more.

Lovingly,

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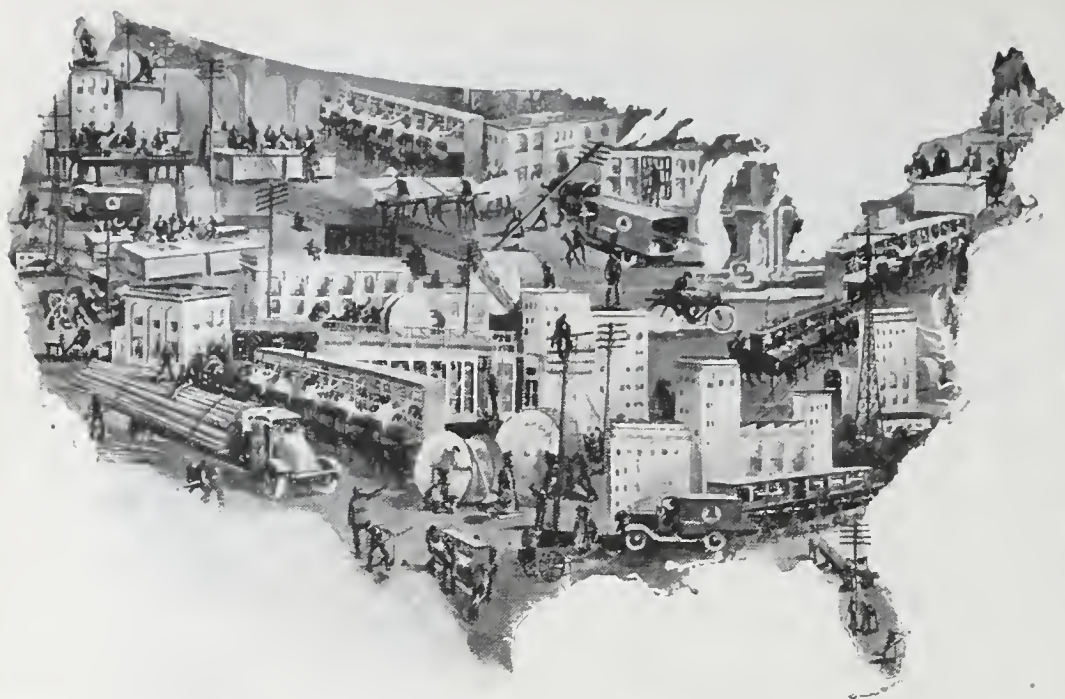


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breathe. In another moment, it gasped and began breathing again. Time and again during that six-mile journey, this stop was repeated and neither mother nor nurse were sure they would ever reach the physician's office. When they finally arrived, the reception room was filled with other patients. Miss Weber addressed them.

"Would you mind letting this mother and baby see the doctor first? The baby is very ill!" The other patients consented and the doctor gave the child a careful examination.

"Only an operation will save the baby," he said at last, "I cannot operate, but there's an army surgeon near by. If you wish, I will try to get him to perform the operation and I will make the arrangements at the Mineola Hospital for you."

The U. S. A. surgeon said "Yes" to the telephone message and started for the hospital. Again, Miss Weber and the mother set out in the night, and again their journey was interrupted by pauses when the baby stopped breathing. Once the mother exclaimed, "Oh, I can never pay for all these doctors and an operation!"

"Never mind the money," the nurse reassured her. "We'll see the baby through first, then worry about the money." Finally, at 10 o'clock, the hospital was reached. The surgeon was in readiness. Miss Weber took the child from the mother's arms and carried it to the operating table.

A little before midnight, some of the neighbors were leaving the Neighborhood House after a committee meeting. Down the road they saw the car of the village nurse approaching. As it passed, they saw a radiant face under a nurse's hat. Out of the night, they heard a victorious voice, "It's going to live! It's going to live!"

That's what a nurse can do in your town!

Old Mr. Toad Opens Peter Rabbit's Eyes

(Continued from Page 32)

slowly and with a funny, rather wistful look on his face, "Old Mr. Toad certainly has opened my eyes. Funny how you can see people all your life and never know them. I'm sorry I knocked him over, yet I'm glad, too. If it hadn't been for that, I would still be as blind as I was before. Oh, but he was funny!" Peter stopped to chuckle at the memory of Old Mr. Toad kicking on his back. Then he became sober again. "All the same I do really believe that he is of more importance to the Great World than I am, even though he is small and homely. But he won't be for long if I can help it. It's queer how everybody seems to be sort of hitched together with everybody else whether they want to be or not. If I can't be of use, I'll try to keep from being of harm anyway. And I'll begin by keeping away from Farmer Brown's garden!"

With this wise resolution, and a sigh at the memory of how good that lettuce tasted, Peter started for the dear Old Briar-patch to think things over.

The Spoiled Child

(Continued from Page 17)

folks call it religion, some conduct, some call it manners. It is knowing how to live with folks!

A boy in High School was failing and the teacher asked the father to come to see him at the school. The father came in no happy frame of mind.

"What's the trouble here, anyhow? I'm tired getting reports about my boy. He's not stupid! He passes his grade. What do you want?"

"I asked you to come in because we are troubled about your son. He is bright but he will not succeed, as you want him to, because he lacks good manners."

"Good manners! Is that what you have taken my time for this morning? What has manners to do with my son's work? What do you care whether he can make a bow or not? He is to go into business and he won't need to know any manners. If he knows how to buy goods cheap and sell them dear, he'll get on, never fear!"

"But he told me that you wanted him to go into the office of a big firm on Broadway."

"Well, I do. He can get a good start there."

"The school has that firm on its list. In their letter to us, they state the kind of young man they want to start in their city offices. They say he must be easy to look at, easy to live with, pleasant to talk to. We cannot rate your son to pass on those points. I thought perhaps that you might talk to him and help us show him his faults."

"I don't care about these things at all. The school needn't worry. I have influence enough to get him into that firm. Don't worry me with such nonsense."

True to his word, the man placed his son with the firm. But he failed to keep him there.

"Nobody wants an ill-bred boy about his office. People will not do business with such people. We gave him a chance to meet our standards but he couldn't do it. He hadn't been brought up that way. He had no manners. He was impossible for our office. He had brains but no breeding."

Manners and language seem so trivial to fond parents. They are really vital to the success of the child. Good manners and a fine address will carry a young man far. They will not sustain him in a position without the solid qualities of industry and common sense and knowledge, but they will open the door and keep it open when it might otherwise be closed forever.

SOME parents think that slang is a sign of up-to-date cleverness. A fifteen-year-old boy was lounging on the couch in the living room. His father and mother beamed upon him from the background, while he impressed his father's old friend with his cleverness.

"Gee, no! No more school for muh.

Me, for the high spots as soon as I can get away from the dump. Some slow, I'll say it is," and he twisted his wad of gum to the other side of his jaw, twitched his thumbs under the arm holes of his coat, swung up his foot on his knee to show the gay embroidered sock the better.

Father and mother smiled indulgently. "If you keep on, Roy, we shall have to have an interpreter."

"O Gee whizz! I'll have to beat it. Promised to show a pair o' dames, that came in to see their kids at Coll, a good time this after. So long; glad I metcher."

It was all harmless enough. The boy meant no harm. He was using the language of the playground when he should have been using the language of the drawing-room. His parents had not prepared him for the environment and he had failed to interpret the situation adequately. It was no fault of his. He was ignorant of any offense.

But the old gentleman was offended. He thought the boy impertinent, ignorant, and lacking in respect to his parents and elders.

"I'm disappointed in that boy of Fred's," he said to an acquaintance. "He is an ignoramus. He cannot talk the English language. He uses the most vulgar slang. One of these smart young Americas. I cannot imagine any of us permitting him to represent us in a business way. Our friends would be amazed at his crudeness, his vulgarity. I'm sorry for Fred's sake. I wanted to like the youngster."

"Have you talked it over with Fred?"

"O, my gracious, no! Never do at all. Spoil a lifelong friendship for the sake of an unlicked cub? No, no! Let the matter drop where it is."

So a door was closed. People step aside and let the spoiled child go by. Sad experience has taught them that it does little good to talk to parents on this subject. There seems to be nothing a parent resents so much as the suggestion that perhaps they are not experts on this matter of child-rearing.

LATELY, another burden has been added to the spoiled boys of the country. Father has taught the boy to run the car. Fine! All boys should know how to run a car as soon as they can be trusted to do so. But soon, the boy gets to taking out the car and neglecting to ask permission to do so.

Some day, a friend will mention to the father that he has seen his son out at such a place with a party in the car. Father is disturbed and warns his son not to do this again. But he is not very emphatic about it and son continues to take the car out as often as he wishes. He continues until something occurs that brings sorrow and disgrace to the family.

Taking a party out in a motor car is the responsibility of an adult and it is nothing short of criminal to permit a

child to carry such a load. He should ask permission before using the car and be very explicit as to where he is going, when he is coming back and who is going with him. It seems almost incredible that a father would permit a boy to do otherwise but it is true that many do.

"Don't be an old maid," said one father to a friend who remonstrated with him about this sort of thing. "When you and I were boys we had no cars. Other times, other ways!"

His son, seventeen years old, went out with the car one evening and failed to return for a week. The distracted father searched for him quietly for a day and a night and then called in the police who found him with a party of friends in a distant city. They were seeing life. The father blamed the "friends" but the blunt old police captain knew better.

"No business letting a kid play with a man's toys. Serves you right for not knowing better. Send him to school and let him walk. He won't go so far looking for trouble if he has to walk for it and he won't have so much pep to put into it either. Walking's cheaper and better for kids!"

THE training and discipline of children has to begin with the disciplining of the parents. Restraining, cautioning, advising, punishing children is a severe strain on the self-control and self-denial of the parents. They are interested in their own pursuits and are not willing to lay them aside to follow up those of the children. It is easier and pleasanter to say "yes" than to say "no." Everybody likes to be popular, but the parent might take what the old headmaster of a great school said one time as applicable to himself. "The day everybody in the school is cheering for me is the day I have neglected some duty!"

It is hard for us to do our duty. If that were not so there would have been no need of the thunders from Sinai and the Ten Commandments. No better laws for the training of children were or ever will be formulated than those Ten Commandments.

And of the Ten, put peculiar emphasis on the Fifth. "*Honor thy Father and Mother that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.*"

If a child is taught to honor his parents; to think of them first; to do what he knows will please them; he will not be a spoiled child.

Teach a child to serve his parents. Do this for the child's sake for "we love whom we serve." If you have always taken the back seat, if you have always put the child first, he never had any chance to be of service and you made him the least of children instead of the first.

You spared the rod of self-sacrifice, service, moderation and respect for others and you spoiled the child.

What the World Needs

(Continued from Page 47)



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commercial crops of such vegetables. The truck farmers who raise such things were afraid to plough up as much ground this spring as usual. Labor is too scarce. A truck farmer cannot make his garden pay, if he has to pay his help more than \$4 a day; and if, on top of that, the help insists on an eight-hour day, the farmer will find it necessary to charge such high prices for his potatoes and other produce, that he will not be able to find a market. The commercial truck gardens this year—I have all this, officially, from Washington—will, on the average, only be as large as the farmer and his family can handle, without depending on a hired man. Ask them in Washington whether prices will be high for vegetables next fall and winter and they'll tell you that, in their official opinion, after glancing over the commercial truck gardens of the whole United States (those made and to be made) and adding up all the figures pertaining thereto, that prices will be higher than ever before.

"There will be a shortage of everything that we can or that we put down in the vegetable cellar for winter," is the flat, official statement. And then, the officials add, "There is more reason to-day for a man having his own garden in his back yard or on a city lot, than there was last year or the year before."

Such facts as these will either alarm you and cause you to say, "It seems to me that somebody ought to do something about this," or they will stir any good live man, woman or boy or girl into action right now, while planting time is here—it is not yet too late in many sections. "Somebody" ought to do something, indeed; it just happens that that "somebody" is you and me and everybody else who can find a plot for a garden in his neighborhood.

THERE is a department in Washington that deals with city gardening alone. Just because I did not want to deal with generalities entirely in this article, I sought out W. R. Beattie, the head of that department and got him to talk to me.

"Every city garden will make life easier for us all next winter," he said. "Any man or woman can start a garden in a back yard or on a vacant lot. Here are the tools you need—a spading fork, a rake, a hoe, a piece of string and two little wooden stakes, to keep your rows straight. Food may cost twice as much now as it did in 1914, but home gardening costs only a very little bit more now than then. We've just had a great winter for city gardens; the heavy frost everywhere broke up the earth and made fine new soil. It's a pleasure, too, after you get into it. I think that there were more city gardens in 1919 than there were in 1918. And there ought to be more in 1920 than there were last year."

"What about women gardening?" I asked.

"They ought to do it," he exclaimed. "Why there's nothing hard about it. Women ought not to push wheelbarrows and lift heavy weights, but there's very little of such work to do in city gardening. Women love it, after they get into it. Millions of women in America have flower gardens. Vegetables are as easy to raise as flowers."

And how much more beautiful vegetables are than flowers, in this day of hungry folk!

ONE of the wisest hints that I heard in Washington was this:

"The beginners in city gardens in 1920, like all beginners, will probably waste too much space on lettuce and radishes, and will give too little space to cabbages, beets, carrots, beans, onions, tomatoes and the vegetables that can either be stored in the cellar or canned."

But this is not an article on "How to Garden." I discover that a letter addressed to the Department of Agriculture, Washington, will bring to any would-be gardener the most expert advice that can be obtained.

The thing I have tried to do is to give the news that the world is in a bad way for food, and that we in America, every man, woman and child ought to help in bringing more food into the world.

Most of us have not realized the plight of the world. Most of us have been thinking, in these early spring days, that things were going fairly well with the world and that we had only to wait for the crops of 1920 to see civilization put on its feet again, so far as its food supply was concerned. The news that this is a false hope is a shock to those who realize that full stomachs and happy homes and contentment are the safest, indeed the only bulwark of civilization.

The vista that opens before us, as we realize the meaning of the world's shortage of food, is so challenging that it ought to stir every man and woman of good-will, every person who has a home and has those about him who love him and depend upon him, to take matters in hand for himself, in so far as he can, and to constitute himself, personally, an aid to humanity.

There is so much meaning, so much good-will, so much good sense and so much real bravery and helpfulness in a simple little garden, after one understands these facts about the plight of humanity, that it seems to me there is no finer thing to behold in all our broad land than a man or a woman or a child, bent over the earth in toil. There's a prayer for help that will be answered—the best kind of a prayer, one that you can help to answer yourself.

ALL the help this old world can get must come from God and nature; there is nowhere else to turn. And the man or woman or child who does turn there is playing his part in a mighty redemption.

The Human Crisis in Europe

(Continued from Page 13)

exports under existing conditions, that these countries have neither the money nor the goods with which to purchase from us that which they need to sustain life itself. If the various peoples were to try to buy materials in this country at the present market value of their currencies, they would have to pay approximately as follows:

Austria....	40	times	the	normal	cost
Hungary	40	"	"	"	"
Germany...	13	"	"	"	"
Greece....	2	"	"	"	"
Roumania...	12	"	"	"	"
Poland....	50	"	"	"	"
Czecho-					
slovakia...	14	"	"	"	"

"Currencies are depreciated because they have neither gold nor sufficient production with which to maintain their normal position either with the United States or with their own immediate neighbors. It must be obvious to anyone that until each one of the countries named is in a position to produce sufficient goods to maintain itself, either by production from within or by importing from without, by exchange for gold or goods, they cannot hope for normal conditions, if, indeed, they can hope to survive. Somewhere, somehow, they must become possessed of food, of clothing, of raw materials and of means for transporting these aids; otherwise, the misery and starvation revealed in these reports of very present conditions must not only continue but terribly increase."

"I THINK I hear some people saying: 'Well, this is all very unfortunate. It is a very serious situation. But after all, it is not our affair.'"

"We heard the same people saying that same thing in the years 1914, 1915 and 1916. People were distressed then at the European War, but they said it was not our war; that a lot of foolish people in Europe had started it and that we were not involved in the issues. We are going to find out that we can no more escape the influence of the European situation of to-day than we were able to escape the war itself. You cannot have one-half of the world starving and the other half eating. We must help put Europe on its feet or we must participate in Europe's misery. Let it be admitted, if you will, that no special person has had the right to speak for the idealism of America. It still remains true that a man is lying wounded by the roadside. He is stripped of his raiment. He is half dead. And America, rich and prosperous, is passing by on the other side."

"I have been asked many times: 'What do the people of Europe think of us in America?' Over there I myself have asked that question many times. The substance of the answers has been: 'We just do not understand you. But then you know we are pretty busy and haven't much time to look back.' Now I can pretty closely surmise what the people of Europe think about us."

Human nature is pretty much the same wherever we examine it. They think of us exactly what we would think of them were the situation reversed. They say we entered the war more than two years and a half after it began, not upon their demand, request or invitation. They recognize with deep gratitude the fact that the great resources of the American people both of man power and materials, under the directing genius of Gen. Pershing and Admiral Sims and others of our leaders turned the tide and brought about the triumphant Armistice. Then what happened? Did we say to them that we were gratified if we had contributed to the final victory of the Allies, that we were going to take our men and go home, that we did not wish to become involved in European politics, and that therefore we would make a separate peace with Germany? On the contrary, we said we had fought the war to make the world safe for democracy, and now that the war had been won, we purposed to see that the peace was of such a character as would insure its permanence, so that small peoples should for the first time enjoy self-determination as to where and under what conditions they would live. We said that we regarded ourselves as committed to these purposes in the making of a treaty of peace.

"We did not arrange to carry on our part of the negotiations with an ordinary peace commission. We were there in no less a person than the President of the United States who had broken all precedents that he might carry through the principles which he had announced to the world. I have been told many times in Europe, and I believe it to be true, that never in history did a man so have the world at his feet. There he stood ranking every man in the Peace Conference and representing the strongest country in the world. Can one doubt that the terms of the Treaty and of the League of Nations, in which he was such a potent factor, were influenced largely by the belief that the American people would be as effective in the reconstruction of Europe as they were in winning the war?"

"Mr. Wilson was not the only American whose voice carried to Europe. On the 18th of July, 1918, the day when the boys of the First and Second Divisions were turning the tide of war at Chateau Thierry, Theodore Roosevelt spoke as follows to a convention of the political party of which he was the recognized leader:

"We must establish the great free commonwealth of the Poles, the Czechoslovaks and the Jugo-Slavs, and save the other submerged peoples who are their neighbors. Unless we do all this, unless we stand by all our Allies who have stood by us, we shall have failed in making the liberty of well-behaved, civilized peoples secure, and we shall have shown that our announcement about making the world safe for democracy was an empty boast."

"Whatever the developments were later, do not forget that we gave Europe every reason to believe that we were there to stick. Perhaps, it is not strange that people seem indifferent, even numb to cries of despair. On every hand, people are saying: 'We have heard these tales of woe before, but the shocking things predicted do not seem to happen.' The facts are that they have already happened in a large part of the world and are hourly occurring. I have always been an optimistic American, optimistic because of my supreme confidence in the ultimate judgment of the American public upon any question submitted to them. Are the American people content to rest under such a condition? If this picture I have presented is one which conveys any sense of the situation, what would seem to be the solution of the terrible problem?"

"I know that if our people had a full realization of the situation in Europe they would say at once to the Government: 'Arrange quickly to place within the reach of those peoples what they need to save them and start them on the way to recovery. We ask you to do this under conditions and upon terms that will best insure the success of the undertaking but—we ask you to do it.' One of the conditions would be the elimination of politics from the handling of the task, both in this country and Europe, and another would be, surely, that the financial terms imposed would not work such a hardship as would defeat the great purpose. I believe that such a step taken by our Government would not only be hailed with joy by the nations of the world, but that cordial and immediate co-operation would be forthcoming from Great Britain, Holland, the Scandinavian countries, Spain and Japan and from France, Italy and Belgium to the best of their ability."

"The situation, I am convinced, has developed so far and so seriously that there is no possibility of its being met otherwise than by and through the various Governments. As soon as the governments agree to furnish the essentials of food, clothing, raw materials and transportation facilities, the peoples of the world, through their Red Cross societies, will rush in with their doctors, their nurses, their medicines, their diet foodstuffs. The League of Red Cross Societies stands pledged to do its full share and is ready to take up the task."

"In our own interests, we must lose no time in taking action. The responsibility lies upon every one of us to do whatever may be in our power to the end that the American people gain a clear understanding of the true dreadfulness of the neglected task. Once that understanding comes, the people will do the rest with a straightforward request for the Government to act. Life and Death are bidding for the body of Europe. Which buyer do we Americans favor?"

The Listening Gallery

(Continued from Page 34)

Victor 64862
Panurge: "Chanson de la Touraine"
(Massenet)
(Sung by Emilio de Gogorza)

There is a wealth of stanch and appealing sentiment in this French song of home. It speaks with fervent pride of the blue sky and earthly beauties of Touraine, and culminates with the crowning reason of all, "C'est mon pays ('Tis my native land.)"

Edison 80401
La Perle du Brésil: "Charmant Oiseau"
(David)
Spring (Georg Henschel)
(Sung by Stella Power)

Dainty vocal pyrotechnics of a pleasing sort, enhanced by a purling, trilling flute. The orchestral introduction is particularly effective. On the other side is a joyously lilting vernal ballad with an excellent piano accompaniment.



VAUDEVILLE

Zeolian-Vocalion 14039
Abraham
Cohen Talks About the Ladies
(Song and monologue by Monroe Silver)

Amusing Hebrew-American humor raising the question of who put the "ham" in Abraham. In view of the ease with which Morris is transformed into "Maurice" and the Izzie into "Earnest," Mr. Silver can't understand why the "ham" still remains misplaced. On the reverse is a monologue about wives, sweethearts and jury-women.

Zeolian-Vocalion 14042
Alice Blue Gown
(Sung by Marion Evelyn Cox)
Someone Like You
(Sung by Nanette Flack)

Attractive numbers from current musical comedies. The "Alice Blue Gown" from "Irene" is a wistful shop-girl's recollection of a favorite dress, her first and dearest loved bit of finery. "Someone Like You," from "Angel Face," is typically Victor Herbertian. Both are nicely sung.

Victor 18657
He Went In Like a Lion and Came Out
Like a Lamb
(Sung by Billy Murray)
How Sorry You'll Be
(Sung by Esther Walker)

Billy Murray's terrific roar song that turns into a feeble bleat is the funniest offering of the month. The words are really a scream. Esther Walker's warble is the regulation "You'll Be Sorry" sort.

Victor 10177
Oh By Jingo! Oh By Gee!
(Sung by Billy Murray)
Oh By Jingo! Oh By Gee!
(Played by Green's Novelty Orchestra)

Cheerful, lively nonsense, rollickingly presented. On one side Billy Murray sings it, and on the other the xylophone fiend and his accomplices make it into a dance.

Zeolian-Vocalion 14038
Oh Mother, I'm Wild
(Sung by Billy Jones)
All The Boys Love Mary
(Sung by Billy Murray)

An absurd account of the breaking loose of a callow youth. Writing to his mamma, he states, with bravado, "I've thrown away my nightie, and I wear a big pajam." On the reverse is a song explaining the cause of Mistress Mary's popularity—her father has a provident cellar.

Pathé 22319
Oh, Mother, I'm Wild
(Sung by Billy Jones)
You Said It
(Sung by Ernest Hare)

The wicked wild one again; paired with a ditty of the "I'll Say She Does" type.

Columbia A2898
That Wonderful Kid from Madrid
(Sung by Al Jolson)
I'll See You In C-u-b-a
(Sung by Jack Kaufman)

Irrepressible Al Jolson here breaks loose in a Spanish hula-balo, with castanets 'n' everything. The Cuban affair is not concerned with the sugar crop or the scenery.

Brunswick 2035
You're My Gal
(Sung by Al Bernard and Ernest Hare)
Swanee
(Sung by Al Bernard and Frank Kamplain)

A droll, darky dialogue between a swarthy swain and his lady. The exchange of personalities is strictly in the Ethiopian idiom. In "Swanee," the ingratiating Al is assisted by a yodel obligato.



DANCE

Pathé 22323
Alexandria (Fox Trot)
When You're Alone (Fox Trot)
(Played by Nicholas Orlando's Orchestra)

Orientalism from "Aphrodite," and a bit of braazy breeziness.

Victor 18663
The Crocodile (Fox Trot)
(Played by Wiedoeft-Wadsworth Quartet)
I'll See You In C-u-b-a (Fox Trot)
(Played by Palace Trio)

Two mighty good fox trots played by novelty organizations. The quartet is a combination of those two saxophone wizards, Rudy Wiedoeft and Wheeler Wadsworth, and two very busy pianists. Nothing sleepy about this crocodile! The trio comprises saxophone, piano and accordion, the latter being of an exceedingly raggy disposition.

Columbia A2899
Hold Me (Fox Trot)
Dance It Again With Me (Fox Trot)
(Both Played by Hickman's Orchestra)
Hickman & Co. have the knack of charging the rhythm with electricity. These are high power numbers. Even when the saxophones croon, they do it excitedly.

Victor 18661
Left All Alone Again Blues (Fox Trot)
Whose Baby Are You? (Fox Trot)
(Played by Joseph C. Smith's Orchestra)
Stunningly tuneful selections from "The Night Boat." The difference between Jerome Kern's melodies and those of most other Broadway composers is that besides being catchy, they are real music. "Left All Alone Again Blues" is one of the best fox trots ever written, and Smith's orchestra plays it to perfection, skillfully bringing out in the under melody "Where, Tell Me, Where Has My Highland Laddie Gone," which is ingeniously used as a counter melody.

Brunswick 2032
Mystery (Fox Trot)
Venetian Moon (Fox Trot)
(Played by Paul Biese's Novelty Orchestra)

"Mystery" is one of the outstanding fox trots of the season. It certainly has "go" to it. "Venetian Moon" has a more dreamy character. Mr. Biese is kept busy stirring it out of languor.

Zeolian-Vocalion 14047
Railroad Blues (Fox Trot)
Good-Night Boat (Fox Trot)
(Played by Novelty Five)

"Railroad Blues" is about as placid as a boiler factory. Each raucous instrument faithfully contributes its share to the din. It is rhythmic riot. "Good-Night Boat" gives us the "Left All Alone Blues" a la jazz.

When My Baby Smiles At Me (Fox Trot)
(Played by Ted Lewis, Jazz Band)
Rose of Washington Square (Fox Trot)
(Played by Kentucky Serenaders)

It is evident that Ted Lewis will never be tamed. Rapture is here expressed in cooingly blatant, blaring blandishments. He is the king of the cacophonous caress. On the reverse is much banjo strumming.

When You're Alone (Fox Trot)
(Played by Paul Biese and his Novelty Orchestra)
Karavan (Fox Trot)
(Played by Joseph C. Smith's Orchestra)
Contagiously rhythmic movements, well played
Pleasing variety of orchestral color.

MISCELLANEOUS

Edison 50635
Aloha Land
(Played by Waikiki Hawaiian Orchestra)
Wait Until The Roses Bloom
(Saxophone solo by Wheeler Wadsworth)
Attractive Hawaiian waltz so well recorded that the guitars seem actually there before you. On the reverse, a saxophone hums a melodious old song.

Pathé 22298
Castanets (Spanish Dance)
Shepherd's Song
(Played by Native Brazilian Orchestra)
Spanish tunes full of exotic verve.

Edison 80488
Divertimento
(Clarinet duet by Giammatteo and Brissett)
Our Own Make Polka
(Cornet solo by Jules Levy, Jr.)

The first is by the Italian opera composer, Ponchielli, who here entrusts a florid duet to cooing clarinets. On the reverse is an equally adept exhibition of cornet playing. Both are recorded with perfect Edison realism.

Columbia A2904
 Emmett's Lullaby
 Emmett's Cuckoo Song
 (Sung by Frank Kamplain)
 Little yodelings!

Columbia A2900
 Happy Days In Dixie
 Smoky Mokes
 (Played by Prince's Orchestra)
 Southern jollifications—a cake walk that was popular years ago, and a lively march with a local interlude.

Edison 80502
 A Bird Store
 (Played by American Symphony Orchestra)
 Voicing Hour
 (Played by Peerless Orchestra)
 A clever and entertaining descriptive piece picturing a bird shop in full twitter—when in rows a cat! On the other side is an amiable renade.

Columbia A2902
 Liverpool and O'Neil's Favorite (Irish Hornpipes)
 Wallow Tail and Green Field of America (Irish Reels)
 Accordion solos by Patrick J. Scanlon)
 Irish village dance tunes played with the cheery freshness that keeps old folk music young.

Columbia A2901
 Lost Done Traveling
 H! Reign, Massa Jesus, Reign!
 (Sung by Fisk University Jubilee Singers)

Everest camp-meeting songs, sung by a negro quartet. While these have not the dramatic pathos, the strong poignancy of the spirituals, listed under "Concert," they are thoroughly interesting and of appealing rhythm.

Pathé 22311
 Ambre et Meuse (Defile)
 The Cadets (Sousa)
 (Played by Garde Republicaine Band of France)
 Rousing marches well played and recorded.

TIMELY ORATORY

Columbia N. F. 7
 Law and Order. By Calvin Coolidge

Columbia N. F. 8
 Loyalty. By Bainbridge Colby
 Constructive addresses delivered by the Republican Governor of Massachusetts and the Democratic Secretary of State. Most so-called oratory is a bore, but these compact speeches are stocked with real ideas and are free from partisan flapdoodle. The recording is so clear that every word may be caught without effort. On the back of each is a march, played by Prince's Band.

Help Yourself to Health

(Continued from Page 50)

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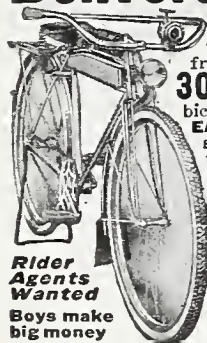
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The Melting Lot

(Continued from Page 66)

demonstration; of course, however, there were enough Americans on the team to leaven the lump. When a local dog ran out and threatened to bite an enemy pitcher, the thing was pure humor; but the boy who owned the dog was put under bonds not to let it happen again. If a visitor pursued a high foul, all domestic spectators were in honor bound to give him an opening; but if the runner stepped into a woodchuck hole and fell down, that was a gift of Providence and enjoyed accordingly, unless the fellow was hurt, when everybody in the lot was genuinely sorry.

The gentle art of rooting for the home team has its ethics, too, and here again, as the summer progressed, we saw our best American chickens coming home to roost. Partisanship is as essential to the game as batsmanship; without it Cincinnati and Chicago might meet in Boston in ever-so-scientific combat and there would be nobody to see it but the peanut man. Likewise the result must be conclusive; the crowd must taste victory or defeat before it has any appetite for supper. English cricket fans may be satisfied not to know who won the game till a week from Thursday, but that would never do for us. The crowd may help towards winning a game—but with reservations and amendments. A rooter may hurl insults but not missiles, the tin can and pop bottle as a means of self-expression have long been bad form. The masses may sing the hymn of hate provided it is quite clear they don't mean it. If Ty Cobb meets with ridicule and denunciation all around the circuit, this is a delicate tribute to his prowess, as the villain of the old melodrama was nourished on public hisses.

IN all these matters, our proletarian audience ran true to our best traditions, and excellent order prevailed, would have prevailed, rather, had it not been for small boys, those unpleasant necessities which know no law. Boys are notoriously bad spectators; they hold out for a couple of innings but the life is too sedentary. Our youths climbed up into trees where they could view the game with some degree of discomfort. Then they climbed down again and threw green apples at each other and conducted little imitation games of their own, to the public peril. Several times, Mike had to stop the game—a thing abhorrent to his nature—to protect our historic monument. Later, there was a self-appointed vigilance committee which threatened our boys at appropriate times.

At first, our immigrants had collected into racial and geographical clumps where they discussed the game in strange tongues into which crept such untranslatable phrases as "three-bagger," "never touched him," "two down" and "only takes one to hit it." But as the August sun grew ardent, all parties drew into the limited area of shade, a congested district where everybody

lived on terms of amity. Conspicuous among the spectators, basking in the light of her brother's greatness, was Sasha, who seemed to have suddenly developed into a smart young woman, American style. It was alleged that she now worked in a dry goods store in Staunton. When the games were over, it was noticeable that Sasha was no longer, "the girl who walked by herself."

It was Andy, who first suggested that we were running a little melting pot here in Grassmere, and that our aliens were getting pretty well fused.

"Perhaps melting lot would be better in the circumstances," he said. Wouldn't it be an awful thing if we were to find out that we were wrong about this baseball business. Americanization work conducted by Mike Surrettsky!" Andy tried to cover his shameful admission with frivolity. "America discovered a Pole; why shouldn't a Pole discover America?"

That social worker, Mike, had a crisis on his hands that very day. Our guests for the occasion were the East Millport Allstars, young gentlemen who, from all appearances, spent the rest of the week tossing pig iron here and there. Zip Coonley was under suspension, for his sins, and the umpiring was being done by Gibson, the sixth grade school-teacher. Gibson seemed to think he had a mission to perform. He was so anxious to be fair to the visiting team that he leaned backward and gave the Grasshoppers, we all thought, the worst of things. Our captain kept down the spirit of unrest pretty well and in the ninth, with two out, personally conducted a hot one toward left field, which brought home men from third and second with the tying and winning runs. This was apparent to everybody on earth except Gibson. Their big, dark left-fielder who was affectionately called "Nig," unable to reach the ball on the fly had nevertheless made a pickup pretty close to the ground. It is charitable to suppose that something obstructed Gibson's view. He called it a fly-out.

MIKE rounded first and ran in with his angry protest, so did the rest of the team and the rooters. One regrets to add that scions of our noblest houses and sons of the idle rich joined in this mob scheme. For the time being, the human race was the only one present. Mike had forgiven much to keep the game going, but this game was over—either way—and it looked as if at last we were ending in a riot.

"He never caught it!" Mike cried. "I'll leave it to Nig."

"Course, I caught it," Nig followed sound baseball tradition. "Umpire can't change his decision!"

Mike was pale with anger. The crowd began to mill around. Suddenly it was given to him to see beyond this controversy into the future. After all the game must go on. His expression changed.

"All right! I'm out. We'll get 'em nex' time. Cut it out, boys, no rough stuff." It took all his persuasion and a ball bat to quiet the tumult and get the crowd started homeward.

Over by our car, where Mike was putting on his collar and tie, we could hear him talking with the ponderous Nig.

"All right," he said. "Three weeks from to-day."

"Where'd you dig up that umpire?" Nig asked.

"Aw, he's a teacher."

"Where at? In the blind asylum?"

"Never mind; we'll get you right the next time."

Nig regarded his recent antagonist with new interest.

"Say, where do you work, Mike?"

"Paper box factory."

"Any good?"

Mike shook his head.

"Twelve a week."

"Twelve a week, w'y you poor boob."

"Guess I won't stay much longer."

"Ever think of doin' plumbin'?" I

can get you in as helper over at the 'port. When you get your card, you

can pull down a dollar an hour."

"A dollar an hour!" Mike's face flickered up, then down. "I don't

know, Nig. The folks are talkin' about movin' back to Poland. It's free now,

you know and—"

"Where do you get that stuff?" You couldn't make a dollar an hour in

Poland. I bet them grand dukes don't make that much."

"I guess not. I don't know much about it."

"Could you play ball there? Answer me that?"

Baseball in Poland was too great a strain for Mike's imagination.

"You lay off to-morrow and come over. You might even get a tryout on the Millport Greys some day. You

ain't so rotten with the stick at that."

"Well, all right!" said Mike. "What's the address?"

MIKE'S eloquence, or the pleasant musical sound of a "dollar an hour," must have been effective at the Surretsky mansion for up to date we have heard nothing further of a trip to the old country.

Incidentally, our foreign quarters had shown considerable improvement by this time. Houses had grown as well as families and paint met the eye where, before, one saw only boards. The Italians had done rather handsomely by Railroad Street with vines and little terraces. We have a village improvement society but as it had not met during the war we could hardly credit it with an assist. The blunt truth seemed to be that higher wages and shorter hours had a lot to do with it.

Mike's social duties continued in the Old Meeting House lot and presently a movement grew up to buy uniforms for the team. Perhaps stranger things have happened, but Andy Winthrop personally drove around collecting money for the fund. It is not on record that he refused contributions from anybody—Pollak, Hunkie or hillbilly. In September, when they played what they called a world's series, our boys were

handsomely arrayed in new suits, each manly chest bearing an elegant "G" which was for Grassmere or Grasshoppers, according to taste.

There is a bigger project afoot now. It has been referred to a committee, but it may survive even that, for Andy and Mike are both members. We want to buy the Old Meeting House lot and make it a community center and war memorial all complete with grandstand, manicured diamond and shower baths.

"The hillbillies are showing a lot of interest," Andy has reported. "They'll do the handsome thing! You know they're not such a bad crowd when you get acquainted with them. Mike says the foreigners are already pestering him to take cash contributions." Andy dropped into a philosophic mood. "It looks to me as if we *all* got melted a little over there in the melting lot!"

Faith With A Capital "F"

(Continued from Page 39)

Mr. Petran, on his sick bed heard that twice a day prayer meetings were being held in his dingy mission upstairs at Number 29 Washington Avenue South, he smiled and said: "I knew the Lord would provide."

He is a strange man—this Petran—a man who for fifty years has neglected all the laws of economics, violated the rules of business and placed his trust in the Lord to provide. Fifty years, rain or shine, hot or cold, he held two prayer meetings a day in his mission, every day in every year excepting each Fourth of July when he has taken his "vacations," and gone for the day into the country. Two prayer meetings a day, services of song and prayer for bums and tramps and outcasts, 364 days each year for fifty years—36,412 prayer meetings (counting twelve leap years)—without a collection, without soliciting a penny, without backers. Nine times, according to the simple tale he told me, he and his mission have been broke—and each time—but let the story tell itself.

Fifty years ago, Washington Avenue South, in Minneapolis, was one of the wildest, most vicious, most desperate streets in the world. It was the Barbary Coast of San Francisco, the main street of Deadville in the old days, the water front at Port Said, Cripple Creek, Dodge, and Dawson in their "glory" combined. Lumber jacks, heavy with winter wages, fresh from the logging camps, rolled down along the river below St. Anthony's Falls to meet and battle with each other or with the Swede settlers and the harvest hands pouring into the Northwest. Men with brass knuckles and loaded clubs

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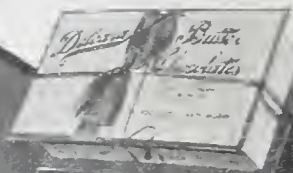
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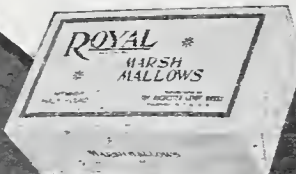
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The above cartoon was drawn by Master Bob Brennan of the Washington School of Art. Bob writes that he is selling his work and that he is cartoonist on a small paper in Evansville, Ind. He is but one of our many students and graduates who are making money as cartoonists, illustrators and designers.

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lay in ambush between frame buildings to slug the drunks and rob them before the bartenders and gamblers could beat them to it. The "whe-e—" the sibilant sound a man makes when struck on the head mingled with songs, curses and shots.

Washington Avenue South was tough. And into this avenue, at the head of a little band came W. A. Petran. He had been a workhouse boy. His father was an agnostic, hating religion in all forms. The boy had been bad and wild. He was caught and sent to prison and, in the prison, he was converted. When he returned home, his father drove him from the house with curses because he had acknowledged Christ.

IN some way, Petran gained the idea that it was his mission to save those in Washington Avenue South. He led his band down that street when guns and knives flashed, led them in prayer in front of the worst dives. He aided those who fell under the blows of the bouncers and the black-jack gang, visited those who landed in jail, went to comfort those who were more or less happily bereaved.

He was one of the organizers of a queer little band of young men who called themselves "The Yoke Fellows," who sang and prayed and held meetings in prisons, in saloons, in the streets, and worked to help others.

I went to learn from Mr. Petran just how his economic system had worked out, and found him in the rooms of the Mission—the same rooms have been used for thirty years. He is a tall, slender, very subdued man, gentle in voice and manner, and very humble. He told me of his work and I grinned inwardly as he told how wild and reckless he was in youth. He looked about as reckless as boiled rice. But you never can tell! A bartender, aged in that district, told me a tale of long ago how Petran smashed his way through a ring in a saloon, faced a drunken bully and took one of his converts out of the hands of the gang that was trying to force him to drink.

The result was that I wrote a little yarn about the man who has Faith, and there was a very rich man in California, who had been one of the jury that sent Petran to jail in his youth and who had long been away from Minneapolis, who read the story and sent money to keep the Mission going.

SO the work went on and twice a day in the dingy Mission, the wanderers and the weary gathered until late in the fall when Mr. Petran fell sick. Finally he could no longer reach the Mission, and it seemed as if the work was ended. Someone heard of it and it seemed as if the entire twin cities arose to see that his place was filled. Churches, societies and individuals rushed to aid—and the work went on and the humble man who thought no one paid any attention to him save the poor and unfortunate he had helped, suddenly found himself the most beloved man in the entire community, and the Christian Workers Mission was more prosperous than ever before.

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"Of course I place you! Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle.

"If I remember correctly and I do remember correctly—Mr. Burroughs, the lumberman, introduced me to you at the luncheon of the Seattle Rotary Club three years ago in May. This is a pleasure indeed! I haven't laid eyes on you since that day. How is the grain business? And how did that amalgamation work out?"

The assurance of this speaker—in the crowded corridor of the Hotel McAlpin—compelled me to turn and look at him, though I must say it is not my usual habit to "listen in" even in a hotel lobby.

"He is David M. Roth, the most famous memory expert in the United States," said my friend Kennedy, answering my question before I could get it out. "He will show you a lot more wonderful things than that before the evening is over."

And he did.

As we went into the banquet room the toast-master was introducing a long line of the guests to Mr. Roth. I got in line and when it came my turn Mr. Roth asked, "What are your initials, Mr. Jones, and your business connections and telephone number?" Why he asked this, I learned later, when he picked out from the crowd the 60 men he had met two hours before and called each by name without a mistake. What is more, he named each man's business and telephone number, for good measure.

I won't tell you all the other amazing things this man did except to tell how he called back, without a minute's hesitation, long lists of numbers; bank clearings, prices, lot numbers, parcel post rates and anything else the guests gave him in rapid order.

When I met Mr. Roth again—which you may be sure I did the first chance I got—he rather bowled me over by saying, in his quiet, modest way:

"There is nothing miraculous about my remembering anything I want to remember, whether it be names, faces, figures, facts or something I have read in a magazine.

"You can do this just as easily as I do. Anyone with an average mind can learn quickly to do exactly the same things which seem so miraculous when I do them.

"My own memory," continued Mr. Roth, was originally very faulty. Yes, it was—a really poor memory. On meeting a man I would lose his name in thirty seconds, while now there are probably 10,000 men and women in the United States, many of whom I have met but once, whose names I can call instantly on meeting them."

"That is all right for you, Mr. Roth," I interrupted, "you have given years to it. But how about me?"

"Mr. Jones," he replied, "I can teach you the secret of a good memory in one evening. This is not a guess, because I have done it with thousands of pupils. In the first of seven simple lessons which I have prepared for home study I show you the basic principle of my whole system and you will find it—not hard work as you might fear—but just like playing a fascinating game. I will prove it to you."

He didn't have to prove it. His Course did; I got it the very next day from his publishers, the Independent Corporation.

When I tackled the first lesson I was surprised to find that I had learned—in about one hour—how to remember a list of one hundred words so that I could call them off forward and back without a single mistake.

That first lesson stuck. And so did the other six.

Read this letter from Terence J. McManus, of the firm of Olcott, Bonyng, McManus & Ernst,

Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, 170 Broadway, and one of the most famous trial lawyers in New York.

"May I take occasion to state that I regard your service in giving this system to the world as a public benefaction. The wonderful simplicity of the method, and the ease with which its principles may be acquired, especially appeal to me. I may add that I already had occasion to test the effectiveness of the first two lessons in the preparation for trial of an important action in which I am about to engage."

McManus didn't put it a bit too strong.

The Roth Course is priceless. I can absolutely count on my memory now. I can call the name of most any man I have met before and I am getting better all the time. I can remember figures I wish to remember. Telephone numbers come to my mind instantly, once I have filed them by Mr. Roth's easy method. Street addresses are just as easy.

The old fear of forgetting (you know what that is) has vanished. I used to be "scared stiff" on my feet—because I wasn't sure. I couldn't remember what I wanted to say.

Now I am sure of myself, and confident, and "easy as an old shoe" when I get on my feet at the club or at a banquet, or in a business meeting, or in any social gathering.

Perhaps the most enjoyable part of it all is that I have become a good conversationalist—and I used to be as silent as a sphinx when I got into a crowd of people who knew things.

Now I call up like a flash of lightning most any fact I want right at the instant I need it most. I used to think a "hair trigger" memory belonged only to the prodigy and genius. Now I see that every man of us has that kind of a memory if he only knows how to make it work right.

I tell you it is a wonderful thing, after groping around in the dark for so many years, to be able to switch the big searchlight on your mind and see instantly everything you want to remember.

This Roth Course will do wonders in your office.

Since we took it up you never hear anyone in our office say "I guess" or "I think it was about so much" or "I forget that right now" or "I can't remember" or "I must look up his name." Now they are right there with the answer like a shot.

Have you ever heard of "Multigraph" Smith? Real name H. Q. Smith, Division Manager of the Multigraph Sales Company, Ltd., in Montreal. Here is just a bit from a letter of his that I saw last week:

"Here is the whole thing in a nutshell." Mr. Roth has a most remarkable Memory Course. It is simple, and easy as falling off a log. Yet with one hour a day of practice, anyone—I don't care who he is—can improve his memory 100% in a week and 1000% in six months."

My advice to you is don't wait another minute. Send to Independent Corporation for Mr. Roth's amazing course and see what a wonderful memory you have got. Your dividends in increased earning power will be enormous.

VICTOR JONES.

What the Course Did for Mrs. Jones

From what Mr. Jones tells us, the Roth Memory Course did just as wonderful things for Mrs. Jones. She became fascinated with the lessons the first evening she could get them away from her husband, and he is forced to admit that not only did she learn the magic key words more quickly and easily than he did—but so did Genevieve, their twelve-year-old daughter.

But the fun of learning was only the beginning. In a few days Mrs. Jones was amazed to see how her newly acquired power to remember the countless things she had

to remember simplified her life. The infinite details of housekeeping smoothed themselves out wonderfully. She was surprised how much more time she had for recreation—because she remembered easily and automatically her many duties at the time they should be remembered. And when evening came she missed much of the old "tired feeling" and was fresher than she had been in years.

At her club she became a leader because her fellow members could count on her to conduct club matters with a clear head and in orderly procedure.

In her social life Mrs. Jones began to win a popularity that she had never dreamed of attaining. The reason was easy to understand—because she never forgot a name or face once she was introduced—and this also made her a successful hostess—much to the wonder of her friends. In short, Mrs. Jones, in developing her own perfectly good memory discovered a secret of success, not only in housekeeping, but in her social life.

Now we understand the Roth Memory Idea is going like wildfire among Mrs. Jones' friends—for she has let them into her secret.

Read the following letter from Mrs. Eleanor A. Phillips, State Chairman of the Tennessee Woman's Liberty Loan Committee:

"Enclosed please find check for \$7.00 for Memory Course forwarded me. This course, to my mind, is the most wonderful thing of its kind I have ever heard of, and comes to hand at a time when I need it greatly.

"As Chairman of the State of Tennessee for Woman's Liberty Loan Committee. It is very necessary for me to remember the names of thousands of women, and with the very little acquaintance I have had with your wonderful course I find my memory greatly strengthened. I feel sure that after having completed the course I will be able to know my women and the counties they are from the minute I see them."

Send No Money

So confident is the Independent Corporation, the publishers of the Roth Memory Course, that once you have an opportunity to see in your own home how easy it is to improve your memory power in a few short hours, that they are willing to send the course on free examination.

Don't send any money. Merely mail the coupon or write a letter and the complete course will be sent, all charges prepaid at once. If you are not entirely satisfied send it back any time within five days after you receive it and you will owe nothing.

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ERNEST C. RIEDEL, Art Editor

FRANCIS R. BELLAMY, Managing Editor

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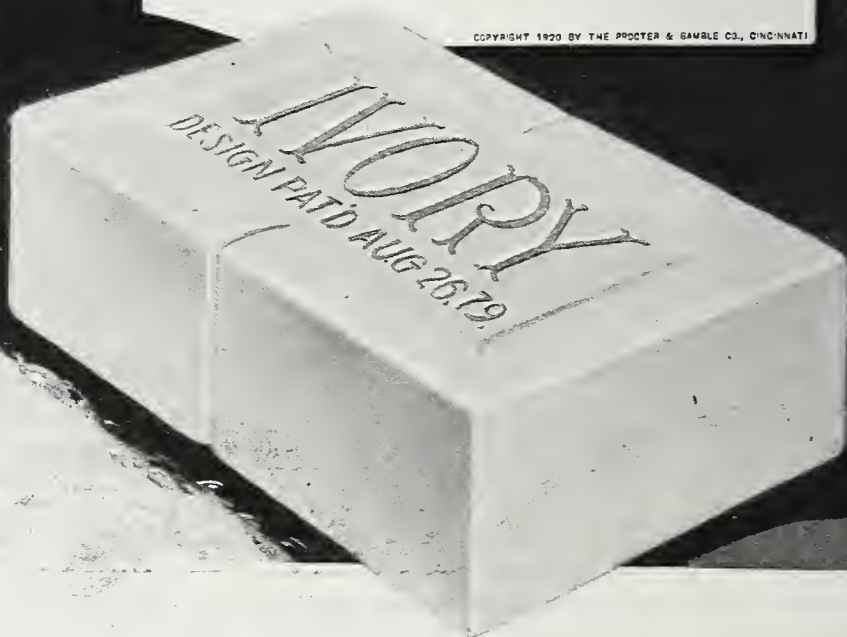
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SENSIBLE AMERICA

WITHOUT assemblies or agreements, our national good sense seems to be asserting itself. Everyone talks of economy, thrift and work. More and more we are convicting ourselves of having a personal share of responsibility in the conditions of to-day. We are trying to apply wisdom to ourselves and our own activities instead of merely expressing it for the sake of others. We see women cheerfully taking up tasks that they used to leave to servants; men trying to improve their day's work; managers realizing the responsibilities of management, not simply so as to stimulate production, but in order to produce the proper state of mind and friendly co-operation of the workers who produce. Teachers see more clearly their profession's importance, because the public call for higher pay shows the dependence placed upon them for the worth of the rising generation. Merchants and manufacturers perceive that high profits and high prices cannot continue forever. People are answering the appeal of authorities like Secretary Meredith to make gardens and produce food. Bankers are discouraging the reckless in commercial expansion.

There is everywhere the feeling that we are tied up in life and business with each other; that we must solve our problems mutually. This sense doesn't possess all, by any means. There are still greedy, able and scheming individuals who are taking and will take advantage of even this particular condition. But the evidence is abundant that our people are mainly sound in mind and spirit; that we are settling down after the mental and moral upheaval of the war, taking possession of ourselves once more, getting frank appraisals, and seriously turning again to normal ways of life and thought.

It is a wonderful exhibit—this great, silent, solemn agreement to repair our failures, to restore our conscience to normal efficiency, to revive belief in our country and ourselves. It is a spiritual agreement which is being signed, sealed and delivered in millions of homes and offices, without pen or ink or paper, but recorded clearly in the hearts of men and women.



O. Herford.

THE HURRY CALL

Drawn by Oliver Herford

NEW TRAILS FOR OLD

By Anne Shannon Monroe

A LITTLE thin man—Puckish—with twinkling blue eyes, a brain that has never missed a count, and the heart of a boy—that's Benson! They call him "Oregon's most useful citizen," but he doesn't seem to fit into that utilitarian title at all; rather, he's like some cunning joker that has a jolly good time slipping in and trumping the trick just when it seems utterly lost.

For, if there is a millionaire on earth who has a royal good time with his money, it's Simon Benson, retired lumberman and philanthropist of Portland Oregon. And his persona "good times" always mean making others have good times, helping them to get on in the world happily. He delights in playing Providence to the extent of making the common ways pleasant—handing a thirsty world a drink: giving it a bed; sending its boys and girls to the practical sort of a school that they adore; smoothing out a road for an automobile—just little everyday things like that! Gifts that will never rear their heads in monuments of stone or bronze with engraved tablets, but that get under the skin of live human beings, into their blood, and create living monuments of as much greater potency as the living man is more potent than the dead!

When all the world first began to howl over the prospects of prohibition; weeping and wailing at the thought of the poor working man who would surely die of thirst, and the poor trucksters who wouldn't truck any more with no corner saloon to run into from their high seats for a cheering mug of beer; and when meetings were being held and committees formed every minute for their relief; what did this dear royal joker do but quietly, before his city realized what he was about—with no meetings or talks or committees or big movements—cause the most beautiful and practical drinking fountains to appear on every corner of the business streets. They were fountains from which bubbled crystal cold spring water brought to Portland from the snowy heights of

THIS story of "Si" Benson—deep-woods lumberman, millionaire and citizen, will make you glad to belong to the human race. Here is a man who is through talking before he begins; but who is never through thinking and planning and working to make his dreams and the dreams of others come true. In the course of his life he has done more red-blooded, two-fisted things than half a dozen ordinary men ever do. As told here, they constitute an achievement which will renew your faith in your fellowmen and your country. You can't make a better acquaintance than "Si" Benson—"Oregon's Most Useful Citizen"

Mount Hood—the purest, most delicious drinking water in all the world—and, before the agitators had got their first wind in a fight for "the rights of the people," the corner saloon frequenters and the shoppers and the always-thirsty children were stopping to drink at the fountains, with a "Hats-off!" and a "Here's-to-you, good friend!" sentiment for the donor that is as refreshing to the human heart as the pure water is to the human body. Often birds fly down for a drink, and the children, seeing, wait, giving them their turn. Portland hardly knew it went "dry;" going so refreshingly "wet" at the same time.

The school boys and girls of town, though, would tell you most emphatically that the best thing Mr. Benson ever did was to give them the Polytechnic School—a splendid, big, happy working school with loads of room inside and out, where they work with their hands as well as their brains.

"PLENTY of people can tell you how to do a thing," says Mr. Benson, while his blue eyes twinkle as if in amused memory of certain very definite theorists, "but they can't do it. Every youngster ought to be taught to use his brains clear through to his finger tips. It's dangerous to have a people brain-educated and not hand-educated." He smiles and purses his lips whimsically. "Besides," he adds, "we all

like to whittle and make things—all us boys." And, with that homely observation, he is through talking about his splendid achievement in the Benson Polytechnic, but he is never through thinking about it, or planning things for it, or giving it new and improved equipment. His boys and girls are the heart of his life, and he sees to it that they lack nothing they need to help make themselves into practical, useful Americans.

But if you were to strike a traveling salesman on the subject of Mr. Benson, he'd tell you straight off, "By George, the finest thing Benson ever did was to give us the Benson Hotel."

Now, to most of us, a hotel is a thing to endure till we can get on home; that is, unless we are bedded down in one of those palaces of the mighty erected for the purpose of dividing up the estates of millionaires; or, a business man may look at it in the light of an investment; but Mr. Benson never thought of his hotel from an investment angle; he established it in the fulfilling of his dream, that goes clear back to the logging nights of his youth, when he lay, damp and cold, in an old leaky bunk after a hard day's labor in the wet woods, with men snoring about him and below him and mackinaws steaming by the stove. Upon such occasions he would fall into a dream of a perfect resting place after a day's work—a place of softness and gentleness and luxuriance, colorful and quiet and filled with sweet fragrances. Again and again, as he lay shivering under the dripping eaves, he would play with these imaginings, and he'd say to himself—just as you and I say idly what we'd do if we had a million dollars, knowing well enough we will never have it—he'd say to himself that if he ever got any money he'd build a hotel where men could go after their day's work and sink joyfully into a perfect bed. He felt that every man was entitled to that much in compensation for his labor.

And so, when the day came that he had his millions, he created a most



Photo by
Cutberth

DURING all the years since he was a boy in a Wisconsin lumber camp Simon Benson has never lost the common touch. Everywhere and always the men who have worked with him have known him intimately as plain "Si" Benson. When he established his great logging enterprises in Oregon, when he helped build the Columbia River Highway, when he became a millionaire in Portland, this characteristic always remained predominant. The picture below shows him surrounded by his fellow-lumbermen in one of his own Oregon camps. He is the figure in the immediate foreground. To the left, you will find a picture of him as he appears to-day



wonderful hotel; not an expensive palace but one that is popular-priced and at the same time luxurious and beautiful. If you are on the trail of him you may run him down in its lobby, almost lost in one of the deeply-cushioned, high-backed chairs, sitting there a bit aloof, looking on, whimsically enjoying other people's enjoyment of the home he had made for them, but not appearing any more its owner than you or I—not so much so as some of the guests who crowd up to the desk demanding the right to register. In fact, a story is authenticated of his attempting to register on coming in from one

of his trips, and being turned away with a curt, "All full" by a new clerk who didn't recognize him, and of his demurely accepting the turn down and going on elsewhere to find a bed.

HE has the most illusive, mercury-like quality, and almost a sixth sense for interviewers, however camouflaged, so that he has never before been interviewed, save for the home press and in furtherance of some pet enterprise for the good of the people, and when you do finally run him to earth, and get him to talk, he has the most perfect method of effacing himself, so

that he never somehow seems plastered all over his good works; they are like things of nature that just happen, and you are thankful for them as for a cool breeze or a gentle mountain grade. Even his name has been used in their connection against his wishes. He seems to love to operate wholly on the good fairy plan, placing the completed convenience or equipment at your disposal, then slipping away so adroitly that you can connect it with him only by the imprint of his hands on the wet clay.

Then, there are the motorists of Oregon; ask them about Mr. Benson!



Photo by Welster

Portland, Oregon—the Rose city—in the heart of the Cascade Mountains, with Mt. Hood looking down upon her. This is “Si” Benson’s town

No, don’t ask them about Mr. Benson, but go motoring instead over the most beautiful highways in all the world. It’s so because every one says it’s so—all the people who have had time and opportunity to thread their way over the whole world’s highways. They will tell you—they always acclaim it—that in all the wide, wide world there are no other such highways as some of Oregon’s, particularly the Columbia River Highway which runs along the silver ribbon that is the lovely river, up over the palisades and mountains that wall it in, threading through deep woods, between sky-piercing forest trees, past lacy waterfalls and sculpturings in stone so nobly beautiful as to fill the mind ever more steadily with amazement. Well, Mr. Benson didn’t make Oregon’s scenery, but he saved a great deal of it so you and I could see what the Creator could do when He was in His finest mood and had the most and best of everything to work with.

Mr. Benson worked for the highways; sweated for them; got down in the mud and toiled for them; and, when he found a particularly lovely area in private ownership and in danger of being demolished, or waterfalls in danger of having their power turned to commercial purposes that would debase the scene, he slipped quietly under this situation, too, and bought up the God-given strips of beauty and deeded them to the State for public parks, without a word about it; so that nothing along the highway that Nature prepared with such minute care and through such an eternity of time has been debased. If you are

driving out with a party of Portlanders, some one will say, as you pass wondrous waterfalls or deep woodsy spaces of surpassing loveliness, “*Mr. Benson gave us this!*” with a tenderness in the voice that tells everything. And then you will hear more than the editor allows me room to say here; and besides he is afraid I might be accused of gushing about the beauties of the Oregon country. “No matter what is true,” he says, “you have to tell people what they can believe.” So, just make a pilgrimage to the Northwest and see all these things for yourself. It’s your country as much as mine or Mr. Benson’s; maybe more than Mr. Benson’s. Maybe, you are an American of generations back, of Mayflower heritage, while Mr. Benson—but just let me tell you a little bit about our Mr. Benson.

THOSE twinkling blue eyes of his first opened in Central Norway in 1853; in a home so poor that when the little boy—Simon, they called him—reached his twelfth year, though he was far from robust, he was sent away from home to work for his board and clothes. An older brother and sister emigrated to America and, when Simon was sixteen, they sent back sufficient funds to bring the whole family across. They settled in Wisconsin and Simon went to work on a farm where he was paid fifty dollars for three months’ labor. He had American ways to learn, as well as the English language, but he had no time to go to school; he had to pick up what he could as he went along.

Later, he found better paying work in

the lumber camps of the pine woods, where he began his education as a lumberman. Here he experienced all the hardships of pioneer logging. Up before daylight, wading all day in icy water clearing out driftwood, or working in the deep woods, with no heat, no fire—matches soaked—wolves howling, to return after dark to a bed of fir boughs on the cold ground. The methods were primitive and back-breaking; logging roads had to be hewn through the pathless forests, made straight and smooth and level, for over them were hauled great trees chopped down with an axe, stripped of their limbs, and of their bark on one side, and dragged along by oxen to the river, where they were sawed into logs and rolled into the stream to soak till high water came and made it possible to float them to a mill.

THE bigness of it all got into the boy’s blood. The vast stillness of the forests broken only by the blows of axes and the crash of falling trees; the tragedies—men cruelly hurt or killed; the losses—a boom gone out and a whole season’s work lost as the logs scattered down the river. There were flies and mosquitoes to pester one through the hot Northern summer; chilblains and frozen fingers and toes to add to the cruelties of the long hard cold winter; there was loneliness, heartache, and a maddening sameness of days and nights.

But, in spite of everything, he stuck till he had saved a few hundred dollars. Then he moved into the little town of Lynxville where he started a store and began to live differently. And here



(Above) Felling a great tree in the Oregon woods. The life of a deep-woods lumberman is one of the loneliest and hardest of all workmen's lives

(Right) A giant log being lifted by tackle and chain and loaded on to a flat car to be hauled out. "Si" Benson did work of this sort for fifteen years



Photos by A. M. Prentiss

Cupid stepped squarely across his path! He fell in love with the prettiest girl in town, succeeded in winning her confidence, and soon thereafter was happily married. Three years later, the first calamity entered his life; his house and store burned to the ground and he lost everything he had in the world.

There was nothing to do but to go back to earning wages—back to logging because it was the only job he knew. The great timber belt of the Oregon country, at that time almost untouched by man, with the mild Northwest winters making work all the year round possible, attracted him and he moved West and got a job in a camp on the Columbia River. Once more he entered upon that loneliest, hardest of all workmen's lives, the life of a deep-woods lumberman. Even to this day, with modern machinery easing labor; com-

one and forest fires to blind the eyes; in winter, there was a heavy blanket of cold fog through which men and oxen moved as ghosts in the everlasting grayness, varied only by days upon days of steady drizzling rain.

The mood of the men was often as downcast as the skies, and they would sit complaining about the bunk-house stove after the day's work—like so many lonesome coyotes howling futilely to some wilderness god. But Benson had no time for complaints. He was ceaselessly busy learning everything he could. His quiet ways, his habit of listening rather than talking, gave all

portable living quarters; the best food on the market; and big wages, the work of the western lumber camps is done mostly by a restless, lonely class of single men, mostly foreign-born, who move from camp to camp in an endeavor to get some variety into lives that can never be normal, for homes and wives and amusements are not possible in the shifting - of - base requirements for logging off the great Northwestern forests. In changing to Oregon, Mr. Benson had escaped the heavy snows and biting cold of the Wisconsin winter but little else of the discomforts. In summer, there were insects to torment

the knowledge there was to get full chance. He was amazed by the forests he had found—a region unthinkably vast, filled with enormous trees, great Douglas Firs from three to ten feet in diameter and reaching three hundred feet into the sky; trees that could make masts and spars for a world's ships, could furnish lumber for a world's railroads; for a world's buildings; red cedar enough to shingle a world's houses; and there was Sitka Spruce (they make aeroplanes of it to-day) and hemlock, good for all common purposes. It was glorifying to his imagination—what these magnificent old trees—old when Columbus discovered America; nature's great crop ripe for the harvest and injurious to the oncoming forest if not harvested—what they could be made to do. There was romance in it for him—and incentive!

Curiously enough, though—and this is worth remembering—he did not plan then or ever to make a fortune. He only planned to *learn the lumber business*. It amuses him tremendously, to-day, to recall how he used to think that he might some time get as much as five thousand dollars together but his

dreams hadn't the remotest connection with the idea of accumulating wealth. His mind never ran to money save as hard necessity drove it there, and it doesn't to this day.

Naturally, he didn't work for wages long—just long enough to get a little money ahead, bring his family west and establish them comfortably. Then once more he went into business for himself, this time in the logging business. He purchased a small tract of timber and six wild oxen *on time*. Then, he looked about for help. He found a sailor out of a job and wanting to escape the sea. The sailor didn't know a cant hook from

jack screw but he was willing to learn, Benson took him on. With this crew, he set up camp in a little old tumble-down shack which he found on his land, and began an even more arduous program than that of his years as a wage-earning logger. The whole success of the enterprise was up to him and he was operating with other men's capital, so he had to make good. Long before daylight, he was up, cooking breakfast. Then, he went into the woods with his man and together they topped trees; at dark, back again to the cold leaky shack, where he would again become cook, feed his oxen, sharpen his axes—for his man knew so very little about the job that he could trust him with no single duty alone. Late in the night, he would tumble into his bunk, then up again and at it, long before daylight.

As the months wore on, he got more help but he continued to look for his outfit, for loggers have to be well fed, and the price of a cook was out of the question. He made headway; at the end of two years, he had paid for his outfit and sold out for five thousand dollars. His wife's health had been failing for some months, so now he once again moved into town, this time to get care and treatment for her. And there followed his second reverse; his wife died, and making an unfortunate investment of his capital, he lost every cent of it. Once more, he was wholly penniless, now with three little motherless children to provide for. The hard work and the long strain of the logging years had made inroads upon his own health. Altogether he was pretty heavily handicapped.

But there were those children, with only him to look to, and the tender affection between Mr. Benson and his children to this day attests his tenderness for them then and all the way through. And his seems to have been the real starting point in his financial career. "I had to make money for my children," is his simple explanation. So, with his mind heavy with grief—for his

(Right) Topping a three hundred foot tree in the Oregon forest. The "High Climber" can be seen at the top—a mere speck against the sky. He is the highest salaried man in the lumber camps

(Below) Cutting out a roadway for a temporary railroad in an Oregon lumber camp. Steam railroads and specialized workmen have supplanted oxen, skid-roads and manpower of the early days



Photos by A. M. Prentiss



had been a true love match and his wife a beautiful, capable, helpful woman—he set about the task, thinking, planning and, as usual, doing very little talking. There was nothing to do but once again turn back to a logging camp. So he started fresh, bought another outfit and more oxen *on time*, as before, and set up a new camp in Columbia county.

He was able to provide well for his children, and it cannot be said that from now on it was an unhappy life for Mr. Benson, though it cut deeply into his health; Nature has no consideration for the motives of men. Her laws of retribution are inexorable. But in spite of the heavy strain, there grew up in him, as the years went by in the sombre forests, a sacred love for beauty in nature; for truth and industry and usefulness in living; which made a deep channel in his character and notably marked his after years. In the essentials, it was the same hard life all over

New Trails For Old

again, a life of heavy treacherous toil with men frequently injured and killed; of battling with nature to the last ounce of his strength; of working far into the night overhauling equipment; of being up before daylight to get his crew into the woods at the earliest possible moment. But he managed to hold up under it and to prosper. By the spring of 1891—ten years later—he had paid for his outfit, cared well for his family and saved three thousand dollars.

He now saw larger possibilities in the lumber business. He wanted to introduce power-machinery; he wanted to build railroads, and to bring better methods to bear generally on the mighty task of taking out the great trees. They were cutting steadily farther back from the streams, and the ground over which he had to haul his logs was rough and steep, with sharp slopes and deep canyons. He saw the future of logging completely revolutionized, with steam-power superseding man-power and horse-power, with railroads taking the place of the river for conveyance. He was confident of the success of steam-power in the forests, though it had not yet been introduced into Oregon. So he went to Portland to interest capital, and there he met two mill operators, George W. Weidler and Julian Ordway, who saw the future of logging as he did. The three men formed a partnership, with Mr. Benson as manager. He built his first logging railroad and, in two years time, cleared up sixty thousand dollars for the firm. In 1896, he bought his partners out.

From this partnership dates the com-

plete overthrow of old-time methods in the Oregon woods; the supplanting of oxen, skid roads and man-power, with steam-power and railroads, and the introduction of engineers, high climbers, buckers and chasers and dozens of other skilled, specialized workmen; while giant logs weighing thirty tons and over that had formerly been abandoned, or cut up into sections and laboriously dragged out piece by piece, were now swung by overhead cables across deep canyons to a railroad siding, picked up by steam power, loaded by steam-power, handled as easily as so many tooth picks. The one-time silence of the deep woods was broken by the reverberations of mighty saws, their teeth in timber; the tooting of donkey engines; the clink of mighty chains; the rumbling of trains over rails. In all these changes, Mr. Benson was the pioneer.

AND still, he was busy by night as by day, for machinery would break and skilled men were not always at hand, and he spent a big part of the time while others slept, repairing broken parts and getting things ready for smooth sailing the following morning. Rapidly his business increased from a few thousand logs a day to three hundred thousand, and his earnings mounted up to three hundred thousand a year. Nearly all of this he put back into timber land. He was daring in introducing the newest methods among the giant trees, but conservative in dealing with men. He paid cash for his timber tracts, purchasing them of

homesteaders and pre-emptors who had secured their patents and were anxious to get away from the monotony of the woods. His care in this matter of purchase protected him from the onslaughts of the Interior Department which went so ruthlessly after the timbermen of that era.

By 1908, he had logged off all the timber of the district where he was then located, so he moved his operations to a new tract in Oregon of forty-six thousand acres containing in the neighborhood of two and a half billion feet of standing timber. Here he built a railroad and a logging plant costing half a million dollars and, in San Diego, California, a fine modern mill, all of which he paid for. Then came his crowning achievement, the building of his famous ocean-rafting outfit.

HE believed he could raft logs down the ocean to his San Diego mill. Other men had tried ocean-rafting and failed. It was considered a wild dream of that time. Every one prophesied failure for Mr. Benson. He'd lose all he'd made, they said, and be back in the woods starting all over again—and the day of a little outfit and an inexpensive start was gone—he had himself blocked his own return by his introduction of steam-power, with which, of course, man and horse power could never again compete. He was getting on, he wasn't strong—he'd better let well enough alone.

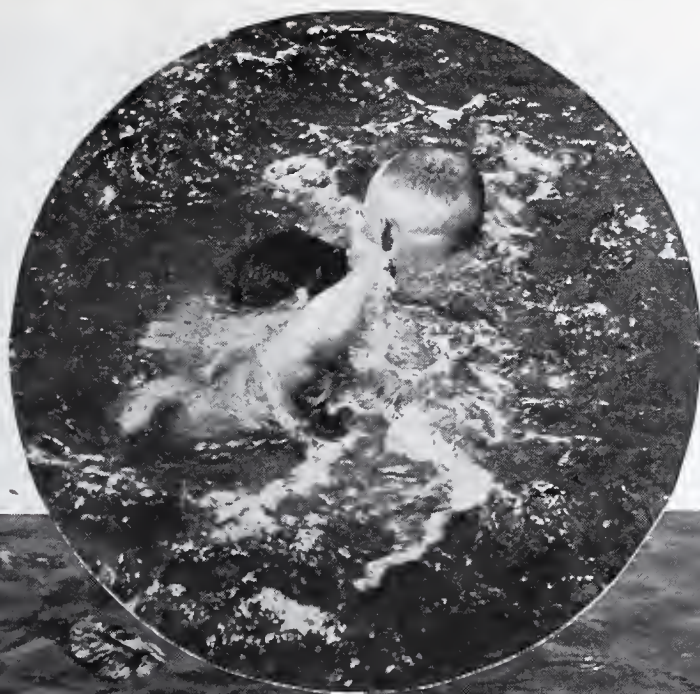
But Mr. Benson, true to form, didn't trouble to argue about it. He seems always (Continued on Page 68.)



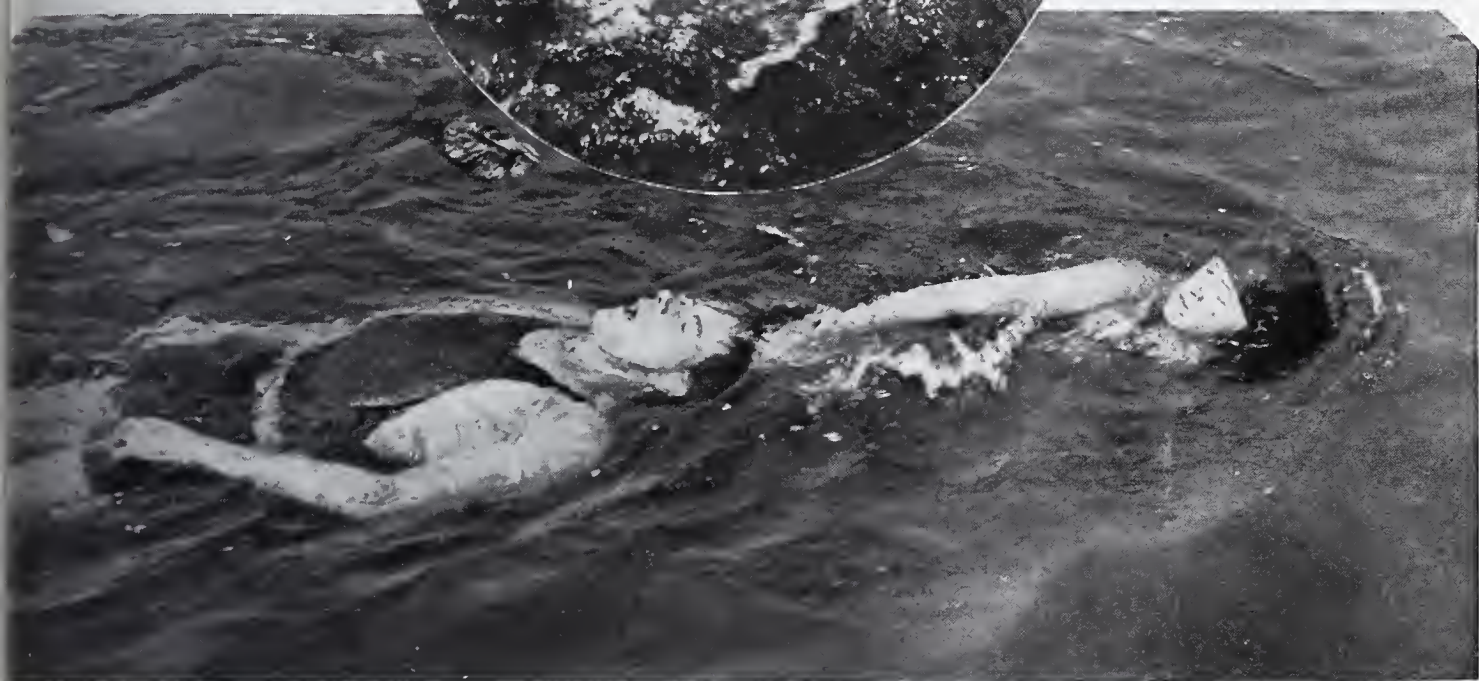
Photo by D. Perry Evans

Chalet Rock—the highest point on the Columbia River Highway. A landmark well known to the early Oregon pioneers who used to come down the beautiful river on rafts

One way of releasing the strangle-hold in rescuing a drowning person. Everyone should know how to do this



The "Hair Carry," one of the safest methods of assisting a person who is in danger in the water



SAVING A LIFE IS EASY

By Emily Frances Robbins

WE spectators watching the water contests, from the gallery of the swimming pool, were serenely unaware of the dramatic thing that was about to happen. It was at the Eyander Childs High School for girls in New York City, in a white-tiled room that formed a picture-frame for a large square of delicate green water. Standing on the narrow white rim of each side of the square was a bevy of young girls, like a flock of birds all of one kind in their grey one-piece bathing suits and pink legs bare half way to the thighs; on their heads different colored rubber caps that spotted the room with dots of pretty red and green and yellow and blue. One water event after another had taken place. First, there was the "land drill," in which the girls did the different swimming strokes, standing or lying on the brink of the pool; then, the actual demonstration of the strokes in the water, teams of juniors and seniors competing—breast stroke, side stroke, crawl

COURAGE and a little knowledge are all that are required. If you learn the simple method used by the Red Cross life-savers you know the whole story. Just at the present moment you may not think it necessary to devote much thought to such matters, but the time may come when the knowledge of how to save a life will be priceless to you

and, particularly picturesque from the gallery, the back stroke. A few picked swimmers, on their backs, their grey-and-pink bodies and bright caps streaking through the background of water, the sun shining in through the tall windows on their upturned young faces—a beautiful, unique pastel. Then the diving—all girls, you will remember; the relay race, juniors and seniors competing and wild rooters yelling for each side; the "crab" race; the "egg-and-spoon" race; and then—the happening.

It was all in a twinkling! At the deep end of the tank, one of the girls dived off, took a few strokes, and went to the bottom like a stone. You could scarcely discern, deep down, a dark huddled mass. My own breath stopped. Quick, there was a splash. Another young girl had jumped in. With a swift stroke, she reached the spot, hovered for a second to get her bearings, and then, head-first, down she went like an arrow, the bottoms of her little feet sticking out

of the water like the tail of a mermaid. What happened way down there in the deep we could not see. But when she came up, she brought the body with her.

It was lifeless, with closed eyes. In a flash, the little rescuer got the body on its back, took hold of each side of its head and, herself lying on her back and using her legs to swim, towed it to the end of the pool. Skilfully holding one of the limp hands against the brink of the pool, while she herself leaped out to safety, she grasped the other hand

and dousing the body low under the water to get a momentum, tossed it out upon the floor.

Nobody helped. She had acted so swiftly, and with such a sure knowledge, there was no need—it was her job. Placing the body prone on the floor, one limp hand under a cheek, to keep the mouth from the floor, and the other hand above the head, she kneeled astride the hips of her patient and rhythmically pressed against the small of her back, throwing the whole weight of her body into the pressure to force the air and water from the lungs, removing her hands suddenly after each pressure to let the air back into the lungs again.

Everybody's heart was thumping; it had all happened so quickly, so dramatically—until the dead one raised her head and, in a very human tone admonished, "Hey, cut that out!"

Realism was getting a little too real, in the ribs. Whereupon, our young heroine desisted, and the corpse jumped blithely to her feet!

It was only a demonstration of one of the methods of life-saving as the

siderable number of lives were lost, but all were found again, in short order. We witnessed every variety of human fear and folly in the water. A drowning girl frantically grasped her rescuer in a "front strangle," or a "double wrist grab," or a "back strangle," but each rescuer knew how to break the frantic hold, how to get the victim into a proper position, and how to tow her—

In San Francisco the girls are adept in life-saving means. This girl is carrying a boy larger than herself



A fourteen-year-old girl can get results with this artificial respiration method. Press with the hands on the floating ribs

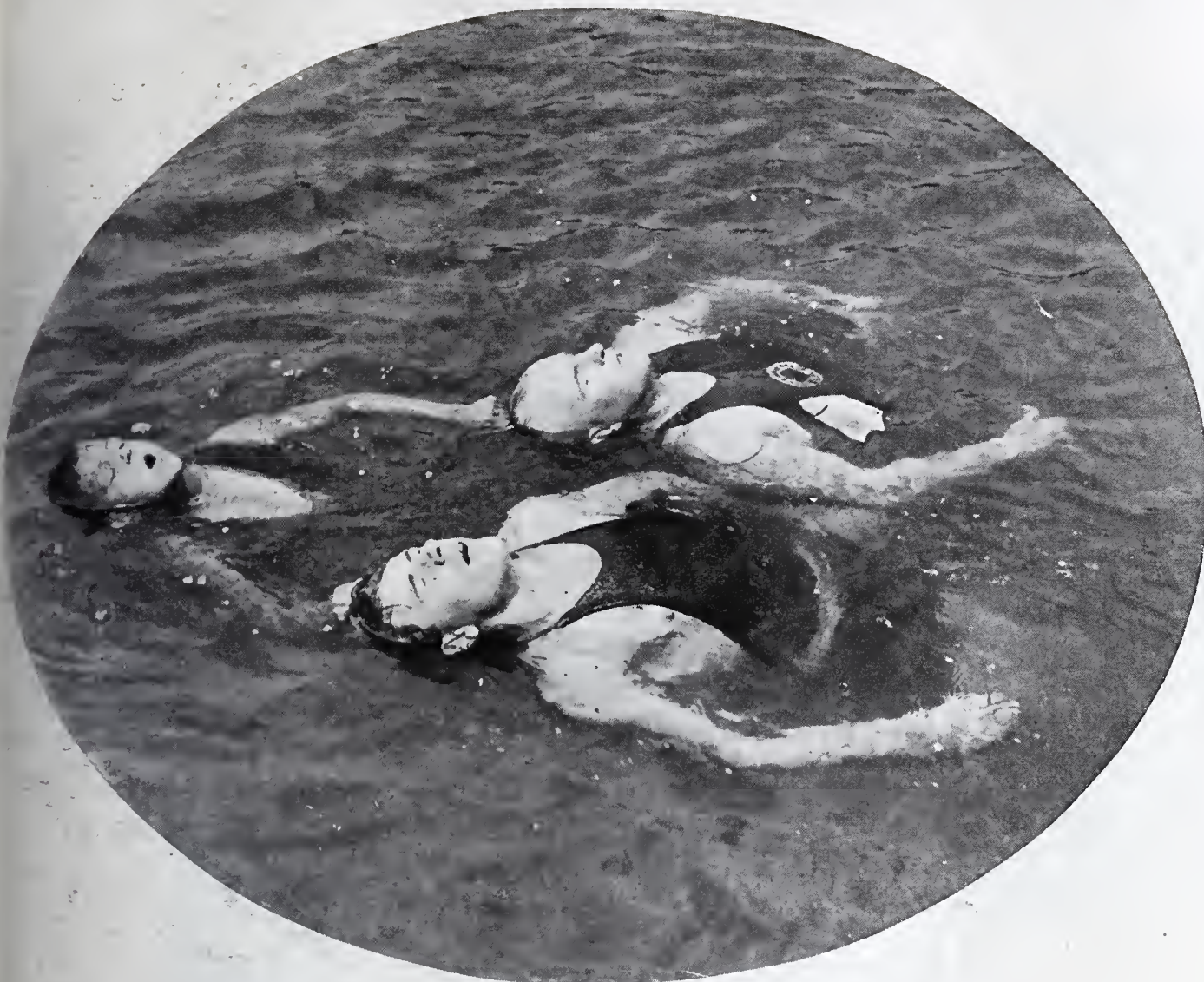
Red Cross is teaching it in schools and colleges; at headquarters for Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, Y. M. C. A.'s, Y. W. C. A.'s, and Camp Fire Girls; at summer camps and shore resorts; to all sorts of community groups; in industries, commercial organizations and, in fact, in every nook and corner of the United States. It was all in fun, but it might have been that a life was really in danger—yours, or mine!

During the demonstration a con-

sometimes by a "head carry," sometimes by a "side forearm carry"—to safety. One girl rescuing another, the two of them got into a "double strangle," and a third party had to go to the rescue of both. In another rescue, the girl being towed had spasms of violent struggling. It was no namby-pamby business but the real thing—a swimmer insane with fear, a rescuer tense and masterful, a duel for life and safety—wonderful little water actresses!

What is the story in real life? Here is a typical one:

Little Richard Chase, 11 years old, had been trained at Narragansett Pier in Red Cross life saving by Mr. Martin Zehden. Dick afterwards went to a summer camp, for his vacation. One day, he was sitting out on a float, about 100 feet from the shore, when he saw a friend, Hugh Bradshaw, of the same age, attempting to swim to him. When Hugh got about half way, down



went. Little Dick did not then know whether or not his friend really needed assistance, but he was watching. Hugh struggled to the surface, only to sink again, exhausted. Then Dick knew what to do. He quickly swam to his friend and got him above water. At that, Hugh tried again to strike out for himself but, after a few strokes, went down the third time. Dick dived and got him up and then, unaided, brought him to the float.

Dick received one of the cash prizes, and a medal, given by the Red Cross for conspicuous service in first aid.

Another typical case was that of Norman Herman, of Coatesville, Pennsylvania, who, while walking on the edge of the reservoir, on a visit to Melton, was able, as a result of Red Cross instruction in the saving of life, to rescue a young woman who had fallen into the reservoir in an attempt to recover her hat. Although she had been in the water ten minutes, the young man, after getting her safely ashore, restored her to consciousness, by artificial respiration.

One of the Red Cross life-saving instructors, Captain Frank B. Scully, now assisting Captain Frederic C. Mills of the Atlantic Division in organizing and instructing life saving corps, is a long-experienced volunteer and professional life guard with over 200 saved lives to his credit. In the tales he told of typical rescues made by the very same methods he is now teaching in the Red Cross, there were interesting sidelights on how inhuman some natures

There is more strength in legs than in arms. This boy, using the back kick, is saving two grown men

may be, in emergency, and a revelation of how important it is for people to realize, first of all, that lives *can* be saved.

"A TYPICAL case, among my rescues and resuscitations," Captain Scully said, "was that of a young boy 12 years old. He and his companion were playing ball on the beach when the ball rolled into the water and they both ran after it. Before they knew what they were doing, they had gotten into thirty feet of water. Neither could swim. They frantically floundered around and, as I afterwards learned, one boy grabbed the other by the knees. All I saw of the accident was one boy's hand above the water as he was going down. I quickly swam out, got hold of him, and came back in, not knowing there was another boy. After about four minutes, when the rescued boy had calmed down, he looked around for his friend, and then informed me that he was out there in the water. I shouted to my life saving crew to come with the boat and to bring out the grappling iron, a long rod with a lot of fish hooks by which you can sometimes catch up a body. I swam back to the place, and dived down. Meantime, the crew came with the boat. With the first pull of the grappling iron they recovered the body. We got it in the boat and carried it

ashore. I immediately started the prone-pressure method of resuscitation, as we teach it to our Red Cross life savers. Several doctors arrived. As they saw me working, without apparent results, they said the case was hopeless—that the boy was dead. But I kept right on. In about 40 minutes, the boy was breathing. We wrapped him up and got him home and, although he had pneumonia later from the effects of the submersion, he recovered.

"The trouble is," Captain Scully continued, "people are too often indifferent to the possibilities of life saving, and accept losses as inevitable." One very shocking experience illustrates this:

"I was acting as a guard on the beach, at the life saving station of one of our shore resorts, when I saw a man walk across the beach to another and tell him, in a matter of fact way, that a man had just been drowned. I immediately yelled to my partner to bring the boat. I ran into the water and swam to the point where the man had gone down. I dived, and possibly made 18 feet. My partner brought the boat around and I took another dive, making about 25 feet. But I could not find the body. We dragged the bottom and made every effort but finally had to give up. Several days later, I found the body. We had been notified too late!

"A chum of the drowned man and two young ladies—one of whom was his fiancée to whom he was to have been married in a (Continued on Page 80)

RED CROSS POSTERS THAT

Do you know th

Pictures b

THE work which the Red Cross did for the women and children of France during the war forms one of the finest pages in the history of America's achievement in the great conflict. The work took many shapes. One of them was a gigantic effort to preserve the health of the French people. In April, 1918, plans were completed for an exhibit designed to place at the disposal of all French mothers information that would aid them in keeping their children well and thus encourage the men at the front through the knowledge that their children were being properly



I

Sponges are always dirty unless boiled each time they are used. Never use them for baby.

II

Nurse your baby for nine months and then wean him gradually and give him milk and soft foods three times a day.



TEACH LESSONS IN HEALTH

simple rules they illustrate?

Anna M. Upjohn

cared for. This exhibit was shown in Lyons, Toulouse and other French cities. At the same time, a country-wide campaign of education was carried on by means of posters. Some of the posters used in this work are reproduced here. They were sketched in and about Paris by Anna Milo Upjohn, an American artist, who was in Europe studying and painting when the war broke out. They are portraits of real children, not idealistic figures, and they are all pastel drawings. The originals, done in color, hang in the halls of the Red Cross Building in Washington, where they draw the attention of the stream of visiting members who are continually passing through. The captions, which are exact translations of those used in France, are little jewels of wisdom. Read them.



III

Stormy weather need not prevent air and exercise for the baby. Use his own room with windows wide open.



IV

Babies' toys must always be kept clean. Rings, dolls, rattles and animals made of soft rubber or celluloid are easily kept clean.

V

See that your drinking water is pure. Nature demands plenty of water. Offer your child a drink of water frequently. Don't thwart Nature.

LETTERS OF AN AVERAGE MAN

By Freeman Tilden

Illustrated by Angus MacDonall

Where did
that hour go?



*On a Santa Fé train
Somewhere in Kansas
June 10*

IT was ninety degrees above zero when we left the Dearborn station in Chicago last night—or was it the night before last. There's something about sleeping on a moving train, plus the setting of your watch back an hour as you pass from Central Time into Mountain Time, that makes you hazy about all except the most important dates in your life. You begin to lose faith in Time. If Time is something you can move forward or back, by the command of a railroad time-table, then Time can't be the solid, substantial thing you always thought it. And such simple-minded folks as myself have never quite figured out just what did really happen when the daylight-saving was turned off and on. Oh, I know the theory of it! But, hang it, where did that hour go, and where did that hour come from? I know a lot of people who are too proud to admit they never really got the hang of it.

I don't know of a city I'd rather leave than Chicago, when the temperature is ninety above zero; and I certainly don't know of a railroad station I'd rather leave, at any temperature whatever, than the Dearborn. I haven't the remotest idea who built the Dearborn station, or whether it was originally intended as a railroad station or a house of correction. You come upon it unexpectedly, down one of those rakish side streets. It looks gloomy; but it doesn't look quite so gloomy as it is.

Millions of yawning, restless people, with big baskets and gripsacks and tumbling children, and squalling babies, have sat in the waiting room, counting the minutes until their trains should depart; other millions, more fortunate, have scurried through from train to omnibus, or from taxi to train. If there is anything in the notion that the

occupant of a room, even for a short time, leaves behind him something of his personality, there must be a bunch of mixed fragments of soul in that waiting room as numerous as the bacteria in milk. More to the point, the atmosphere is dusty and catarrhal; and you have an uneasy feeling, after you have sat there for an hour or two, that microbes are making free with your person.

It's extraordinary that so fine a railroad as the Santa Fé should be condemned to start from a station like this. I don't know about the other railroads that use it. I think the Grand Trunk drops in occasionally; and I saw an announcement that the Chicago and Eastern Illinois would not run several trains as usual, on account of the coal shortage. I hope that announcement did not annoy anybody any more than

it annoyed me. I didn't even know there was such a railroad.

I went into the club car of the California Limited, sat down and lighted a cigar, and then another man came in and lighted a cigar and sat down beside me. He looked at me sidewise for a second and opened up.

"Going out to the old man's home?"

I couldn't believe the question was intended for me, because I am not an old man, and never intend to be—if you get what I mean. The stranger laughed and quickly explained, "Oh, I mean Los Angeles. That's what I call it—the old man's home."

I smiled as affably as I could. Probably it wasn't affably enough to satisfy. The stranger may have thought I lived in Los Angeles, and he had wounded my sensitive climatic feelings. So he explained, hurriedly, "Oh, I was just joking. I used to live there, myself. I was in the real estate business. I've got some lots there now, out near Hollywood."

This is the true Western sociability. I have ridden from New York to Boston scores of times without anybody so much as asking me for a match. Here, going out of Chicago, was a man who had told me three of his vital statistics inside of thirty seconds. I realize now the point of what a census enumerator once told me. He had worked on two censuses; once in Connecticut, and once in California. He said he made slow headway in Connecticut because when he asked questions they set the dog on him; but his headway in California was even slower, because when he got through hearing the life-stories of the people in the first house he visited—how many operations they had had, and the queer thing that happened to Uncle Henry, one time, and all that—it was time to go home.

My sociable friend in the club car set himself for a flying start, and began to talk. He didn't talk so very fast but



"—mixed fragments of soul"

he lost none of the time some people waste with pauses and reflective puffs of a cigar. He has a peculiar way of talking right through his cigar; or, if the cigar went out (which it frequently did—being literally blown out by the dialogue) he could re-light it without impeding speech.

While the stranger was talking, I had a chance to appraise him. He was of medium height, with not much meat on his bones; one of the sort of men who never give themselves time to get stout—all action, pepper, and alertness for the next chance. Except for a little tooth-brush of a grayish-brown moustache, he was cleanly and recently shaven. The little moustache seemed to be economical—the decision of a business man that since he is going to wear a moustache, it had better be the efficient kind—the Taylor-system of scientific-management kind—the least possible expenditure of moustache that will serve the purpose a moustache serves, whatever that may be. That his clothes were conservative and neat goes without saying.

I SUPPOSE we judge a man mostly by the eyes. These eyes were gray, not at all unkindly in expression and, if they hadn't accompanied a thin-lipped, rather Bessemer kind of mouth, I'd have said the stranger was even benevolent. The eyes certainly spoke of a sense of humor somewhere behind them. But the mouth—well, a ruthless one, in a trade.

This ruthlessness came to the surface without delay. "I was in business in Rochester. I own several business blocks there now. They give me a pretty good income. But piling up money that way, that game pails on me. I wanted the big chances—win or lose a lot. I went into mining exploitation out in the West—California and Nevada. But mines are too slow, in a way. Oil is the thing. Oil!"

"Oil!" I said. Not that I cared anything about oil, or knew anything about it, but on the principle that if oil is really a good thing, it will bear repeating. He said "oil" twice, and I made it three. That's my notion of being expansive, and lending yourself to the subject.

He gave me another of those sidewise glances and then asked, "Know anything about oil?"

"All I know about oil is that a lot of people are putting their hard-earned money into oil-stocks and oil-leases, and most of them will do well to kiss it good-bye," I answered.

"Hum! Just so," he agreed. "They're suckers. Any man's a sucker who buys the inside of the outside."

"The inside of the outside!" I repeated. This was a new expression to me. But I rather thought I saw what he meant.

"Yes, the inside of the outside. You see, these people are only buying a chance of a chance. There's no money in that. They carry the bag. I'm on the other end. I do the selling. And, Oh, it's great! It's the greatest game in the world. There's something about this

oil game—man, it's life! It's something to pit your brains against—it's got fight in it. You're in the big ring."

I declare, the man's nose actually quivered, as though he were on the scent at the moment. I could feel the thrill of it—the same thrill which had made this staid business man, after reaching the age of fifty, burst the shackles of a business-block life, and take a swing at the big, gambling, win-or-lose petroleum fields.

He told me what his "game" was. To him, it was absolutely clean-cut and above board. You study the oil fields—in Kansas, or Texas, or Louisiana, or wherever. You get to know something of the geology of oil-occurrence. You learn what the "structure" is; that is, the earth formation indicative of oil-bearing sand below. You trail along in the wake of the big fellows in the business; snap at locations the big geologists have slighted; or maybe you just fasten on to an oil lease near a big field, in the hope that it might wild-cat into something.

Then you proceed to sell the suckers the inside of the outside. You tell your friends (my companion insisted that your *friends* should be told first) of what a chance you have. You organize a company and sell shares. Pretty soon you have sold enough shares so that you have your money back, and some besides. You make yourself the head of the company. You reserve a quarter-interest, or half-interest, for yourself, in case there should really be oil. And there you are! You have a chance to win, and you haven't paid a cent for it. In fact, you've made a little money before you start.

"I'd like to get you in with me on one of these leases," said my companion, earnestly, looking me right in the eye. "I'll tell you what you do. I'm coming out to Los Angeles a little later. We can clean up a lot of nice money this winter. You've got a lot of friends, I know. All you have to do is to talk it over with them—get them enthusiastic and ready to go into a big thing. There's where I come in. When they're



"—as though he were on the scent"



"The Greatest Game in the World"

in the right frame of mind, bring them to me, and I'll do the rest. You can clean up fifteen or twenty thousand dollars with me easy this Winter. That's worth while, when it's so easy, isn't it?"

"But I'd rather sell this gold-brick to strangers," I replied weakly. The man had me going for a moment. He was so earnest and straightforward.

"Now, that's where you are wrong," was the reproving reply. "A man's friends are the best assets. They know him, and he knows them. They have confidence in him."

"And so he should sell them a gold-brick," I said scarcely knowing, in the face of so much earnestness and conviction, whether I ought to be sarcastic or not.

"Oh, I wouldn't call it a gold-brick. It isn't. You don't know—nobody knows—just where the oil is. You might strike it—and they'd win. Anyway, I detest this weakness that prevents a man going to his friends with a proposition of this kind, because you're afraid of hurting them. Suppose a surgeon should hesitate to operate on a friend of his, for fear of hurting him? What kind of a surgeon would he be? No; your friends need this experience; they need to get the zest of life—the thrill of investing in the grandest game in the world—the oil game—"

I laughed! What can you do but laugh? There was a little twinkle of humor in those gray eyes. He saw the fun in his argument and yet he was absolutely in earnest. He had convinced himself. He was a natural salesman, and he could make himself believe anything—that was evident.

He had worked out this absurd analogy of the surgeon, and made himself believe it was a true and virtuous analogy. The fact that my friends did not need this operation—this cutting out of their vermiform sponduliks—was not to be considered by him.

I told my companion that I didn't think my friends required this sort of surgical operation at my hands, and if it could be proved that they did, I wouldn't operate. I haven't very many of what we call friends. No man or woman has. And I never think of them as being assets. They are something indefinable, something for which the Thesaurus offers no just synonym. But assets, Heaven forbid!



"Prides himself upon his 'clean' record"

Besides, I'm old-fashioned enough to call this swindling. I didn't tell my loquacious train companion that. He would have been a little hurt, and not at all convinced. I know this kind of man. The country is full of them. He wouldn't think of going into my pocket after my watch. On the contrary, I can see him going into his own pocket at hearing some tale of distress. I'll wager he even prides himself upon his "clean record"; doesn't owe any man a cent and all that stuff. The most alarming thing about him, and about all others like him, isn't that he is a swindler, but that he doesn't see, or won't admit, that he *is* a swindler.

It's all part of something loose in the world, which has got to be hog-tied and properly stye before we can have any regeneration. Mind, I don't predict any regeneration, at any stated time. It's like "Reconstruction." Right after the armistice everybody was talking about Reconstruction. Get ready for the Reconstruction; stand-by, men; hard-a-port, there! Reconstruction is right abeam! Three cheers, now, and a tiger, for the Reconstruction.

Now that was all bunk, well-intended bunk, but still bunk. We're beginning to find it out. The idea that Reconstruction was something which a sturdy band of uplifters was going to call into being, by thinking and talking loudly enough, ought to have made us laugh then, not now. I can tell you when this Reconstruction is coming about, though I can't give you the exact date. It is going to become apparent when enough individuals reconstruct themselves.

Spiritual regeneration, which we need badly enough, will make its appearance about the same way. It won't be done from the outside. It won't be done by anybody to anybody. It'll be done by every man to himself. About the time enough people understand that there is something essentially footless

and unsatisfactory about the process of sandbagging one's neighbor in a legal manner; and about the time we cease to strive to get something for nothing, the regeneration business will look up.

This is worth remembering, I think: that the man who hopes to get rich without giving value, whether by investing in wild-cat oil leases or any other way, is the gentleman who makes swindlers possible—he is an accessory before the fact.

The train slowed down and stopped at some station, whose lights came in through the windows mistily. My companion glanced out and said, "This must be Streator." Then he added, apropos of nothing, "I'm an optimist. That's the secret of salesmanship—optimism. A good word for everything and everybody."

"Maybe I'd be an optimist if I weren't so tired," I answered, taking one last thrifty drag at the cigar. "I'm going to bed!" That sounded a little curt, so I added, "You're not going through to Los Angeles on this train, then?"

"No, I'm going to Kansas City just now." His eyes clouded up and his thin lips trembled a little. "You see, I got a telegram yesterday saying my boy is dying in a hospital there. I don't understand it. He was well the last time I heard from him. He did say he had a cold. Funny they didn't say what was the matter. Do you think it could be pneumonia?"

"I—I haven't any other children. I just educated him so that he could fill my shoes. I made him learn every detail of my business, from the ground up. I like this idea of having boys sell newspapers. It teaches them self-reliance, and how to make change quick, and how to sell goods. My boy sold papers when he was a shaver. Do—do they ever get very low, and then pull through? I've got to be a stoic about this. If it's so, it's so. I'll have to work harder—keep busier—play the game faster."

He walked away unsteadily; but that may have been due to the gentle lurching of the train. He was certainly taking it like a stoic. I think that perhaps the reason he talked against time—threw himself into the conversational oil fever, and tried to start a breezy partnership—was because he was trying to crowd that other thing out of his mind.

Great Scott! We human beings are done like fried eggs—hard on one side, soft on the other.

*On the same Santa Fé train
Somewhere in Arizona
June 12*

TODAY I've been talking with the other kind of a man. He was in the car from Denver, which they hitched onto the Limited at La Junta, Colorado, sometime during the night. I first saw him opposite me in the club car, smoking quietly and looking out the window. There was something very inviting in his face—a cool but spiritfult intellect—though

don't assume that I think I'm a reader of faces. If I ever imagined that I could guess a man's character or occupation from his face, I had my Waterloo one day, lunching at the McAlpin, in New York. My companion pointed out a man nearly opposite—a most dignified bearded person, correctly but not noisily dressed. "What should you guess his business is?" I felt that I knew. Something about him—face, clothes and manner—breathed the words "Wholesale clothing business." "No," said my companion, who knew the man. "He's the hotel bouncer—the man who hurls unruly guests into the street. Just take a look at his hands." I did. They were large, capable hands, of the sort you would have needed in prehistoric times, when mastodons and ichthyosaurs were plentiful.

BUT this man on the train intrigued me—I wanted to know what his work was. I don't know yet and, as he has left the train, I shall not know. His talk was so interesting, I forgot to inquire. But I know he is some sort of scientist, and I think a biologist in a University somewhere. He knew a lot of things about geology, and about astronomy, and about politics, and about books, and about the most important study—human beings. He didn't know too much about any of these. Neither do I. So we got along famously—talked all the forenoon, lunched together, and talked all the afternoon. Maybe you'd think two persons couldn't talk that long without mutually boring each other. But you can do it when you meet the right man.

This man and I had come from different worlds; our sets of experiences were adventurously different; and it was as though we had been saving up our talk for twenty years, till we should meet on this train. I wish I knew his name. I was so content in talking with him that I forgot to ask him; nor did he ask me. Well, never mind! I have a hunch that I shall meet him again, about twelve years from now, on a river boat going from Pará to Manaos, Brazil or something like that.

I dragged this man into conversation right after breakfast, by remarking on the lava-rock formation we were passing, in Western Arizona. He said quietly, "Yes. This part of the State seems to have been overflowed several times."

"And submerged," I added.

"Yes."

Whereupon the conversation flickered and almost died out. How it flared up again, I don't just recall. But soon he was telling me with enthusiasm of how he was educated at Leland Stanford University; of his great affection for California, though he wasn't born there, and doesn't live there; of his children, and how he dreads that formalism and cheapness will mar their flowering into individuals.

"My oldest boy," said he, "has just graduated from Stanford and has specialized in geology. I've been trying to explain to him how commercialism will approach him, with money in

hand, to lure him away from the biggest thing in geology—the romance of it. Oh, I hope he won't become just another one of those men who have deserted the high places, to settle down in some company laboratory and draw a comfortable salary for becoming part of the commercial grind. Not that I blame them. I know what the temptation is. You remember that fellow Wells wrote about, who planned to do such wonderful research on colloids—and then became a lighting engineer, or something of that sort. That's what I mean. I'd like my boy to see the romance of the earth, the way Shaler and Agassiz did—feel the pull of the story, the adventure—"

"I'm glad you mentioned Shaler," I said. "He was a corker, wasn't he? With his humor, and his breadth, and his scientific attainment, and his fine English style, and his eager un-professional interest in a multitude of things."

We were speaking, of course, of Nathaniel Shaler, he of Kentucky who was at Harvard so many years, and whose rare personality and mind, and understanding, are still a torch in the world, and make it absurd to say that he is dead. Shalers do not die. They simply remove, without leaving a post-office address. Shaler felt the romance of the earth!

A greater part of what we talked about, to-day, I can't recall. This is as it should be. The unimportant things are the ones we remember clearly. Relatively unimportant is what he

fold will have a high point, or "dome;" knowing that this fold at the surface is indicative of a similar fold thousands of feet below the surface; and that, if other conditions are favorable, there is a likelihood of oil-bearing sand under that "dome."

There is no certainty of it. It might be that, under the pressure of thousands of years, the oil which once existed under the dome has been literally forced into the surrounding rock. So occurs the "oil shale" now being experimented with in Colorado and other places, to see if it is commercially profitable.

HE showed me how absurd are the claims of those who advertise for the innocent's money, on the ground that, "We have acreage within half a mile of the great Standard Oil gusher, at such-and-such a place." How this company of oil-stock sellers might have a well within fifty feet of said gusher, and never get a drop of oil, if they bored till doomsday.

Personally, I have always thought that, boring into the bowels of the earth in search of oil, the borers suddenly sent their auger into a pool, or lake, of petroleum. This, it seems, is not what happens; though most people, I believe, have that illusion. In truth, briefly; this is what happens, according to one theory of the occurrence of oil: Oil is found only along the sea-coast, or in those inland places which have at some time, or times, in their history, been submerged. Always there are marine fossils in the characteristic oil structure. And one group of theorists believe that petroleum has been formed from this imprisoned marine life, piled up, one million years after another, and finally compressed beneath the sediment above, which in turn has become rock. The oil is held diffused in sand strata, and these sand strata will naturally follow the "fold" above and below them. Also, the oil, being lighter than the imprisoned water below it, will tend to come to the highest point possible, which will be the top of the fold, or the dome. It is when the borers strike the oil-bearing sand in one of these domes, that they "strike oil." The oil then begins to rise in their casings, and may be pumped to the surface; or, if there is enough gas pressure behind, the well will be a gusher.

This doesn't pretend to be an accurate description. I am aware that the worst kind of misinformation is often that which tells only the skeleton of the whole story. The oil-stock sellers realize this. They talk glibly of "being on the structure" and "owning land in the great Burkburnett field," and so forth and so on. All of which means nothing. Or rather, it does mean something. It means that you are requested to invest your money in purchasing the inside of the outside, as our loquacious man put it. When I have time, later, I'll tell more about this inside of the outside.

Meanwhile, consider these two men, and what they represent in the world. I judged my acquaintance the oil-

stock seller to be very rich. He didn't brag about his money; but he said simply that he had a good deal more money than he knew what to do with, at his age. He spoke lightly of investments in bonds, for instance. "I like to keep wads of money in the banks, even if I don't get interest on it, so I can grab it out and put over a deal in a hurry, any time," he said.

I asked him, "Don't you ever feel like laying off this money making game, and enjoying yourself?"

"Enjoying myself?" He grinned, "This is the only way I can enjoy myself. I'm nearly sixty. What is there I want? Not a thing money can buy. All the fun I can get out of life now is to pit my brain against other people's, and fight to see who's the best man."



"—when the borers strike the oil-bearing sand"

To me this seems a rather pitiable end. But I dare say he knows best what is good for him. So he goes on getting his fun out of jobbing; out-foxing the foxy; "operating" upon the imprudent and the unwise and the unskilled.

THE other man never once in all our day's talk mentioned the subject of money. He is working on some laboratory research (I think biological) and he was off on a two-weeks holiday, to visit his alma mater, and bask in the winter sunshine. He doesn't care a whoop whether they open up another Ranger oil field or not; but he told me he was very curious about the immensity of space, as exemplified by the fact that the earth, rushing forward at an incredible speed seems always to have been traveling in a straight line. To him, existence is one great romantic novelty; though he does not forget to butter his bread nor is he unaware that there is work to be done with shovel and pickax. Feet on the ground, head in the upper air. It seems fine!

Between these two men comes the average man. You! Myself! We who go about our day's work, sometimes grudgingly, sometimes gaily, as the state of the job or our liver may be; neither trimming our neighbor, nor speculating much; paying our taxes but kicking about them; earning boots for the children.

It's not bad to be an average man!



"Spies out certain surface folds"

told me about oil, and the oil fields. Yes, like the man who left the train at Kansas City, this man knows something about oil, and is interested in oil. But such a different interest. It was the romance of oil, from the standpoint of the geologist, which made this man's eyes light up. I don't think he hankers to have a gusher, even if it would pay him twenty dollars a minute in royalties. But he described to me, most entertainingly, how the geologist, faring forth into the open country, in search of new oil fields, spies out certain surface folds of the sedimentary rock; how he charts these folds, wherever they are discernible, knowing that somewhere the



"—just one swarming mass of excited men"

Los Angeles,
June 19

I'M returning to the subject of oil. I can't help it. The world out here seems oil-mad. I think the gold strike, back in '40, must have been a mere sentimental flurry compared with this rush for the oil fields, and this hectic ambition to become wealthy overnight by buying part of the inside of the outside of some lease where a possible well might show potential oil. That's about as near as most of the investors will get.

Texas, they tell me, is just one swarming mass of excited men, rushing backwards and forwards, according to where the most recent "strike" has been made—just the men who went to Alaska a few years ago and trekked back and forth from Nome to Skagway and from Fairbanks to some other place; most of them hardly making a day's wage out of the whole shooting-match.

A big gusher "comes in" in East Texas. A few days afterward we learn that a population of twenty thousand, almost all in tents, are encamped nearby, living under frontier law; and the roulette and faro tables shortly arrive. Then there is a "strike" in Louisiana, and off most of them go. In New Mexico, every man with a section of land goes to sleep at night and dreams that his neighbor has spudded in and found traces; and that a representative of Doheny or the Wilshire Company has offered him a million dollars for his holdings. I met a man from Phoenix, Arizona, yesterday, who told me that the people near him were frantic with the hope of striking oil in that vicinity, in spite of the warning by good geologists that they have no more chance than an oculist among the Indians.

The good chances are all away from home, without a doubt. No man looks under his own veranda; but spends his time snooping off to the outlying veldt. Here, around Los Angeles, they are taking real oil out of the bowels of the earth every day. Between the city proper and Santa Monica, if you climb into the foothills to get a good view, you see hundreds of gaunt giants, that seem to be stalking slowly down to the Pacific. Those are oil wells. If you come nearer you see them slowly pumping, pumping, with rudely rigged arms of wood, day after day. The greater oil fields in this district are down around Whittier. Up in Ventura, there are

great wells too and near Santa Barbara you see the derricks standing right out of the ocean itself, hundreds of yards from shore. They followed the "vein" where it led, though they had to put on diving suits to do it.

But the great companies have prospected every yard of soil in this State, and they pretty much know what the chances are. It's in the newer regions that the great rush is on. Here, in Los Angeles, we are on what might be called the "investment fringe." The newspapers carry columns and columns of advertisements inviting the average man's money—cleverly worded advertising, calculated not to bring the advertiser into conflict with the law—promising nothing definite, when you read it carefully enough; but hinting at the vast fortunes that have really been made in oil, and making avaricious mouths water with talk of easy-gotten wealth.



The ones who owned the land where oil was found

I saw an advertisement in the paper the other day, that a generous person in El Paso, Texas, would send FREE, gratis, for nothing, a map of the Texas oil fields, to any inquirer. I wanted to see where the oil was, so I asked for a map. Since that day, my mailbox has been crammed full. I think this advertiser must have liked my name, or he fancies he is a distant relative of mine, or he is a philanthropist, or something. He has offered to let me into the best things in oil, in the state of Texas. I have not answered any of his letters but he forgives that omission. Just now he has wired me to the effect that he is holding two hundred shares of the Capital Stock of a new company (*par value one dollar*) to my order. I must take advantage of this at once. I must not wait for the slow United States mails. I must go to the bank and wire him a draft. If I don't do this, I have lost a chance to become rich.

I am going to pass up this chance. Opportunity knocks; but I can be, on occasion, just as big a knocker as op-

portunity, and I am a knocker as regards these chances. I fear the Greeks who come bearing gifts. I am an average man; and there is no reason why anybody should put himself out to make me rich. Are you an average man? Then, when you are invited to invest in one of these insides of the outside, you might pause a moment to ask why the devil anyone should so hanker to shower wealth on you, especially when they all probably have so many collateral relatives who could use the money.

Undeniably, a great many folks have made large fortunes in oil, in recent years. But they are not the folks who invested the savings of a lifetime in oil-stock, *par value one dollar*, now going, going, at two cents. *Not on your daguerrotype!* The men who made the money are the ones who owned the land where oil was found, or who actually found the oil and had the money to drill for it, or (principally) the ones who advertised oil stock for sale. They are the ones who do not buy the outside of the inside, or the inside of the outside. They sell it.

And even those who did make fortunes from oil—are they so blamed joyous as they thought they were going to be? You recall the miner who came down from the hills with a wallet of gold-dust and went into a restaurant and ordered a hundred dollars' worth of ham and eggs. The poor devil couldn't think of anything else to buy. Not far from where I am stopping there is a large house, built by one of these suddenly-rich oil men. He spent thousands of dollars upon it. There are six iron deer in the back-yard, and the front porch is decorated with a railing of which the motif is a series of steel cats, with upraised paws, attacking steel dogs. Honest. No joke. Having effected this architectural ambition, and being able to think of nothing else he wanted, the man moved in, spent a miserable month, and then went to a hotel to live, and hasn't been back since. The house can be rented cheaply, if you care to live with petrified animals.

Oil played this man a dirty trick. He, was an average man, like you and me moderately happy going about his work and smoking twofers. Now he is marooned on an island containing everything he doesn't want!



"—marooned on an island containing everything he doesn't want"

A NEW KIND OF OUTDOORS

By William G. Shepherd

Photographs by William L. and Irene Finley
and H. T. Bohlman



William Finley and one of his movie helpers, a bright little chipmunk who is not afraid of cameras. Animals are just as interesting to Finley as people



Mrs. Finley and the youthful Finleys cooking supper in their camp in eastern Oregon. Nothing but winter drives the Finley family indoors

BEARS and a lot of other animals don't live outdoors much more than does the Finley family. I mean the William Lovell Finleys of Portland, Oregon. Scientists have all heard of William Lovell Finley; he shows them photographs of wild animals doing things that scientists never knew wild animals did. In musty scientific tomes, his name appears and he goes before bodies of scientific persons to tell them the latest news from wild animalland. They listen to him, far more interested, perhaps, in what he says than in the man who's talking.

But Finley is as interesting as any wild bird or bear or mountain lion that I ever heard of; so is Mrs. Finley and so are their son and daughter, of twelve and thirteen years respectively.

"We don't let anything stand in the way of our being outdoors," Mrs. Finley explained to me not long ago.

"It's more than that," said the tanned Mr. Finley, after Mrs. Finley had left us. "We don't let anything drive us indoors, but winter."

A tent is the Finley sleeping place, when they're not being conventional and warm in the winter time in Portland. Outdoors is their living place. On the first day of the children's vacation the Finley family packs up and goes into the mountains and there

they stay until school calls them back.

They all seem to like the neighborhood they find in the wild country; they all love the neighbors there and know much that is to be known about them. They had to become acquainted with their neighbors, of course. They have gone to many wild places, but they have never found a place where the wild folks did not pay them visits and where they could not strike up close friendships with the wildest citizens in the community. The Finley children love dogs but they have had bears and mountain lions and chipmunks and birds for friends, who were as loving and as amusing as any dog. Even their dogs have found out that bears and cougars are pretty decent folks, after you get acquainted with them.

IHAVEN'T heard the Finleys say so, in so many words, but I'm inclined to believe that they like their neighbors in the wild-world just as much as they do their neighbors in the tame one in which the rest of us live.

And all this began, before there was a Finley family, because a certain clique of boys in Santa Clara began collecting birds' eggs. Collecting eggs was the rage then, as stamp collecting is now. That was back in the early 80's. After a time, however, most of the boys stopped collecting eggs; they got tired

of it. But William Lovell Finley couldn't stop. He filled cases with eggs, neatly blown, and carefully marked and tabulated. Before long, he became interested in the fathers and mothers of the eggs; he found, indeed, that they were the more interesting.

When he was nine years old, his family moved up the Pacific Coast to Portland, Oregon. William took his eggs with him. One of the first boys he met was Herman T. Bohlman. Herman was a stamp collector; he knew as much about stamps as William did about eggs. Soon he was coaxing William to trade eggs for stamps. William, in occasional moments of weakness, traded. This exchange didn't interest William in stamps particularly but it did interest Herman in birds. Just about this time, when affairs were balancing between stamps and eggs, Herman got a camera. That settled it. They went into the woods to photograph birds. And they've been at it ever since. They have the last word in cameras now; they have the finest lenses that can be made. Moreover, they now have movie cameras with which they have caught some secrets of wild life that have astonished the scientists of the world.

These two boys went out into the wilds every summer to live with the birds. They actually went into bird-



(Left) Finley and his movie camera, catching some astonishing secrets of wild life.
(Above) His children making a new friend

dom! Their canoe trails took them over the waterways of Oregon and through the marshes until they found themselves in great swamps, far away from civilization, where the birds, by thousands, took their rest in the annual migrations between the north and south. Perhaps Indians had been to the places; the chances were that white men hadn't. Here the boys found themselves in a bird world.

School and the university finally called them both. William went to the University of California and there he met a girl who loved birds. That wasn't the only reason for what happened later, but it surely helped out in courting. They were married and that's how the outdoors Finley family came to be.

The Finleys carry you off in a jiffy from this everyday world into the world they know so much about. It is exactly like listening to folks who have come to you from another sphere. As you listen you are lost in wonder at the marvels they tell you of their strange friends, and occasionally you are submerged in envy at the happiness you know they find in the realm of wild life. It is pleasant to know that the Finleys have repaid the birds for happiness. Finley has been a mighty crusader for the birds, a conquerer who has saved the lives and happiness of millions of deserving folks. In his rambles in birddom along the Pacific coast, it seems he discovered five great bird centers, far from civilization, where birds of all

kinds, in their flights between the north and south, stop to rest and feed. The birds had chosen these places for themselves; they were natural resting and feeding places. Finley knew that these places ought to be preserved for the birds. For years, he vainly tried to interest philanthropists and rich folks of all sorts in the project. The National Association of Audubon Societies was of great assistance to him, furnishing money for campaigns from time to time when failure seemed inevitable.

AND then, at last one day, in Washington, a man named Roosevelt took charge of affairs. Finley knew that this man was a friend of his feathered friends. He went to Washington and, within a short time, there went forth a Rooseveltian decree that these five regions on the Pacific coast were to be, forever after, Government reservations for birds, where no shooting or egg-hunting or annoyance of birds would be tolerated.

Perhaps it sounds strange—reservations for birds! But when the full significance of the plan was explained to me by Finley, I, at least, began to understand its importance.

Every year in America, there are great migrations of birds. One of the bird routes is along the Pacific coast; another is along the Atlantic. Every fall, millions of birds come down from the far north, even from the Arctic Circle, to fly to the southland. Every spring, they fly to the north again. Many fly during the night and feed during the day. Some of them take long flights, like the plover, which will raise its young in the Arctic Circle, teach them to fly within a month, and then, as the Arctic winter approaches, will start with the children for the south and not stop until it has reached the tip end of South America. About the time it gets there, it will start again for the north to raise more young. It just about reaches its destination at either end in time to start back again along



The blind, made of umbrellas, that Finley used in photographing wild birds on Lower Klamath Lake, Southern Oregon

LOOKS TO A NATURALIST

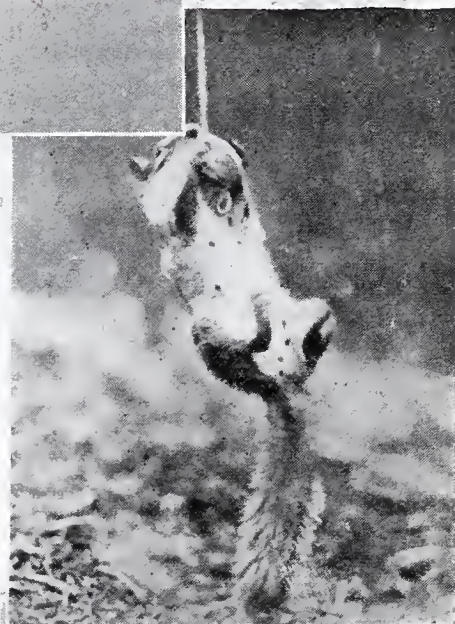


One of the younger Finleys' playmates, a young bear cub. It takes a baby bear a long time to get on its feet and take its place in the world



The Western Grebe, a very shy diving bird, valuable for his plumes

One of the Finley chipmunks jumping for a nut tied just above his head. This chipmunk showed extraordinary brains in securing nuts hung on threads so that they dangled just out of reach



its 8,000 mile trail. Other birds, like the Alaska robin, will come down south to Oregon, just about the time that the Oregon robins are starting to go further south, to a place warm enough for them in winter but too cold for still other robins who pack up and go down, down, down, where the winter sun is really hot. This mighty movement of the birds includes millions of birds of all kinds; sooner or later, it is estimated, almost every living bird on the Pacific coast, will alight, in its journeyings, at one of the five bird reservations. These reservations are not merely pleasure grounds for local birds; they are oases and shelters for great clouds of bird travelers.

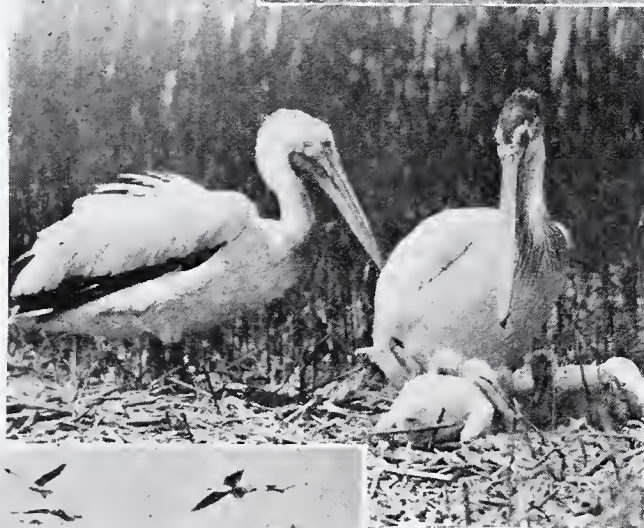
I LIKE to see Finley smile when he tells of how forcefully Roosevelt decided that guns should never sound on those reservations. Finley later had the pleasure of seeing Roosevelt go to the reservations and delight himself in

the thought of the safety the birds were enjoying.

The Finleys have discovered that the folks in the wild world, whether they are feathered or furred, are just as different from each other and have as much individuality as tame world people.

"They're all different from each other,"

Finley told me, one time, "Why, I once came across two pin-tail wild ducks. I wanted to photograph them from a blind. Pretty soon I had moved my blind so that I could get within four feet of one of them and it wasn't bothered in the least. The other one wouldn't let me come within 30 feet of her



(Above) A pair of white pelicans at home on the Walheur Lake Reservation. Finley likes nothing better than a friendly afternoon with these folks



A remarkable picture of a flight of gulls on the same lake. This Reservation, set aside by President Roosevelt, is one of Finley's favorite stamping grounds

and I never could get a picture of her. One of them had a nervous disposition and the other was a good-natured bird."

The wild world people are not a smiling lot, in spite of their friendliness and kindness. Finley has discovered a good many emotions among the wild animals which we humans think are peculiarly our own, but he says:

"I've never seen one of them smile, or play a joke or show the slightest sense of humor."

Now and then, however, they play jokes unwittingly. There were the chipmunks, for instance, that hung around the Finley camp on Mt. Ranier.

There was a mother chipmunk and four little ones. Finley, in an effort to tame them, tied a nut to a string and, when they tried to pick up the nut, he pulled it toward himself. Never having seen a nut jump before, the little chipmunks became highly excited. They jumped after it like kittens chasing a toy. Within a few days, Finley had tamed them so that they would come to his hand to take food.

He next stretched a wire between some branches and hung some nuts from the wire, with light thread. The chipmunks jumped from the ground to the nuts and clung to them while they chewed away the thread. Finley, wanting to know how high the little fellows could jump, finally raised the wire so high that the chipmunks could not reach them.

WHILE he was watching their efforts, he saw the mother doing a tight-rope stunt on the wire. She looked down to where the nuts were dangling and Finley was just getting ready to take a picture of her jumping down or, perhaps, climbing down the threads, hand over hand, when she suddenly fooled him. She reached down with her front paws and deliberately pulled up a thread until the nut rested in her hands. She pulled up one nut after another until she had them all!

She had a right to laugh at the man who had tried to trick her, but Finley tells me she didn't. She just ate the nuts and waited to have more strung up. She never seemed able to show her children how to pull up hanging dinners but, on the ground, whenever she or one of her family found a string lying in the grass, they would draw it to themselves expecting to find a nut at the end of it.

The kindest and most lovable of all wild animals are bears; the entire Finley family agrees on this point. Baby bears weigh about a pound when they're born. The mother bear is hibernating at the time in a sort of twilight sleep. The baby's eyes do not open for several weeks; it hasn't a bit of hair on its body, at first. It takes a baby bear a long time to get on its feet and take its place in the world. One baby bear liked to play with the Finley dog. As it grew stronger, the play became more and more boisterous. For months, the dog had the best of the cub; he could roll it about as he pleased. One day, however, the bear refused to be rolled; it tried to do some rolling of its own. The wrestling lasted for fifteen

minutes; Finley caught it all on his movie camera. The dog was surprised but valiant. At last, after a desperate effort, the baby bear stretched out on its back, with its paws in the air, thoroughly "out"; it could hardly move an eyelid. But the dog was exhausted, too, and the affair was called a draw. Within a few weeks, however, the bear was able to grasp the dog in its furry arms and squeeze it within an inch of its life. That ended the contests. Although the two remained friends ever after, it was a sort of a long distance friendship on the dog's part.

WHEN I ask the Finleys to tell me about their most dangerous friends, I discover that the wild world isn't always an entirely safe place. Of all the neighbors they've ever had, the elk were the most untamable. All members of the deer family, indeed, can be very dangerous.

When the Finley camera is turned on antelope or deer or elk, at some watering place, in the early morning hours (the best place and time for photographing them), the fellow behind the camera keeps a sharp lookout. The members of the elk family use their front feet in fighting; they raise themselves into the air and come down on their front feet with terrific force. Their intention seems to be to bear their enemy to the earth. Having done this, they use their horns in a finishing touch.

"I think Mr. Finley tries for too many close-ups of deer," I heard Mrs. Finley say. "I've seen him in danger more than once."

Both Mr. and Mrs. Finley have an infinite patience in trying for photographs of wild life. To become part of the wild life; part of the mud; part of the swamp; part of the scenery in some wild spot where some wild animal has its home; so that, in time, the camera can be turned on him, requires a patience and a love of work that ordinary mortals do not possess.

Photographing bears, cougars, chipmunks, deer and other wild animals requires, of course, an infinite amount of knowledge and skill, but there are other creatures, vastly wilder than these and vastly smaller, whose haunts are in the most inaccessible places and whose habits and customs are practically unknown to man. Finley likes to select the more difficult of these and to plan and scheme and wait until his camera catches them in their own homes. One affair of this kind, which he likes to tell about, was his tricking of the sagehen, a game-bird of the plains. This bird has never become accustomed to civilization. Its protective coloration hides it in the midst of cactus and sage brush, and it comes out for water only in the early morning and at evening time.

FINLEY chose a waterhole and put up a blind. He waited day after day for the birds to come. When they did come, the light had to be exactly right and good luck had to be with him every second. When the right moment came, Finley's good luck was almost too good

to be true. The birds began a dance; it was a mating-time dance; Finley knew that he was beholding one of those stag parties of sage-hens which are famous among scientists but which few men have ever seen.

He turned his camera on the dance and got many feet of film recording it. The birds stretched themselves upwards and blew out their white chests; they held the shoulders of their wings forward and rubbed their distended bosoms against the wing-edges. The pictures formed a priceless scientific record but, as I heard Finley tell of his feat, I felt that he had had far more pleasure, hiding in the desert that early morning, beating the wild birds at their own game, than he had ever had since in showing his pictures to scientists.

To obtain his pictures of the sagehen, Finley had to make himself part of the desert life. With his pictures of the grebe, another extremely wild bird, he had to make himself part of swamp life. The pied-billed grebe, it seems, is so fearful of danger that it always builds its nest on the water some distance from the shore, with open space on every hand, so that it can see its enemies. It is a diver; it approaches its nest under water and pops up beside it without giving any warning of its coming. The days the Finleys spent in preparing to photograph a grebe family were full of work and wiles. In the first place they built a blind—a raft edged with reeds—and pushed it out near the grebe's nest. For several days they did not go to the blind; they wanted the birds to become accustomed to it. After a lapse of several days, they pushed the blind a little nearer. After several more days they further lessened the distance. Then, they began to stay in the blind. They made slight noises at first, for they knew they must get the wild birds accustomed to the click of the movie camera. After a time, they took the camera to the blind and turned it so that its sound could be heard by the birds. At first the birds were nervous; they dived under water at the click of the machine. But, day after day, the sound remained with them and, in time, they came to know that no harm would come to them from the noisy piece of shore that seemed to have floated up near their home.

AT last the big moment came. Mr. and Mrs. Finley, watching the birds who were on the water some distance away, saw one of them submerge. Finley turned his camera on the floating nest. Within a few moments, the mother bird came popping out of the water beside the nest. She climbed onto it and, standing on the edge, carefully removed the moss with which she had covered her eggs. This done, she settled comfortably down upon the eggs. A short time later, the father came up near the nest. The clicking camera to which the birds were accustomed was taking it all. But at any moment the picture might be ended. The slightest strange noise might spoil it all; a cough or a sneeze or even an extra heavy



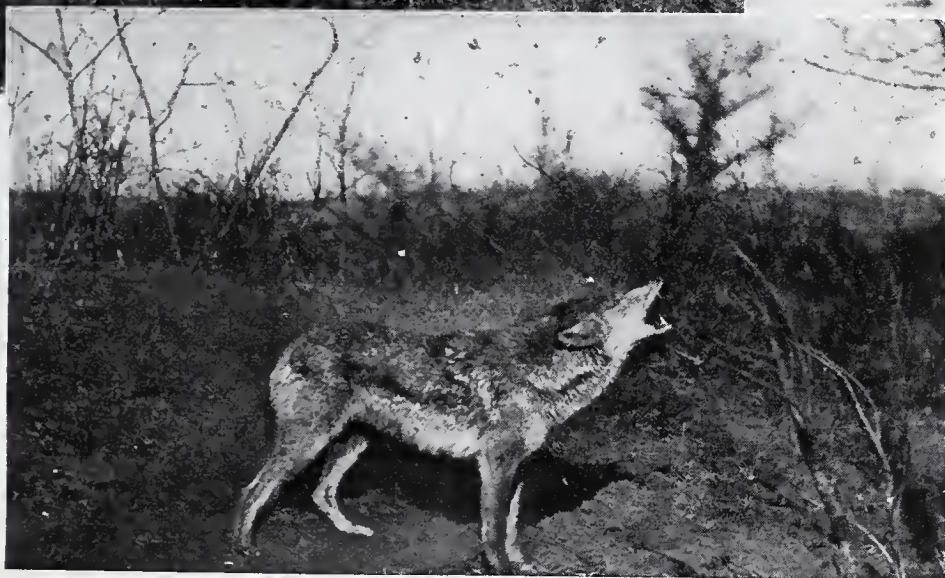
A herd of buffaloes grazing in Yellowstone Park, the great reservation set aside for wild life by the U. S. Government



Wild deer in Yellowstone Park in winter. Photographing such animals requires great skill, but Finley likes to have his camera catch creatures whose habits are practically unknown to man. His patience never tires



A fine snapshot of His Majesty the Bull Moose, the uncouth, ungainly King of the Maine Woods. It is difficult to photograph the Bull Moose coming "head on" because he usually fights danger by running away



Few people are possessed of sufficient skill to photograph the Coyote, or Kiote, howling on the western plains

breath might put weeks of work to naught.

Luck, however, was with the picture hunters that day. Suddenly the birds became nervous. The mother rose from the eggs and, with her bill, carefully covered them with moss. Then she and her husband disappeared into the water. The next moment a crow alighted on the floating nest. It was he who had driven the father and mother away. He examined the little island carefully. The eggs were hidden so that he could not see them. After some moments he flew away, evidently disappointed. And the Finleys packed up their camera and went away. They had caught a whole chapter in the home life of the wildest water bird known in the realm of wild life. As rank outsiders, they had shown more wit than even a black crow, who had the advantage of aerial observation; human brains had outwitted animal instinct.

To beat the wild animals at their own game is Finley's delight. There was the marmot family, for instance, which he photographed some years ago. The Finley tents, at this time, were pitched in a valley at the foot of shelving rocks. Finley discovered that a family of hoary marmots, sometimes known as woodchucks, had a home in the cliff. He climbed up to the shelf with his camera, and set the machine so that it covered the edge of the rock. Pretty soon, a series of noises in the camp below attracted Mother Marmot. She came out of her hole and went to the edge of the rock and looked down at the camp. Soon her mate came and stood beside her. She gazed long and curiously, like an Indian in ambush. Finley's camera was clicking in the meantime. A surprise came within the next instant. From the hole, emerged a baby marmot. It hurried over to where its mother was gazing down on the interlopers. It stretched its neck to see. This was too much for the mother. She took the little fellow in her mouth, holding him by the skin on the side of his neck. He curled up like a little doughnut around her nose and, carefully, she carried him back to the hole.

The pictures of that incident in the life of the marmot family are almost the limit of the art of photographing wild life. Forests and plains and marshes and rocks bristle with little bright eyes, when man comes near; but to keep those eyes turned from you and to catch those eyes, with a camera, when they are looking at something else, is almost the height of adventure in the wild world.

The Finleys have something interesting to tell about every aspect of wild life. One does not need to be a scientist to understand

their stories; they have a way of comparing their wild neighbors with human beings.

We were talking about the mating of birds, and soon I was more interested in their love-making and home-life than if they had been human beings. Love dances are not uncommon among birds and if you know how to enter unobserved into their world you can see them courting in their dances. The water-dance of the Western grebes is worth waiting hours to see. The male and the female each take a piece of moss into their bills. Then they stand upright on their tails in the water and circle about each other, with their moss-filled bills very close together. When the dance is ended, they throw the moss out of their bills and swim away, side by side. If you can get onto certain islands in the Pacific ocean where the albatross has his

home, you may see him and his mate doing a love dance in which they stand side by side, shaking their heads at each other in grotesque fashion.

It is the male bird that does the wooing in birddom. He is the one to whom nature has given the gay colors and the finest and longest feathers. He struts and shows himself off and uses all his wiles to persuade his lady friends that he would make the best husband imaginable. But the average male bird is an irresponsible fellow. Now and then he will help his wife to feed the young. Occasionally, he may even set on the eggs while she is taking a rest. In the main, however, it would appear that the average bird home would go to smash if it were not for the care and sense of responsibility of the mother bird.

Only one bird, so far as the Finleys have discovered, is an exception to this rule. This is the phalarope, a wading bird of the snipe family. The phalarope is a paradox; Mrs. Phalarope wears all the fine colors and does all the wooing. Finley tells me that he has seen as many as four Phalarope ladies chasing one poor male. The men of this breed are modestly colored; indeed, they are a subdued and conquered lot. When Mrs. Phalarope condescends to lay eggs, it is Mr. Phalarope who clambers onto the nest and sits there until the eggs are hatched. It is he who feeds the children when they come, while Mrs. Phalarope is gallivanting around elsewhere. Were it not for him and his sense of responsibility there would be no phalarope homes and, in time, no phalaropes on this earth; the flighty Mrs. Phalaropes themselves would ultimately disappear.

"Mr. Phalarope hasn't found out yet that he's different from all other men in creation," laughed Mr. Finley, "and the chances are he never will find it out. He's too busy at home to get out into the world and learn how things go in other homes. Nature has played a joke on him!"

One last question, I asked Finley about his friends. I wanted to know why the little English sparrow stands so low in the social scale of birds; at least, why everybody is picking on the little fellow.

"I like the English sparrow, even if people do talk about him," said Finley. "He's a town bird, all right. Now and then, you'll see him in the suburbs on the outskirts of (Continued on page 78.)



(Above) Finley watching the Desert Sparrow mother feeding her young. (Below) The result of a pleasant afternoon's work—H. T. Bohlman and William L. Finley photographing a young duckling in the water



The Boys' Brotherhood in Chicago. The play-room in Northwest City looks like this every night. There is all the difference in the world between spending such evenings and shooting craps on city sidewalks, or loafing in the slums



WHERE BOYS RULE

By Clara E. Laughlin

CONSIDERING how long there have been boys in the human family, and how many of them there have been and always are, it's astounding how little people know about boys. It is, really! Most persons have a notion that not much *can* be known about boys. Even fathers, who themselves were boys just the day before yesterday, shake their heads and say they "don't understand" their sons. "Boys are so different, nowadays," they complain.

Every town and hamlet talks about its "boy problem." Somebody's always pulling a long face, and a long speech about "saving our boys!"—as if boys were bent upon losing themselves from the human family!

Now, the plain truth about boys is, that they have infinitely more, and better, sense than any but one person in a million dreams. They have tre-

mendous ideality; they have superb courage—most of them have; they have curiosity, and energy and a lot of other qualities which the world needs very, very much indeed.

BUT do we use those qualities? Oh, dear, no! If we could, most of us would put boys out to pasture, in a well-fenced lot, and let them kick up their heels if they must, so long as they are let out at chore time. In fact, our notion of boys is that something mysterious makes them indifferent to everything in the world but their own sports and interests, and there's no use having them "underfoot" while we run the world's affairs.

At least ninety-nine times out of a hundred, when a boy is a "problem," it

is because we have slammed in his face the doors to opportunities he *knew* he was entitled to and equal to, and have forced him into a world of his own where there wasn't half enough for him to do with those qualities which were given him to use for the whole world of human kind.

We keep urging him to get ready for the responsibilities he will have some day. But, not if we can help it, do we give him the smallest part of the universe to regulate while he's in training to bear his share of running the whole of it.

We probably impose certain jobs on him and try to drive him to the doing of them. But *that's* not the sum total of what we owe him! We owe him his share in the work of the world, the thought of the world, the steady, uphill pull of the poor old world toward a more decent plane of living and feeling



The Chief of Police and his assistants. The youthful energy of these boys is finding a constructive outlet, not a destructive one, as in the case of the boys at the right



and thinking for the masses of mankind. We owe him an adequate outlet for his ideality and his courage and his unbounded energy. We owe him this, not in his own interest merely, but in ours, and in the world's and in posterity's.

How shall we give it to him? Well, I know one way! It is the way of the Boys' Brotherhood Republic, which started in Chicago about six years ago, and is now spreading all over the country and bringing from China, Africa, South America, Cuba and many parts of Europe, appeals to help boys organize in those lands for the business of learning government by taking part in it. There are thriving Republics in several cities of the United States now: Philadelphia, Cleveland, Springfield, Illinois, Lincoln, Nebraska, and elsewhere. Many others are in process of organization.

Chicago has three City Halls of the Boys' Brotherhood Republic, and headquarters of the State government, with a Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, Secretary of State, Supreme Court, etc. The Supreme Court is made up from the alumni (boys over 18) and exercises a general, State authority over the cities in Illinois and an advisory service to all Republics starting up in other places.

The boys who belong to the B. B. R. are just ordinary boys, in ordinary homes and ordinary jobs. Most of them are poor—that is to say, their

folks are—but the average B. B. R. boy who has been any length of time in the organization, is in a good job, with a good future, and making good money. Most of the

money has to go to help at home; but that's all right. They're worth it and they get it, and they're glad to help with it.

The thing about the B. B. R. that distinguishes it, is the way it utilizes boy initiative, boy energy, boy idealism, and gives boys opportunities without number to show what is in them in the way of creating and sustaining a social order. The boys frame their own constitution and enact and enforce their own laws, and direct their own activities. The older boys are constantly leading and training the younger. Active members are from 14 to 18. Juniors are 12 to 14. Alumni are over 18.

Now, instead of telling you any more about them in a general way, suppose I let you look in, some evening, at one of the Chicago City Halls—the Northwest City, for instance—and get an idea of what's going on there.

"Please!"

His Honor, the Mayor of Northwest City, looked up from his writing. A man stood in the doorway of the Mayor's office—a bearded man, like most men in

that neighborhood, and foreign-looking; foreign in bearing, too, as evidenced by his respect for authority. The Mayor, he was calling upon, was only a boy, just under eighteen years of age; but he was an official, the chief official of this City Hall, and the caller approached him with a certain respectfulness he had long since been taught to show those in authority.

"My name," he said, as the young Mayor stood up to receive him, "is Litwinsky. You got here a boy of mine?"

"Yes, sir. Shall I call him?"

"No! Wait! I don't want him. I want you."

The Mayor drew up a chair beside his own at the desk, and asked Mr. Litwinsky to sit down.

"What kin' o' boy you find Mischa—maybe you call him Mike?" the father asked, leaning close to Mayor Halevy.

"One of the best we've got."

"How you mean?"

"Why, he's a good citizen, Mr. Litwinsky; he obeys the laws and helps

to enforce them; he gets on well with the other citizens; and he does good work on committees."

The dark eyes in the bearded face scanned the younger speaker anxiously; but there could be no doubt about the Mayor's sincerity, nor—one soon felt—about his judgment.

It was most perplexing!

"At home," the father said, "Mischa's no good! I got all the time trouble with him. Maybe you know?"

"No, sir. I didn't. I'm sorry!"

"Yes; I done with that boy everything what I know. No use! In school, he was the same. I got lots of trouble by him. Many times, comes men off the Court and tells me if I don't look out, he's going to be in prison yet."

Now it was the Mayor's turn to look worried.

"Lately?" he asked. "Have they told you that since he began coming here?"

"No—before!"

"Does anybody tell you, now, that

he's a bad boy? We'd like to know."

"No—only I know it. At home, he don't do right."

"I'm sorry. We believe that a good citizen ought to be good at home, and good in his job, as well as good here."

"Maybe you could do something?"

"I'll see."

"Maybe you could do this. You got here a court?"

"Yes, sir."

"Couldn't you make him come, and tell him he must be good at home?"

"NO, Mr. Litwinsky, we couldn't do that. That wouldn't be a trial. That would just be a scolding, and he'd probably never come here any more. Maybe, he—he's been scolded enough, already."

"Maybe! But maybe not! I would come; I would tell my side. He should tell his side. And you could say—you're judge and jury—who is right."

The Mayor thought hard for a minute. Then he said.

"We couldn't do that, Mr. Litwinsky. One reason is, we have no charge against Mike; he's an A-1 citizen. You have a charge against him, but you're not a citizen of the Boys' Brotherhood Republic, so you can't bring a case in

our courts. Another reason is, if you came here and complained against Mike and told, before all his fellow-citizens, what trouble you've got with him at home, Mike would get mad, and shamed and he'd stay away from us. Boys are hot-headed, when they think they're not getting a square deal and maybe he'd do something very bad, so you—so you *would* have something to talk about!"

"And another thing is this, Mr. Litwinsky. Maybe the boys would think that the fault was yours as much as Mike's—or more! Maybe it is! But if they brought in a verdict like that, wouldn't your chance of making good with Mike be worse instead of better?"

Litwinsky sat silent for several minutes, thinking it all over. Then he said "That's right."

"Lots of boys," the young Mayor said, "like to think they're hard to manage. I guess it's the only way some of them can get any notice taken of them. And a boy's just *got* to be noticed! He wants to feel that he can *do* things and *be* things, all by himself. Nearly everywhere—at home, in school, and everywhere—somebody tells him what to do, and tries to make him do it. He wants to do things that he's thought of, *himself*. He wants to try himself out and see what there is in him. And lots of times the only things a boy can find to do that nobody else has told him



(Left) Several boys following the path of least resistance.
(Below) The boys of the Brotherhood learning the lesson of thrift in a vivid, personal way they can never forget





(Above) The Citizenship Committee examining applicants for membership. The idealism and energy of the average boy is here being given full swing in a most practical manner



(Left) The way neglected boys are apt to spend their time. It does not take much imagination to see the handicap they will have to struggle against in after life

to do, are things that get him in bad—at home, or in school, or with the police. In the Boys' Brotherhood Republic, we try not to tell boys many things *to* do. We let them think of things they *want* to do, and do them. That's why they love to come here. They get a chance! They're surprised to find out what a lot of dandy things they can think of, and then do. They learn what a lot of ability they have that they never knew before, and nobody else knew. Then, by and by, when they have begun to think of themselves as fellows that can do things worth while, they want to show everybody how fine they are—including the home folks!"

There was a smile in the boyish Mayor's eyes that Litwinsky, little given to humor though he was, could not resist.

"What you—what you think I should do?" he asked.

Now, the manner of the young mayor changed. No longer was he a Chief Executive discussing one of his fellow-citizens, and telling how, in their organization, boys deal with boys. He was asked to tell a father how to deal with his son.

The boys of the B. B. R. have a very strong feeling for parents. It is partly an instinct with them, and partly due to their realization that thinking highly of his parents is one of the best helps and

safeguards that a boy can possibly have.

The Mayor was shy about telling a father how to treat his son. But the father had asked him! So he said.

"Could you, maybe, Mr. Litwinsky, try to find out what he's doing that he's proud of? And could you, perhaps, be a little proud of him, too? And let him know! And treat him like a young man that's trying to find out what good there is in him and where he can use it. Couldn't you come over here to one of our Council Meetings, and see what we do. Maybe you'll hear Mike make a speech; he usually does. Come *any* time! See the fellows in the gymnasium or in their committee rooms, or anywhere you like. But come at least once to a meeting of our city council, on a Friday evening."

LITWINSKY promised and went his way. He had not been gone long when there was a timid tap at the side of the open door, and the Mayor looked up to see a little woman standing there.

She was probably under fifty, but looked seventy, and it was evident that not in many years had she cared how she looked. Her dress was very

shabby. Her manner was very timid, as if she seldom met anything but rebuffs.

"Is this," she began, "the place where boys do things for other boys?"

"Yes, ma'am."

The Mayor was standing to receive her; but she was not conscious of the courtesy. What she could understand, though, was the kindness and concern in the young face and voice.

"I—I got a boy in trouble," she faltered. "He's in the—County Jail. I'm a widow and got five children. He's the oldest, except a married girl. I couldn't watch him good, and he took up with bad company. First thing I knew, they come and told me he was arrested for stealing. I don't believe he's a bad boy; but he goes like the company he keeps. They tell me terrible things about Pontiac and the reform school. They say that boys who go there, mostly come out so bad there's no curing them. I'm just crazy, thinking about it. To-day, I got to see the jailer—Davies, his name is. He was real kind. I never knew they were like that. He said he hated to see Johnnie go down there; but he didn't believe it would be right for a judge to turn him loose, because he'd prob'ly be right back in the old ways again. 'I'll tell you what,' says he, 'you go to the Boys' Brotherhood Republic—the one nearest where you live—and tell

them about Johnnie. They'll send some of their boys down to talk to him; and if they'll take him on parole, I think the Judge'll let him go that way,' he says. Is that right?"

"Yes, m'am. We'll have some boys there, at the jail, to-morrow, to talk to Johnnie."

They did! And what's more, they had some boys over at Johnnie's home, to make a boys' estimate of how much it could be depended on to help or hinder Johnnie in keeping straight. And, with Johnnie's permission, some boys went to his "boss," the man for whom he was working, and talked with him about Johnnie and asked whether he would give the boy another chance. The boss said he would, if the B. B. R. would take Johnnie in hand. The Judge said the same.

Johnnie got his other chance! And he is making good!

I know this sounds like a lovely fairy tale. But it isn't! It's all true.

On the Friday following his call upon the Mayor, Mr. Litwinsky was back at the Northwest City Hall. He knew that building! In other, and different days, he had gone there, now and again, on different business!

A two-story brick building it is, at 1208 North Hoyne Avenue, just off West Division Street. The entrance is in the middle and, on either side, is a big room. The second story is just one fair-sized hall or assembly room, long used as a lodge hall and for labor meetings. Later, the building was used as an "anarchist school" where the young ideas of that populous neighborhood were taught to "shoot" radically and "agin everything."

One day, in September, 1918, a group of women and boys looked this building over and decided (after considering other possible locations) that this was the place to plant a new City Hall of the B. B. R. The women were members of the Philanthropy Department of the Chicago Woman's Club. Their department had decided that it could do no finer service to the city of Chicago, than to stand behind the B. B. R. in opening a new City Hall and carrying its work into another section of Chicago. Months of study of the Main City, at 839 South

Ashland Avenue, had led them to this decision.

The building was rented, at sixty dollars a month, and renovated; the furnace was put in good condition; the cellar was filled with coal; the plumbing was overhauled; new electric lighting was installed; and, from here and there, small lots of furniture, oddly assorted, began drifting in.

AND boys! Most of them came to scoff, or to "smash," and remained, not to pray, but to play, and, in due time, to find out what it was all about.

Somebody down-town sent out a punching bag; Delaney, of the Chicago Athletic Association, gave the kids some boxing gloves; and another somebody knew where there was a discarded wrestling mat and had it sent over; one of the women had a pool-table in her house that nobody seemed to use, so over to Hoyne Avenue it went, and was never again lonely. Games and books and magazines came drifting in. Dances and entertainments began. Election loomed and a hot campaign started. The building buzzed with activity; it fairly bulged with boys. Every night in the week it was full of kids, and all day Sunday. On week

days, strings of kids went there, looking for jobs, and came away with the names and addresses of employers and details about the work they wanted done and the wages they'd pay and the chance of getting along they'd offer; for the B. B. R. runs one of the most successful employment offices in Chicago and has sometimes "placed" more than a thousand kids in a single day—all managed by boys, for boys!

Nobody seemed surprised to see Mr. Litwinsky, when he presented himself there on Friday evening. The Mayor was not in his office (one of three small rooms made by partitioning the space on the right of the front door) and a boy said he was probably upstairs in the Council Chamber—which serves also as dance hall and gymnasium. So Mr. Litwinsky climbed the stairs and found himself in the old lodge hall where he had sometimes attended fiery meetings. It was full of boys, most of them between fourteen and eighteen, the ages for active citizenship in the B. B. R., with a sprinkling of youngsters under fourteen and crazy to "belong," also of youths over eighteen, members of the alumni who constitute a State body, with Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, Secretary of State, etc., especially including a Supreme Court, and having jurisdiction over all the "cities."

Mr. Litwinsky was much impressed. There was a great hubbub of voices for the first few minutes after he was seated; but presently a gavel fell sharply on the mayor's desk—and there was silence. The meeting was in order.

There was a roll-call of councilmen, who responded from their seats about the council table. Then the City Clerk read the minutes of the last meeting. After that, he read "communications received"; these made Mr. Litwinsky stare. There were letters from anxious parents all over the country, men and women who had heard of the B. B. R. and begged to know if through it something could not be done for their wayward boys. There were letters from boys—boys in trouble and boys who wanted to help others that were in trouble; boys who had never had a chance, and boys who had had a chance and thrown it away; from newsboys and breaker (Continued on page 74)

OVERALLS

AMERICA is putting on Overalls. We are coming true to type, for America started out in Overalls.

When the Pilgrim Fathers and Mothers landed here about three hundred years ago, they wore the plain and simple uniform of protest against the high living and the low thinking of their time. They came in Puritan Overalls. They went about the everyday duties of founding a home in the wilderness with stern purpose and high courage. There were no idlers, no shirkers in the band. They helped themselves and they helped each other with that sturdy independence that breathed the very spirit of Life into the Soul of America. No man took from his neighbor without payment in kind or in service. Each paid his way in daily toil and nightly vigil. None thought to do less—all prayed to do more, and the powerful note of Independence blended with the sweeter one of brotherly kindness, became the hymn of devotion to God who had made them a nation.

They lived up to their Overalls!

The Overalls of to-day are but the uniform of the American spirit risen against oppression. They are our protest against selfishness, our resentment toward un-American practices. They indicate our stern determination to keep as a people apart from those who would wax and grow fat at the expense of their brothers.

An old hat, worn because we refuse to submit to extortion, is putting on our Overalls. Sending our shoes to the cobbler, because a new pair would cost more than we think is just, is putting on our Overalls. Wearing the old suit, because we think the price of a new one is an imposition, is putting on our Overalls. Sitting down and thoughtfully scanning the slip of paper we call our Ballot, that inheritance from our American forefathers, that guarantee of our American Independence, and determining to cast it in the name and spirit of America, is living up to our Overalls!

Come on everybody. Come in denim and homespun and calico and serge. Into your Overalls! Clean up this mess. Begin at home. Think over the history of the early American settlers. They learned the art of doing without.

Stop living up and thinking down. The way to begin is to commence. Overalls mean action. Put on your style of Overalls and get to work, for the revival of the Spirit of Independence of America that seems to stir again after a long period of hibernation.

Into your Overalls, everybody, and stand again on Plymouth Rock!

A. P.



THE LISTENING GALLERY

A guide to the best new phonograph records

Selected and Described by Disco

WHEN anyone gets a new automobile he has to prove he knows something about running it before he is permitted to drive it in public thoroughfares. What a pity that every person acquiring a phonograph is not similarly required to learn how to run his machine and be licensed for the sake of the community! The things that an untrained person can do to a phonograph and with a phonograph are too awful to describe. We can forgive the beamish novice who plays Pathé records with a steel needle—the havoc he wreaks is upon his own property—but the baleful neighbor who, on a warm evening when all windows are open, plays “Dardanella” thirteen times without stopping—he is guilty of inciting to murder. And the *schrecklichkeit* he commits is not only upon ear-drums (including his own), but upon “Dardanella” itself.

Because a tune is timely and due to be popular for but a brief while is no reason for killing it outright by playing it to death. I am reminded of an experience I had with some plums. One day, several years ago, there was an overshipment of greengages to be disposed of in the city where I live. Hawkers were selling them at prices so absurdly low that I shan’t distress you, in these H. C. L. days, by stating quite how cheap they were. At any rate, I bought a great box of the luscious fruit and brought it home in triumph. Those were the best plums I had ever tasted in my life, and there were enough in that box for a small army. Well, my family and I ate plums and ate plums! We invited in friends and they too ate plums and ate plums! But, at last, we reached the point where we were distinctly aware that we no longer enjoyed eating plums. It was years before I cared to taste greengages again.

Many a new record is treated according to the Plum Plan. It even happens to many a new machine. For the business of selling phonographs has

DISCO is glad to answer questions regarding phonographs and records of all makes. In writing be sure to enclose a stamped and self-addressed envelope for reply

advanced infinitely further than has the educational movement of teaching people how to use phonographs. The smartest men in a talking machine shop are assigned to the job of getting customers to sign on the dotted line; the greener clerks handle the records.

Commercially this may seem a profitable system but, from the point of view of the person who buys, it is hardly satisfactory. Acquired in this way, the best instrument that art and scientific skill can produce is apt to lose its appeal when the novelty of the thing has worn off. It becomes merely another article of furniture to be dusted. Why? Because it has remained a stranger in the home. Its possibilities have remained unguessed. The picturesque hocus-pocus with which the salesman mystifies the purchaser defeats itself.

Once, when I was inspecting a new model, I said to the demonstrator, “I’d like to see the horn, please.”

“The symphonic section?” he corrected, glibly.

“Yes—if you’re obliged to call it that.”

He removed the grill and showed me a wooden horn. It was a first-class, well-made horn. But why call it the “symphonic section?”

After all, a phonograph is neither a musical Ouija nor an implement of witchcraft. It consists of a wooden box or cabinet of some sort with a turntable rotated by a motor. A needle, either steel, fibre or jewel, transmits the vibrations imparted by the revolving record, to a round diaphragm (somewhat similar to that of a telephone). The sounds thus reproduced are carried through a movable

sound-arm down to the wooden or metal horn (inside the cabinet) which loudens the tone.

As is the case with automobiles, machines of various makes have individual “Special Features”—devices for regulating the volume of sound, and so forth. But the excellence of any machine depends fundamentally upon its fidelity in reproducing tones, which is a matter of scientific principle and honest workmanship.

As a “mystery,” a phonograph is a gold brick. As a useful instrument for putting you in touch with a vast amount of entertainment and instruction, it is invaluable. It is no more an end in itself than is a library card. How much worth while a library card or a phonograph is depends on what books you read and what records you play.

I am here at the Information Desk to answer questions. My selection of the most interesting new records, corresponding to the libraries’ cases of New Books, is arranged solely for your convenience.



OPERA

Brunswick 30001

Barbieri di Siviglia—“Una voce poco fa” (Rossini)

Sung by Virginia Rea

The first flutter of love expressed in airy trills and staccato pipings; gay, lightsome, brilliant. Virginia Rea sings it with charm as well as vocal virtuosity.

Victor 87569

Don Giovanni—“La ci darem la mano” (Mozart)

Sung by Mabel Garrison and Reinald Werrenrath

A sprightly duo between artful Don Juan and somebody else’s bride whom he endeavors to captivate. The music is piquant and animated, and the singers deliver it with spirit and finesse.

(Continued on Page 76)



A baby clinic in Tirana, Albania, where Red Cross doctors and nurses

care for children. Five hundred mothers come to this station every week

FROM Vienna, the other day, there came a cablegram to the Red Cross Building at Washington. It was from a man who was witnessing a human tragedy that stirred him to the depths. It told of babies born on packing cases in warehouses; of sick and starving prospective mothers dragging their weary way from empty villages along the roads to the city; of crowded, desperately needy hospitals, and grim doctors and nurses in that city turning out other mothers, with their babies wrapped in newspapers, to make room for the new crowds of countless patients.

In it was all the tragic drama of that last act of the war which to-day is being played by the former Austrian Empire. And it ended by calling upon the women of America to gather once more in their workrooms, to give of that sympathy which war days knew, and to sew! To sew upon babies' layettes, upon children's clothes, upon all the different kinds of refugee garments of which these unfortunate people are so badly in need.

Workers Gathering to the Colors

SLOWLY, but in ever increasing numbers, the women of the Red Cross have been answering that call

The March of the Red Cross

GLIMPSES from the WATCH TOWER AT WASHINGTON

From there you can see—

Busy Workrooms in America
Supplies in Balkan Villages
Health Centers from Maine
to
California
Education at Work Everywhere

during these last few weeks. In city workrooms, in rural sewing circles, in permanent Red Cross Chapter headquarters, they have been gathering, bringing new enthusiasm and new strength to those already hard at work. All the methodical ways of the war—the definite instructions, the “know how” imparted by the experience of

the war—have made the gathering of the clans an impressive thing. The promptness with which the call from Vienna has begun to receive practical answer in the form of large boxes well filled with all kinds of materials, bound for the harbor of New York to be shipped to Europe—the very promptness of the thing has been remarkable. It has been as if an army were called once more to the colors!

Nothing could illustrate better the value of the Red Cross organization as a practical affair, for use in time of emergency. Day by day, indeed, it becomes increasingly apparent that the Red Cross is shaping itself as a new kind of constructive, practical organization for the accomplishment of better conditions of health and living all over the world, fighting distress and disease in many forms, and yet keeping its eyes always on the future. It is doing many

things to-day, and yet, considered from the dramatic viewpoint, the lessened force of Red Cross workers still carrying on in Europe furnishes the most vivid picture.

Few people in this country realize the difficulties and dangers which these members of America's rear-guard are still confronting every day. In a single



A Community workshop at Henin Lietard, where sixty young girls are being taught to sew. The enterprise was made possible because the Red Cross provided barracks, sewing machines and materials

(Below) Some of the women's Red Cross life-saving corps demonstrating the best method of artificial respiration on the ocean beach at San Francisco. Life-saving weeks have had great popularity recently on the Pacific coast



week, recently, in Poland, where the Red Cross units are engaged in a desperate battle against disease, typhus spread to the Baltic ports, rendering necessary the inspection of all passengers to America; in Serbia over ten thousand destitute Russians, many of them infected with that same deadly typhus, crossed the Greek frontier from Red Cross refugee ships at Salonica, arriving in a half-starved condition, many delirious with fever, and all of them in a ragged, unkempt and desperate condition; and, in the Crimea, around Theodosia, where the Red Cross headquarters have recently moved from Novorossisk, the cases of cholera increased to ten thousand!

AND meanwhile, in Poland, the warehouses in Warsaw gave out daily their tons of material, the delousing stations worked every day on the Polish-Russian frontier, hospital after hospital in Esthonia called for assistance; in Constantinople, and on the island of Proti, the crowds of refugees increased hourly, and all through the Balkans and Central and Southeastern Europe the need for supplies and clothing became more desperate, as industrial civilization continued to go to pieces and utter distress ensued in all cities.

One Unlucky Shipment

THE mere story of the vicissitudes of one unlucky shipment of Red Cross supplies gives a vivid idea of conditions as they have been for the past two years in Europe, and as they still are at present. These Red Cross supplies, consisting of twenty carloads of foodstuffs, clothing and medical goods, and ten carloads of automobile trucks, left Paris shortly after the signing of the Armistice en route for the Roumanian Mission of the Red

Cross at Bucharest. They traveled all the way through the Mediterranean to the Dardanelles, through the Black Sea, up the Dneister into Roumania, only to find the Roumanian Mission finally closed. Months had passed. By slow stages, then, they found their way through the former Austrian Empire by rail into Poland, where they arrived at Warsaw the other day after being two years on the way. Everywhere the men successively in charge found the same desperate need for American assistance, and the same distress which the Red Cross men witnessed only a few days ago in Vienna. Everywhere they found the same almost insuperable difficulties in the way of helping the unfortunate people in those countries or of aiding them to help themselves. In addition to disease and famine, they found that the war had demoralized the railway systems of all South-eastern and Central Europe, and in countries such as Roumania and

Poland, where the German invasions reached their highest power and prominence, the rolling stock had been simply cleaned out, leaving the railroads literally stripped.

Only to-day are conditions of transportation improving. Because of this very improvement, the amount of supplies which the Red Cross workers still in Europe can distribute becomes greater with every passing week. From now on, indeed, it seems reasonable to hope that all new supplies of the garments of all kinds which the Red Cross workers are making will go swiftly and surely to their destinations, and will go far toward making efficient the effort which the Red Cross must still make abroad

The Peace-Time Red Cross in America

IN this country, the Peace-Time Red Cross is at last a reality. It is a Red Cross quite different from that of war-

March of the Red Cross

time in most of its activities, and yet in the final analysis—in its spirit—it is the same. It is peculiarly different in that a multitude of problems, mostly all local, have supplanted the former system whereby a vast amount of work was done on definite orders from Washington to meet a definite national need. Despite this multiplicity of problems, and consequent opinions, the broad lines of the peace-time organization are nevertheless plainly discernible.

In city after city, and town after town, the Public Health nurse is entering upon her duties. Almost every day brings into line still another Chapter which has secured permission from Washington to go ahead and extend its home service to local and social needs. The Health Center idea, with all it means in helping the community to prevent disease, is literally sweeping the country from coast to coast, and health and community surveys are being made in place after place, while educational courses of many kinds, allied to health, are under way.

These things are nation-wide in their application and in their effect, showing quite clearly the reality and the progress of the new peace-time program at home. And yet, they do not even begin to tell the story of what the Red Cross is actually doing in American affairs. There are dozens of other activities which are not quite so widespread, and yet which are of the utmost importance, and which in time will probably be part of recognized Red Cross work in every Chapter in the land.

The Salvage Plan

CALIFORNIA, Nevada and Arizona, for instance, have recently given a fine example of the remarkable

development of which the salvage idea is capable. In nineteen-seventeen, California first thought of collecting tinfoil, of saving it for the Red Cross and selling it wholesale at a good price. Not much of an idea, you might possibly say off-hand! The first month's sale was indeed only slightly over fifty dollars. And yet to-day, the salvage business in the Pacific Division has so grown and expanded that over half a million dollars a year is being realized simply from the sale of waste material which would otherwise be thrown away. The business has added a Red Cross salvage warehouse, many Red Cross salvage shops, and, through these, many thousands of dollars are being turned monthly into the treasuries of the Chapters in that territory. Not only is a useful social purpose served, but the profit made bids fair to enable those communities to carry on much needed health and community work without extra expense.

In a salvage warehouse all forms of "junk" are collected and sold—paper and magazines, metals, rags, rubber, tin-foil, and bottles—all the things which the old junkman used to collect from our doors. Papers and magazines are sold in car-load lots. One Chapter in a California town of less than ten thousand population is making an income of several hundred dollars a month from waste paper alone.

To the Red Cross

shops go discarded clothing, furniture pictures, books, and things of all kinds of which some people have tired, and yet which seem infinitely desirable to other people. They are donated by their owners and sold at reasonable prices by the shops. In addition, new clothes are made from old garments, and many excellent garments for children are made from cast-off shirts, underwear and stockings, and sold for a nominal sum—often a thing of great importance to the woman with a family to support. In many Chapters, this kind of work has been called "conservation," and it is arousing the utmost enthusiasm of the workers because of the practical results, which are plain to everyone. The day will probably come, indeed, when every Chapter and every Red Cross member will be able to promote this kind of work, and a great deal of steady income will be derived, to the permanent benefit of the organization.

At this writing, the cities of the Pacific Coast seem to be making a fine record of Red Cross achievement for



(Below) One of the Red Cross warehouses still in operation near Sivrey-sur-Meuse. (Right) Russian and Turkish freight handlers at the Red Cross warehouse near Constantinople



themselves in more ways than one. In county after county, lately, the Chapters have co-operated with the Public Health Officers in making thorough surveys, reaching every citizen, whether in the cities or upon little sage-brush ranches. The Juniors have even carried over their activities after the close of school in order to do their share. Home Service Stations have supplied milk in numberless cases to the children whom the Juniors have reported as under-nourished. Many model clinics for children have been established, Americanization and social work have gone on apace—and in some enterpris-



(Above) One of the Red Cross supply ships carrying supplies to the Island of Protí, where a thousand Russian refugees are being cared for

(Right) A Red Cross man taking a census of Russian refugees in Constantinople so that those with relatives in America may get in touch with them

(Below) One of the small donkeys that are used for the purpose of distributing supplies in the temporary tent city for Russians on the Island of Protí



ing places even a portion of the vegetables in the local gardens has been set aside as the Red Cross share; so that the poor of the town may be taken care of in the winter.

Porto Rico

AMONG the Chapters outside of the United States proper, Porto Rico, from present information, presents one of the finest examples of peace-time achievement, particularly when it is considered that the Island Chapter has had no trained personnel to organize its work, nor is it supplied with the wealth that many other places have to finance such undertakings. The total receipts of the Porto Rico Chapter for the year just ending were nearly three hundred thousand dollars. Among the many things it has done has been the establishment of a Visiting Nurse System in Puerta de Tierra, one of the outlying districts of San Juan. The working class lives in this district, and sick people have never been cared for properly before. In its Junior Red

Cross, too, it has outrun many of the States of the Union, the membership being exactly one hundred per cent. Every boy and girl who is in public school in Porto Rico is a member of the Junior Red Cross. These hundred thousand youthful members have contributed some twenty-two thousand dollars, and with the money have been able to do many fine things. One of them is the erection of a school building for tubercular children, to be used as a sanitarium. Another was the giving of a home to a poor widow with seven children, she having no means of support other than taking in washing, and her children being forced to go without an education. Perhaps one of the most

striking features about the Junior Red Cross in Porto Rico has been the fact that at least half of the members are children of poor families. Many of them have had to sell something or deprive themselves of something in order to raise the small fee of twenty-five cents. The simple fact throws a very vivid light on the fineness of these children's achievements.

The Brooklyn Way

AMONG City Chapters, Brooklyn, New York, has been making an excellent record. Not a single department has shown any let-up in activity this summer. Every member has carried on with untiring enthusiasm. New classes in home hygiene and care of the sick have been started, and classes in First Aid have been begun. Altogether, some sixty-six classes, with an enrollment of nearly one thousand pupils, are now under way in the endeavor to spread knowledge of health and practical methods.

Children from public schools have been examined, weighed and measured, and four classes started in home-making, nutrition, and cooking. Special instruction in dietetics has been given to the mothers. In particu-



lar, the Fo' Castle, a Club for American sailors at the Navy Receiving Ship in Brooklyn, has been made into a very welcome substitute for home to nearly two thousand men of the Navy during the last month. The number of garments put out by the Supply Department shows the activity of the Chapter workers. A total of over three thousand different articles has been given to different institutions, most of (Continued on Page 69)

ALL the boyish pride and determination of seventeen, the unvoiced loyalty and odd idealism that the gruff awkwardness of youth sometimes conceals—all these are in this story of Bruce Knight and his mother, Martha, who could not help trembling a little for her son even at the moment when she believed most in him. You will like this new story about the Knight family and its youngest and slangiest member

N O N E S O G R E A T

By Theodocia Pearce

Illustrated by F. R. Gruger

ALMA and Buster were married in June, one of those perfect June days that begin with a red dawn and end with a flaming sunset. It was Alma's great day and it was a great day for Martha.

After the excitement was over and night had come, Martha went out from the gay disorder of the house to the cool quiet of the veranda. Bruce was sitting on the top step, his chin cupped in the palm of his hand, his elbows resting upon his knees, looking out thoughtfully at the glare of the street light. Martha dropped down silently beside him. He moved slightly to make room for her but did not speak.

Martha thought about Alma—Alma speeding on her way to the wonders of New York. Alma starting out on a great journey—a journey through Life with Buster. She had left them; she had gone away from them. But Martha knew that she would return; knew the home would often echo to the sound of her music and the music of her laughter.

"I want this to be my room always," Alma had told Martha that morning when, motherlike, she had gone in to touch with loving fingers the bridal robes spread out on the bed. "I want you to keep this room for me, Mamma. Often, when Buster is away, I'll come back to stay here with you for a while!" She smiled up happily at Martha, "You're not really losing me, Mamma," she said.

"No," Martha had replied and turned away. She was not really losing Alma; had not really lost her. And yet, as she sat there beside Bruce, her heart was an aching void.

Bruce stirred uneasily and Martha suddenly felt his nearness and dearness to her. He still belonged to her. Nothing had called him away from her. She could work for him still, care for him, live for him. He was her baby, her hope for to-day, her promise for to-morrow. Surely, he would never grow up and go away from her. It seemed incredible, even to think of it.

The idea came to her then that her dream for her girls had been fulfilled. But her dream for Bruce had

not known its first realization. Bruce was her highest hope now—her big possibility. She saw splendid success for him some day. He had a way of going after a thing until he got it, a determination, a spirit of assurance, that undeniable quality which to her promised achievement. Yes! She expected big things of Bruce.

"You know, Mom," Bruce said abruptly, "I can't understand all this fuss wedding business."

"Oh!" said Martha quietly.

"So much stew for nothing," Bruce went on. "So much stew for nothing. Why, Alma has been dickering around here for weeks and then one day—a big hullabaloo and it's all over! Nothing to show for it but a banged-up house."

"She has her wedding ring!" Martha said.

"YAH! And a tableful of silver presents and glass and silly sofa pillows," the boy laughed heartily. "Sofa pillows! Say, Mom, who gave her that fool pink satin thing?"

Martha reflected. "Why, I just can't remember, Bruce. Everybody was good to Alma! She has lovely things."

"Some will pass," Bruce admitted. "But some others—nix! As for that pink satin thing, Buster will put his feet on it, I betcha! Well, it gets my goat. So much stew for nothing."

"Sometimes," Martha spoke slowly and with conviction, "Sometimes, Bruce, I spend a good deal of time making a lemon pie, tryin' to get just the right flavor and bake it right and so on. Then dinner comes and a few minutes later there's no pie! So much stew for nothing," she echoed.

"Well, pie's different," said Bruce.

"How?" Martha asked.

Bruce thought for a moment and then looked at her steadily.

"Say, Mom, know what you are?"

Martha shook her head.

"Well, you're smart! Putting it up

to me that way. Lemon pie has its place, and so has a wedding, I guess." He reached over and took her hand. "I always wondered who I took after, Mom, and now I know. It's you!"

They laughed together. "Let's

go in," he said, "I smell lemonade."

"No, you don't," said Martha.

"Yes, I do," he said gaily, springing up and pulling Martha to her feet. "Let's have a nice, cool drink ready for Pop when he comes home. Some hot job he's got, seeing that simpering Miss Simons home—clear to the other end of town. He'll want lemonade when he gets back, Mom." Martha laughed and followed him into the house. Bruce brought three lemons and the lemon squeezer from the pantry.

"I wish, Mom," he paused suddenly in the process of making the lemonade, "I wish, Mom, that you were a lemon sure, just so I could squeeze you."

Martha looked up startled from her task of sorting the silver. Sadie Blinn, after washing the dishes, had left the knives and forks and spoons in a pile on the table.

"DO I have to be a lemon?" she asked.

"Well, not much you don't!" Bruce strode to her side and gave her a bear hug. "You're all right, Mom," he said, and went back to his job.

Martha loved his sudden outbursts of boyish affection concealed as they were by a tantalizing attitude and a gruff awkwardness. Bertha had gone away, Alma had gone away, but Bruce was still with her. She was happy in the knowledge of his presence.

"You know, Henry," she said a few evenings later, as they sat in the living room—Martha by the open window; Henry stretched out on the davenport in a luxury of repose. "You know, Henry, we will have to think soon about sending Bruce away to college in the Fall. He took his final senior exams this June. He is about ready for the next step—college."

"Wants to go badly, eh Martha?" Henry inquired.

"Pretty badly, I guess," Martha smiled. "He hasn't said very much so



"Let's have a nice, cool drink ready for Pop, when he comes home," said Bruce

that's a sure sign he is counting on it. He's really terribly ambitious, Henry—almost too much so. Our girls never yearned for college, so it's up to us to do the very best we can by Bruce."

"How long does this college business last?"

"Four years I think, Henry—maybe longer."

Henry whistled softly.

"Take a little fortune," he commented.

"Yes, it will!" Martha granted. "It will take a heap. But I guess we can afford to do something fine for Bruce. He was telling me one day that he'd likely work hard for scholarships after the first year. It's the beginning that will cost most. We can manage it, Henry, don't you think?"

"Yes," Henry sat up and rubbed his palms together. "Yes. We'll manage, Martha. We're not really poor. There's something in the bank for our old age, you know. But Bruce is a pretty good investment. Let him go to college if he wants to."

"If the money's saved for our old age, I guess we don't need it," Martha sighed happily. "It just seems, Henry, that we can't grow old. And poor? No, I don't like to say we're poor; and, even if we were, I hold that there are none so poor but can afford to do right by their children. We can save some more too, you know."

"How?" Henry showed signs of interest, "How—in these times?"

"Why, it won't cost so much around the house," Martha reflected, "Just you and me, Henry, to cook for, and we won't have so much company. I'm

pretty well fixed for clothes. I have plenty that I can make over. Then, we can wait for the new rug, and we won't need any vacation this year. Yes! you are right. Bruce is our best investment."

"Sure, Bruce is all right," Henry was enthusiastic, "Send him off to college, Martha. We'll manage it, somehow."

Bruce out on the veranda, silent in a dark corner, clinched his fists.

"Well, golly!" his mouth shut tightly. "I'll be jiggered if they can shoot me off to any old college—I'll be jiggered if they will."

HE settled back in the hammock for a nice, comfortable think. Seventeen he was now and ready to earn his living. What did a fellow do at the start anyhow? Face the world? Yep—but with what? All this talk about getting a start was all right. Yep—but how did a chap get it? Starts weren't found on the sidewalks or in backyards or at college. Starts were made—well, most anywhere. Bruce knew that pretty fair starts were made at college. But he passed over the fact lightly.

"I'll be jiggered if I'll go!" he told himself fiercely.

Martha heard the creaking of the hammock.

"Bruce!" she called, "You out there?"

"Yep" he answered drowsily, "Sleepin'."

A fortnight passed and then Alma and Buster returned. Martha was in a flurry of excitement all day. Alma had written that they would arrive at six and come right along for dinner. Martha worked incessantly from early morning

until five o'clock. She wanted everything in the old home to look sweet and clean and precious to Alma; she wanted a meal ready for Buster that would make him exclaim in that exultant tone of his, "Say, it's great to know you! Some cook you are." At five, she slipped upstairs to don her prettiest dress and everything was ready spick and span—everything except the heart of Martha. That was in a state of wondrous confusion and happy palpitation, so much so that she could scarcely hook her dress, and the fingers that arranged her hair trembled in anticipation.

AT last they came—a joyous confusion of laughter and talk and more laughter, a babel of joyous sound. Alma was radiant, and lovelier than ever to the eyes of Martha and Buster, boyish and proud. At dinner, they were a merry party. Alma, with so much to tell; Buster, with so much to add; Bruce, with so much to ask; Henry, with so much to consider and Martha, with so much to learn. After the meal, came the presents, a little remembrance for each one—a new pipe for Henry, a dainty blouse for Martha, a gorgeous array of ties for Bruce.

"Thought you'd be going to college in the Fall," Buster explained, "A chap needs plenty of sport ties at college, you bet."

Bruce regarded the colorful display.

"Well," he conceded, "sport ties are all right any place, I reckon. You see, Buster, you made a wrong guess. I'm not going to any old college!"

"What!" Martha gasped.

Henry looked up in alarm.

"Aw! Say, now—" this from Buster.

"Well, I just won't go, you bet!"

Bruce was defiant. "What good'll college do me, eh? Say, answer me that. What good does college do anybody? Turns out a pack of snobs, I tell you. Look at Gordon Grobb! Can't touch him with a ten foot pole since he went to Harvard. He's absolutely no good now, and once—well, Gord was a real decent sort. Oh, you can't push me off among a bunch of boobys, I'll say that!"

"You can't neglect your education," Martha protested.

"I guess I'm educated all I need to be, Mom. I don't want to be taught how to wear a monocle and kid gloves and yellow spats."

"YOU'VE got the wrong idea," Buster said quietly. "Every college graduate isn't a Gordon Grobb. College turns out some big men, some big successes—some—"

"Yep!" Bruce cut in. "And a whole lot of successes haven't seen the inside of a college. They don't have to—they just naturally succeed, anyhow. Well, I'll be one of that sort."

"But your training," said Alma. "What about your training? You can't expect to enter the ranks of the workers unprepared."

"Golly!" ejaculated Bruce, "You talk like a book. I guess I can enter any old profession I choose and work my way up."

"Oh—is that so?" Alma shrugged her shoulders, "And what are your plans?"

Bruce folded his arms across his chest and regarded her with disapproval.

"Well, according to rule," he said, "A man begins at the bottom and works up. Now, my idea is to be a railway man, so I might as well begin low, down around the depot. I thought of ticket agent. Too high! Gotta work up to it. Baggage checker. Too high—too high! Gotta get more muscle. So I figured out that shovelling coal in the engine would be about as good a way to start as any."

"Some work!" Buster grinned. "One

day with a coal shovel and I'll bet you change your mind."

"I'll bet you change your own." There was such unmistakable finality in Bruce's tone that Martha regarded him in genuine alarm, "My mind's made up and I guess it's too late for it to be made down. I'm going after what I want. I won't have any dry professors lammin' Latin at me or making me gargle over Greek. I want the real thing and my idea of the real thing isn't a Gordon Grobb."

Bertha arrived on the scene just at this juncture, she and her brood, and the conversation took a decided turn for the better. But during the evening Martha looked often in the direction of Bruce—Bruce now playing with Tots; now pestering Buster with questions; now nagging at Alma—and Martha was worried indeed. Why this sudden change in Bruce when he had always talked so proudly to her of going away to college; of working for a scholarship; of coming out a success; of making a

man of himself. The only answer she could discern, so far, was Gordon Grobb. Bruce was right about Gordon; college had turned him into a good-for-nothing dandy. But college did not do that to all boys. Was Bruce to miss his chance just because one boy had failed to make the most of his? To miss opportunity because one, to whom opportunity had been given, had not grasped it? At the thought of the coal shovel she smiled; she knew her boy's ways with Alma. But his absolute disapproval of college was not to be mistaken. She was sure of his earnestness there. With startled dismay, too, she realized that Henry had said nothing. Perhaps he even agreed with Bruce—saw college as the boy saw it. Were her hopes for Bruce to be shattered? All her work and saving to lead to nothing? Oh, how she had saved for Bruce. Even Henry did not realize the many little ways in which she had saved for Bruce. Like a seed, nurtured in the dark of the earth, this dream had been. Would it fail to blossom to a splendid reality?

After the others had left, she took Bruce to task.

"But I don't want to go," he protested, "I don't want to be fed up on books when I got you to feed me up on better stuff. Honest, college isn't everything, Mom. I guess experience counts more than anything nowadays—I guess it does."

"But I want you to be a success, Bruce. I want you to be all of that."

"Sure, I will!" Bruce boasted, "Sure! Leave it to me. I'll do anything you want, Mom."

"I want you to go to college, Bruce," Martha said earnestly. She looked at Bruce with a pleading glance, looked and saw a strange, hard something in his eyes, a something she had never seen there before. His eyes had always been merry and this was something that seemed like a stifled cry.

"I'm sorry, Mom," he said, "But I don't want to go. I couldn't succeed there now, not when my mind's against it. I'd be a round peg in a square hole. But I'll do something big for you sure, Mom. You just leave it to me."

GROW YOUR WING

By Benjamin De Casseres

WHAT we need—even more than clothes—is wings! Wings in our heart. Wings in our eye. Wings in our acts. Wings in our brain. Wings in our step.

All myths contain great practical truths, and the fable of the Seven-League Boots was the fable of the every-day man who goes through life winged, one who has put an unconquerable belief in his purpose between himself and the hard pavements of reality.

Evolve a wing that will carry you above the heart-aches, the disappointments, the trivial ugliness of everyday life.

Call the wing Laughter, if you wish. It will carry you over the day's cares. Call the wing Courage. That is a giant's wing that will break down many a granite wall. Call the wing Faith. That is a wing that will open rare vistas.

The person that has evolved a secret wing turns half his work to play. His daily life is part of a great sight-seeing tour.

There was once a boy who lived in an old back yard. It was neither beautiful to behold nor a good place to play in.

But the boy spent all his time sitting on the fence looking around the world of the whole block, which became a universe of surprises to him.

That boy had wings and could not be conquered by the commonplace and ugly.

We all must live, to a great extent, in the back yards of the commonplace. Perch on the fence! You may evolve wings strong enough to fly to the roof of things.

All life aspires to wings. The lamest can evolve them.

Grow your wing!



"That Mr. Clark's some man, Mom," said Bruce. "I thought he might be mad but he wasn't. He just went at me straight. 'What was the matter, Bruce?' he said. 'I called your house but there was no answer' "

And Martha left it to Bruce. What she knew of pain and regret, she hid skillfully, as the dream had been hidden. She left it entirely to Bruce. She would not tell him of her disappointment, for delving into the deeps of his being, as only a mother can delve into the deeps of another, she felt in a strange sure way that Bruce was experiencing some disappointment of his

own. What it was, she could not fathom. His abhorrence of college was too decided not to be real. Under his defiance was a friction. Something had happened to Bruce; something had changed him. Martha did not try to probe him. She relied on her intuition; left the rest with Bruce, and waited.

With what perfect patience and per-

severance can a mother wait; and waiting, hope; and hoping, live on happily! Bruce would not fail her. College or no college, she saw him made for success. She had dreamed too well not to be sure; had dreamed too surely to be denied. Whatever came or did not come, Bruce would not fail her.

The following Sunday, the Knights had supper with Alma and Buster at the

little bungalow out Elmwood way. Alma was openly elated, Buster was triumph written in capitals, Bruce was curiosity at top notch.

"Now I sit me down to eat," Bruce chanted gravely as they took their places around the table—

"Now I sit me down to eat,
Nice tinned soup and good canned meat;—

If I should die before I'm through,
I pray the food kills Alma; too!"

Everybody laughed, everybody but Bruce. He continued his delicious devout expression, hands on his stomach, eyes raised ceilingwards.

"There, Mom," he suddenly challenged Martha, "don't tell me I never went to Sunday School."

"You've certainly been going some," said Ed, who was tying a bib on Tots, "you certainly have."

"And that reminds me," Buster began, "if you're so up against college and yet want a decent job to begin your climb to success, maybe, I know—"

"Pass it along!" Bruce exclaimed, "Pass it right along."

"Say, you know that little grey roadster?"

"That classy little car down at the show rooms?"

"The same! Well, Mr. Clark was in the other day—Mr. Angus Clark if you please—looking it over. He thought it some peachy little outfit."

"HE oughta know," said Ed, "with his money."

"And what do you suppose he said?" Buster asked Bruce.

"Pass it along—pass it along! I'm no mind reader of the Orient!"

"He said," Buster drew out the words deliciously, "That's a mighty fine car. If I can find the right man to look after it, I'll buy it." And with that, he went out.

Bruce laid down his knife and fork and squinted at Buster, "You mean for me to get busy?"

"You've said it!"

"Well," Bruce drew the back of his hand across his forehead, "Well, so I could now."

"What's it all about?" Bertha asked.

"It means," said Buster, that there's a chance for your smart young brother to drive the swellest little roadster in the city, if he's only smart enough."

"You mean, be a chauffeur?" Alma arched her brows.

"That's the idea."

"Why, Buster," Alma came back at him with surprising sharpness, "How can you talk like that? What does Bruce know about driving a car?"

"I guess I know more about driving a car than you'll ever know about a cook stove," Bruce retorted. "I guess I haven't been driving around with Buster, Saturdays and holidays and summers for the past two years, for nothing. I guess I know about all there is to know about any old machine made. I'll say that and if you don't believe me, ask Buster."

"I'll say that he does," Buster put in.

"Well, suppose he does," said Alma, disturbed, "that's no sort of a job."

"What's wrong with it, eh?" Bruce snapped.

"Why, it isn't just the thing! Charley wouldn't take a job like that, nor any of the other boys, and you know it."

"Well, say now, what's that got to do with it? Tell me that if you know how."

"Charley's ambitious. He has some sense of propriety. That's something you lack."

"NOW, looka here," Bruce regarded Alma steadily, "maybe I don't know anything about propriety and all those nutty notions of yours, maybe I don't. But I know something about ambition, and you had just better believe that, you just better had. And there isn't a Charley in the whole world could make me do what he does—just because he does it."

"That's true enough," said Henry. Ed laughed and Buster joined in.

Martha was strangely silent.

"Oh, good gracious!" Alma was exasperated and there was no doubt about it. "Haven't you any sense, Bruce Knight?"

"Sure! Only I don't get you."

"Well," Alma said, "suppose now, when I had finished High School, suppose I had refused to go into an office—had *absolutely* refused and had instead—" she paused reflectively, "and instead had insisted on going out as a servant into some family?"

This was met with wild hilarity on the part of Bruce. He threw back his head and roared, "Oh, gosh, if you only had—if you only had! Some maid you'd be, some sporty little back door flirt."

"Bruce, can't you be serious?"

Bruce sobered down, "All right. I'm ready. Go ahead with the next thing."

"It's all right to laugh," Alma said. "But you wouldn't have laughed much if I had really done it."

"Aw—what's the difference? That's some sporty car and Angus Clark's some sporty gentleman. There'd be great pay there, let me tell you; swell money—and that easy. Golly, imagine being paid to run a sporty little car like that. Say, if he'll take me, I'm right on the driver's seat, you bet."

"DAD won't let you."

"Won't he though?" Bruce looked at his father.

"It's Bruce's life," Henry said. "I guess he will have to work it out for himself, Alma."

"If he gets that job—well—" for once Alma was utterly at a loss for words.

"If I get that job," Bruce echoed in his most teasing tone, "I'll come around some afternoon and take you for a ride."

"Take me, too?" Tots broke in.

"I sure will, Baby," said Bruce.

Martha said nothing. There was really nothing she could say. Henry had been right; it was Bruce's life and he must work it out for himself. It hurt her that he had refused to go to college but she would not give in to the hurt.

"Some dandy little rides we'll have, Mom, maybe," he said when they re-

turned home, taking her by the shoulders and shaking her gently. "Some dandy little rides!"

Monday morning, he went away early. Everybody knew where Angus Clark lived. His palatial residence on Columbus Avenue was one of the show places of the city. But not many, other than the invited, dared to push against the imposing iron gates and enter the beautiful grounds. Bruce, however, was one of the not many. He was after a job. He came home about noon.

"Well," he began, "I got it—at least I did for a couple of weeks, Mom. That man Clark is some man all right. He was just at his breakfast when I got there, eatin' all alone in that great big house. His family's off somewheres. So I just told the guy who came to the door I'd see him anyway. I said, 'Just tell him he can go on eating his breakfast anyhow, I'll come in where he is, and tell him it's important—don't forget to tell him that.' Say, they let me in pretty quick, you bet. Some swell house! Gee, I wish you could see it, Mom. I told him who I was and what I wanted. He seemed kinda disappointed at first but, after awhile, we had a pretty good time."

"You look all right to me," he said.

"I oughta," I told him. "This is my best suit. I wore it because of Alma—she's my kid sister—and she's so keen about a sense of propriety, that I thought this might help some."

"WHAT did he say?" Martha was getting anxious.

"Oh, he just laughed and then pitched in and asked me a lot of questions about myself and what training I'd had. I told him about Buster, you bet."

"Well," he said afterwards, looking me up and down, "It's your lack of experience I'm afraid of."

"Now, see here," I come back at him, Mom, 'Sure, I lack experience. But, say, if you won't give it to me with this job, how'd you expect I'm going to have it for the next one—eh?' That kinda got him, you bet, so he's going to try me out. He's going to get the car to-morrow and I'm to be with him. It's some pay, too, Mom—twenty-five dollars a week to start on. I betcha Alma couldn't do any better in any old office. I just betcha she couldn't."

The telephone bell rang and Bruce went to answer it. There followed a somewhat heated conversation. After he had hung up the receiver, he came back to Martha.

"That was Buster," he laughed. "Regular hen-pecked husband already—said Alma was giving him the deuce for putting such outrageous ideas into my head. He wanted me to swear off the job. But I told him I couldn't since I'd already sworn on. Say, he was surprised, you bet! He said I had my nerve going to that house. I explained to him that anything took nerve."

"Yes," Martha interposed, "I heard you."

"He thought it was some pay too,



Bruce, out on the verandah, silent in a dark corner, clinched his fists.
 "I'll be jiggered if they can shoot me off to any old college," he said

you bet!" Bruce thrust his hands into his pockets, whistled softly and waltzed about the living room, "Some money!" he said from time to time.

The next day, Bruce went proudly forth to his new job. Martha saw him leave with mingled pride and misgiving. The second day, he brought the car around to the front door and called her out from pie-making, to admire it. She came; her apron tucked up, a paring knife in her hand. They went over the car together. Bruce explained much that Martha never could understand.

"GREAT, isn't it, Mom? Some sport, your Bruce Knight—some sport! I'll take you out for a ride some day soon," he promised. "I sure will!"

He drove away in high glee and Martha went back to her pie making, perplexed in spirit.

Why wasn't she glad, when he was glad? Why wasn't she pleased that he had the job he really wanted to have? The knife cut deep into the apple she was paring, and she drew it out with a quick little start of dismay. It was as though something had cut deep into the heart of her—had cut deep.

Bruce—a chauffeur! Was that it? Her dream had been different. She had looked to him to aim high, to lift the standard of his ideals, to dare to mount up. He did not care to mount up! He was willing to let his chance slip by—willing simply to take any job, just for "some money."

She remembered one night when he had come in for dinner, hungry as

usual. There was a steak pie. She had taken a peek into the oven, and Bruce standing behind her had sniffed audibly.

"Steak pie! Say, Mom, you're a real sport."

"Almost done!" she had said to herself, then aloud to Bruce, "Well, men who are going to be great some day have to be fed up for the position."

"Say, Mom," he had bent over her, "don't get that 'great idea' on the brain. I'm not counting on being a Roosevelt or an Edison or a Christopher Columbus, you know. This 'great business' is going too far, in my opinion."

But Martha had not forgotten.

"I wonder—" she mused, "I wonder why we dream at all. I wonder why we don't stop before it hurts us!"

Now, it would never be as she had planned—never. Bruce would go on and on evenly. He would not mount up as she had always seen him—mounting—mounting to the very stars.

FOR a week all went well. Then one night he came in late—long after eight o'clock. Henry and Martha had had dinner. The dishes were washed and put away. Martha was sprinkling clothes in the kitchen when Bruce came in, hot and dishevelled.

"Gee!" he said, sitting down by the table. "We had some time, we sure did."

"Tell me about it." Martha said. "What happened?"

"We had a blow-out!" Bruce thrust his hands into his pockets and settled back in his chair, "Some bing-bang blow-out, you bet. We were out on the

Hampton Road, about five miles from Hampton and about twelve miles from here. Golly, it was tough luck, Mom. We had to telephone to Hampton and have a man sent out. Hot? Oh, terrible! We sat down under a tree by the road, Mr. Clark and me, and say, Mom, he's a man, a real sport—"

"What did you talk about?" Martha rolled some dampened handkerchiefs into a bundle and packed them in the clothes basket. "He's very interesting, isn't he, Bruce?"

"WELL, I should say he is! We sure had some chummy talk. College, for a while!" Bruce shifted uneasily. "You see, he's been there. Golly! But they used to have some funny times. He told me stacks of things they used to do. And laugh? Well, I'll say we did some. After a while, he got out a little note book and began to study some writing."

"I'm speaking to our salesmen'," he said. "At a luncheon to-morrow. I'll look over my speech now while we're waiting."

"And say, Mom," continued Bruce, "I just wish Alma could have seen him, I just wish she could, you bet. It made me think some—watching him did. Alma, you know, is just nuts over this servant business. And there sat Angus Clark, in all that dust and heat, studying to serve his salesmen. See? That's what he's doing, Mom—serving them. Get me?"

Martha nodded.

"Why—golly—that's what we're all doing—serving—(Continued on page 71.)

HELP YOURSELF TO HEALTH

ARE YOU
LOSING YOUR LOCKS?
WE HOPE NOT, BUT—



A Department Conducted by

Merritte W. Ireland, Surgeon-General, U. S. Army (Left)
William C. Braisted, Surgeon-General, U. S. Navy (Above)
Hugh S. Cumming, Sr., Surg.-General, U. S. P. H. Service (Right)

WHEN baldness has become well established, there is no known cure. Some of our most eminent skin specialists, the ones who know the very most of what there is to know on the subject of the scalp, are themselves bald. But if that disease known as seborrhoea, which is generally the cause of baldness, can be caught in its very early stages, certainly a man has a fighting chance of retaining his hair.

Whether a man becomes bald at an early age, or at a late age, depends a good deal upon his hereditary type. Certain races are prone to baldness, while it is almost unknown to others. A Chinaman recently spoke at a banquet on things that the American thinks queer about the Chinese, and one thing was the fact that they do not have beards. But this Chinaman thought it just as queer that often American men do not have hair on the top of their heads.

Just as certain races are more afflicted with baldness than others, so are certain families. A man cannot change his heredity, but if he belongs to a breed that is known to have scalp

weakness, he can certainly do something to foster such scalp health as he has and possibly, by this means, prevent the loss of his hair.

There are various symptoms of seborrhoea, among them dandruff, itching, and too much oil. The normal life of an individual healthy hair is generally a few months, or sometimes as long as a year, after which it falls out and is replaced by a new growth. When seborrhoea gets into the root of the hair, it may no longer be able to produce a new growth. Growth, in any case, becomes feebler and feebler before it ceases, and the hair becomes correspondingly finer and shorter. Seborrhoea however does not always produce baldness. Sometimes, it is found coexisting with a luxuriant head of hair.

One of the common habits thought by specialists to promote baldness is the wearing of tight hats. Anything which reduces the circulation in the scalp diminishes its resistance to disease. Some investigators claim that, as a class, men in the country are less prone to baldness than city men because they are less accustomed to compressing their heads into tight

hats, and that for the same reason sailors are less often bald than men in other occupations.

Among the measures for preventing the disease are extreme cleanliness, avoidance of contact with toilet articles used on other people's heads (many diseases of the scalp are contagious) and vigorous massage to keep up a good flow of blood for the nourishment of the hair.

Back of these measures must be the care of the whole general health. Any specific illness is liable to affect the hair. Anaemia or enfeebled circulation—sometimes manifesting themselves in cold hands and feet or imperfect digestion—may be back of the scalp trouble.

Darwin says that hair arrangements may be a purposeless by-product of evolutionary process, but that there is much evidence to indicate that our present long flowing locks have been produced with the definite view of ornamentation. We can guess in what connection. But in losing these locks, we may well inquire whether we are not losing more than good looks, and whether something in our general health does not need attention.



Public brushes are dangerous—

BALDNESS may be prevented, but cannot as yet be cured. The condition of the hair may be related not only to the condition of the scalp, but to the health of the whole body. Good health is therefore the first consideration in the maintenance of good hair



Many have discovered the fact too late



Reading on a railway train is a good way to abuse your eyes

IS YOURS THE EVIL EYE?

THE Ancients were right in thinking that there are certain eyes which have in them the power of evil, to cast a blight upon poor creatures of the earth. They were simply wrong in some of their details. The possessor of an "evil eye" is not a foul fiend who begins his deadly work with the curfew and keeps it up until the cock crows, bringing evil to those with whom the eye comes in contact. The real "evil eye" operates through the waking hours, and its malicious effects are not upon those who intercept its vision, but upon its owner!

Some of the commonest of the evils produced by eyes are headaches, sleeplessness, drowsiness, weakness and fatigue, indigestion, nervousness, impaired powers of concentration, lack of interest in reading, neuralgia, depression, and even insanity.

The evilness of eyes is often "born in 'em." Doctors almost despair of finding a really normal eye. The commonest defects are far-sightedness, near-sightedness, astigmatism (or lack of symmetry in the curvature of the eyeball), and old-sight. Any or all of these conditions may be responsible for bodily ills. If protective and corrective measures are not taken, the eye-condition is liable to be progressive.

The changes which produce what is called old-sight come about gradually and for years but often we are not aware of them until we reach the age of forty or forty-five. Fine print and near objects become indistinct, at first in artificial light and later in daylight. A medical specialist, in a useful little book on the anatomy and physiology of the eye, says "It is useless, by straining the eyes, to attempt to postpone the use of glasses. The popular opinion is to do so, but it is a great mistake. The longer the eyes are deprived of the aids of which they are in need, the more rapidly will the senile changes develop."

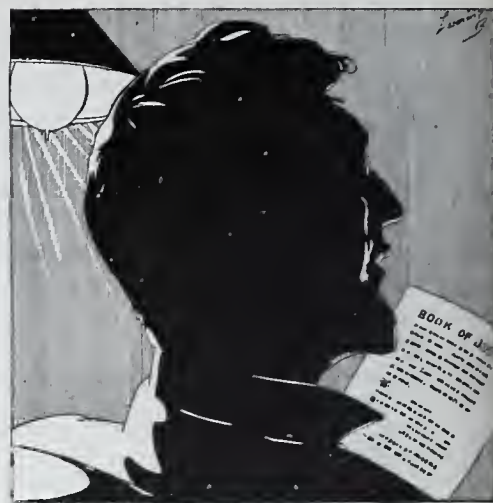
Because you can see clearly, it is

no sign that your eyes are not defective. It may be that you are seeing only with exhausting effort, which in time will increase already existing defects. Practically our only known corrective measure, for eye shortcomings, is the use of glasses. The eye should be examined by a well-educated oculist, and glasses scientifically prescribed.

Besides correcting the defects and thus relieving the eye of as much of its unnecessary strain as possible, you can also protect it from abuse. One of the most important considerations in this connection is light. The safest and pleasantest to the eye is the diffused light from a northern sky, described by the world's greatest artist as "that dull light which seems as if shining under water, throwing delicate liquid shadows." Next to diffused daylight is the incandescent electric lamp, properly softened and shaded, located above and behind so as to shine over the left shoulder. Gas and oil lamps are not so good; for one reason because they burn up some of the oxygen in the air. Very great care should be used with gas jets against their leaking minute quantities of gas. All lights should be steady, never flickering. They should thoroughly illuminate the object to be seen, but should not be so bright as to dazzle. You should never read in inadequate light, or in the dusk. You should not sit facing the light and constantly look from light to darkness and thus call upon the eye to make repeated accommodations. Unglazed paper is desirable, tinted paper is generally more restful, and any book should open flat. Reading while lying in bed, or in a stooping posture, is pernicious. Reading "on the railway train, where the muscle of the eye is forced into unnatural activity, is still worse.

The maintenance of good sight will further depend upon the maintenance of good health in general. Fresh air, outdoor exercise, nutritious diet, plenty of sleep, and a proper relation between work and rest are all involved in eye health.

EVEN though you see all right, it may not be that your eyes are in good condition. It may mean that you are seeing only with great strain. Have your eyes examined by a competent oculist, and do not be too vain to adopt glasses if it is found that they can relieve an over-taxed condition of your eyes. But do not buy glasses without a prescription from a reputable oculist



Letting the light shine over the left shoulder is a safeguard

For removing dust or cinders from the eye, do not place dependence in eye stones. A good deal of their supposed virtue is a kind of superstition. Stretch the upper lid out and down, and then roll it back on a pencil, removing the particle with the fold of a clean handkerchief. Sometimes all that is necessary is the bringing of the upper lid down over the lower, and allowing it to slide up in contact with the latter. If a foreign body becomes lodged deep into the tissue of the eyeball, it may not be extremely painful, but it will cause severe inflammation, and a doctor's services are immediately required.

The most common disease of the eye is that known as "granulated lids." It is tedious and obstinate of cure. If pus is mingled with it, it may be a very serious contagious disease. A doctor's services should be sought for it at once and great care taken against spreading the infection.

Iritis is an inflammation of the little round curtain within the eye which opens and contracts according to the brightness of the light. The inflammation is often mistaken for "only a cold." If it is neglected, it causes real mischief. Cataract is a disease, not on the eye, but in it. Treatment and medication are useless. The only known remedy is an operation. The sight of the eye can generally be restored, although glasses will be required. Glaucoma is a disease in which an excess of fluids in the eye makes the eyeball tender and hard, and exerts such pressure on its delicate contents that sight is destroyed. In its earliest stages, the disease can be checked by an operation but, if neglected, the case is hopeless. If a person has violent pains in the head, particularly if accompanied by flashes of light, rainbow colors, or dimness of vision, he should not allow himself to be lulled into a sense of security by calling it "neuralgia." Squint or cross-eye, when the condition is marked, may be cured only by an operation. Certain mild forms of it are temporary. Glasses are sometimes useful in giving relief.

Before beginning any life work

requiring the use of the eyes, you should have them examined and find out whether or not they are in a proper working condition. Children's eyes should be examined before they enter school. Many a child has been thought stupid when the only trouble was that he could not see. If a child has a constant frown, or a worried and strained expression, it is very liable to be due to defective vision. Blinking in excess is a common sign of it, and sometimes facial twitching. The tilting of the head on one side, or too far back, or forward, may be an indication that something is wrong with the eyes.



Better the chin strap now, than—

ANYTHING AMISS WITH YOUR NOSE?

Cyrano

Tell me why you look so sharply at my nose.

The Intruder

Your lordship mistakes—

Cyrano

Is it soft and swinging like an elephant's trunk?

The Intruder

I did not say—

Cyrano

Or crooked, like the beak of an owl?

The Intruder

No, I—

Cyrano

Is there a wart on the end of it? What's amiss with it?

"You—have a nose—hum!—a nose, sir." Is it undersized and pinched-in, as are often the noses of people who have adenoids and breathe only through their mouths? Or, is your nose over-large to accommodate a superfluous growth inside of it and at the same time let the air through?

Adenoids are one of the commonest, and one of the most important, enemies



An unfortunate appearance later

of childhood. An overgrowth of tissue at the base of the nasal passage, when interfering with the passage of air, adenoids not only change the character of the nose and the whole facial structure—to such an extent that there is a typically adenoid countenance—but they affect adversely the whole general health, and may seriously interfere with mental development.

Mouth breathing, or habitual stopping up of the nose in children, should always be taken seriously. Deafness may result if adenoids exist and the matter is not attended to. Adenoid children often have an improperly developed chest and are pale and anemic. They are particularly prone to such diseases as diphtheria.

Any employer engaging a young man or woman who seems always to breathe through the mouth may be pretty sure that that employee is going to be away from work a good deal during the winter with colds.

Mentally the bad influence of adenoids may be striking. Although there are many exceptions to the rule, in a typical case the child is dull, stupid and backward. Osler, the great physician, said, "Parents should be frankly told that the affection is serious, one which impairs the mental not less than the bodily development of the child. In spite of the thorough ventilation of the subject by specialists, practitioners do not appear to have grasped as yet the full importance of

this disease. They are far too apt to temporize and unnecessarily to postpone radical measures."

He cautioned, however, against operation before making a special examination of the glands, and said that the child should be anaesthetized. When mouth breathing continues after the removal of adenoids, a chin strap may be used to keep the jaws together until nose breathing is re-established. Special exercises should be taken to develop the breathing capacity of the chest.

There are cases of adenoids that shrivel up and disappear at about the age of puberty. The nearer a child is to this age, when the adenoids become noticeable, the less likely is it that operation is necessary. When local conditions do not strongly indicate whether or not to operate, the general health of the whole body should be considered. If there is heart trouble, or joint trouble, or unexplained fever, it may be due to germs harbored in the adenoid tissue, or in the tonsils, and it may be advisable to get rid of these tissues, if they show abnormalities, as possible sources of such bodily disturbances.

As to the nasal obstructions from deviated septums (the cartilage which divides the two sides of the nose) and from enlarged turbinates, a specialist should be consulted. Find one who does not believe in operations except in cases of real necessity. Many unnecessary operations have been performed for these conditions when the only result was—as one of our most eminent doctors states—"a disappointment to the patient and a diminution of his income."

You may well ask yourself, "What is amiss with my nose?" If it is not in the right condition, it may cause you—as surely as Cyrano's did him—to fight many battles for your life—against your enemy, disease.

INJURING YOUR EARS

A YOUNG mechanic was once working by a roadside when a wagon came along and splashed mud into his ear.

(Continued on Page 79)



It should not be done violently

IF your nose is constantly stopped up, and you are subject to colds and sore throats, consult a specialist, for the trouble may be serious. It may have far-reaching effects upon the whole general health, and even induce organic disease

A BETTER AMERICA

Some true stories of people and things that



close of the day, the small tags are his chief hope. Of course, the children are supposed to report at a given spot at a given hour but, being human, some fail to appear and have to be sought for in the crowd. And, as the county sheriff once remarked, "They are harder to find when you want to take them home than a bunch of counterfeiters!" To the efficiency of this tagging system, the officials of the club attribute the fact that no child has ever been lost. And not only has no child been lost, none has ever met with any accident of any kind.

In 1919, six hundred cars carried three thousand orphans to Euclid Beach. Think of those three thousand smiling faces!

A HUMAN DYNAMO FOR GOOD ROADS

By NORA B. KINGSLEY

ONCE upon a time and not so long ago either, a stranger came to town—a small inconspicuous man. He was W. D. Fisher, the new secretary of the Commercial Club. Immediately, things began to happen in Sheridan, Wyoming, for his sole purpose in life seemed to be to make them happen and happen fast and furiously. In less than six months, the membership of the Club was more than doubled; the available funds were multiplied by five; for the first time in five years, the club was pulled out of debt.

Up to this time, Sheridan's only available road in a stretch of 162 miles had had thirty-six gates bristling with barbed wire that had to be opened and closed by each passer-by. These came down! And, to get them removed meant pulling wires more bristling than the proverbial "western barbed wire." However, he accomplished it in record time.

Ice cream cones and balloons are as much a part of Orphans' Day as the automobile parade

He also receives small tags, each having on it the number corresponding with that on the large placards. One of these tags is firmly attached to some button on each orphan; and they flap merrily all day long, some from front buttons and some from the rear. They

serve the double purpose of admission tickets and identification discs. If a small boy wants to ride on the merry-go-round, he stands before the ticket taker with chest thrown out and tag plainly displayed. If a small button-down-the-back girl wishes the same privilege she has to whirl hastily at the entrance and present a back view to the gate keeper. When the driver of car 510 is collecting his passengers at the

THREE THOUSAND SMILING FACES

By ELLA K. CARRUTH

ORPHANS' Day in Cleveland means much to the motherless and fatherless children of that city. Wonderful rides in automobiles, provided by eager owners! An automobile parade with band music past groups of reviewers and, if it's fun to see a parade, what is it to be in one? A box lunch with ice cream and peanuts and all-day suckers added! "The Whip," "Flying Ponies," and all the varieties of merry-go-rounds and roller coasters of Euclid Beach Park where the children are the guests of the management. For the young baseball fans, there is even a Big League Game.

The outing is planned weeks ahead by the Automobile Club of Cleveland and, in answer to their appeals, many citizens contribute money, while others lend their cars. Each driver has two large placards fastened on his car.

ONCE A DESERT

Through the Reclamation Service of the U. S. Government trees grow, crops flourish, and people live where, a few years ago, the desert reigned. This cabin is on the Minidoka Project, Idaho



IN THE MAKING

will strengthen your faith in your country

In six months, this human dynamo had generated enough good roads enthusiasm to reach every nook and corner of his county. Furthermore, it had oozed out around the edges into adjoining counties and adjoining States. With neat sign-boards, he had marked more miles of roads than had been marked in fifteen years; conducted three of the most successful Good-Road meetings in the State; brought the northern part of the State together in a big meeting in the interests of a three-million-dollar Good-Roads bond issue.

But his biggest job of all is the Custer Battlefield Hiway (*official title*) as a Memorial to General George Armstrong Custer and his gallant band, who made a brave stand against a superior force of Sioux at the Big Horn River on June 25, 1876. This is the brief story of that memorable battle: General Custer, who was well-known for his cavalry exploits in the Civil War, and later against the Cheyenne Indians, commanded the advance guard of the troops under General Terry. When he arrived at the junction of the Big Horn and Little Horn rivers, he was informed by his scouts that he was confronted by a small force of Indians. But, after he had divided his regiment in three parts and moved against the enemy, this so-called small band of Indians proved to be the main Sioux force. General Custer's two flanking columns managed to hold out until relief under

General Terry arrived. But Custer and the 264 men of the centre column rode forward into the thick of the enemy—to their death!

It is this battle and these brave men that W. D. Fisher wished to commemorate by a highway named in honor of their leader and passing by their battlefield. He worked quietly for months on this scheme; laid out the entire route, and planned the publicity campaign. Then he began to stir things. Within seven weeks, he had secured the endorsement of both the Federal and State Governments; and he proposes to see the entire route marked by neat sign-boards by July 15th, 1920—a speed hitherto unheard of in United States highway building.

This highway, which is designated as a State and Federal highway, begins at Omaha, Nebraska, passes through approximately one hundred villages, towns and cities in five states, in a distance of fifteen hundred miles, and ends in Glacier National Park, Montana—the Indian's land of legend and mystery. One of the chief assets of the road is the wonderful variety of its scenery and the unusual number of historical spots along the route. It touches the Black Hills Country, with its Hot Springs, Devil's Tower and naturally lighted cave; Powder River, where General Custer started on his last memorable march; Yellowstone Park; the Big Horn Power project, with the highest dam in the world; and the beautiful Big Horn Cañon. It is the original "Buffalo Trail."

Through the energy and moving force of one man, this scenic and historic route is an assured fact. But he has not stopped working on it yet. He has just lately returned from a trip over the entire highway route, where he has been inspecting defective sections and arousing community co-operation for repair work and holding mass meetings. Also, he has secured funds for marking the route, and has been busy getting

camping grounds for tourists established. Already, there are seventy of these camps along the highway.

And when the Custer Battlefield Hiway is finished; when the tourists' information bureaus and camping grounds are ready; when the 6,000 signs are up, W. D. Fisher probably won't even take a vacation. His tireless energy will start in on something else.

HELPING THEM TO HELP THEMSELVES

By ROSS B. JOHNSTON

WE have all sorts of score cards: the report cards that measure the children's work at school; the dairy score card which health departments use to insure us good milk; the scoring card by which the farmer judges his sheep and his cows. But West Virginia has a new kind of score card—one that judges rural districts and villages, judges them by their schools, their homes, their government, all those points which make them a good place for people to live in.

Three years ago, West Virginia started out to learn about her country communities, their needs and their problems, as well as their strength and their possibilities. West Virginia did



(Above) W. D. Fisher, who brought good roads to Sheridan, Wyoming, and who was the driving force behind the Custer Highway. (At the right) Custer's three scouts



(Above) Near the Custer Battlefield Hiway rises Devil's Tower, 1,200 feet high and 800 feet in diameter at the base. According to geologists, it is a unique natural formation



French Creek will soon have good roads

not want a mere compilation of cold facts, but live, red-blooded information, that really told how the people in the country were living, what they were doing for their communities, and what they weren't doing. The score card gives this information; it also shows each town its particular weaknesses and is a definite working basis for new effort. It starts out on a 1,000 point score, with subheadings, such as history, government, clubs, homes, churches, schools, farms, and health; 100 points being given to each subheading, except to farms, which may receive 200 points. For, as these are

ple check up their community and fix the exact ratings. They also make suggestions and help carry out measures which will improve the community. The score card may show that this particular village is low in its school points; it hasn't good equipment. Or it may show that the general standard of health is below other communities. There is nothing like figures—good old figures based on facts—to awaken people and villages to their own shortcomings, and to start them working towards better conditions. There is no attempt to work out a general panacea for all the ills that

their village stands, beset communities. Each place is taken up separately, and its needs treated separately. Thus West Virginia's plans can be used anywhere in the State. The first year, three communities tried out this system. It proved so successful that the next year twenty-five communities wanted to have their good and bad points rated, and this year thirty-three communities, representing almost half the counties of the State, will be "scored." Each place is scored three years in succession. Thus the people can see in black and white just how well they are profiting by the scoring, and how much nearer their community is progressing toward the 1000 point mark which represents the 100% community.

Last year, French Creek, Upshur County, made the highest record in the State. French Creek is a small community of about 100 families, nestling around a little village of less than fifty buildings. The people come from strong, vigorous Scotch-Irish stock. Their ancestors believed in the church, the school and the home as the prime factors in both city and country life. The first settlers, who came from New England in 1809, at once built a church and a schoolhouse; and their descendants followed in their footsteps. French Creek built an academy in 1871, and now has a large community playground, where the young people can play baseball and tennis, and where all, young and old, can meet in the summer for friendly gatherings and picnics.

The people of French Creek are especially law abiding. There has never been a justice of the peace in the community, nor has there ever been a saloon. They are a healthy people, good farmers and good neighbors. But all these favorable points do not mean that French Creek did not discover some shortcomings in the score card. Though the schools were fairly strong, the scoring showed that too few children graduated from High School. French Creek saw the need of a large district High School, and the people have subscribed \$30,000 for one.

French Creek saw, also, that some of the types of farming were not suited to their community. They are now working out a gradual change in co-operation with the farm agent, for the Farm Bureau movement is strong there. The streets of the village are dirt roads, but the citizens of French Creek have had their pride aroused, and they have raised \$5,000 by popular sub-

WEST VIRGINIA SCORE CARD		POINTS			
		Pos- sible	Earned		
			1919	1920	1921
G. SCHOOLS					
1. School opportunities:					
(a) Eight grades	12				
(b) High School advantages	8				
2. School plant:					
(a) Building, playgrounds, equip- ment, library	8				
B. GOVERNMENT					
1. Elections:					
(a) Election campaigns free from bribery and improper practices	12				
(b) All registered citizens vote at primary and general elections	12				
(c) Freedom from undue partizan bias	10				
2. Familiarity with Government matters:					
(a) Reasonable familiarity with both machinery and personnel of county, state and national gov- ernment	10				

farming communities, good farms are at the bottom of everything; they make for good homes, good schools, good churches. The score card is really a little booklet, 40 pages long. Elsewhere on this page you will find a sample of it from which you can see that this score card gets down to real facts.

THIS system of scoring is not imposed by the State upon the rural communities. It comes from within, not without. If a group of country people decide that they would like to see where

SWIMMING INTO HEALTH

A camp for New York City's under-nourished boys. Fresh air, good food, row-boats and a lake are fine antidotes for hot city streets and crowded tenements



scription for sidewalks and good hard roads.

This score card has helped French Creek and the people of French Creek. It has showed them what they needed. They are proud of their village, of its lovely woods and streams, of its playground, of its successful men. They want it to remain the best village in the county, and in the State, and they are working towards that end.

Thus the score card in West Virginia is lighting the way towards better homes, better towns and better citizens!

A COMET STARTS SOMETHING

By ALBERT S. GREGG

WELL, if the world is going to blow up, we might as well go out and have a good time as long as she lasts!"

Thus a gang of young fellows agreed during the scare caused by Halley's comet a few years ago. They lived in the South Broadway neighborhood in Cleveland. When that location is mentioned, no further description is needed.

Under the spell of unrestricted license, the boys did many foolish and harmful things. The climax came when they discovered a pile of brass bearings that belonged to a nearby foundry. With yells of delight, they pounced upon the bearings and rolled them pell mell down into a nearby gully. The next day, a big policeman lined the boys up in police court on a charge of destroying property. The owner claimed that the castings were worth over \$400 and he demanded satisfaction.

Judge Manuel Levine, now a Common Pleas judge, was then a Police judge, and the boys were brought before him. The law said that in cases where the value of the destroyed prop-

erty is over \$100, the accused, if convicted, must be punished by imprisonment. But, as it developed that the boys had acted purely in a spirit of mischief, albeit somewhat wantonly, and did not have court records, the judge was loth to send them to jail. So he passed the case for a month. He lined the boys up in front of him—eleven in all—and made them a little speech.

"Boys," he began, "you wanted to have a good time, and you are entitled to your fun, but in getting it you must not destroy property. You have caused this man a loss of \$400 and, under the law, I may have to send all of you to jail. The case is passed for a month. The final outcome depends upon what you may do before the date of the final hearing. If you manage to get those bearings back in place before the case comes up again, it will make a big difference in the verdict."

The lads saw the point, and immediately planned to replace the castings. As they were all employed during the day, they had no time except after quitting time at night. For fifteen nights, they toiled away at the job and, when the last casting was in place, the owner still claimed that his property had been injured to the extent of \$40, as some of the castings had been banged against the rocks, while rolling down into the gully, and would have to be replaced. The boys made up the \$40 among themselves and, when the case came up at the end of the month, the owner stated that he had been reimbursed, and asked that the action be dismissed, which was done.

In replacing the castings after hours, the boys really did a heroic thing. The first night they worked a crowd gathered, and many of the fellows on the side lines made stinging remarks. But the boys ignored their tormentors and went

right on with their undertaking. After a few nights, the crowd dwindled away, and the youngsters were allowed to finish the job without any further comment.

Now comes the significant part of the entire affair. The boys formed an organization which they named "The Comet Club," in memory of their escapade and the lesson they had learned. That club conducted debates, put on lecture courses, and took an active part in the Civic affairs of South Cleveland. The eleven lads developed into capable men, and are still an active force in the city. But in telling about the Comet Club, let's not forget Judge Levine, for it was his good sense that saved the situation and started the boys in the right direction!



HOME MAKING IN THE SCHOOL

A MODEL apartment in one of New York City's High Schools. Here the girls learn, not only to cook and sew, but also to make beds, keep rooms neat and clean, and to do all those things that make a home



HEALTH AND FUN GO HAND IN HAND

CHO CHO, the Child Health Organization Clown, is increasing and stimulating the children's interest in health matters. This picture shows him with some of his youthful Tooth Brush Crusaders at Camden, New Jersey, and illustrates Camden's health activities during Health Week



JUDGE MANUEL LEVINE

GLIMPSES OF THE NEW



(Above) A group of Junior Red Cross members from the Boston public schools learning how to take temperatures in their class in elementary nursing



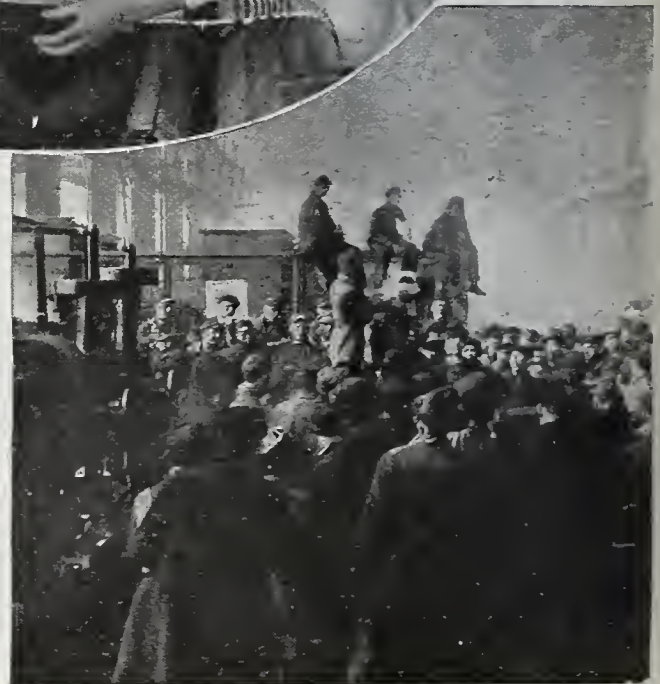
(Right) Correct bed making forms part of the course in Home Nursing. This is a class of girls from the Julia Richman High School in New York City



(Right) Members of the Junior Red Cross at the Hyde School, Boston, working on a special order of rugs for the U. S. Public Health Service Hospital



(Above) Juniors at Fitchburg, Mass., learning how to plant bulbs. (Right) A Red Cross physician teaching First Aid to employees of the Chicago and Alton Railroad Shops at Bloomington, Ill.



RED CROSS AT HOME

first aid for workingmen in Illinois, rugs for a Public Health Service Hospital—all these give an idea of the range of the peace-time program. But, though varied, these activities all spring from one underlying purpose: to bring America better communities, better health and better living



Junior Red Cross members in the Indianapolis schools have been making dolls for the children overseas. (Above) Here are shown some of the results of their work



(Left) The class of Indianapolis Juniors, who made the dolls shown in the picture above, stuffing them, dressing them and painting their expressions



(Left) Making scrap books for the refugee children in France and Belgium is one form of Junior Red Cross activity in the Somerville, Mass., schools



(Above) These Juniors of Tompkins Corners, New York, have built bird houses, so that the birds will make their homes in the neighborhood and eat the insects that spoil the gardens

PETER RABBIT HAS

Then, with a sigh of satisfaction,
Peter went to look for Old Mr. Toad

By Thornton W. Burgess



PETER RABBIT had resolved that if he could do no real good in the world he would at least try to do no harm. So for a long time he kept away from Farmer Brown's garden. At least it was a long time to Peter. It was as much as three whole days and three whole nights! He suspected that Old Mr.

Toad was up there every evening. Peter sighed when he thought of it. Now that he had decided not to go there any more that garden seemed the loveliest place in all the Great World, and he began to envy Old Mr. Toad.

The more he tried not to think about it the more he did think about it. He would stop right in the middle of chewing a mouthful of sweet clover to wonder if right that minute Old Mr. Toad was sitting under a lettuce leaf in Farmer Brown's garden and, at the thought of that crisp, tender lettuce leaf, the clover in his mouth would lose all its sweetness. He would shut his eyes and then see long rows of tender, green lettuce plants, so many of them that he just *knew* a few leaves wouldn't be missed. You know how you can see things with your eyes closed.

But if he could see those lettuce plants that way he couldn't taste them. He could come near enough to tasting them to make his mouth water, but his stomach remained just as empty as before. Then he would open his eyes and chew very fast so as to fill his stomach with sweet clover as soon as possible. With his stomach full, it was easier to forget Farmer Brown's garden.

Just as jolly, round, Mr. Sun was getting ready to go to bed behind the Purple Hills on the evening of the fourth day, Peter found himself not far from Farmer Brown's garden. He pretended to himself to be surprised at finding himself so near and almost made himself really believe that he was surprised.

"It doesn't seem possible that I can have wandered way over here in so short a time," muttered Peter. "It is funny how far a fellow will go wandering along and suddenly find himself where he had no thought of going. It certainly is funny! I wonder if Old Mr. Toad is over there in that garden right now. I would like to see him. I would like to watch him catch those bugs. It would do no harm to just run up there to see. I won't touch anything. Of course not. I just want to see Old Mr. Toad."

Down inside of him, a small voice tried its best to warn Peter to keep away from that garden but Peter

RED Cross ideals
entertainingly
these new adven-
Rabbit. If you have
you haven't, read
pleasant hour just

AN EXCITING EVENING

Illustrations by Harrison Cady

Behind him the great voice of Bowser, the hound, roared steadily

were never more pointed out than in tures of Peter children, or if this story in that before bed-time.

didn't hear it. Anyway, if he did, he didn't heed it. He turned and ran, lipperty-lipperty-lip, up to the garden and slipped under the fence. Already the Black Shadows had crept part way across it and Peter took care to keep in them. He sat up and looked this way and looked that way and looked the

other way. He saw nothing to fear. He pricked up his long ears and listened and listened. He heard nothing to fear. Then, with a little sigh of satisfaction, he started to look for Old Mr. Toad.

First of all, Peter headed straight for the rows of tender, crisp lettuce. Just why he thought he would find Old Mr. Toad there he couldn't have said. But for some reason he didn't once think of looking elsewhere first. I wonder why, don't you?

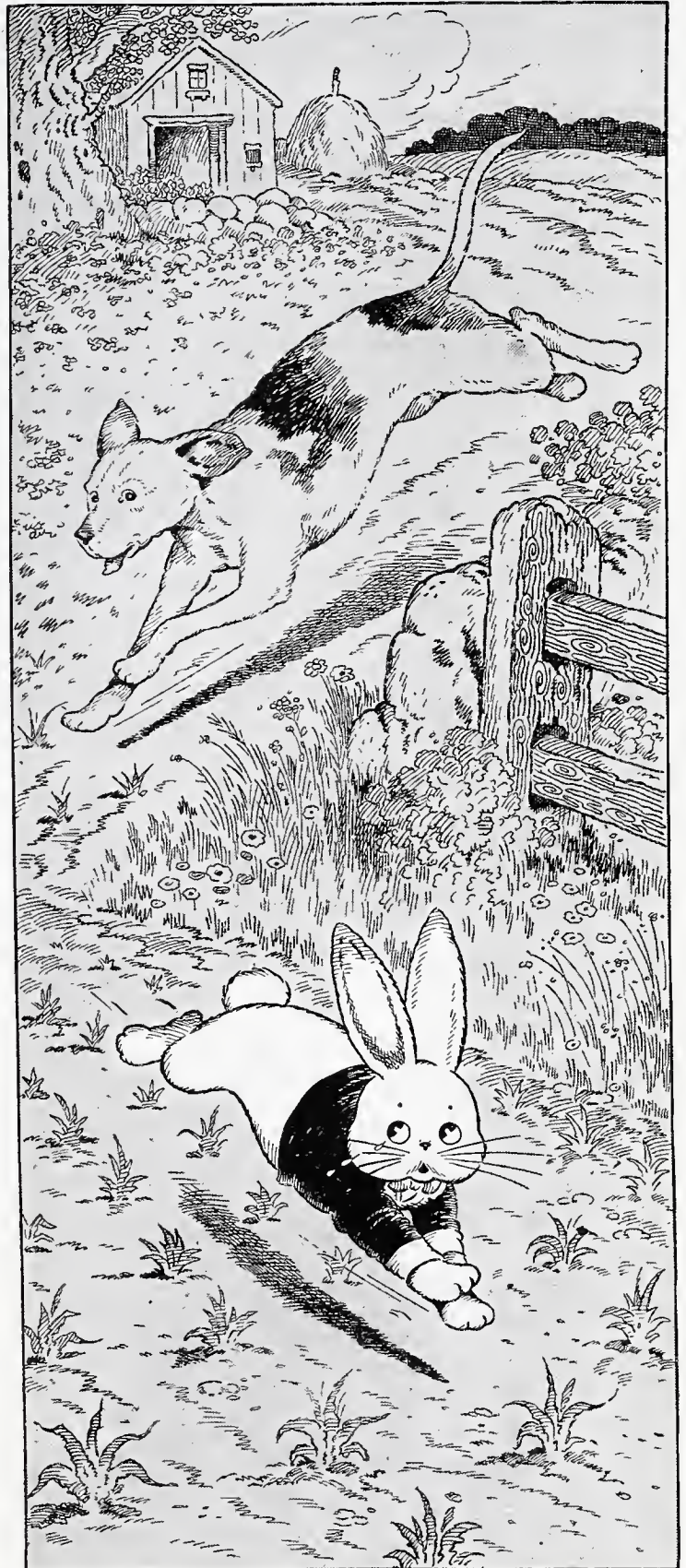
He hopped along slowly between two rows. When he reached the end, he turned and hopped back between two other rows. He hopped slower and slower until finally he stopped. A lettuce leaf brushed his wobbly little nose. He nibbled the edge of it. He just *had* to. At least that is what he told himself.

"One leaf won't matter anyway," said he to himself. "It's an outside leaf and it's right in the way of anyone walking between these two rows. Probably it would be broken off anyway. I'll eat just this one and that's all. I know Farmer Brown's boy would be willing for me to have just one lonesome leaf when he's got ever and ever and ever so many whole plants."

So Peter ate the leaf. By the time that was gone he had quite forgotten all about Old Mr. Toad. When the last bit of that leaf was swallowed he reached out and began another. He did it quite without thinking. Somehow he seemed to have quite forgotten that he was where he had no business to be. He had forgotten all his good resolutions. He had no thought for anything but his stomach. Peter was letting his stomach and not his head rule him. Yes, sir, that is just what he was doing! And you will find that there are many people just like Peter in this respect.

Beautiful, silvery Mistress Moon had come up and Peter blissfully hopped along taking a bite out of a leaf here and a leaf there or stopping to eat the whole of a particularly tender and tempting lettuce heart. He was perfectly happy. He had even forgot to watch and listen for danger.

Suddenly there was a loud sniff not far behind him.



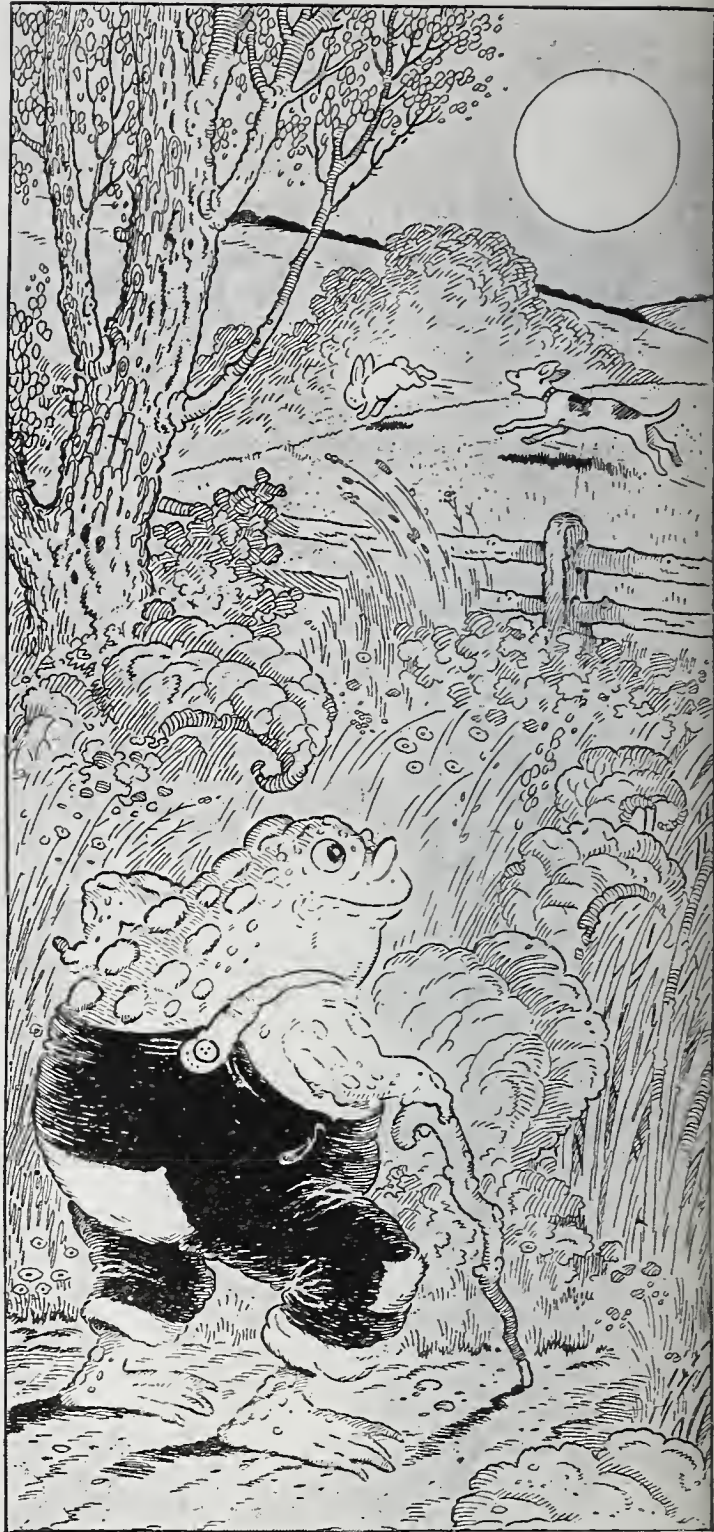
Peter's heart almost stopped beating. Then a great voice roared out. Bowser the Hound had found Peter's tracks! Peter didn't wait to even swallow the piece of lettuce in his mouth. With great jumps he started headlong to get out of that garden and back to the dear Old Briar-patch. He was quite heedless of plants in his way and in his hurry he broke down several by jumping on them.

Behind him Bowser's great voice roared steadily, for Peter was leaving a warm scent easy for Bowser's wonderful nose to follow.

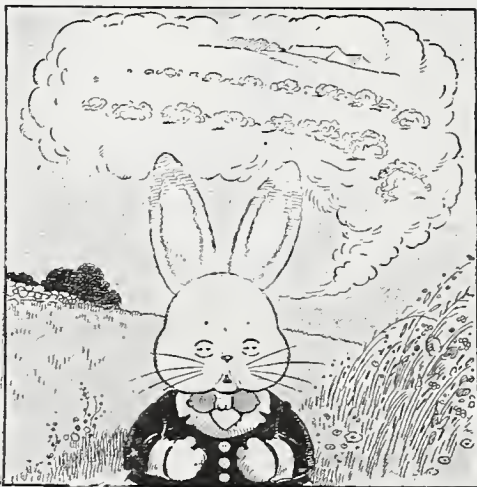
Now all this time Old Mr. Toad had been hard at work catching bugs among the lettuce plants not far off. He hadn't seen Peter and had no idea that he was in the garden. At the sound of Bowser's voice Old Mr. Toad hopped out from under a big lettuce leaf to see what was going on. Something passed right over his head. It was Peter making a long jump. He didn't even see Old Mr. Toad.

"WHA-wha-what—" began Old Mr. Toad, blinking his eyes. But he never finished what he had started to exclaim for just then along came Bowser the Hound running with his nose to the ground and running hard. He didn't see Old Mr. Toad, and one of his big feet sent Old Mr. Toad sprawling. Poor Old Mr. Toad landed on his back and there he kicked feebly for a while, for his breath had been quite knocked out of him. By the time he got it again, and had managed to roll over onto his feet, and feel himself all over to see if he was all there, Bowser's voice was growing faint in the distance towards the dear Old Briar-patch. "Huh!" exclaimed Old Mr. Toad, "Huh! Peter Rabbit has been in mischief again, and it's a wonder I wasn't killed as a result of it. I'll be sore for a week. I know I will. Funny how some folks never seem to learn that they can't get into mischief without making trouble for other folks."

Meanwhile Peter was making the best possible use of his legs to get him to the dear Old Briar-patch before Bowser could catch him. Now it just happened that right in the course he had chosen, one of his good friends with his big family had gone to bed down in the grass. It was Bob White. He and Mrs. Bob White and all the little Bobs, who by this time were big enough to fly, had gone to sleep in a circle, as is their way, so that if they have to fly in the night suddenly they will go in different directions and none will be in the way of another. Peter didn't know they were there and he all but landed in the middle of



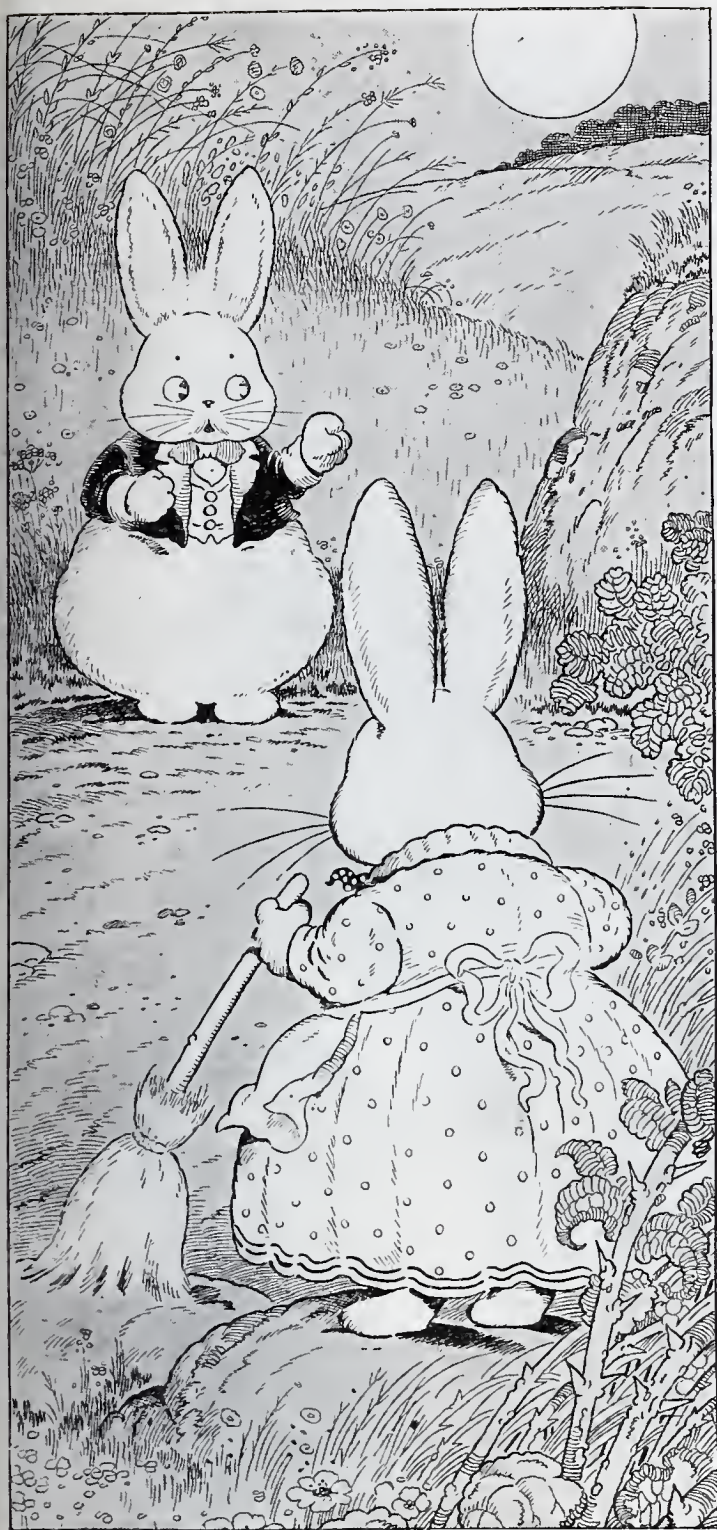
"Huh," exclaimed Mr. Toad, "Peter Rabbit has been in mischief again"



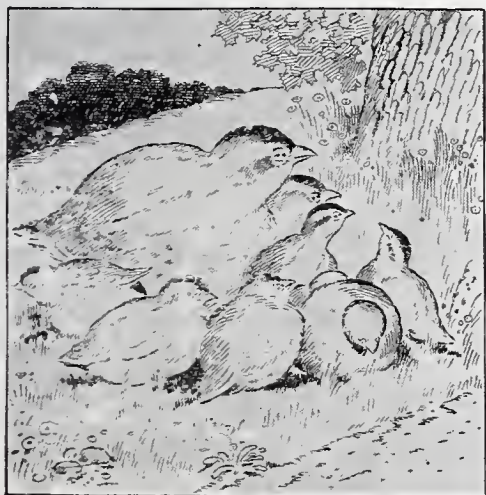
When he shut his eyes, he saw long rows of tender green lettuce



As Old Mr. Toad hopped out, something passed right over his head



Peter told her with glee about the good turn Reddy Fox had done him



Bob White and Mrs. Bob and the family were asleep in a circle

them. It is a question which was the more frightened, the Bob Whites at the sudden awakening, or Peter at the roar of their wings as they took to the air almost in his face.

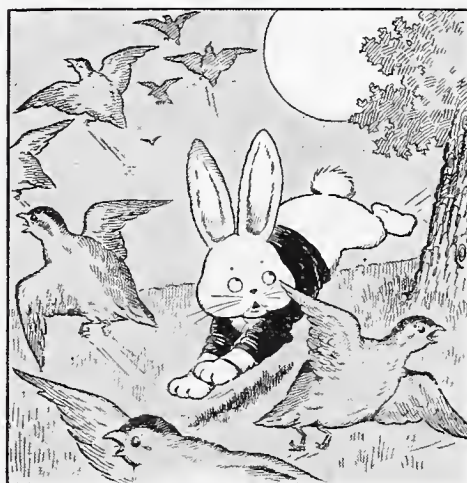
But he had no time to think of them then and so he kept on as fast as he could. Now just a little while before, Reddy Fox had passed that way. Without knowing it, Peter crossed his trail. But Bowser the Hound, running with his wonderful nose to the ground, smelled Reddy Fox the instant he reached that trail. Instantly he forgot all about Peter. Bowser will never waste time hunting Peter Rabbit when he can hunt Reddy Fox. That trail was fresh. Bowser turned and a new note of eagerness crept into his voice as he started after Reddy Fox.

PETER ran only a little way farther before discovering that Bowser was no longer following him. He stopped to get his breath. "Thank goodness!" he exclaimed. "It must be Reddy Fox has been along and Bowser has found his trail." Then Peter grinned. "It isn't often Reddy Fox does me a good turn, but he has this time. My, but I'm tired! Running on a full stomach is hard work. What a racket Bowser is making! I'd rather listen to him behind someone else than behind me. I think I'll get home and rest a bit. This has been an exciting evening.

So Peter hopped along, lipperty-lipperty-lip, and soon was safe in the dear Old Briar-patch where timid little Mrs. Peter was anxiously waiting for him. He told her with great glee the good turn Reddy Fox had unknowingly done him, and then in great content settled himself for a nap. "All is well that ends well!" said he drowsily.

But happy-go-lucky, heedless Peter Rabbit was thinking only of himself. It didn't once enter his head that he had made trouble for others. But up in Farmer Brown's garden were a lot of ruined lettuce plants, and among them sat Old Mr. Toad bruised and sore and rather sick to his stomach through no fault of his own. And, down on the Green Meadows, Bob White and Mrs. Bob were trying to get their family together, frightened and robbed of a night's rest. And, way over in the Old Pasture, Reddy Fox was trying to fool Bowser the Hound, and so get rid of him in time to hunt for a dinner, for Reddy was just starting out to hunt when Peter led Bowser across his trail. As a matter of fact poor Reddy went dinnerless that night.

And all these things happened just because Peter Rabbit couldn't or didn't resist temptation!



It is a question which was the most frightened, the Bob Whites or Peter



Fuller E. Calloway of La Grange, Georgia, to-day and forty years ago. He has made his own way since he was ten

MAKING AMERICAN CITIZENS

And running cotton mills to pay the expenses

“**S**T. CALLAWAY *Ora Pro Me.*”
From an upper window that opened on the garden side of the house, you looked down on these words done in well-clipped box. If ever you should visit St. Neot’s Church in Cornwall, England, you will find the original of the motto, on a beautiful twelfth century stained glass window, a window of the Callaway family. The motto in St. Neot’s Church reads *Ora Pro Nobis*; but the owner of the garden, Fuller E. Calloway of La Grange, Georgia, feeling a special need

By Ida M. Tarbell

of individual prayer changed it to *Ora Pro Me*; and thus it appears on his book-plate and in his garden.

It is one of the clues to the man—a strong man with a carefully cultivated fear of becoming “bigotty.” “Enough trouble to keep me humble” is, he tells you, a phrase of his daily prayer. Such wisdom is rare, but those who remember him at Washington in recent war times—he was a member of the Field

Division of the Council of National Defense, and later of the President’s First Industrial Conference (the writer was a member of both bodies and there first met Mr. Calloway) will remember how persistently and pointedly he rubbed in this particular piece of wisdom. There were plenty of opportunities! I doubt if anybody ever talked an evening with Mr. Calloway without hearing him declare, “Successful men are always in danger of acting like hogs. When they have both forefeet in the trough and are

eating fine, they are not content. Up goes the left hind foot, and over goes the trough." In his judgment, the test of wisdom is keeping that left hind foot on the ground. A man, counted successful, who warns his fellows in this way is not to be lightly passed by. You know that he must have had experience somewhere that is worth looking into.

"What do you do at La Grange?" I asked him accordingly.

"We make American citizens, and run cotton mills to pay the expenses."

That settled it for me. I begged to be allowed to go to La Grange, and that was the way that from the windows of the guest chamber in Hills and Dales, as his lovely home is called, I discovered, *St. Callaway, Ora Pro Me*, and later learned about St. Neot and the long line of Callaways from Cornwall in the 12th century down to La Grange in the 20th.

One is not wrong in suspecting that if this man is really, as he says, making American citizens, he is doing it in a way quite his own. Fuller Calloway is literally as self-made a man as can be easily found. He began the making at ten years, when he deliberately left the home of his preacher father. That home was altogether too crowded from his point of view, since there were fourteen children; so many, as he says, that if one slipped out, he was not missed for some time. And so Fuller took the road to earn his fortune. He seems to have tried several things at the start, tried them in bare feet and through many tribulations; but it is fine to hear him tell about them. He never whines; never uses his early hardships for any other purpose than to set you laughing, or perhaps incidentally to rub in a bit of wisdom.

BY the time he was 13 years old, he was a capitalist. It came about in this way. There was not much to do in Georgia in those days except "make a crop," so he hired a mule and a bit of land and raised cotton. In the fall, he sold it and banked the money—\$36.45.

Just about this time, an older brother who was established in life, seems to have had a twinge of conscience about the young man. He called him in, asking severely, as he looked over the rather battered young specimen, "Fuller, what are you going to make of yourself?"

The boy opened his eyes in surprise. "Make of myself? Why, I am *made!*" And to prove it, he pulled out his bank book. "Look at that!" he said; and there it was, his capital, \$36.45.

He had learned this much, that capital comes from labor—labor and thrift. And he kept at it. Probably his ancestry working in him told him that life needed something more than capital, for in his odd times he was trying to get an education. It was his education that led him to draw his first check on his bank account. It was a check for 20 cents—the cost of a copy book. "Why, my boy," the banker said, "we are not accustomed to accepting checks for less than a dollar." "But I don't

want a dollar," he answered. My copy book is only 20 cents. I am afraid if I had 80 cents more I might spend it."

That settled it. "You may cash a check for 20 cents or one cent at this bank any time you want to," he was told; and it is rather fine to hear that that banker has never failed since to cash any check of any size that the young depositor has presented.

HE was learning many things, and one thing that I think has been very important in his later business of making American citizens; and that is, that however convinced one may be of the importance of capital and the relation of labor and thrift to it and of the need of education if you are to have a real life, the price you pay for them is almost sure sooner or later to make you doubtful whether they are worth it. That time came to him when he was 15 or 16, a boy of all work in a general store at La Grange. He was asked to do a thing which seemed to him menial. It was serving the colored race—a race which all his traditions taught him should be the one to serve. He did the errand but he made up his mind that now the time had come when he could cast off the yoke of labor and throw himself on the elder brother, with whom by this time he was living. His brother's pride would be stirred by the tale of the disgraceful things asked of him. He would rise in anger and say, "Give up your job. A Calloway shall never so bemean himself"; and then, with food and clothing provided he would spend the rest of his life loafing on that brother's front porch.

"It was a deliberate scheme of mine," he said. "I was calculating to make a move which would enable me to loaf the rest of my life."

He studied his part and, at the psychological moment, as he thought, sprang his story on his brother. What he learned was that there was a deeper kind of pride in the Calloway blood; and that came to the top now; for the young man was told that work and service were the only things that became a real man, that in his position whatever it was necessary for him to do, he must do like a gentleman; also that if he threw up his job, he would have to find another boarding place.

"THAT fixed it for me," Mr. Calloway will tell you. "I was at the store by daylight the next morning. It was the turning point in my life. It signified whether I was to remain an independent, self-respecting individual or become a deliberate idler."

But the beauty of it is that Mr. Calloway has never forgotten the lesson, and to-day when a mill hand, or an overseer, or anybody in any relation to him shows an inclination to turn loafer (and who does not feel it coming on at times?) he can sympathize with such a person and understand him, and know what to say to him. It would be an interesting thing to discover just how many men have been turned

from idleness and shiftlessness by the simple fact that Fuller Calloway has never forgotten just what he learned at that critical moment of his life.

He went on after that working persistently and joyfully, taking a hand in everything that came his way—a store of his own, a five and ten cent venture; a little stock here, a little stock there; a piece of land here, a piece of land there—until, finally, about twenty years ago, through a turn of fortune, he became a mill owner.

"It was like measles in the South in those days," he tells you. "Every town wanted to build a cotton mill. We caught it at La Grange. We did not have much of anything, but we got up a cotton mill; and auctioned off the directorships. Anybody that would take \$5,000 worth of stock, we would make a director; and, if a widow with a son had \$2,000, we would make the son a bookkeeper. We organized our little mill, and got our home people there to work in it, and we worked it along rather human lines. Everybody was proud of it, and carried everything they had in it. A good many of the laborers took stock in it. We had a great many poor white people with the highest type of morality and religion. They could not produce cotton at five cents a pound against the negro; and these men began to move to town as cotton mill operatives. Their position in the country had been so poor, on account of the low price of the product, that it elevated them even to bring them to town to work in a cotton mill, which in itself was a poorly paid occupation.

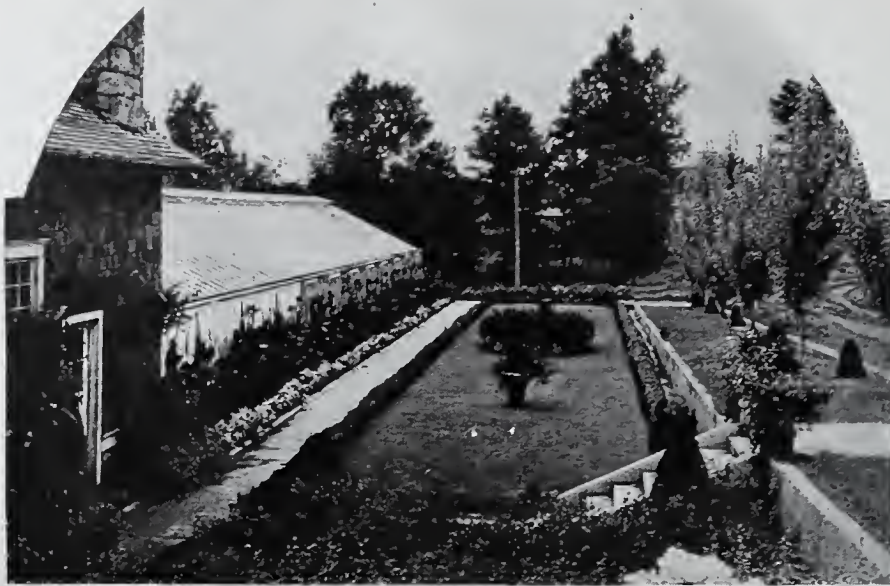
"THEY were mighty good stock, however, pure Anglo-Saxon. We have 8,000 operatives in La Grange now, and there is only one foreigner among them. They have been resting back in the mountains for several generations, the country sort of forgot about them, and they had no chance at education. Many of them cannot read and write when they come out. They have not much of anything but their independence but they are mighty careful about that. It was this kind of people that we had from the start as operatives in our La Grange mill. You cannot standardize that kind of people. They are too independent, too individual; and I have felt right along that nothing would be worse for the country than to try to standardize them. If you are going to have good Americans, you must have individuals, and our problem is to make them good American citizens as well as good cotton mill operatives."

This idea of not destroying the individual has persisted. I rather think it has grown with experience. I remember that at the Industrial Conference, the only resolution Mr. Calloway introduced was to this effect:

"Resolved: That individual initiative and enterprise should be encouraged." He backed up his resolution by some characteristic remarks.

"I am afraid," he said, "that the next danger in this country is in the attempt to standardize Americans and

As a rule, we do not imagine cotton mills as beauty spots. The greenhouse, at the right, is an example of the lovely environment in which we find the mill workers of Southwest La Grange, Georgia



(Below) Unity Cotton Mills, the first mill built by Mr. Calloway's organization. Plants built since Unity was erected owe their success to the principles followed in this pioneer mill of La Grange



patent the process, like Germany did. They made a great success of it. They did get this great efficiency in their standardization and in their patents on men; and then they exploded! We should pay a great deal of attention to the individual here. Sixty to eighty per cent of the population of America consists of individuals who are not standardized, and who are not willing to be standardized by either capital or labor. They are the great mass of the people, the backbone of this country. Whatever we do, we must not leave them out. If we do, this great mass of people without any leader, and without an organization, have a way of rising like locusts and devouring everything that gets in their way. Whenever anything is wrong, they will right it. When along in the 90's, capital felt like it had the world by the tail with a down hill swing, the people rose up and set it right. Labor is now in its best position since Adam was a boy. Now I say to Labor, 'Don't make the mistake of putting that left hind foot in the trough! Don't try to standardize

everybody, because it can't be done.' "

They have not tried to standardize individuals at La Grange. I have never seen an industrial community in which the individual meets with more respect and encouragement. Finding out what is in the boys and girls, the men and women, and trying to help that thing sprout and grow is one of the chief occupations of the place. This is the more possible, because the Southern cotton mill is a very different proposition from the average factory or mill in the North. The mill is the center of a town, a cotton town. The town has little or no relation to any other community. The mill, as a rule, owns a large tract of country, and here everything connected with its life is grouped—the homes, the churches, the schools, the shops.

THIS mill town keeps very much to itself. It does not want its big neighbor, if it has one, to interfere with it; it mixes very little with its neighbor. That is probably due in a measure to snobbishness on the part of both com-

munities. But the thing being as it is, it is easy to see that if you have understanding leaders, you have an extraordinary opportunity of directing and developing those who, like most of the operatives, have had no directing or developing influences for generations, yet who are of the purest American stock, many of them with unusual native abilities.

MR. CALLOWAY is keen on education. He knows what it costs to get it, having himself had to fight for it, as he did for his capital; and, when he became a mill owner twenty years ago, the first thing he did was to start a school for the little children of the operatives. That school was as nearly a missionary effort as you often find. It was that because Mr. Calloway who is a genius for selecting people, who have what he terms the "call," was able to put his hand on a woman who looks upon teaching as the greatest privilege that the Lord vouchsafes to mortals. "To have the opportunity to teach, and to teach these little folks that

otherwise would be left in ignorance, can you think of a greater privilege to come to a woman?" I heard her say.

She has given twenty years of her life to the children of the mill town, and all of the pioneer problems have come to her. Just now she is tackling that very hard one of developing the part-time or continuation school. Just how difficult the problems she has had to face in these twenty years have been is clear if one remembers that the mountain folks when they first come to the town, proud and self-reliant, have many of them nothing but contempt for reading and writing. They never needed it; their mothers and fathers never needed it. Why should their children want it? They do not need it in order to be cotton operatives. You take that spirit in a family, and you can see what tact and what long, long patience may be required to get the child into the school.

And there was another problem for Mr. Calloway to solve; that of the director who looked on running a school as robbing the stockholder. Moreover to such a mind it was dangerous to educate people who are to be mill operatives. You can only control them by keeping them in ignorance. It takes a long time for the ideas of the Middle Ages—and earlier—to die in this world.

"The only man I am afraid of," said Mr. Calloway, "is the ignorant man. Educate a man and you can reason with him. I don't want people who cannot think in any undertaking of mine. I am afraid of them. I am never afraid of a man who can think." And being, himself, persuasive and good humored and eminently successful in business, the directors yielded. The schools have gone on, until to-day, it is not a question of getting the children to attend them; it is a question of getting them to go home!

You don't wonder when you look in

on them, in their really beautiful school building, with the finest play ground that I have ever seen. It consists of two terraces, each 800 by 200 feet, onto which every morning and afternoon for forty-minute periods, 300 or 400 children at a time are turned. They scatter to their play like the well-disciplined little soldiers they are. The game or exercise that each goes to has been settled by the most careful examination of the little body. For the weak chest, there is one thing; for the bent back, another; for anemia, another. For forty minutes, they go to it as only children can and, at the end of the period, come in flushed with health and happiness.

IT is wonderful to see how the little mountain folk, coming down almost always under-nourished, old beyond their years, shy as young animals, without any experience of groups, little by little learn new ways, get color in their faces, dirt off their bodies, clean clothes on their backs, and shoes on their feet. It is wonderful, too, to see how what they learn filters into their homes, where their people are often suspicious of these unusual things.

The children carry home news of the craft into which the older folks have come, for in scores of ingenious ways the great industry's relations to the world's prosperity; its service in clothing mankind, are taught in the schools; and somehow an interest in the thing that they are learning to do beyond the mere money that it brings in, grows and grows in the workers and a sense of the dignity and service of the thing is acquired.

Then the school does more. Two or three times every day, in the pleasant auditorium, carefully selected moving pictures are shown. To these the mill hands come in off hours. To these the

children go. They are expected to report on what they have seen, are carefully instructed in regard to its meaning. Unconsciously and naturally, they take back to their parents information about the pictures both have watched. Reticent and silent home habits begin to break down under the impact of interesting new things seen together, and about which the children have information the older folks do not possess. It is a way of opening minds, of getting them in the habit of thinking.

"THINKING is only a habit," Mr. Calloway says. "Nearly everybody has a good set of brains to start with. I used to think as a child that a set of brains was a sort of bee gum where they put the wax and honey. We make the mistake, a good many people do at least, of filling these brain cells so full of Latin and Greek that when a good suggestion comes along, there is no vacancy for it. I think we ought to leave more of these cells open for practical things, at least not standardize them."

That was what Mr. Calloway told the Industrial Conference. What he is doing at La Grange, is putting something into the bee gum cells that have always been empty for lack of opportunity to gather honey.

Of course, this sort of school would be impossible without teachers with the "call." They have them. They have a man at the top that I think any college needing an educator, not a promoter, might be glad to get. But I think he would rather stay with these mill people than be anywhere else in the world. It seems to be the case with all of these who are helping to make American citizens in this community. "This is the most magnificent opportunity a man ever had," I heard a wonderful young doctor, who has taken



Public schools, parks and playgrounds for workers are found in La Grange, Georgia

Child development heads the program of this clean, well-kept community

Making American Citizens

up the work of driving tuberculosis, typhoid and hookworm from the community, say. "I would not exchange it for anything in the world." They all seem to feel that way.

One fine thing about it is that these people with a "call" are not expected to live at La Grange on inspiration and labor alone.

"I don't know anybody," says Mr. Calloway, "that is of more use in this community than the teachers. I think they do as much for the business as anybody. It is fair that they should have their return. Our average teacher gets \$85 a month, and we pay them 12 months in the year. Of course the teachers have vacations; but they have to live during vacation; and my experience is that in those three months they go off and fill up with new ideas and new enthusiasm and learn things about how to teach better. Now, it is not fair that they should be unpaid while they are doing that, so we pay them for twelve months. Then, too, our teachers share in the profits. We believe everybody here should have a share in whatever extra is made. Last year was a good year, and our teachers got about 40 per cent."

Count up the 40 per cent of the average salary, and you will find it is something over \$400 extra. This goes

farther in La Grange than in any town I've been in, for many a day. It is part of the contract with the teachers, doctors, settlement workers, Y. M. C. A. and preachers that they shall live in the town. "We want this to be a real town," Mr. Calloway says, "with all kinds of people in it that make up a town. We want everybody to know everybody, just as they do in other villages, so it is understood that everybody that works here in any way whatever lives here as well."

LIVING in a mill town means that the Company furnishes you a house. There is a big park of fifty acres or so in the center of the town—the only gift that Mr. Calloway has ever allowed to be named after him. The deed runs, I am told, "*Until Gabriel blows his horn!*"

Around the park are ranged scores of pretty cottages. The teachers' rent-free cottage or "home" is among these.

These houses are very attractive and convenient, but they are no better in essentials than the houses of the operatives, than the pretty Martha Washington Home across the park, where 80 or more mill girls live at something like \$5.50 a week, with a matron at their head, another one within call a dozen or so young married couples to keep the atmosphere right; an occasional teacher or doctor; and every now and then, visitors.

A lovely place, this Martha Washington Home! One sees here how it might be for working girls, if people really believed that making American citizens was more important than making cotton. I looked into several of the rooms. They might have been the rooms of college girls in almost any college town. I remember seeing in one of them a pile of books that would have been a credit to any college girl or her teacher, so surely did they point out that the mill girl was following a plan of serious reading, mixing with it, poetry; a novel that had stood the test of time; and a little handbook of practical instruction on her work as an operative.

(Continued on page 70.)



(Above) Mr. and Mrs. Calloway. (Below) A typical Georgia barbecue given by them. European and New England delegates to the World Cotton Conference held in New Orleans last October spent a memorable day at La Grange



BILLY BRAD AND THE MIDDLEMAN

By Ellis Parker Butler

Author of "Pigs is Pigs"

Illustrated by J. R. Shaver

WHEN the ears of corn in Billy Brad's cornfield began to have tassels of corn silk peeping out at the top where the ends of the husks came to a point, he knew the corn was getting ripe enough to eat, because Henry Staples said so, and Henry Staples knew all about corn. Billy Brad became quite excited! It was delightful to see so many ears of corn growing, all getting ready to be eaten.

One day, Billy Brad went through all his rows of corn and counted all the ears. Long before he was through, he lost track of the number of ears he had counted, but he knew they were a very great many, and he was sure he would be very rich when he had gathered all the ears of corn and had sold them.

"For—for because I've got so many," he told his Uncle Peter Henry, "and—and I only have to give twelve ears for a dozen, and—and my mamma pays sixty cents for a dozen."

Uncle Peter Henry, who was leaning on the fence of the cornfield, looking at the tall, handsome cornstalks, turned and looked at Billy Brad's enthusiastic face and smiled, but Billy Brad did not like the smile very well.

"What are you smiling that kind of smile for, Uncle Peter Henry?" he asked uneasily. That smile worried Billy Brad, because his Uncle Peter Henry was quite bald and wore big spectacles with real tortoise-shell rims and looked as wise as an owl, and when a man as wise as Uncle Peter Henry smiles a doubtful smile, one may be sure he is thinking things.

"Was I smiling?" asked Uncle Peter Henry. "It must have been because I was thinking of the middleman."

"But who is the middleman, Uncle Peter Henry?" Billy Brad asked uneasily. "Is he some-

body I have to pay rent and taxes to?"

Uncle Peter Henry laughed.

"No, Billy Brad," he said, "you don't have to pay him rent and taxes. He is the man that buys your corn."

"But—but I'm going to sell my corn to my mamma," Billy Brad said.

"All of it? All that corn?" asked Uncle Peter Henry, waving his hand toward the cornfield. "Why, Billy Brad, you have more corn there than fifty mamma's could use. It would not surprise me, if you had more corn than one hundred mamma's could use. You know that."

"Do I?" asked Billy Brad doubtfully.

"Of course you do!" said Uncle Peter Henry. "So what will you do with the corn your mamma does not want?"

"Why—why, I'll sell it," said Billy Brad. "I'll sell it to Mr. Jones, the grocery man, because he sells corn. He can buy my corn that my mamma don't

want, and he can sell it in his grocery store."

"Of course! Certainly he can!" said Uncle Peter Henry. "He can buy all your corn and he can sell it again to people who want corn to eat. And I expect he will be glad to buy nice corn, such as your corn is, and sell it again, because that is one of the reasons he has a vegetable market in his grocery store. He has the vegetable market so he can buy corn from you and sell it to someone who wants corn. And, of course, that is why he is the middleman—he stands in the middle. He is between you, who grew the corn, and the person who buys the corn to eat, and that is why we call him the middleman."

"Well, I don't care," said Billy Brad. "I don't care whether I sell my corn to my mamma for sixty cents a dozen or to Mr. Jones for sixty cents a dozen. I don't care who I sell my corn to, Uncle Peter Henry."

"Except," said Uncle Peter Henry, "that Mr. Jones will not pay you sixty cents a dozen."

"Won't he?" asked Billy Brad. "But I want him to, Uncle Peter Henry. Why won't he, when my mamma will? How much will he pay me for my corn, Uncle Peter Henry?"

"That I don't know," said Uncle Peter Henry gravely. "Mr. Jones will have to tell you that, but I think, perhaps, he may pay you thirty cents a dozen. Perhaps not so much as that; perhaps a little more."

Billy Brad's face fell. He looked quite sad and disappointed to hear he would only get thirty cents a dozen for his corn when he had hoped to get sixty cents a dozen for it.

"Then I think he is mean—real mean!" he said.

"Oh, no!" said Uncle Peter

THERE is more than a touch of universal human nature in this whimsically wise tale of Billy Brad and his rows and rows of corn just waiting to be eaten. If you don't sympathize with Billy Brad, indeed, and his desire for dozens and dozens of Mamma's, we miss our guess. Beneath Mr. Butler's entertaining story, however, lies a clear and simply reasoned explanation of fundamental economics, that goes far deeper than the amused reader will at first suspect. Middleman baiters, especially, will find much food for thought in Uncle Peter Henry's remarks about Mr. Jones, the grocer

Billy Brad and the Middleman

Henry. "Mr. Jones is a nice man. He is a very honest grocer, I think."

"Then why won't he pay me sixty cents a dozen when my mamma will pay me sixty cents a dozen?" Billy Brad asked.

"One reason," said Uncle Peter Henry, "is because he has to wear shoes."

"Shoes!" cried Billy Brad, quite astonished.

"And he has a wife, too," said Uncle Peter Henry, trying to hide a smile, "and she has to wear shoes. And he has children and they have to wear shoes. And they all have to wear clothes. Have you ever seen Mr. Jones' delivery automobiles, Billy Brad?"

"Yes! They're nice ones," said Billy Brad.

"But they will not run without gasoline," said Uncle Peter Henry, "and they will not run unless someone sits on the driver's seat to handle the wheel. And shoes and clothes and gasoline have to be paid for, and the wages of the delivery boy who runs the delivery automobile have to be paid every week. And that is why Mr. Jones cannot pay you sixty cents a dozen for your corn."

"Is it?" asked Billy Brad.

"Of course it is!" said Uncle Peter Henry. "Mr. Jones has only one way of earning the money to pay for his shoes and his wife's shoes and his children's shoes, and he has only the same way of earning money to pay for gasoline and to pay the wages of his clerks and delivery boys. He buys things to sell in his store and then he sells them for more than he paid for them; and the difference, between what he pays and what he sells them for, is the money he has earned to pay for shoes and everything else that he must have. You can see, can't you, Billy Brad, that if he paid sixty cents for your corn and sold it again for sixty cents he would not earn any money to buy shoes with or to do anything else with?"

"But I want sixty cents for my corn," said Billy Brad rather stubbornly. "Why don't Mr. Jones pay me sixty cents for my corn and then sell it for more than sixty cents?"

"I think he would be willing to, if he could," said Uncle Peter Henry, "but he can't. When all the other grocers and markets are selling corn for sixty cents a dozen, and when little Billy Brads are selling it for sixty cents a dozen, too, Mr. Jones cannot ask more than sixty cents. If he does ask more for his corn,

people will not buy it. If Mr. Jones asks seventy cents for his corn, when all the other markets and all the Billy Brads are asking only sixty cents, no one will buy his corn. So he asks only sixty cents, and pays enough less for the corn to be able to sell it for sixty cents and have money left to buy shoes and clothes, and to pay rent and taxes, and ever so many other things."

"Oh, my!" exclaimed Billy Brad.

"YES, indeed!" said Uncle Peter Henry. "You can hardly imagine how many things Mr. Jones has to pay for out of the difference between what he pays for corn and other things, and what he sells the corn and other things for. Out of that difference he has to pay for everything he wears and eats, and everything his family wears and eats, and for his housing and everything about his house—gas, water, milk and everything! And out of that difference he has to pay for his store, and its lights and heat, and all his clerk-hire, and taxes and everything else about his store that costs money. And this seems to be all more or less right and proper, because the middleman is often a very useful man."

"Why is he?" asked Billy Brad, who could not quite like a man who would pay only thirty cents for his corn.

"He is a useful man, when his store is a good store and an honest store, because then it is a place where you and your mamma can go to get things she needs and must have. It would be a great deal more trouble for your mamma—if she wanted to get her supplies for only one day—to have to go to a soap factory for one cake of soap, and to a bluing factory for

indigo, and to a starch factory for starch. Mr. Jones, as a middleman, has them all."

"And cookies, too?" said Billy Brad.

"Yes, and cookies," said Uncle Peter Henry, "and pepper. Your mother would never get her day ended if she had to go to Singapore for an ounce of pepper, and to Ceylon for a pound of tea, and to Brazil for a pound of coffee. The middleman has all these things and that is why he can be so useful, but he has to live and keep his store going, and that is why he cannot pay as much for green corn as your mamma can; it is the reason why he has to make what is called a 'profit' on everything he sells. His 'profit' is the pay he receives for being a useful middleman."

"BUT I wish he would pay sixty cents for my corn," Billy Brad insisted, for he had set his heart on sixty cents.

"I am afraid the only way you can get sixty cents a dozen for your corn, Billy Brad," said Uncle Peter Henry, "is to peddle it from house to house yourself. You might do that. You might take your corn around and sell it yourself. That is called 'direct from producer to consumer.' It works well, sometimes, and it leaves the middleman out of the middle, for there is no middle."

"But I've got so much corn," said Billy Brad, rather hopelessly.

"Indeed you have," said Uncle Peter Henry, "and it is that 'so much' and 'so many' that seems to make the middleman a necessity. It pays the grower better, some think, to grow great amounts of things and let the middleman sell them, rather than to grow just a little and peddle it to a few people.

Gardeners grow 'so much' corn and there are 'so many' users to sell to, scattered everywhere in different towns and in different houses, that it is simpler and often cheaper to sell to Mr. Middleman and let him sell to the user. And the user often prefers to go to the middleman who sells a lot of all kinds of things rather than bother to buy from dozens of different men who grow a dozen different things. But, if you sell to a middleman, you must expect to receive less for your corn than if you sell it in small lots direct to the user, Billy Brad."

"But I do want more than thirty cents, Uncle Peter Henry," Billy Brad said doggedly.

"But who is the middleman?" Billy Brad asked uneasily. "Is he somebody I have to pay rent and taxes to?"





Billy Brad had a vivid picture of Mr. Jones as a mean man because he wouldn't pay him sixty cents a dozen for his corn. Billy knew he was selling it for that price

"Yes, we all want 'more' for what we have to sell, and we all want to pay 'less' for what we have to buy," said Uncle Peter Henry. "But, after all, you are lucky to live in town, where you can sell to Mr. Jones himself. If you lived far away in the country and had a big, big cornfield, you would get even less than thirty cents for your corn, I expect."

"Why would I?" asked Billy Brad.

"Because so many people would handle the corn before it reached the house where it was to be cooked for dinner," said Uncle Peter Henry. "You might pick a great, big wagon-load of corn and go to town with it, but the corn would have to go all the way to New York to get itself eaten. So you would take it to a man who makes a business of shipping corn to New York. Of course, he would have to be paid for his time and his trouble, because his wife and children have to have shoes and clothes and a house, too. And he has to have a building to do business in. And clerks, too, and packers, and teams and automobiles to haul the corn to the railway. So that money would have to come off the price of your corn."

"And—and is that all?" asked Billy Brad.

"Oh, my, no!" said Uncle Peter Henry. "That is not nearly all. The railway has to have money, too. It

must pay all its expenses. It must pay for the coal to make the steam that furnishes the power for the engines to pull the train. And the engineer has to be paid, too, because he has to eat and be clothed, and he probably has a wife and children also, and they need shoes and clothes and a house to live in."

"My!" said Billy Brad, for he had never imagined anything like this.

"AND the brakemen on the train have to be paid, too," said Uncle Peter Henry; "and the men who keep the track in repair, and the men who load the train, and the men who unload it, and everyone who has anything to do with keeping the railway in good shape or with keeping the trains running. *They all have to be paid!* So all that comes off the price you get for your corn."

"I guess there wouldn't be much left for me, would there, Uncle Peter Henry?" asked Billy Brad.

"Not nearly as much as the ladies who pay sixty cents a dozen for your corn usually imagine," said Uncle Peter Henry, "because when the railway is paid for carrying the corn to New York,

the corn is still far from the fire in the lady's kitchen. The shipping man in your town, who is called a commission man, does not send the corn straight to the grocery man. He sends it to another commission man. He sends it to a commission man in New York."

"And I know!" said Billy Brad quickly. "That man has a wife and he has to buy shoes for her, too, doesn't he, Uncle Peter Henry?"

"EXACTLY. He has all the living expenses and business expenses that the others have," Uncle Peter Henry agreed, "and your corn has to pay them. So you see, Billy Brad, a farmer does not get rich so quickly as we sometimes think he does. When we pay sixty cents a dozen for green corn at a grocer's we think, 'Oh, the lucky farmer!' But, really, he has to buy the seed and pay his hired men to plow and hoe and gather the corn, and then the commission man and the railway and the other commission man and the grocer all get part of the sixty cents. Very often they get the greater part of it. And if what the farmer is selling is fruit, or anything that decays soon, quite often the farmer gets no money at all. Sometimes the commission man has to tell him that the fruit could not be sold at all, because there was already too much fruit on the market. There are times when (Continued on Page 78)



HELPING CHILDREN TO HEALTH

Photographs by Lewis W. Hine

IF a community wants to do public health work, the first thing it needs to know is what its own people and agencies are doing. The Bureau of Public Health Information of the New York County Chapter of the Red Cross has had so many inquiries about work for under-nourished children that it has made a careful study of New York's nutri-



tional classes, clinics and school lunches. This survey not only gives information about existing experiments in Manhattan, but also takes up the minimum requirement for an ideal nutritional class, and the cost of conducting such a class. Therefore it will be of value to persons all over the country. These pictures were taken in connection with the survey



(Above, at left) Selecting a well-balanced lunch which will help them tip the scales on weighing day. Courtesy of Public School No. 28



(Right) Playing a health game. The one who rolls the ball into the holes marked "milk," "soap," "water," scores: but pity the one whose ball falls into "dirty hands." Courtesy of St. George's Church



(Above) Accurate weighing week by week is a most important part of the work that is being done for under-nourished children. See how eagerly these boys and girls are watching the scales



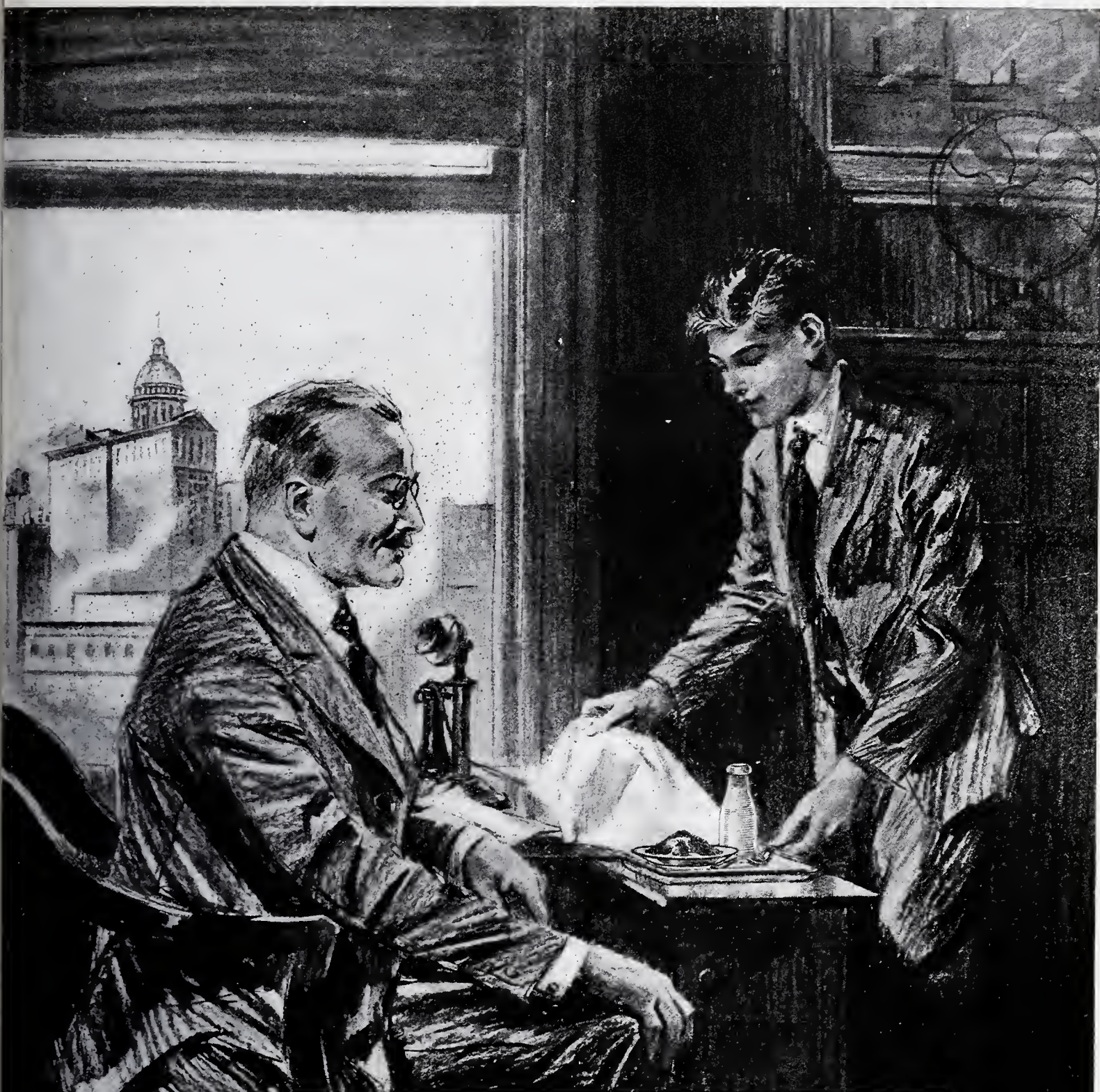
(Above) A nutritional clinic which has originated health games for the children to play while they are waiting to see the doctor. These children are fishing for good food. Courtesy of St. George's Church

The smiling girl in the center picture has just returned from a few weeks of out-of-doors sunshine and health habits at a fresh air home. Courtesy of the Children's Aid Society



(Above) This little girl is proud of her steady gain in weight. While she is awaiting her turn to see the doctor of the clinic, she is showing her record to a friend. Courtesy of St. George's Church

(Left) Some clinics post health notes on their bulletin boards. These always interest the boys and girls. "Ella Jones—Three Bad Teeth Out," reads one notice. Courtesy of St. George's Church



A Cool Lunch
for a busy man on a hot day

Grape-Nuts

A sustaining cereal food of appealing flavor, quickly digested and full of sound nourishment.

"There's a Reason"

New Trails For Old

(Continued from Page 12)

to have realized that he had no energy to waste, and he wasted none in useless talk. But he worked away steadily on his plan, which is too technical to go into here, but it included a huge cradle in which the logs would be secured by tons of chain. After a few experiments, he finally succeeded, the first man in the world to raft logs down the ocean. This effected a tremendous saving in transportation and added immeasurably to his profits. He demonstrated time after time—never losing a single raft—that there is very little danger in ocean-going rafts if they are carefully put up. To-day, they can frequently be seen steaming out of the Columbia River with a tug on their way south.

And then, at the very height of his success, with lumbermen everywhere taking off their hats to him, when he was on the way to becoming one of the wealthiest men of his age, having attained prestige among financiers as well, he deliberately sold everything he owned, realizing therefrom five million dollars, and took up his home in Portland; retiring from business at fifty-seven, at an age when most American men are still in the thick of the fight, having virtually created his fortune in a period covering twenty-five years of consecutive milling operations.

HE began now to look out upon life from the windows of a city skyscraper, his own offices on the top floor of his own handsome business block. What did he see, this man who had all his mature life looked upon giant trees, rugged mountains and rushing rivers, who had harnessed the ocean for his uses and compelled the deep channels of finance to flow his way—the little frail boy who had come out of Norway bringing only a stout heart and the ability to earn his board and clothes?

First, he saw people—an endless number of people it seemed, in contrast with those who live in the woods—stooped people, tired people, darting in and out of the cave-like buildings, going up and down the walled-in streets, while out beyond the city, leading away from congestion, lay roads that wound into the still woods—roads that could be made to wind up over mountains, that could carry man past beauties such as had for so long fed his own life. Perhaps, he suddenly felt hungry for the tall trees, the far purple vistas, the quiet and the majesty of it all; perhaps he yearned to be back again where he might see the first touch of red dawn like a forest fire between black boles, hear the snap and crack and crash of a falling tree, be in the midst of the fragrance, the woodiness, the mossiness of it all, where little wild things peered at one from their bright eyes unafraid; perhaps it was homesickness that put him in the mood to see roads as man's deliverance, roads out of the narrowness of life into its wideness. Roads that would free man who dug so industriously and futilely, it seemed to him—if a man dug only in one little

spot, and died. Roads that would tempt, and tug, and pull, till man threw down his tools for a little while and answered their call.

Oregon, garnished with unimaginable beauties; rich in undeveloped resources; sparsely populated; with the most limited transportation facilities of any State in the Union, was then at the beginning of a good-roads movement. A group of its enterprising and personally disinterested citizens, headed by Samuel Hill, the adopted son of James J. Hill; J. B. Yeon, a capitalist; Frank Branch Riley, lawyer and orator, whose eloquence in picturing the glories of the old Oregon country has never been surpassed; and others, were hard at work in an effort to arouse the State to its need of highways; particularly were they trying to arouse the farmers, walled up every year for months at a time by axle-deep mud. It seemed an impossible task. They had always been walled up in mud all winter and they were used to the mud—more used to it than they were to the idea of doing anything about it.

The big movement of the moment was to build the Columbia River Highway, this being the most scenic route under consideration. Oregon must pay tribute to beauty first! The farmers raised objections to head off every argument. One by one, the promoters met the objections. And then came an objection that seemed irrefutable. You can't get around Shell Rock Mountain, they said. It was too shifting, too dangerous, too expensive—above all, too expensive. It would absorb more of the taxpayers' money than the road's usefulness would justify. The opponents to the highway hung up bodily on Shell Rock Mountain.

And right here is where Mr. Benson entered the argument. Oregon had a Governor at that time, called "the little Governor" by those who loved him, and that means a great many people—who had worked out an ideal honor system for handling the State's prisoners. Among other things, his plan included normal wholesome out-of-door-work for these men. Mr. Benson, on hearing of the problem of the highway promoters, called to see the Governor. This may seem a round-about way to Shell Rock Mountain, but true to form, he had his plan. If the Governor would furnish the State's prisoners to do the work of building the highway around Shell Rock Mountain, he, Mr. Benson, would pay the cost! Very simple! This plan could find no objectors. It took none of the State's money; it gave healthy work to prisoners whom the State must board anyway. The opposition died out and the road got under way.

THE story of the building of the Columbia River Highway is full of romance, full of heart throbs. The road is a way of colossal beauty into God's own secret chambers of the earth. Those who were pushing its building

were as consecrated to their task as were any ancient group of Hindu temple builders. Every beauty must be saved, every foot of the construction must be sound. It was a project after Mr. Benson's own heart, and he just naturally slipped into being one of its fathers, a real sort of a father, who backed it with his influence, his money and his speeches. Yes, he even went out over the State and did a thing he had never done in his life, he made speeches for the highway. He claimed he couldn't make a speech. He could only tell the people how much the highway would mean to Oregon; to all the travelers who came there. But his speeches came right out of his sound heart and his sound head and they rang true and the people listened. He put on overalls and went out on the highway in the mud and the rain to hearten up the workmen, to keep them at the job. A crew of Italian road builders had been brought over from Italy for the most skillful part of the stone masonry. He talked with these men, with their foreman. "Build it the best you know how!" said Benson. The foreman straightened up in the pride of his labor: "My father," he said, "he builds roads in Italy. My grandfather; he build roads. I go see their roads—fine, fine! I build this road. My son, my grandson, they come see my road—after I gone. I build for them to see—to be proud, always."

SIMON BENSON moved away; soul had met soul. He found little stretches of land adjacent to the highway owned by men of small means, who had bought at a low price before the highway was even thought of. They now had a chance to put up their prices; to refuse to sell; in the time-honored way, to be obstructionists. Mr. Benson went to these men personally; soul again met soul. Without a hint from him, they said, "We will donate our land to the highway." They wanted to contribute, to be a part of the great work. Of all the glory spots along the whole way, that immediately surrounding Multnomah and Wahkeena Falls may perhaps be called the most superb. For nearly a thousand feet, the waters of Multnomah come down in a lacey spray of beauty, while all about are winding trails, and the forest is at its loveliest, the spray keeping the area fresh and colorful, drawing thousands of song birds to build their nests and sing to the world that gathers at the base of the waters. Mr. Benson, fearful lest some commercial eye might light on these falls calculatingly, just quietly purchased them together with 740 acres of land adjoining, and deeded the whole to the State for a public park.

A county, farther up the river, felt the strain of hard times. Crops had failed, mortgages were due, people were facing an impossible situation in being asked to meet their share of the expense so that the highway might pass through their county. Steeling themselves

against coaxings and arguments, figures, and oratory, wanting the road but not meaning to yield to the demand for it, they went to an open meeting called by Mr. Benson. He knew their situation; he made no reference to it. But, "Bond your county for your share," he said, "and I will take the whole issue." He virtually put up the county's share but he did it so simply, so unostentatiously, that the county people were left softened, and self-respecting, with all the time they needed to meet the indebtedness. And the great highway went on!

He has a way, that amounts to genius, of never shouting against a thing, never arousing antagonism by wordy opposition, but just slipping in under a situation and making the wrong outcome impossible of consummation.

All this time, while he was fathering the Columbia River Highway, he was mapping out plans for other State highways, mapping out needed legislation, with the result that the Legislature incorporated his ideas into the laws of the State, and a State Highway Commission was created with millions of dollars at its disposal. The Governor appointed Mr. Benson its first member and, at its first meeting, he was unanimously elected chairman. His genius for organization, action and getting difficult things done, has made a record of achievement that the whole State now looks upon with pride. The lack of roads was the main thing retarding Oregon's development, and Mr. Benson's personal planning and personal interest—and money—started the State on an era of road building that only the war could have checked. But even before the war laid its devastating hand on construction everywhere, the Columbia River Highway was achieved and thousands of people were driving over it, picknicking in its groves and worshipping at its shrines. The city was spilling itself into the country, country homes were beginning to dot all the woody ways, and life was being lighted up and made beautiful and free.

It was during the Panama-Pacific International Exposition in 1915, that his State took occasion publicly to express its appreciation of Mr. Benson's labors in its behalf, by naming him—without a dissenting vote—to be proclaimed at that exposition, before the whole world, as "Oregon's most useful citizen."

His fountains, his gift to the Government of eighty acres of valuable land for a reconstruction hospital, and his many, many other benefactions cover such a very wide field that it is impossible to go into them all; never a day passes that he is not solicited to contribute to something, and no worthy object is ever denied his support. During the war, he never lost an opportunity to help the country of his adoption, and now his intense patriotism, his unswerving loyalty and his appreciation of the great service rendered by the boys, prompt him at every turn to show substantial evidence of his gratitude. In all his many philanthropies, he uses the same sound sense which governed his business affairs, with

the result that in every single instance the object sought has been attained.

AND more than that. His example has influenced others to act in the same spirit of natural, simple, direct helpfulness, putting the shoulder to the wheel, lifting, pushing, building, constructing and re-constructing, never daunted by discouragement or blocked by an obstacle. Every proposition tending to the betterment of social, economic and educational conditions of his community gets his whole-souled support. The people of Oregon feel toward him a peculiarly human and intimate tenderness, very different from the feeling

generally engendered in the hearts of beneficiaries by benefactors. There is nothing formal, nothing in the least stand-off-ish about him. He is one of themselves, with just a little more developed power and will to do for others than the average, that is all. They know his good heart. They know that his every desire is to aid in the advancement and contentment of the people. He has lived and toiled and prospered and suffered and brought up his children to happy useful manhood and womanhood and, when this can be honestly said of a man, there seem to be no further laurels with which to crown him. He has crowned himself!

The March of the Red Cross

(Continued from Page 38)

them made by employees and volunteer workers in the Red Cross workrooms. Donations of gauze and surgical dressings have been made to twenty-one hospitals. And meanwhile, the Junior Red Cross has enrolled almost two hundred and fifty thousand Brooklyn school children, who have made and shipped this spring nearly twenty-five hundred different articles, such as under-garments, layettes, dresses, and tables for refugees. In addition, members of the Brooklyn Motor Corps have rendered excellent service while on the Reserve List, and eight motors have been kept in active condition all the time. Brooklyn, indeed, gives one a very vivid idea of the amount of work done by the average Red Cross City Chapter to-day.

Rural Red Cross Work

IN rural Red Cross work the success of the Children's Clean-up Campaign in Coke Otto, a country town in southern Ohio, adds still another touch of variety to Red Cross achievement. In this Ohio town, the whole community united, under Red Cross leadership, to make a fair and educational game for the children, and with most happy results.

The children were all divided into squads; a place was designated for each squad to build a pile of tin cans and refuse, and a pole was placed on the designated spot; to each pole was attached a flag bearing the name of the squad, and as the pile grew the flag was raised to keep pace with its height, as a signal of success. For a week a desperate "tin can" contest raged in hitherto peaceful Coke Otto. At the end of that time Coke Otto had changed from an ordinary country town, badly impeded by tin cans, broken glass and ash heaps, into a clean-looking, wide-awake community. After the prizes were awarded—one for the squad having the largest number of cans, one for the squad having its section one hundred per cent. clean, and one for the best kept yard—a community meeting of the Red Cross was called. New ways and means of keeping the town clean, now that the children had succeeded in cleaning it, were discussed; the subject of improving the roads was seriously taken up, plans were adopted

for improving the appearance of the town, and an "all together" spirit for real community progress was formally established.

Our Disabled Soldiers

WHERE National Red Cross work is concerned, the wide range of service which is being supplied to our disabled soldiers in connection with the Government's program for the rehabilitation of these men is only just beginning to be realized.

In virtually all of the fourteen district vocational offices established by the Federal Board throughout the United States, the Red Cross is maintaining trained workers at present, and in most of the schools and colleges where the men are training, a Red Cross worker has been installed to look after the interests of the men. In association with the district offices of the Board, the Red Cross has been instrumental in locating the men who are eligible; in getting the message across to ex-service men who are not aware of the opportunities open to them; in arranging for interviews between the men and the district offices; in advising upon the proper courses and assisting in many difficult matters of procedure.

Through the efforts of Red Cross Home Service workers, who have been in close touch with the families of these boys, many who would not otherwise have entered training have been persuaded to do so, and many who had become discouraged over the delays have been finally helped through to a decision.

SUCH is a cursory review of the Red Cross achievements of these last few weeks. Just to view their infinite variety is to realize that the new Red Cross is rapidly becoming a new and great force in American life. Never before has the idealism of America been able to express itself in practical deeds. To-day, it finds the Red Cross its faithful, efficient servant, whether the job to be done lies in some distant country or at home, on its own door-step in a country town or in some far-off metropolitan city. More than ever, to-day, is the Red Cross giving a true picture of the spirit of America at work!

Making American Citizens

(Continued from Page 62)

Homes are counted of enormous importance in the Calloway Industrial philosophy. "It is through them largely that you will hold your people, satisfy them. It isn't merely a house—that is really the last of it. It's the things that go with the house, the things that, bunched together, make a home—children, chickens, a garden, a cow. If you can sort of lead a family on until it wants them, and gets them because it wants them, and gets interested in using them, you stabilize it," declares Mr. Calloway. "If the children are happy in school, they don't want to leave; if the woman has a garden and flowers which she can put into a greenhouse in the winter and have them back again in the spring, she won't want to leave; if a man has a cow and a place to pasture it (and we have community pastures), that cow will keep a man from nourishing the grouch, which might make him pull up suddenly and leave. When a man has to go after a cow at night, drive her home, milk her and keep the calf from tipping over the pail, he is too busy to think about anything that has troubled him during the day; his grouch wears off!"

This counteracting the grouch is one of Mr. Calloway's pet notions. Physical exercise of one kind or another is one of his remedies. He is not dogmatic about the form. For the man who wants a cow, the cow will do. The gymnasium does it for others. I don't know when I have seen a more heartening or amusing performance than a class of 40 or 50 men from the mill coming in at 5.30 for an hour of hearty athletics. They were a diversified lot. There was the vice-president; there were secretaries; there were overseers; there was the head carpenter. Not what you do, not what your salary is, only the convenience of hours seemed to rule the make-up. Mr. Calloway watched them go out after an hour of hearty, noisy exercise. "Not a grouch left," he said; "forgotten all about it. Won't know they had one, when they come back tomorrow morning."

I HAD been particularly interested in the head carpenter and his unbounded good humor when he was made the butt of the game. "I don't know that the mill could run without him," said Mr. Calloway. "Do you know that leaking roofs and smoky chimneys are one of the chief causes of labor turnover? A woman wants to get up and move and you have a whole family running away from a mill because you don't know enough to keep the roofs sound and see that the chimneys draw. Now, that is the business of the carpenter. But no matter how good a carpenter he is, I would not have him around if he were lean and sour and grouchy. He goes in where a woman is cross because there is something the matter with the roof. He jollies her along, as he fixes it, asks her if she does not want an extra shelf somewhere

(which she generally does) or a hook put up; and by the time he goes out, you could not get her out of town, and that family is saved for the mill. As I said, I would not have him if he were lean and sour."

The relation of character to labor is never forgotten. There is a group in the organization quite new to me, the "Free Lances," girls who come and go as they please. They are inspectors of the product. "You see," the Superintendent explained "this work requires the closest attention. Let a girl pass a defect, and it may result in the turning back of valuable goods, the cancellation of an order, the loss of a customer. They must not let an error pass. But, if you expect that much of them, you must make it possible for them to keep physically fit. So we tell them that we would rather they would stay away, get behind, than not to be in good condition when they work. If a girl feels a headache coming on, she goes home and stays until she is better. Of course they are not docked."

"Now, you must pick your girls if you are going to trust them. From the time a girl comes into the mill we watch her. She may turn out to be the best of operatives, but a little weak in character, without much sense of obligation, not quite honest. Of course such a girl can never be counted among the "Free Lances." It is character that wins a place there rather than skill, although of course they have to have skill. They understand all this. They regard being a "Free Lance" as one of the honors of the factory."

THE test of the Calloway faith in "Psychology and Human Nature" must be whether it pervades the organization built by its application. These superintendents and overseers and officers are products of this doctrine, do they practise it? An observer can only speak from impressions, but nowhere at La Grange did I look, without finding a whole-hearted, natural effort to understand people. They all put it in different ways—good evidence in itself. Nowhere did I hear mere parroting of Mr. Calloway. The Vice-President showing me over a mill put it this way: "You must know what people are thinking about and how they are feeling, if you are to build up a mill town. We can do it here, because there's nothing that all of us, overseers and superintendent, have not been through. There is scarcely anybody around these mills, who has not worked up from the bottom. We know how our people feel just as quick as they feel it. We try to look out for it. We make allowances for them and that works both ways. I make mistakes sometimes, do or say something that is not right. The men say, 'He don't feel good this morning, maybe something has gone wrong at home!' but you may bet they would not do that if I had not the habit of doing it for them."

Eighty or ninety years ago there was a young couple in La Grange, to whom came the shocking knowledge that the wife had tuberculosis and could not live. "Perhaps," the doctor told her, "you may get four or five years more if you will live out of doors." So, on one of the hills near the town, a piece of land was bought and there was begun what became famous as the Farrell Gardens.

All day long, Mrs. Farrell planned and planted and weeded. The four or five years lengthened into more, terrace after terrace grew; terraces lined with box, big and little; rods upon rods of border, narrow and deep; fantastic shapes, a butterfly, a bunch of grapes; scrolls with her and her husband's mottoes—"God is Love," washers; "Fiat Justitia" his—trees of every description brought from the ends of the earth, cedars from Lebanon, bays from Portugal, a ginko tree from Japan. And vines! Never have I seen such wisteria, climbing to the very top of the magnolias, cedars and oaks.

The little, bare-footed Fuller Calloway began to visit this wonderful garden and its mistress even before he first became a capitalist. He saw it grow year in and year out, for the garden proved a life saver—Mrs. Farrell lived until she was 86—and always the one person in La Grange that loved it best after herself and the Judge was Fuller Calloway. As the end grew near, she said, "I want you to have this garden. You are the only one that loves it enough to keep it going." That was just what Fuller Calloway had always intended, to have that garden for his own.

The time came only a few years ago when it was possible to realize his dream. He has built his home there; and every Sunday the garden is open to the village. There were boys under my window before I was out of bed the Sunday that I spent there. All day, there were lovers in the arbors and on the secluded seats; families passing through. Everything was as free to them as if they owned it.

IT is this along with all the other things that is making citizens in La Grange. The whole undertaking is intensely American—American in the individuality which sticks out everywhere; in the faith in education; in the suspicion of standardization of human beings; in the confident belief that opportunity must be kept open and that it is not enough to keep it open, that you must give people hints as they go along on how to take it, not bawling autocratic hints, not pushing it down their throats or rubbing it into them; but hints based on "Psychology and Human Nature," the kind of hints that *you* might take were you in their places.

And this is the way they are running the cotton mills at La Grange—to pay the expenses of making American citizens.

None So Great

(Continued from Page 44)

though Alma can't see it and lots of folks can't see it either. It isn't like Alma thinks it is, anyhow. Why, there's Angus Clark serving his salesmen, and his salesmen serving the people, and me serving Angus Clark. And there's you serving us, and the President serving the people, and oh, golly!—on and on. Say, don't you see it? Why, that's what democracy is you bet, that's what it is! And if it isn't that, serving and working around together, tell me what it is, anyhow?"

"You're right," Martha said quietly.

BRUCE lapsed into sudden ashamed silence. Not often did he speak out so frankly—not often. He watched Martha for some minutes while she went on sprinkling the clothes, his face thoughtful, earnest.

"Mom," he asked suddenly, "what do you do it for anyhow?"

"It's my job," she told him. "Just the same as it is your job to drive the car for Mr. Clark."

"Yep! I know. But I mean—you kinda do more than your share. Why don't you let the Chink do the wash?"

"Sadie Blinn helps me."

"Aw—Sadie Blinn—some help she must be! About all she does is to gabble. I guess I've heard her about all I want to. Now a Chink could chatter if he liked, you wouldn't be there to listen."

"And, anyway, I wouldn't understand if I did hear him."

"Well, what do you do it for anyhow?"

Martha lifted the basket from the table and carried it into the pantry. Then she came back to Bruce.

"I'll tell you something if you promise not to tell your father or the girls."

"I guess I'm not so crazy to tell them everything. Just you go right ahead and tell me, Mom."

"Well," Martha leaned her elbows on the table. "Well, it costs less to wash at home."

"Huh—what's that gotta do with it?"

"It means that I have a little extra money for my own, Bruce, my own, since I save it. And it means," she lowered her voice to a whisper, "that I can spend it any way I please. So, usually, my wash money goes to the North Street Mission. They need it there, Bruce—more than a Chink needs it."

Bruce whistled softly.

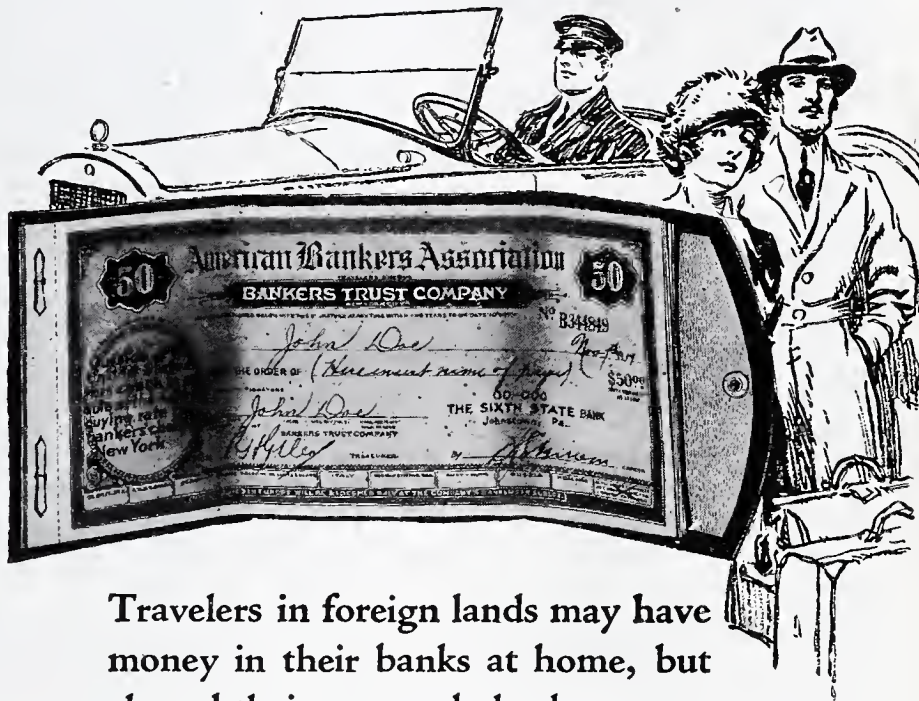
"Don't you tell," Martha lifted a warning finger. "It's my little way of serving, Bruce. We all have our little way."

"Sure, I won't tell. But, Mom—" Bruce was confused, "Say now, I didn't know you were like that. I didn't know! You see I"—he jumped up suddenly, "I say, Mom, is there something in the ice box now?"

Martha was seized with uncontrollable laughter. Bruce regarded her stoically.

"Well, say now—what's the matter?" he demanded.

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"Nothing!" Martha found it hard to speak. "Bruce, you are forever eating something."

Bruce grinned. "Well, can't a fellow—"

"Of course," said Martha. "But don't your jaws ever ache from chewing, Bruce?"

"Sure they do! But that don't stop me."

"It certainly doesn't," Martha agreed.

"Roastin' in the sun made me feel plumb gone. Fill me up, Mom. Fill me up."

"I'll never be able to do that," Martha said. She looked at Bruce and they both laughed. She brought him his supper from the pantry and he ate it heartily.

"Say," he ventured between bites, "I told Clark this afternoon that I'd like to take you out for a little spin sometime."

"Oh!" Martha gasped, "You shouldn't have done that, Bruce."

"Why not, eh? I wanted to ask him first."

"What did he say?"

"Certainly! just like that, right off the bat, Mom, 'Certainly. A chap ought to be good to his mother.' And I said, 'Well, some nice day soon, I'll be taking her out.'"

Martha had some misgivings about that ride. The following afternoon, she was out on the veranda with the week's mending when Bruce unexpectedly drove up.

"Hi there, Mom!" he called out. "Get your hat quick and we're off."

Martha gathered up her things and hastened into the house. The day was sultry and it would be good to get out for a while with Bruce. So she pinned on her hat, locked the door behind her and hurried down the walk.

"Are you sure it's all right?" she asked as Bruce helped her in. "Are you sure?"

"Sure thing!" Bruce bent over the wheel. "Mr. Clark himself said to come around and get you. He won't need me until five o'clock."

A SLIGHT jerk and they were off! Martha leaned back with her hands folded in her lap, enjoying herself to the full. She watched Bruce and his dexterity surprised her as they rolled along the city streets, through the down-town business district, and out along Hampton Road to the country.

"He's too clever," she thought, "for a job like this."

"Great, isn't it?" Bruce was in his element.

"Yes!" Martha assented, "It's lovely, Bruce—lovely—out here in the country." She turned her gaze to the sloping meadows—meadows stretching out endlessly to the far horizon.

Martha said no more. Her enjoyment was a silent thing. She drew in deep breaths of the cool country air. It was not intense and hot, as it was in the city. One was content just to go on—on—on—

She thought of Bruce going on, evenly, contentedly, willingly. And she had dreamed of him being a suc-

cess, mounting up and up to high attainment. Her heart swelled with happiness. It was happiness just to say his name over to herself; just to sit there beside him; just to know how fine he was; to remember all those things he had said about serving others and about democracy. How right they were. Bruce knew! But Bruce did not know how she had dreamed for him, prepared for him, saved for him. How she had hoped that he would be great.

"Just Angus Clark's car isn't enough for Bruce," she thought and then she said, "Bruce do you like this job?"

"I sure do!" he assured her, "Outdoors all day, running this classy little car, and it's good pay, Mom. Say, don't you think it's good pay?"

"Yes!" she said dully and something hard, hurtful, stuck in her throat. It might have been a piece of silver but it wasn't. Martha knew what it was!

When they returned home, she said, "It was lovely, perfectly lovely, Bruce!"

"We'll go again sure," he said.

THE next day at noon, he came around with the car. Martha was setting the table in the dining room.

"Say, Mom," Bruce threw his hat on the sideboard, "Can I eat now? Mr. Clark may want me early—about one o'clock, he said."

"There isn't much to-day," Martha paused on the threshold of the kitchen, "Just cold left-overs. But I'll get you something and make you a cup of tea in a jiffy."

Bruce drew a chair up to the table and sat down. Scarcely more than a minute, and she was back bearing his plate—a little mound of sandwiches. She set it down before him just as the 'phone rang.

"I'll go—you eat!" and Martha went to answer it. Presently she came back. "It was Mr. Clark," she said. "He wants you to be at the house for him at twelve-thirty."

"Gee—I'll have to hustle."

"I'll hurry to make your tea and get you some fruit."

"Yep! Please hurry, Mom. Too much money in this job not to rush it! Too much—you bet."

Again there was something hard and painful in Martha's throat. A mist blurred her vision; she hurried out.

Bruce bolted the sandwiches. Two minutes passed—three—four—

"Hey, Mom!" he called, "Tea ready yet?"

There was no answer. Five minutes—six—Bruce frowned, shoved back his chair, and went out into the kitchen. He found Martha seated by the table, pain written on her face, her left arm rolled up in her apron.

"Say, Mom—"

"The tea—" Martha pointed to the stove with her right hand. "The tea, Bruce, help yourself—"

"Say, Mom—what's up? Golly—you look awful."

"Nothing," she answered.

"Don't fib to me, Mom. What's the matter?"

The sharpness of his tone aroused her. Slowly she unrolled the apron. "I

was silly," she gasped. "I didn't see—something in my eyes—the kettle spilled—it's burned."

Bruce looked down at her arm. Almost up to the elbow and across the back of the hand, it was badly burned. Instantly, he realized her suffering. He rushed into the hall and came back with her hat.

"Here," he commanded, "put this on and take off that apron. I'll run you over to Dr. Johnson's in a jiffy."

"No," she shook her head, "I'll find some ointment—fix it—after a bit—you go—Mr. Clark."

"Go, nothing!" There was fierceness in his tone, "Do just what I say, Mom. That arm's gotta be fixed right and no talking."

SHE obeyed him in silence. It was almost two when they returned from the doctor's.

"Now you go right upstairs and lie down," Bruce ordered. "You've had about all you can stand for one day." Then he 'phoned Alma to come over raced down the front steps; jumped into the car and rode away. He was over an hour late and he knew it.

He returned about four. Alma met him in the hall.

"Where's Mom?" he asked.

"Oh, she's awake now and not so nervous! You're partly to blame for this, Bruce Knight. You and your old job!"

"That's right," he scowled. "Hit me with a brick while I'm happy." He went up to see Martha. She was lying on her bed.

"I'm better now," she reached out her right hand and he gripped it, "What did Mr. Clark say?"

"Nothing!"

"Wasn't he angry?"

"He wasn't there. He'd gone away on the train. He had to call a taxi—"

"Oh!" Martha cried, "Oh, Bruce! Did you see anyone?"

"Miss Clark," he said. "She was real sassy, too. Her kind always are."

"You won't," Martha saw that troubled look in his eyes, "you won't lose it. Surely you won't lose the job, Bruce!"

"Mebbe."

"Oh, Bruce!"

"Don't you worry, Mom," he squeezed her hand, "Don't you worry a scrap. I don't care about the old job. I'd stick by you first, you bet." He rose to go. "I wouldn't care about it at all, Mom, but it is pretty good money."

SHE heard him going down the stairs and turned her face to the pillow. Just as it had been at noon, it was now—she couldn't see. It was just as it had been when the kettle tipped. She couldn't see and her eyes closed and smarted under the lids.

Always of late, Bruce talked of money. "Some money!" Was he really becoming grasping, grovelling, greedy? Surely it couldn't be that—surely not.

"I'll believe in him, God," she said it softly to herself time and time again,

"I believe in him—a mother has got to somehow."

Sunday, Bruce was morose and silent. Ma stayed all day. Monday morning, Angus Clark 'phoned about eight and Bruce went away immediately. He came back about ten. Martha was in the hall. He came in boisterous, drew me to the bottom step and they sat on on the stairs.

"That Mr. Clark's some man, Mom! A real thing! I was scared all day yesterday—thought he might be mad. But he wasn't. He just went at me right."

"What was the matter, Bruce? I asked your house but there was no answer."

"I told him about you, Mom. I made him see how I couldn't leave you suffer. I showed him pretty quick." Bruce hugged his knees. "Say, Mom, it's funny how things work around to when all the time you're trying to work around to things. Remember that time we talked college—out on the Hampton Road? Well, I told him a few days, told him how I figured out that in a year on this job, I'd be ready to begin college myself—"

"Oh, Bruce!" Martha cried, "do you really want to go?"

"Sure I do, when I'm paying for it. I'm not with Pop footin' the bill, I ain't. I wouldn't have you saving carpets and rugs and clothes for me, but bet! But now—sure thing, I'm going."

"Bruce Knight," Angus Clark had said and Bruce showed her just how he said it, "A man's got to be good to another or he isn't a real man. Now, here. I've a mother and a lame sister living in our State college town. Suppose now, I buy them a little car—and you hold down a chauffeur's stand and take in college at the same time?"

"You betcha!" I told him mighty quick, "That could be done right-o. I wish we could fix it up between us so I wouldn't have to miss many classes. I could study in the car—waiting for them at any place, you know."

"Yes," he said, "I know you could, Bruce. That's why I am anxious to give you a chance."

BRUCE sprang up with a whoop. A minute later he came back, stooped and thrust something into her right hand.

"Better take this to the Mission the next time you go there, Mom," he said and traced away.

Martha opened her hand. There it was—a ten dollar bill all crumpled up! She it was—for the Mission.

She shook with sobs—glad, grateful. Somehow, she knew that this crumpled ten-dollar bill would never leave her to the Mission. It was too precious! In her bureau drawer there was a box containing her treasures. She would always keep this bill in it—the precious bill which held something of the first light of a day long waited for—a day which belonged wholly to her, Bruce.

She saw him mounting up—mounting up—

An illustration of a family—a mother, father, and child—relaxing in a hammock outdoors. The mother is on the left, the father in the middle, and the child on the right. They are all looking at a box of Nabisco Sugar Wafers that is prominently displayed in the foreground. The box is open, showing the wafers inside. The background features a large arched window or doorway with a decorative frame, and a vine with leaves and flowers hangs down from the top left. The overall style is a classic black and white line drawing.

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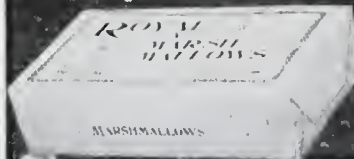


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Where Boys Rule

(Continued from Page 33)

boys in coal mines, and farm boys. Mr. Litwinsky had never dreamed that boys thought so much about their "problems" and other boys' problems. All these letters were going to be answered, or had already been answered, by the City Clerk and by members of different committees whose work "covered" the special problems raised. Youngsters, who had worked all day, gave part of their precious play time at night to writing letters. And everybody knows how a kid hates to write a letter! I wish people who write to the B. B. R. would remember that there are no secretaries, or stenographers there and no good, quiet place for writing letters. All the letters are welcomed, and all are answered; but it takes time.

After the communications, there were reports from the different committees.

Soon, the Mayor brought before the Council certain matters for discussion and decision. One was regarding the admission of a Junior branch. A group of small boys, under fourteen, had formed in the neighborhood. They called themselves "The Thunderbolts"; but they wanted to be B. B. R. Juniors, getting in line for citizenship later on. Northwest City would be glad to have them, but it had no place to put them, no room to give them even on certain evenings of the week as Main City did for its Juniors. The President of the Main City Juniors was there to speak on behalf of "The Thunderbolts"—and a rousing speech he made!

"Them fellows," he urged, in fine forensic tones and with all the earnestness of a Roman senator, "is too young to be going it alone. What can a bunch of kids like that do for themselves with no place to do it in, and nothing to do it with, and nobody to show 'em how? You fellows say you want to help boys; why don't you want to help boys under fourteen? Don't they need it? Give them a chance!"

Instantly, a score of hands, two score, shot into the air and waved frantically for recognition.

"Councilman Litwinsky," said the Mayor.

Mr. Litwinsky started. Then he sat back in his seat and held his breath.

Mischa—or Mike, as he preferred to be called—was on his feet. His back was to his father, but even if he had seen the latter he would have thought little about his being there; for one of the most impressive things about the B. B. R. is the boys' complete lack of self-consciousness. No speaker seems, ever, to be aware of himself or aware of visitors; his mind is filled with just two things—what he wants to say or do, and what the other fellows will think about it.

"Mr. Chairman and Fellow Councilmen," began Mike, "I'm sure we all agree with the president of the Main City Juniors—that is, that we want to help "The Thunderbolts," and that we ought to. But in this world we cannot always do the thing we want to; we

cannot always do even the things we know we ought to—because we have limitations! Now, we have limitation of space—not of goodwill, but of space. Every inch of this here City Hall taken up, all the time, by our active citizenry. We haven't got half enough space, as it is, for committee rooms and consultations. And as for reading and writing—it's fierce! "The Thunderbolts" may think it wouldn't be a harm for us to be crowded a little more, but it would! They don't understand how other fellows feel about having kids underfoot all the time. It spoils place for older fellows. The young kids are all right, but they're interested in different things from what us old fellows are. They work different. The place has got to be one thing or another if it's going to amount to anything and have real work done in it.

"Now, kids of twelve or so, or fellows of sixteen and seventeen can do the same kind of work in the same way. The Juniors has got to be for themselves, and figure things out for themselves. And we got to be by ourselves. There ain't room enough in the building for us all. So I move, Mr. Chairman, that we don't sacrifice both organizations, trying to do something that can't be done. I move that we tell "The Thunderbolts" we're sorry but we can't take them in. The great thing about this organization is working with people that have the same point of view you have. You don't get anywhere else! It ain't only that we don't want to be looking after the kids—maybe we could make ourselves do that—but them kids ain't going to get their best chance, mixed in here with us older fellows. If they can't meet the expenses of a place of their own it'd be better for us to get up something and help them do it.

Mr. Litwinsky blinked. This was his renegade son! This boy, standing up and talking, without a shade of embarrassment, to a big roomful of other boys—boys at the age where the usually "guy" everything—and showing a thoughtfulness, a fineness of feeling for justice, that would have done credit to any man, was the boy who was expected, at home, to do what he was told meekly and without discussion, and to be satisfied with just that.

Mike's opinions were respected, here they were opposed, nearly always, but respectfully so, and the opposition was as good for Mike as the respect, because it was the kind he would encounter all through life, the kind that makes life interesting. Mike was learning to take his place in the world. He had been elected to an office, after a hot campaign. He helped to make laws, and he helped to enforce them. He was actively aiding the authorities of Chicago to enforce law and order, and to help boys out of trouble and into good citizenship. He was "strong for the Stars and Stripes."

Was his father so good a citizen?

Well, he became a better one after

the evening. For this was the kind of thing he had dreamed of, over in the land of pogroms, and had been bitterly disillusioned not to find in America. Now he had found it! Now he was glad to come.

There are three City Halls of the B. B. R. in Chicago now, with nearly seven hundred boys in them. Six years ago, there were seven boys in a city group that paid fifty cents a month, once a week, for a basement room to meet in, and on other nights walked the streets and talked of what boys might do for boys if only they could get the idea "going."

The great, animating spirit in all this was Jack Robbins, a man in years, now, but a boy in feeling. Jack (everybody calls him "Jack," every kid and every grown person) was a friendless boy, alone, and suffered so severely that he promised himself he would do *something* before he died, to make life a little easier and better for other boys. He had no money, no influential friends, really anything except the completest understanding of boys that ever was, and a way with them that is like no other way boys have ever encountered.

He was silent—even taciturn—fellow, is what you would call him. "I learn most when I listen, and I say most when I talk," he says. Meeting for meeting of the boys he sits through, usually in a back seat and never says a word, no matter how hot the discussion gets. If disorder arises, the boys themselves (through their police force) promptly put it down; Jack never intervenes and the boys never appeal to him. His way with them goes far beyond that of that kind of authority. I could write a very long article on that way with them; but my notion is that it could never be conveyed, by description.

The Boys' Brotherhood Republic has no money. It scrambles along, "from hand to mouth," from month to month. Citizens pay taxes; if taxes are not fully paid, a citizen cannot vote. But the boys are all poor boys, some of them very poor, and nearly all have heavy obligations at home. Taxes cannot be paid, or the boys who need the B. B. R. would be shut out. In addition to the taxes, they raise money among themselves by entertainments, dances, athletic shows and so forth, and by publishing their newspaper. Their employment office is free. Their funds, raised by vote of the city councils, cover the administrative expenses of the three "cities." They cannot do more. City halls, with their equipment and upkeep, must be provided—just as we provide city halls for our older citizens and their aides to work in. The boys serve their community (and do it notably!) without pay. The boys we elect to serve the community do not always do it notably, and they are not very good pay.

The Brotherhood reaches those who need it most, those who turn bitterly away from most organizations that aim to help them. There is no patronage in the B. B. R. boys give, and they know there can be none in what they are doing for passing on. Hence, the struggle! But the results make the struggle glorious!

Aunt Belle's Comfort Letters

Aunt Belle is a real person and that is her real name. A great baby doctor says she knows more about babies than a lot of physicians do. Write to her about your baby.



Baby's Chauffeur

Dear ALICE:—

If you won't misunderstand me, I think you overdue your devotion to baby, wheeling the carriage up and down the Park by the hour. It really is neither necessary nor wise.

For the first year, anyway, Baby will be perfectly satisfied if you will place the carriage on the quiet hack porch or anywhere in the open air, with a few toys hanging from the top to play with after his nap when he is taking his bouncing exercises. Put off as long as

you can introducing Baby to automobiles and street sights and noises. It is better for his nervous system and saves you a lot of trouble.

He will be on the streets soon enough in all conscience. Anyway it isn't excitement that Baby craves.

He'll be happy and good just as long as he is comfortable. A change of diapers is more welcome than a change of scenery. Plenty of talcum on little chafed legs will still his cries more quickly than jolting him over curbs.

You can see from the familiar blue can that I mean Mennen Borated Talcum. When mothers ask me about Mennen's, I just say that it is safe.

Of course anyone who has used it at all knows that it is wonderfully soothing to irritated skin, but what gives me such absolute confidence in its purity is the fact that for over forty years a majority of mothers, doctors and nurses have sworn by Mennen Borated. That must mean that the formula is absolutely right—just enough of each medicinal agent and not too much of anything. Mennen's is certainly different.

Incidentally, I use it myself. I could not live through this hot weather without a talcum shower after my bath. It makes even tight corsets feel like a Greek dancer's costume.

Lovingly,
BELLE.



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The Listening Gallery

(Continued from Page 34)

Edison 82570
Lucia di Lammermoor—"Fra poco a me ricovero" (*Donizetti*)
Sung by Guido Ciccolini
Carmen—"Les tringles des sistres tintaient" (*Bizet*)

Sung by Margaret Matzenauer
Far different in mood is this poignant aria from "Lucia," which the hero sings upon learning that his beloved is dying. The melody seems to spring spontaneously from the emotion. Ciccolini delivers it appealingly. On the reverse Matzenauer gives us the wild, stirring rhythmic Gypsy Song from "Carmen".

Columbia A6149
La Traviata—Selections. 2 parts. (*Verdi-Tobani*)
Played by Metropolitan Opera House Orchestra, under direction of Giuseppe Bamboschek

Vocal stars being absent, the recitatives, arias and ensembles ordinarily sung by them are assigned to orchestral instruments. A clarinet, though lacking the build of an operatic leading lady, proves an effective understudy, and a trumpet takes on tenor temperament.



CONCERT

(VOCAL)

Aeolian-Vocalion 30102
Carry Me Back to Old Virginny (*Bland*)
Sung by May Peterson and Male Quartet

With her telling simplicity of interpretation, May Peterson "carries us back" to the Old South.

Victor 64590
Cradle Song (*Mozart*)
Sung by Alma Gluck

One of the loveliest lullabies ever written. As unaffected as a folk song, yet perfect as a thing of art. Alma Gluck sings it softly, almost repressedly, as though she were actually bending over a cradle. People who expect to hear her concert voice will be disappointed.

Victor 74550
Goodbye (*Tosti*)
Sung by Evan Williams

The Victor supplement catalog comments upon the sad appropriateness of this being the last record that Evan Williams ever made. It is indeed a touching farewell. But even apart from this dramatic fact, it is a rendering of Tosti's oft-sung song that ranks among the very best.

Victor 88616
Love Me or Not (*Secchi*)
Sung by Enrico Caruso

Caruso, the singer of grandiose arias; Caruso, who electrifies his hearers with tremendous climaxes—that Caruso is famous the world over; but less known is the Caruso who sings an unsensational ballad with exquisite tenderness. This record is a joy and a revelation.

Victor 87309
Oh, Boys Carry Me 'Long (*Foster*)
Sung by Louise Homer

Stephen Foster's songs are America's musical classics of the heart. No one enters the spirit of them more sincerely, and no one has a lovelier

voice for singing them than Louise Homer. This song is of a dying negro, and is addressed to the comrades who will carry him to the plantation burying ground. The cares and labors of his long life are over. Particularly touching is the last line: "Massa, don't you cry."

I have heard minstrel folk sing this song almost rapidly, under the spell of its swinging rhythm; but Homer does it slowly, to bring out its full pathos.

Edison 82186
On Wings of Music (*Mendelssohn*)
Vallåt and Jjorton År (*Swedish folk songs*)

Sung by Marie Sundelius
An art song of exalted beauty, with harp accompaniment. On the reverse side are two Swedish folk songs given in the original language. The second of these has an eerie quality as of echoing halloos over a crag-bound fjord.

Edison 80477
Roses of Memory (*Hamblen*)
Song of Songs (*Moya*)

Sung by Leola Lucey
Two ingratiating ballads agreeably sung. Recorded with typical Edison realism.

Aeolian-Vocalion 55003
L'Ultima Canzone (*Tosti*)
Sung by Giulio Grimi

Tosti's melodious "The Last Song" interpreted by Aeolian's star tenor.

Columbia 78920
Values (*Vanderpool*)
Sung by Rosa Ponselle

This is one of the choicest offerings of the month—of the whole year, in fact. A beautifully flowing love song, the words of which appeal no less than the melody. Ponselle's singing of it is sheer perfection. No other soprano voice that we have ever heard has such wondrous richness. The orchestral accompaniment enhances the beauty. It would be hard to imagine any listeners not being enthralled by this record.

Edison 80524
La Zingarella (*De Giosa*)
Sung by Virginia Rea
Singing to You (*Kerr*)
Sung by Karl Jorn

"The Gypsy Girl", a florid waltz song—now lilted swiftly, now slow and lyrical—is carolled with dainty charm. Jorn's rendering of "Singing to You" is powerfully impassioned.

(INSTRUMENTAL)
Victor 64874
Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes (*Arr. by Pochon*)
Played by Flonzaley Quartet

Because the classics of string quartet music are unfamiliar to the general public, some people have held off from making the listening acquaintance of the Flonzaleys. Actually there is no occasion for such diffidence. In this subtly delightful arrangement of "Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes" (made by a member of the organization) the four artists, who play as one, graciously meet you half way, by rendering in their superlative manner something with which you are already familiar.

Victor 64873
Forsaken (*Koschat-Winternitz*)
Violin Solo by Fritz Kreisler

A pensive Viennese melody which has been adopted in this country as a college tune. (At Yale, sung to special words beginning "When twilight is spreading", it is the test song for first basses for the Glee Club.) Kreisler plays it with characteristic double-stopping. His tone is gorgeous, as always.

Victor 74616
Nocturne in E flat (*Chopin, Op. 9, No. 3*)
Violin Solo by Jascha Heifetz

The wonder of Heifetz is that his amazing technique—probably unequaled in the world to-day—is with him only an incidental. He never distracts your attention from the beauty of the music itself. This exquisite Chopin nocturne (transcribed by Sarasate) is presented in all its poetry.

Pathé 40199
Rakoczy March (*Berlioz*)
Coronation March, from "Le Prophète"
Played by New Symphony Orchestra
Arthur Bodansky, Director

First record by Arthur Bodansky's New Symphony Orchestra, recently renamed the National Symphony Orchestra. From the two offerings on this disc one might imagine the organization to be an especially high-class brass band, as predominant tone color is of wind instruments, the strings being well-nigh negligible. Played with spirit. The marches themselves present interesting contrast, the one from "Le Prophète" being typical of operatic sumptuousness, while the Rakoczy one has Hungarian fire fanned by the bizarre genius of Berlioz.

Aeolian-Vocalion 24006
Spanish Dance (*Rehfeld*)
Rondino (*Kreisler*)
Violin solos by Maximilian Pilzer

And here is another contrasting pair. The li Rondino by Kreisler is almost wistful in simplicity, whereas the Spanish Dance is a dashing show piece abounding with bravura and technical dazzlements. Capably played.



DANCE

Pathé 22363
Alabama Moon (Waltz)
Played by Tuxedo Syncopaters
Hold Me (Fox Trot)
Played by All Star Trio

"Alabama Moon" is the waltz of the moment. We have listed it as Hawaiian; here it is rendered in the cabaret manner. The All Star xylophone-saxophone-piano combine ably and dates the rhythm of the fox trot under consideration.

Aeolian-Vocalion 14061
Barkin' Dog Blues (Fox Trot)
Laughing Hyena (Fox Trot)
Played by Novelty Five

Ki-yi cacophony and trombone guffaws. Not tender eardrums.

Pathé 22366
Blue Diamonds (Fox Trot)
Mystery (Fox Trot)
Played by White Way Novelty Orchestra

First record of a new orchestra. Pretty good. "Blue Diamonds" is presented largely as a trombone solo. "Mystery," that corkslinging, hardly new tune, is plunk-a-plunked and tooted most busily.

Victor 18667
 Veeda (Fox Trot)
 Desert Dreams (Fox Trot)
 Played by Green Bros.' Novelty Band
 The most delightful fox trot tune that has come
 out in a long time. It is rich in harmonic interest
 and the melody has a real emotional quality.
 For the rhythm—well, the xylophone attends
 to that. "Desert Dreams" is far from slumberous

Columbia A2925
 Veeda (Fox Trot)
 Leg's Legs
 Played by Columbia Saxophone Sextet
 Good saxmen and true present "Veeda" as a
 yet snappy *tool ensemble*. On the reverse
 a blithely syncopated grotesque, wherein is
 much opposition growling from bass
 lines. An excellent record.

Brunswick 5011
 Veeda (Fox Trot)
 Long, Oolong! (Fox Trot)
 Played by Isham Jones' Rainbow
 Orchestra

sheer charm and appeal this edition of
 "Veeda" is the prize one of all. "Oolong" is
 a corker. The only fault to be found with
 the otherwise superb disc is that the recording
 is a trifle faint.

Columbia A6150
 Hawthatha's Melody of Love (Medley
 Waltz)
 Beautiful Hawaiian Love (Medley
 Waltz)
 Played by Prince's Orchestra

Pleasant waltz medleys, nicely orchestrated and
 fluently played. Twelve inches worth.

Columbia A2927
 I See You In C-U-B-A (Fox Trot)
 The Moon Shines on the Moonshine
 (Fox Trot)
 Played by Ted Lewis' Jazz Band

Ted Lewis is the Napoleon of Noise. He marshals
 his band in perfect discipline and makes the
 most of his instruments. During his Cuban
 adventure, Mr. Lewis performs upon a sax,
 making that instrument to sound like a high-
 strung mock turtle dove. In the Moonshine
 medley he blows a bleating clarinet, then
 rattles for the nonce, then bleats unto the end.

Victor 35695
 Irene (Medley Fox Trot)
 Ching-a-Ling's Jazz Bazaar (Medley
 Fox Trot)
 Played by Joseph C. Smith's Orchestra
 Didelley good. "Irene" has the best music of
 any show produced in New York during the past
 season. This fox trot medley includes three of
 the finest tunes. Ching-a-ling's affair is enlivened
 by two-piano stunts and vocal outbursts. Played
 by Joseph Smith's well-known incisiveness.

Brunswick 5012
 Irene (Fox Trot)
 Sahara Rose (Fox Trot)
 Played by Isham Jones' Rainbow
 Orchestra

Brunswick is to be congratulated upon getting
 out of this bully new orchestra. It is certainly
 a winner. I am willing to hazard the prediction
 that six months from now Jones & Co. will be
 recognized as one of the very best dance organiza-
 tions in America. Their "Sahara Rose," which
 is being played by most everybody, eclipses any
 other recording that I have heard.

Pathé 22367
 Man Jazz (One-Step)
 Whose Baby Are You? (One-Step)
 Played by Webb's Novelty Entertainers
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Billy Brad and the Middleman

(Continued from Page 65)

the farmer does not get any money but has to pay out money, to pay the railroad for carrying fruit that could not be sold when it reached the city."

"I don't like it that way," said Billy Brad. "I'd rather sell all my corn to my mamma for sixty cents a dozen."

Uncle Peter Henry laughed.

"And so would I, if I had corn to sell," he said. "I don't believe anyone loves the poor middleman. The farmer does not love him because he has to pay him, and the consumer does not love him because the middleman's expenses and profits are added to the price the farmer charges. Unfortunately, Billy Brad, the middleman seems, thus far, a necessity. Do you remember the funny restaurant you and I went to the other day?"

"Where we put the money in a slot and got what we wanted?"

"Yes, and carried the food and dishes to a table ourselves," said Uncle Peter Henry. "And it was a cheap place to eat, because we did that. There were no waiters whose wages had to be paid. We waited on ourselves. Where there are waiters, they have to be paid, and what they are paid is added to the cost of the pie and steak and bread and coffee we eat there. The waiter is a sort of middleman, you see."

Billy Brad looked at his beautiful field of corn. He was very human and he did wish he could get sixty cents a dozen for all his corn. He sighed a big sigh.

"There doesn't seem to be any help for it, does there, Billy Brad?"

"No," said Billy Brad. "Only—only I wish I had lots and lots of mammas. For—for because, if I had lots and lots of mammas, they would buy lots and lots of my corn, wouldn't they, Uncle Peter Henry?"

A New Kind of Outdoors

(Continued from Page 28)

some town, but he'll never get out into the real country if he can help it. He's a city urchin; he loves the gutters and the crannies which the architects make in the decorations of the tall buildings. He doesn't sing; he loves to chatter, and to be in crowds. But he's a decent little fellow in his home life. He'll help his wife, now and then, to feed the children and, after you get acquainted with him, you'll discover that your first impressions about him are wrong and that he's not so bad as he's painted." Finley, you see, stands up loyally for every friend he has in the wild-world.

I like the Finley outdoors. It's an outdoors that seems to make you sound and healthy, not only in body but in soul, mind and heart.

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AGENTS
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Help Yourself to Health

(Continued from Page 47)

He thought it was very harmful to have this mud in his ear, and therefore tried to get it out. He could not do so, and called for help from some of his comrades. They probed into his ear to get the mud out. It gave the mechanic a great deal of pain, which further convinced him that the mud was doing damage and must be removed at all costs. His friends therefore got a piece of wire and further dug at the ear. It was found afterwards that they had completely scooped out the ear drum, and destroyed his hearing for life. The moral is, if you put something into your ear, let it alone until you are able to reach a physician, who will have the proper knowledge of the structure of the ear, sufficient training, and special instruments for its removal. That is to say, the foreign object or body will ordinarily do no harm for a short time.

A specialist in ear diseases once had a woman patient fifty-eight years old come to him complaining of deafness. He quickly discovered that it was due to an over-accumulation of wax. The wax was easily removed by gentle syringing with warm water. When the wax came out, there also toppled out a little blue bead. She hadn't even known it was there, and it was of a kind that she had not used for twenty years!

When the foreign object is a "spit-bill," or a bean, or a button, or a grain of wheat or maize or any similar small smooth object, it will do a child no harm if it is let alone for a short period until you can send him to a doctor. If a doctor is not available, gently syringe the ear, (using a syringe that cannot enter the ear canal) with warm water—never with cold. Don't use water if the object is a pea, or anything that will swell. If the object is a fly, or a bed-bug, or an ant, or a flea, or a small roach, syringing will probably oust the offender. Sometimes it can be coaxed out, or smothered out, by a little sweet oil,

but this is practically the only circumstance in which oil may be utilized.

Do not use hot oil for earache in children. It is the heat that relieves the pain, and there are other ways of applying it that are less gummy for the ear. A little hot salt in the finger of a clean glove may be useful. But the main thing is to get at the cause. In infants, earache sometimes comes from teething. In older children it is often a by-product of adenoids and of enlarged or inflamed tonsils, which should have the attention of a physician. Never box a child's ears. You may ruin his hearing.

The commonest affliction of the ears is an over-accumulation of wax. Deafness and dizziness are ordinary symptoms of it. The wax is very easily syringed out with warm water, or taken out with a small instrument by a qualified physician. Efforts at getting it out with the finger are only liable to pack it in closer. In fact, it is the constant putting of the fingers in the ears that is responsible for a good deal of the backing up of wax in the ear.

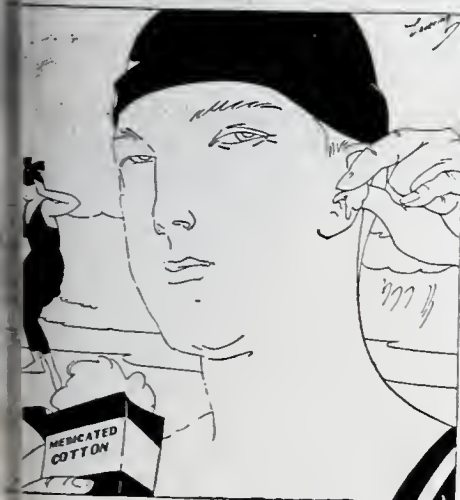
THE commonest disease of the ear is inflammation of the cavity behind the drum-head into which runs the Eustachian tube, connecting the middle ear with the throat. This cavity and tube may become inflamed from adenoids, or from a common cold, or as a result of measles or scarlet fever, or from other less common infections. Inflammation in the ear should never be neglected, as there are complications to which it may lead that are serious, as for instance the spreading of the inflammation to the mastoid cavities behind the ear.

Inflammations sometimes come about from the simple habit of wrongly blowing the nose. It should not be done too violently, and one side should be held closed while the other side is being cleared. Nasal douches should be avoided, for there is nothing to prevent their sending bacteria up into parts of the nose and ear that cannot be easily drained.

Never put pins or hairpins into the ear when it itches. Use only the finger. If the itching becomes intolerable, try a douche—always with warm water, never with cold. A rubber bulb syringe, with a small rubber nozzle, is perhaps the best. If itching is persistent, it may be due to eczema, and a doctor should be consulted.

When bathing in cold sea water, it is a good idea to protect the ears with small pieces of cotton.

The ear is said to be the most complicated of the organs of special sense. Nature has spared no pains to endow us with an invaluable possession. What would those who have lost it not give to have it back. Do you properly safeguard yours?



Protect the ears with small pieces of cotton



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Tells in story form how the recognition of the "human" element is creating new relationships and calling for new methods in industry.

\$2.50 at any book store

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 681 5th Ave., New York

Saving a Life is Easy

(Continued from Page 15)

month—brought me his clothes. To my amazement, none of them seemed particularly disturbed. Not a tear was shed!

"Fortunately, such exaggerated cases of indifference are rare, although I can give you another case which will illustrate how needlessly a life may be sacrificed:

"One Saturday afternoon, at my home in Brooklyn, I was laying out my bathing suit and getting ready to go to the beach when I heard the house doorbell ring, and stepping to the head of the stairs met my brother running breathlessly up and shouting 'Come quick! He's drowning!'

"I HAD a local reputation as a life saver, and as my brother himself was a very poor swimmer, he had immediately thought of me in the emergency. I ran out of the house, without my shoes, and down the Avenue, guided by my brother to a tank behind a silk mill, a large pool possibly fifteen feet deep at one end. When I got there, twenty or thirty grown men were standing around the edge of the tank, looking down into the water at the body of a young man. It was held against the outlet by the suction. He had been sitting on the edge of the pool washing his feet, had fallen in, and not knowing how to swim had not been able to get out again. As I was quickly removing some of my clothing, I said to the men, 'Why didn't you go down after him?' They said, 'We didn't want to take a chance.' Some of the men and boys had been so frightened that they had run away as fast as they could.

"I had to dive five times before I could get the body up, on account of the suction. When I did get it and, for about fifteen minutes, had worked the method of resuscitation by which I have brought around a large number of cases, the ambulance arrived and also an officer. He ordered me to stop. They commenced rolling the boy on a barrel—thereby killing all the chance he had of recovering. A pulmotor from the gas company arrived, and they worked that—but without

results. That life was lost, and I can believe only from indifference and ignorance.

"Contrast this experience with the one I had in resuscitating a young seventeen-year old Italian boy. I was acting as a volunteer life-guard at Sheepshead Bay and was on the beach in my bathing suit when, from the direction of the bulkhead of the river there came running a boy who yelled that someone had gone down. I found out afterwards that this was fifteen minutes after it had happened. A boy had been swimming 100 yards up the stream and had gone down in about twenty-five feet of water.

"I called to the other three fellows of our life-saving crew and all of us ran to the bulkhead and dived in at the place pointed out by the onlookers. We dived for at least eight minutes. The body was down so low and the bottom was so muddy, it was impossible to see. Finally one of the other fellows located the body and brought it up—twenty-three minutes after the accident.

"I immediately started the prone-pressure method of restoring breathing. We kept it up for an hour and three-quarters. At the end of that time, the boy came round. The first words he said were, 'The next time I go swimming it will be in a bath tub!' When we handed him his clothes, there was twenty-five cents in one of his pockets. It was all he had but this all he begged me, with tears in his eyes, to accept for saving his life!"

THUS Captain Scully told me the stories of lives he has saved. They are typical cases, out of the many to his credit, of just one Red Cross life saver. But do you know that every year in the United States 8,000 lives are lost from drowning—one for every hour?

And do you know—

That every swimmer can learn to carry another person in the water?

That you can quickly learn to revive an apparently drowned person?

And that the Red Cross can teach you how, and is anxious to have the chance?

Canoeists: This is for you

CAN you swim? Don't risk canoeing unless you can.

When you take a girl canoeing, be sure you can save her—or pick one who can save you.

All sinkeasies are liabilities. Life-savers are community assets.

Remember that a canoe differs from a canal-boat—it is safe to stand up in a canal boat.

Expert canoeists kneel to paddle, or sit on the floor. Emulate the expert.

Yell if your canoe capsizes. Help comes quickly to persons clinging to an overturned boat. An 18-foot canoe will sustain six persons with heads above the surface.

Always remember that you need not wait for the doctor or any machine in case of drowning. Learn the prone-method of resuscitation. It gives more air than natural breathing.

DON'T—try to handle a canoe without some instruction in paddling.

DON'T—rock the canoe.

DON'T—neglect to watch the currents.

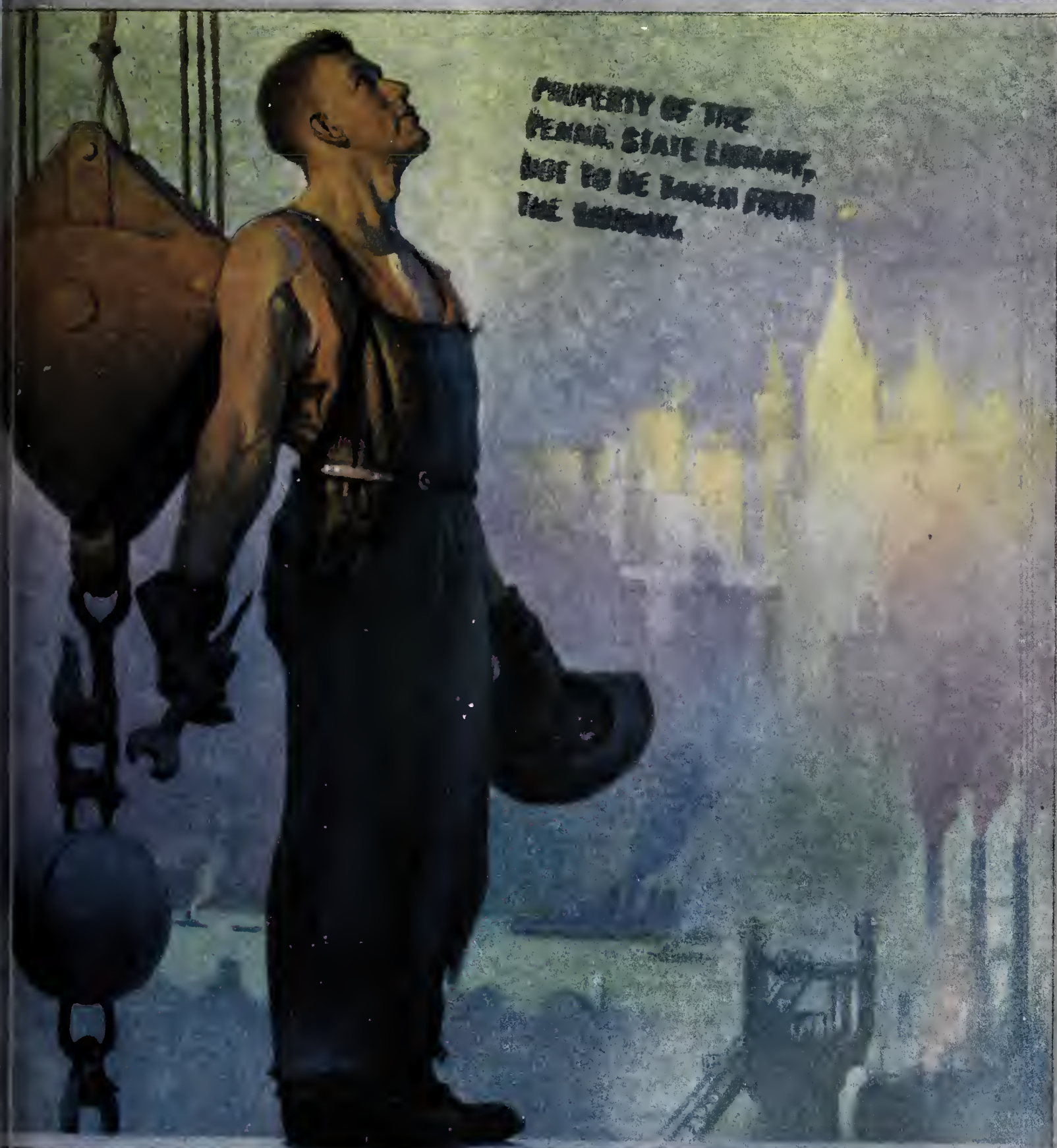
DON'T—forget to take all the waves head-on.

DON'T—fail to keep your eye on larger craft passing by.

The Magazine of A Better America

Red Cross

September 1920 **Magazine** Twenty Cents



THE BUILDER

1920 G. W. H. Bennett



What would you call such a man?

—A man who drove his automobile with the top down in a pouring rain?

Isn't he deserving of the same name if he neglects to put on Weed Tire Chains when roads and pavements are wet and slippery?

What do you call such a man?

Write it on the line below and mail it to him or to us.

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The Secret of Being a Convincing Talker

How I Learned It in One Evening
By GEORGE RAYMOND

HAVE you heard the news about Frank Jordan?" This question quickly brought me to the little group which had gathered in the center of the office. Jordan and I had started with the Great Eastern Machinery Company, within a month of each other, four years ago. A year ago Jordan was taken into the accounting division and I was sent out as salesman. Neither of us was blessed with an unusual amount of brilliancy, but we "got by" in our new jobs well enough to hold them.

Imagine my amazement, then, when I heard:

"Jordan's just been made Treasurer of the Company!"

I could hardly believe my ears. But there was the "Notice to Employees" on the bulletin board, telling about Jordan's good fortune.

Now I knew that Jordan was a capable fellow, quiet and unassuming, but I never would have picked him for any such sudden rise. I knew, too, that the Treasurer of the Great Eastern had to be a big man, and I wondered how in the world Jordan landed the place.



FREDERICK HOUK LAW
As educator, lecturer, executive, traveler and author, few men are so well equipped by experience and training as Dr. Law to teach the art of effective speaking. His "Mastery of Speech" is the fruit of 20 years' active lecturing and instruction in Eastern schools and colleges preceded by an education at Oxford Academy, Amherst College, Columbia University, The Teachers College and Brown University. He holds the degrees of A. B., A. M., and Ph. D.
Dr. Law is the author of two novels, two books of poetry and editor of six school text books. He was lecturer in Pedagogy in the Extension Work of the College of the City of New York, and is head of the Dept. of English in the Stuyvesant H. S., and writer of the Weekly Lesson Plans for The Independent.

The first chance I got, I walked into Jordan's new office and after congratulating him warmly, I asked him to let me "in" on the details of how he jumped ahead so quickly. His story is so intensely interesting that I am going to repeat it as closely as I remember.

"I'll tell you just how it happened, George, because you may pick up a pointer or two that will help you.

You remember how scared I used to be when-

ever I had to talk to the chief? You remember how you used to tell me that every time I opened my mouth I put my foot in it, meaning, of course, that every time I spoke I got into trouble? You remember when Ralph Sinton left to take charge of the Western office and I was asked to present him with the loving cup the boys gave him, how flustered I was and how I couldn't say a word because there were people around? You remember how confused I used to be every time I met new people? I couldn't say what I wanted to say when I wanted to say it; and I determined that if there was any possible chance to learn how to talk I was going to do it.

"The first thing I did was to buy a number of books on public speaking, but they seemed to be meant for those who wanted to become orators, whereas what I wanted to learn was not only how to speak in public but how to speak to individuals under various conditions in business and social life.

"A few weeks later, just as I was about to give up hope of ever learning how to talk interestingly, I read an announcement stating that Dr. Frederick Houk Law had just completed a new course in business talking and public speaking entitled 'Mastery of Speech.' The course was offered on approval without money in advance, so since I had nothing whatever to lose by examining the lessons, I sent for them and in a few days they arrived. I glanced through the entire eight lessons, reading the headings and a few paragraphs here and there, and in about an hour the whole secret of effective speaking was opened to me.

"For example, I learned why I had always lacked confidence, why talking had always seemed something to be dreaded, whereas it is really the simplest thing in the world to 'get up and talk.' I learned how to secure complete attention to what I was saying and how to make everything I said interesting, forceful and convincing. I learned the art of listening, the value of silence, and the power of brevity. Instead of being funny at the wrong time, I learned how and when to use humor with telling effect.

"But perhaps the most wonderful thing about the lessons were the actual examples of what things to say and when to say them to meet every condition. I found that there was a knack in making oral reports to my superiors. I found that there was a right way and a wrong way to present complaints, to give estimates, and to issue orders.

"I picked up some wonderful pointers about how to give my opinions, about how to answer complaints, about how to ask the bank for a loan, about how to ask for extensions. Another thing that struck me forcibly was that, instead of antagonizing people when I didn't agree with them, I learned how to bring them around to my way of thinking in the most pleasant sort of way. Then, of course, along with these lessons there were chapters on speaking before large audiences, how to find material for talking and speaking, how to talk to friends, how to talk to servants, and how to talk to children.

"Why, I got the secret the very first evening and it was only a short time before I was able to apply all the principles and found that my words were beginning to have an almost magical effect upon everybody to whom I spoke. It seemed that I got things done instantly, where formerly, as you know what I said 'went in one ear and out of the other.' I began to acquire an executive ability that surprised me. I smoothed out difficulties like a true diplomat. In my talks with the chief I spoke

clearly, simply, convincingly. Then came my first promotion since I entered the accounting department. I was given the job of answering complaints, and I made good. From that I was given the job of making collections. When Mr. Buckley joined the Officers Training Camp, I was made Treasurer. Between you and me, George, my salary is now \$7,500 a year, and I expect it will be more from the first of the year.

"And I want to tell you sincerely that I attribute my success solely to the fact that I learned how to talk to people."

When Jordan finished, I asked him for the address of the publishers of Dr. Law's Course and he gave it to me. I sent for it and found it to be exactly as he had stated. After studying the eight simple lessons I began to sell to people who had previously refused to listen to me at all. After four months of record-breaking sales during the dull season of the year, I received a wire from the chief asking me to return to the home office. We had quite a long talk in which I explained how I was able to break sales records—and I was appointed Sales Manager at almost twice my former salary. I know that there was nothing in me that had changed except that I had acquired the ability to talk where, formerly I simply used "words without reason." I can never thank Jordan enough for telling me about Dr. Law's Course in Business Talking and Public Speaking. Jordan and I are both spending all our spare time making public speeches and Jordan is being talked about now as Mayor of our little Town.

So confident is the Independent Corporation publishers of "Mastery of Speech," Dr. Law's Course in Business Talking and Public Speaking that once you have an opportunity to see in your own home how you can, in one hour, learn the secret of speaking and how you can apply the principles of effective speech under all conditions, that they are willing to send you the Course on free examination.

Don't send any money. Merely mail the coupon or write a letter, and the complete Course will be sent, all charges prepaid, at once. If you are not entirely satisfied send it back any time within five days after you receive it, and you will owe nothing.

On the other hand, if you are as pleased as are the thousands of other men and women who have used the Course, send only \$7 in full payment. You take no risk and you have everything to gain, so mail the coupon now before this remarkable offer is withdrawn.

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By Arthur Newcomb |
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at Sight (\$7)
By Dr. K. M. H. Blackford | ☐ Practical Course in Personal Efficiency (\$7)
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| ☐ Roth Memory Course (\$7)
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Confess a Corn

and millions can now tell you
how to end it

Millions of people in the past few years have learned that corns are needless.

Corns are not one-half so common as they used to be. And the time is coming when a corn will be a rarity.

Those millions now use Blue-jay. Some use the plaster, some the liquid. Either form is applied in a jiffy—by a touch. Then the pain stops—the corn is forgotten. In a little time it loosens and comes out.

This is the scientific method—the modern way of dealing with a corn. It is supplanting

old-time methods, which are harsh and incorrect.

It is produced in a laboratory whose surgical dressings have a world-wide fame.

With the dainty shoes of nowadays, corns can hardly be prevented. But the pain can be stopped and the corn can be quickly removed.

The suffering can all be avoided.

Prove that tonight. Try Blue-jay on one corn. Then you will know, as millions do, that nursing corns is folly.

B&B Blue-jay
Plaster or Liquid
The Scientific Corn Ender

In two forms now—
plaster and liquid

Ask for the form
you like best



BAUER & BLACK Chicago New York Toronto
Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products



RIGHTLY trained, the unconscious vanity of a little miss becomes the ingrained personal daintiness which is priceless to a woman.

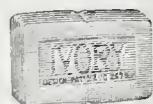
Teach her that it is the frequent, regular use of Ivory Soap which gives her the lustrous hair, the clear, smooth skin, and the spotless garments which she innocently admires.

Thus it is easy to imbue a child with that love of cleanliness which is the basis of all enduring charm.

*Send for Free Sample
of the new Ivory Soap Flakes*

— snowlike, instant-melting flakes of genuine Ivory Soap that launder silks, chiffons, flannels, knitted garments, and all fine fabrics like new, without rubbing. For generous trial package, just send your name and address to Department 35-I, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, O.

IVORY SOAP . . .



IT FLOATS

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THE Manufacturers of Ivory Soap and Ivory Soap Flakes also make the following general household soaps: P. & G.—The White Naphtha Soap, Star Soap, and Star Naphtha Washing Powder, thus enabling the housekeeper to use a Procter & Gamble high quality soap for every purpose.



The
Red Cross
 Magazine



NOBILITY

By BABETTE DEUTSCH

*There are no portraits
 Of Nobility—
 Like these of mountains,
 Whose waterfalls drop sheer
 Like sheatheless blades;—
 Lakes glitter like gems
 And thronged bridges are
 Scattered like crimson buckles.*

*Nobility is mortal—proud and sick!
 But the mountains
 Wear radiance lightly;—
 Beauty is the coin
 They throw to beggars;—
 Peak hidden beyond peak,
 Those mountain roads are lost in thunderous cloud!
 There are no portraits of nobility
 Like these of mountains.*



STARTING OUT ON THE STEPPING STONES OF EDUCATION

Drawn by Angus MacDonall

THE REWARDS OF BEING HUMAN

Before the whistle blows, as well as afterward

By Frank Ward O'Malley

IT doubtless will be remembered that the winter now gone but not forgotten was not only industrially but meteorologically of a kind that scientists might conservatively describe as a humdinger. Nevertheless and notwithstanding there was one business, occupying a solid city block in the heart of a residential section of brightest Brooklyn, in which employers and employees spent a most pleasant and happy winter, thank you. Furthermore, the twenty thousand and more customers who buy that business' only product—service—each week also managed, at least so far as the week's wash was concerned, to remain steadily happy.

As for the mental attitude and probable subjective poise of more than three hundred men, women and girls, mostly girls, in the plant—well, their ideas on whether or not helpful co-operation between employer and employee should be asked to stand the test of storm and industrial stress will be better understood if the reader will listen to a very brief recital of one or two things that happened during the most trying moments of recent industrial history.

One day, last winter, the metropolis awoke to find that even its surface rail-ways and most powerful delivery trucks no longer could battle with the snow drifts. For days, motor and horse-drawn traffic was paralyzed; for one solid month not a single surface car moved on one important line which I can see from my windows. But on the first day of the traffic tie-up a little army of men and boys, all employees of the Pilgrim Laundry Company of Brooklyn, converged happily toward their plant in the gathering dawn, each unit dragging behind him a hand sled borrowed from a child in his own household or a neighbor's.

"We're here to deliver the goods, boss," was the gist of the chorus they

THIS story of the achievement of two men and their "Young People"—as they call their employees—is a remarkable exhibit of the American genius for democracy in business. There is no "superman" in the Pilgrim Laundry; no magic talisman by which a great leader of men has built up a fine business. The American spirit of co-operation working twenty-four hours a day has been solely responsible for the success of the undertaking. As an exhibit of what it is possible to do in a difficult industrial field, it will give you new faith in that practical idealism which to-day is one of America's outstanding characteristics

sent up to an astonished and grateful, and—until they had clustered about the delivery department doors with their sleds—a very much perturbed management. And with the sleds piled high with laundry packages they radiated outward from the plant through and over the snow heaps and "delivered the goods"—from the moral as well as the physical viewpoint.

More illuminative still of the splendidly co-operative and constructive spirit of the employees of this particular plant was an instance that occurred in and around this almost unique laundry organization last autumn. Inasmuch as about everyone else was on strike then, the laundry workers of the metropolis decided to make things unanimous. In a day the newest strike zipped the length and breadth of the city's five boroughs with a paralyzing completeness that may not inappropriately be described as something that knocked the starch out of the laundry business in the entire city.

It may be asked whether or not the hot heads among the Pilgrim Laundry employees got up before daylight on the first day of the strike and hurried to their plant to do "picket" duty. It's a fair question, because to a certain extent that is precisely what they did.

Not only were they up before daylight that morning but they had given a lot of time—quite of their own volition—the night before to a conference among themselves concerning the details of the strike, which they knew would be in full swing the next day everywhere in the metropolis. And at this night conference of the men workers of the Pilgrim Laundry they had systematically assigned various little groups of Pilgrim laundrymen to be on hand early in the coming daylight at designated jumping-off spots of the street-car lines nearest the plant.

Wherefore it was that if any member of the firm or office force looked out of Pilgrim windows on the morning after the conference he might have seen, just before the starting hour of eight o'clock, a Pilgrim girl worker or groups of them being met at the surface cars by what may have been called "Pilgrim pickets," the laundrymen talking earnestly to their sister workers as the groups approached the building.

"Picketing?" one gallant wagon boy is reported to have answered to one of the office force in passing. "Betcher life we are! And let me tell you something else—and we don't give a damn what the office force thinks about it, either. If any of those strikers from other plants shows up around here and tries to get fresh with, or even talk to, one of our Pilgrim girls, we'll knock his block off! That's what we're here for so early and that's what we are going to do."

It was knowledge of these things that caused me almost to agree with the



MODERN METHOD
OF WASHING AND
IRONING A SHIRT

When the shirts come in they are sent to the Marking Department, where each marker has a little office of her own, in order to cut mistakes to a minimum. This insures your own shirt coming back to you

Modern machinery has taken the place of the old hand methods. This is the way shirt cuffs are ironed in a modern laundry. The shirts are nested so that no matter which pair of cuffs is being ironed no piece falls to the floor



President of the Pilgrim Laundry Company, Mr. James Edwin Dann, when he wrote to me recently on matters concerning the amazing spirit of co-operation among his employees and took for his text: "The employees of the plant have made it what it is." I qualify to the extent of an "almost" my agreement with Mr. Dann's modest statement only because I know that if Mr. Dann and his partner in the firm, Mr. Edward H. Bancker, are blessed with an unusually fine corps of workers—and they are—Mr. Bancker and Mr. Dann deserve a tremendous amount of credit also for their persistent, unending efforts, day in and day out for a quarter of a century, to lead their little army of workers along the kindly path that ends in industrial peace.

And so it happened that a few minutes before eight o'clock on an autumn morning, when almost all the other steam and hand laundries of the Greater City were either closed, closing or in turmoil, the last Pilgrim girl had passed unmolested into the plant; had taken from her locker and had donned the daintily laundered cap and uniform worn by the girls during working hours; was standing in readiness at her machine. Into the building then filed the last "picketing" man or boy. Clocks struck

eight and the starting whistle tooted. The last word in improved laundry machinery and equipment began to rumble and roar throughout four block-long floors of a plant that was all dazzling white walls and ceilings where it wasn't glass and elbow room, spotless cleanliness and sunshine and fresh air—and contentment. The day's work was begun by

human power exactly one hundred per cent. on the job.

Uproar did arise within the Pilgrim's plant that night, however. The racket finally attracted the attention of a passing policeman. Into the plant and up two flights of stairs panted the policeman, his brain filled with laundry strike worries, disorders. And on the second floor the "disorder" burst full force upon his eyes and ears—an orchestra banging out dance music from a corner of a polished floor; trim lads and lassies dancing ecstatically but decorously together, their best bib and tucker concealed beneath hastily assembled masquerade costumes, with the mothers and fathers of the laundry boys and girls rimming the dancing party with happy smiles. And that was the answer of Pilgrim employees to scatter-brained disturbers throughout the city who at the same moment were raucously shouting in many a Brooklyn strike meeting, "We'll have the Pilgrim employees out to-morrow."

The agitators lied. Lie is the only word because this worst class of agitators—the kind that stirs up trouble for trouble's own sake—knew in their heart of hearts that the Pilgrim workers, thanks to a long course of co-operative training in moral, industrial and even social advancement on the part of employers and employees, had nothing in common with the sort of brawling striker who was raising hob throughout the city. Of all the big laundries in the city, the Pilgrim alone sent out its



The shirts pass on a conveyer chain to machines which iron the bosoms. These machines do everything but think. One hundred and fifty-six shirts per hour have been ironed this way in an eight-hour day

The only place where hand ironing is still done is in the shirt finishing. The telling finishing touch to the shirt before it is folded for packing is still given in the old-fashioned way



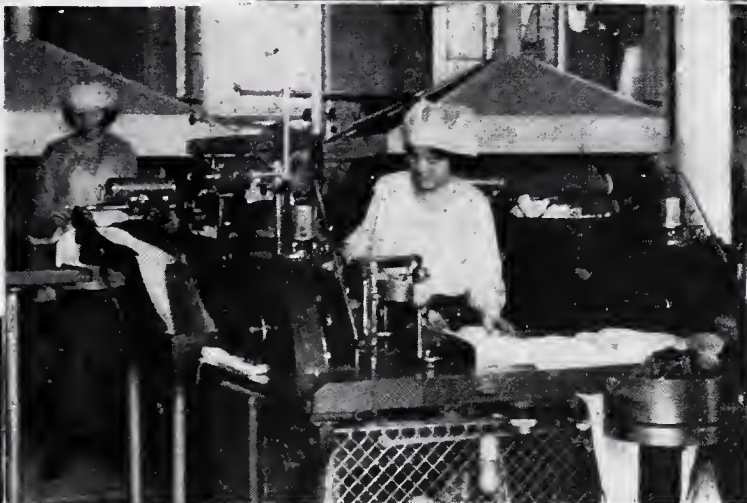
delivery trucks and wagons during the strike with no guard aboard. More significant than anything else was the fact that throughout a lengthy strike marked by disorderly scenes not one striker so much as appeared at any time of any day in the vicinity of the all-important Pilgrim plant, the closing or crippling of which would have meant so much to the strikers. The strikers correctly *took it for granted* that not a single Pilgrim employee, man or woman, would quit the job!

These Pilgrim employees, remember, have no corner on kindness or decency. I feel sure that even if the best of them tried angelically to twang a golden harp, he would give a poor performance. They are not coddled in the matter of working hours; they do not receive extravagant wages. If many of them find more money in their pay envelopes at the end of the week than is customarily meted out to laundry workers in some other plants, they are paid only for *value received*; in other words, the more fortunate among them are fortunate only in that they have increased their expertness, therefore their earning powers, by enthusiastically taking advantage of the constant efforts of the firm to help them to see the best methods of helping themselves. They don't get more money by striking for it but by learning how to *produce* more—which seems to me to be the common-sense solution of most of the industrial turmoil of the day. Included among the Pilgrim employees are men and women of foreign birth and many more whose parents were immigrants from Europe. But, whether hyphenated or native Americans, their co-operative spirit, individually and collectively, stands, first and last, for all that goes to make a better and best Americanism. And out of this spirit

MODERN METHOD OF WASHING AND IRONING A COLLAR

Collars, when washed and dried, go through a starching machine. Hung on conveyers, they are then sent through the dry house, from which they emerge stiff as boards

After they have stood one hour, the collars are fed through the ironing machines by a young lady who has the privilege of either walking or riding on her machine



Here they are coming out of the ironing machines, ironed flat. They pass under the little water wheel at the left. There is only one drop of water on this wheel, but the tiny trail of it prevents the collar from cracking

(Below) Moulding the collars so that your tie won't refuse to budge as you pull it through your collar. This completes your four-cent investment, exclusive of packing and delivery



has come even a marked physical phase of advancement. The Pilgrim employees have come to be a living embodiment, the proof, of one of the most heartfelt beliefs of the Messrs. Dann and Bancker since the earliest days of their business career—that the laundry girl can be, objectively as well as subjectively, quite the equal of the average self-respecting, neatly dressed and properly proud office girl worker.

During the first few minutes of my visit to the Pilgrim plant, I did what any reporter who was

on his job naturally would have done; upon grasping that everyone in the place, from the Titian-haired and capable (capable in these days!) hello girl at the entrance hall switchboard up to and including the heap big chiefs of the plant, was pretending to be a mere uncrowned, bareheaded human worker—well, I just naturally snoopied around among lockers and hat racks on a private search that was destined, I felt sure, to satisfy a certain curiosity rapidly growing within me. But the search in time showed me I was wrong. Believe it or not, nowhere in the executive or mechanical departments of the plant could I find a



(Above) Pilgrim girls taking a rest. Five minutes of every hour and a half of the working day are set apart for this. The result is that few of the girls go home over-tired at night



(Right) Pilgrim delivery service when horse-drawn vehicles were the fashion. The Pilgrim had fifty horses then. Now, their delivery service consists of forty electric trucks, each carrying two tons and a half, and four one-ton gasoline delivery trucks



single halo hanging on a wall—not even one halo hook!

To-day at this safe distance from the laundry, or far enough from the fists of stalwart and loyal Pilgrim employees who undoubtedly would “knock my block off” for uttering a blasphemy, I boldly assert that the heads of the Pilgrim firm include not one genius. These Pilgrim employers lay no claim to the pulchritude of the *matinée* or movie idol. Perhaps they are not even particularly remarkable in the matter of personality. They do not set themselves up as masters of hard and fast “efficiency.” I doubt if they have discovered one *new* thing in the proper handling of men.

No; they are just human beings, these employers, but humans who *work at being human* every waking hour, and never with seeming consciousness, never ostentatiously, certainly never in the slightest spirit of that unholy priggishness known as paternalism. They merely happen to put into daily practice that thing we call humanity, of which the beginning, the middle and the end is *actively* sympathetic understanding. Wherefore their employees, also being merely human, more than meet them half way. Which is the reason that—

But you can get a better idea of this now-so-rare spirit which the Pilgrim employees so fervently and lavishly display by listening to what must

necessarily be a brief and somewhat sketchy history of the beginning and enviable growth of the Pilgrim plant.

One day in August twenty-five years ago, Mr. Dann and Mr. Bancker, both being very young, had the courage to start a little laundry of their own in Brooklyn. Mr. Bancker had the money, Mr. Dann the experience. Because of the very bitterness of much of that experience, the Pilgrim Laundry stands to-day on one of the highest hilltops in Brooklyn in the heart of a desirable residential section, a model of industrial building and more than industrial management. It is the crystallized vision of that young up-State New Yorker whose first job in New York, which he procured after heart-breaking tramping of the city streets from December to July during the panic of '93 looking for work, was that of youthful foreman on Manhattan's east side. There the women workers, as slatternly and slovenly as the unlovely working surroundings provided for them by their bosses, came to the day's task fortified by whiskey flasks in the pockets of their aprons. And, when the young foreman remonstrated, the retort courteous was, “You go to hell!” washed down with another defiant swig. And always, these laundries, theoretically temples of cleanliness, were shockingly dirty.

Instead of accepting, as everyone else

did, the idea that these conditions were inevitable in laundry work, the new firm from the first took precisely the opposite view. And, as a first step in putting their revolutionary belief into practice, they leased from a tile dealer in Third Street, Brooklyn, a part of his space on the ground floor and opened their modest laundry, naming this pioneer upon an industrial shore—The Pilgrim.

AHEAD of them, had the young enthusiasts known their future then, was a stiff fight up-hill. Their troubles were to include an epizootic of glanders among their horses that necessitated the shooting of the delivery stock which they had worked and saved to buy; two serious fires in their plant; the disturbing influences of labor troubles among the city's laundrymen; a world war with all its attendant disruption of business conditions. But never in darkest moments did they permit temporary expedients to interfere with their confirmed belief in the necessity of a golden rule of sympathetic co-operation between employer and employee.

As the business of the little laundry expanded moments would come when a girl worker would keel over and flop to the floor in a faint. Again and again the Pilgrim employer found himself searching the home of a Pilgrim

employee who had sent word that illness was keeping her at home. And the employer was not seeking the sick room to influence the employee to return to work or even to inquire when she would be able to return. He merely wanted to satisfy himself, that the sufferer—this *friend* who happened to be an employee—had sufficient money, proper care, a competent physician when necessary, sensible foods, and medicines.

It was back in those first days of the Pilgrim Laundry that the firm—Mr. Dann usually being selected as oral representative of the partners—began a practice which now has become a confirmed habit. It is the habit of “coming out on the floor” at irregular intervals and delivering a little talk that always begins with a set exordium:

“Young people,” runs the unvaried introduction of the speech as delivered for the firm by Mr. Dann, “We have been turning over an idea that concerns all of us, but before we consider putting it into operation, we first want to know just what you young people think of it.”

THE first ideas which, years ago, in the beginning, the firm broached to its “young people” were elemental in their simplicity. Suppose, the management suggested one day, that everybody in the then small and crowded laundry knock off work for just a few minutes at nine o'clock each morning, or just long enough to drink a cup of hot tea or coffee and nibble a cracker or two? Again, if cheap seats and a table that could be folded back against the wall when not in use were provided, couldn't the girls among the “young people” take turns each noon in preparing a soup or other simple hot luncheon dish for the laundry force? Another thing—would it not be possible, and agreeable to the “young people,” to make a serious departure from practices common to the industry to the extent of beginning work at seven-thirty o'clock instead of at seven, to take a whole hour instead of half an hour off for luncheon at noon, to quit work religiously every night at five-thirty o'clock and *still* get the day's work finished?

The “young people” agreed that these then revolutionary ideas were not only possible but quite acceptable and practicable. Pilgrim employers began to find themselves seeking the homes of sick employees less often. The faintings in working hours grew less frequent and finally ceased altogether.

Then came one day of terrible catastrophe; and at the end of a horrible half hour these laundry employers of new ideas awoke to the fact that gradually, wholly without premeditation on their part, they had implanted in the hearts of their employees—rather the employees had built up among themselves—a spirit that instantly caused the Pilgrim workers to place their own affairs, even their own personal safety, last and the interests of the firm first when danger mutually threatened employer and employee.

The Pilgrim Laundry had already been unfortunate enough to have figured in one fire which spread from a blaze originating in the brass lacquer shop then leasing the upper story of the building. After the plant had been remodeled to repair the damage done by fire and water, the young firm extended its credit to the ultimate limit and bought the building, with a future mortgage to meet of eighty thousand dollars. Just ten days after the purchase, at eight o'clock on a cheerless Sunday morning in November, the firm received word that the plant was again ablaze. At nine, the outer walls fell, burying two firemen and seriously injuring many more. By ten, the only tangible landmark left of the Pilgrim Laundry was the big brick chimney rising from a tangle of twisted steel.

THIS time the firm took up their office quarters in a tiny harness shop just across the road. The furniture of this office consisted in part of a sleigh. And in this sleigh, when human endurance could stand no more, those of the firm, who were laboring with their hands as well as brains to bring order out of this chaos of crumbled brick, have been known to crawl and sleep until it was time to be “up and at 'em” again.

The Monday morning immediately following the fire the laundry salesmen were upon their routes as usual. “Why I thought the Pilgrim Laundry burned to the ground yesterday!”

“Yessum, but we're c'lectin' just the same.” And they did.

For a week the Pilgrim employees were parcelled out among other Brooklyn laundries where they did the work that the salesmen had “collected just the same.” Then the firm made arrangements whereby they leased the use of one of the Brooklyn laundries at night, and for seven straight weeks from seven until seven the Pilgrim employees turned night into industrial day. At the end of that time when they were once more assembled in their own rebuilt laundry and the count taken, not one employee had deserted.

At this point, perhaps, some pertly person rises to interrupt with the remark, “All this is very sweet and pretty; but in a factory like mine, with 3,651 women and 5,092 men on the payroll, you can't establish the personal relations with the employees that result in this sort of co-operative spirit. The more I'd give my mob, the more they'd kick—and demand still more. I know these birds backwards! I've spent my entire business life right among 'em.”

But probably without being of them. I am certain that, as the Pilgrim employees and employers see things, each new item of business expansion and each human name added to the constantly increasing payroll are accepted as offering just so much increased opportunity for the expansion of the general spirit of friendship, sympathetic co-operation, give-and-take kindness.

When, for instance, the firm saw

their way clear nine years ago to buy a plot the size of a city square and erect upon it an imposing building of their own, they might easily have adopted the common commercial practice of selecting a factory site along some dingy waterfront or railroad yard or out in the middle of filled-in swamp-land a mile or two back of Beyond. Undoubtedly they would have thus saved thousands of dollars temporarily.

But when the Pilgrim employers set out one day to look up a site they went through a mental process which might be described as dividing their collective brains fifty-fifty with the “young people” who were to spend most of their waking hours in the proposed building. One lobe of the managerial brain was crammed with the employers' own ideas on the subject, the other lobe they quite gave over to their “young people's” ideas and aspirations. And so the management circled Prospect Park on a sunny day until the Pilgrim bosses came to a residential neighborhood, situated on a high, dry point of land. It was a site that would feel any passing summer breeze, let the winds come whence they listed. From work-room windows, “young people” could gaze across a spreading green carpet of park trees and out upon the blue far waters of Jamaica Bay. Whereupon both brain lobes chorused, “Stop! Somebody hand us a hammer and four pine marking stakes.”

ON this site, the firm erected a building which in plan and equipment was, alas, the embodiment of everything unoriginal, bromidic, unimaginative and shockingly commonplace. To clean and cool off hot and weary bodies at the end of a day's work, for instance, the employer hadn't brains enough to think of anything better than several rows of ordinary shower-baths such as you and I like to refresh ourselves under on a warm day.

Instead of installing stained glass or fancy little diamond-pane windows they made each floor one long line of big plain windows—the kind that any ordinary mortal knows enough to prefer for working light. Furthermore, the management lacked either the genius or the liberality to engage John Sargent to decorate the interior walls and the firm didn't so much as liven up the window sills with a clutter of flower boxes. No; Mr. Bancker and Mr. Dann just painted all indoor walls and ceilings a pure but common white and before anybody could stop them they had spent good geranium and window box money on heavy adjustable sail cloth canvas shades easily operated by pulleys—which, aesthetically speaking, aren't worth a tinker's damn. These shades, I admit, do shield exactly 6,400 window panes from the sun's hot rays and thereby go a long way toward keeping the “young people” pleasantly cool through many months of each year—cooler than are the workers in the ordinary awningless factory. But where is there any genius or originality in remembering (Continued on Page 71.)



THE FIRST DAY IN SCHOOL

By Angelo Patri

Illustrated by
Maginel Wright Enright

THOUSANDS of little children are starting for their first day in school this September. They are looking forward to it with joyous thrills that are mingled with dread. School lies beyond the world of the six-year-old and who knows what it really may be like? One hears so many different things about it! Still, one can find out for himself on Monday.

The mothers are almost as excited as the children. They are very much more troubled. "What if the teacher is not kind? Suppose she does not understand the child? She has so many to deal with. What if she overlooks this one? It would be too bad if he did not get on well in school. Well, one must make the best of what comes. Other children have lived through it; this one must take his chance with the rest." And the mothers sigh and try to be cheerful for the children's sake.

Filled with hope and doubt, cheer and foreboding, the mothers start out to register the school army. It is a ceremony, after all, this enrolling the childhood of the nation for its first day in school.

But the school people are prepared. Many years of training and experience have taught them how to receive the little rookies.

In New York City, the schools are opened three days before the opening day for registration. This saves the crowding of children and parents in the building on the first day of school. It gives the parents a chance to talk to

ANGELO PATRI is the head of one of the great public schools of America. He has dealt with thousands and thousands of little children. Out of his experiences, he not only tells here all that the first day in school means to a child, but he points out the things that parents should do to prepare their children for the ordeal. His advice is practical and helpful, as well as amusing. Every mother who feels the responsibility of her trust will wish to avail herself of his experiences

the Heads of the school about the children they are entering. It gives the children a chance to look around the building and become acquainted with their new surroundings.

They find the room they are to work in, learn where the wash rooms are, find the staircases that they have to use.

THIS early, leisurely start goes a long way towards lessening the fears of the children and the nervous tension of the school administration. It sets the minds of the mothers and children at ease. It is a rare thing to find a tearful child in school on opening day now.

They used to cry because they were afraid of things they did not under-

stand. Having explored the building, talked to some of the people there, made friends with the school, they are ready to go to work. The attitude of "ready for business" sets the atmosphere for the late comer, and things run very smoothly. The fussy part of the routine has all been accomplished during those first three reception days.

A mother leading a little boy, appears before the desk. This is the first child of the family to be entered in school and the mother is plainly nervous. Her hands tremble as she searches in her hand-bag for the vaccination certificate that she put into it before she started out.

"I know it is here. I put it in just before I left the house," she explains as she searches.

The teacher who registers the little children has been selected to do this work because she is especially fitted for it. She does not look up from the slip she is writing. She avoids looking at the nervous mother and the shy youngster. Her voice is pleasant and reassuring as she says placidly. "It's there. You'll find it in a minute. Things always hide themselves when we want them in a hurry. I always fool them by making believe I don't care whether they show up or not and then they always come out right on top," and she chuckles and nods at the little boy, who wiggles and smiles back.

"Oh, here it is! I thought it was funny. After saving it all these years."

"Fine! And how old is Robert? What is his birth date?"

"I never remember the date. He was six in June, June third."

"That makes his birth date June third, nineteen fourteen."

"I think so. I'm sure I am right about his age, but I never can remember dates."

"Oh, well, we have it now. Robert may come to school Monday. He should give this card to his teacher. This is her name; this is the number of his room; this is his time table. Everything he needs to know for Monday is on this card. Everything his teacher will want to know is on it, too. Be sure not to lose it."

Robert's mother takes the card.

"Don't you think it would be a good plan to take Robert around the building and show him where he is to go on Monday? Show him where the toilets are and where he can find the staircases he will have to use."

Mother is about to start off to explore the building when the teacher stops her again.

"I almost forgot something. What do you call Robert at home?"

"Bobbie."

"Is that the name you want the teacher to use when she speaks to him?"

"Yes, of course his baptismal name is Robert but while he is so little I'd rather you'd call him Bobbie, if you don't mind. He's used to it."

"We'll call him Bobbie," said the teacher taking the card and writing on it, "To be called Bobbie."

Perhaps you think that is a very little thing to hold up a group of waiting parents for. It isn't a little thing at all. It is a big thing to Bobbie and to the school.

Once we couldn't balance our register for three days. We had a child on the rolls we could not account for. His name was Augustus. The teacher who was charged with Augustus could not find him.

She called the roll. No Augustus! She marked him absent. When she counted the class she had the full register. The teacher was puzzled. Was Augustus sitting in the room and making no sign? Was he absent and was some other child who belonged in another room sitting in his place?

She would find out. "Now, children, when I say, 'Stand!' everybody stand up." She gave the order and they all stood up.

"I'M going to call your names. When I call a name the owner of it may sit down." The teacher then began to call the roll. The children began to sit down. Soon, when she had called about twenty names, she discovered that the entire class was seated. They had an air of not going to be caught standing if sitting down was the order of the day.

"That will be all the roll calling for the day," she told the clerk. "You'll have to manage the best you can. I'll try again to-morrow. They think there is something wrong about this and I dare not call them or count them again to-day."

She tried again when to-morrow came. "To-day, when I call your names you can go and stand on line," she said coaxingly and the roll call began.

James went on line. Tony followed as his name was called. "Peter," called the teacher. No Peter! "Where is Peter? Does anyone know Peter?"

"Yeth," called out James. "That's him with the red tie. Why he don't get up he ith waiting for Mikie!"

"Mikie? Which is Mikie?" Mikie kept his identity a secret.

"James, you show me which is Peter, and which is Mikie."

James strode across the room and picked out the two friends.

"Good!" said the teacher. "Now, Peter and Mikie can go on line together." Together they went, and the teacher checked off both names.

After she had called half the class, only a handful remained in their seats. It had become stylish to go on line in couples after Peter and Mikie.

"Augustus," called the teacher in desperation. "Augustus, Where is Augustus? Does anybody know Augustus?"

Silence and a sad wagging of heads was the only response.

"WELL, I haven't found him yet," the teacher reported. "To-morrow, you come and help me and we'll tag them. I'll call the roll and you give each of them his 'name' card."

Accordingly, the Head teacher came to help. As the teacher called the names, each child went on line holding his name card. James Borden, by grace of the alphabet raised to first place, felt brave on this the third day, in spite of the yawning gap that opened wide the space where his front teeth should have been.

"Lookin' for Auguth?" he said. "Theth chillin are tebble thupith. When the tether seth 'tand' they tit, and when she seth 'tit' they tand. They never know when to tand or tit."

Filled with hope and doubt, cheer and foreboding, the mothers start out to register the school army. They are almost as excited as the children





The actual preparation for the first day in school begins the night before, to avoid hurry and fuss in the morning

The two teachers laughed merrily. The anxious faced children relaxed. Things could not be at so bad a pass when the grownups could laugh and James could make so bold as to speak his mind right out.

The roll call went on with occasional halts. But the children caught on and helped. If a child did not answer his name someone poked or pulled or pushed him over to get his name card and stand on line.

These cards took on a great importance. They might mean any good thing. One must take no chance of losing one.

"Augustus!" called the teacher. Silence fell upon the room. The Head teacher held up the name card. "Where is the little boy who owns this card? He wants it, I know!"

The class shook their heads sadly. This Augustus boy was the source of all this bother. Nobody wanted to be Augustus.

"Pass over him," said the Head teacher, "we will get him by elimination." At last, all the cards were out but one. One lonesome child sat in his

bench all eyes accusingly fixed upon him.

"Are you Augustus?"

The mourner shook his head.

"What is your name?" He only shook his head.

A happy thought struck the Head teacher. "I know what it is. It is Gussie."

This time a violent shake of the head. It certainly was not Gussie.

"I give up!" said the Head teacher. "It must be Augustus. He can't be anybody else."

"I hope he is Augustus," said the teacher. "He simply has to be Augustus, for the attendance reports of this school cannot be held up another day. Pin Augustus on him and we'll find out about his name later."

"PLEETH," chirped the bold James, "He aint Auguthuth. Heth Buthther. Ath whath hith mother callth him. Buthther."

Light broke. "Buster? Is that your name? Buster Henderson?"

The tow head which up to this time had wagged sadly from side to side now

bobbed enthusiastically up and down. Augustus, alias Buster had found his name and went on line with his name card.

"Hereafter," said the weary Head teacher, "the home name is going to be recorded with the baptismal name. After all, life is short."

A child has to have a name. Without it, he is an Ishmael, an outcast, a stranger in a strange land. If you have called him "Sonny" and his baptismal name is John Henry, either teach him that the teacher will call him John Henry or tell the teacher to call him "Sonny."

Before entering the child in school, teach him his address and his telephone number and his father's name. Children have been lost one block from home on the first day in school. They become confused and, in their excitement, lose the familiar landmarks. If they know their address and telephone numbers they will be helped by the children and grownups about them. If they cannot give their addresses or identify themselves, it becomes difficult to help them. They are frightened unnecessarily. Armed with the useful information they have little fear of being lost.

All these little things help to make the first day in school a success, a pleasant memory. The mothers can do as much if not more to help out that day than the teachers. It is largely a matter of preparation.

A bustling mother pushes her wee daughter in front of the Head teacher, who asks the usual questions and receives the usual replies. Then comes the vaccination certificate.

"Why, no! I haven't any vaccination certificate. I've never had her vaccinated. I thought the schools had gotten over that old-fashioned notion. Do you believe in vaccination?"

The Head teacher is a diplomat. "The law is explicit. It demands that the children present a vaccination certificate. I cannot register the child without one."

"You won't register her unless I have her vaccinated?"

"I'd advise you to take her to your doctor and have her vaccinated if you want to enter her in a Public School. The sooner it is done the sooner the child can begin work. Every day counts in school."

"Well, you can register her and give her a place and then I'll see about her vaccination."

"I'm sorry it inconveniences you but I cannot register her until you present her certificate."

"I NEVER heard of such a thing! This will keep the child out of school maybe for weeks. Can't you make an exception in her case? You can see that she is perfectly clean and healthy."

"Of course. But I have to obey the law. There is no exception."

"Her father will not like this. He expects you to enter her to-day." And the mother hurries off clucking and

fluttering. "Too bad. Red tape. Delay children for nothing!"

The mother knew the vaccination regulation perfectly well. She thought there might be a chance of "getting past it." It was she, not the school, that delayed the entrance of the child.

So long as the public demands that its children be vaccinated before registering for school, wouldn't it be better to have the children vaccinated a couple of years in advance of entrance? Vaccination at its best, is a great inconvenience to the patient. The child entering school for the first time has many inconveniences and handicaps. Why not relieve him of that one?

How would you like to enter a strange country and start life among a group of people you had never seen before? People, whose faces and voices were strange to you? Whose customs and laws were new to you? Where even your name, the most sacred and personal of all your belongings, took on a new form?

How would you like to face this with a sore arm and a feeling of illness? How would you like to take up your new life with an arm that felt like a lump of lead or a burning blister according as the thing "took." And, just when it was about to get well, how would you like it if somebody came hurtling along and bumped against it.

You would not like it at all. You would resent it deeply. Yet many children are obliged to go to school in this condition and make the best of it. Children are very patient with grown-ups when you think of some of the things they have to contend against.

The first day in school should be a day of pleasant memories; to be sent home to be vaccinated is not a pleasant memory.

The best way to prepare a child for school is to begin a year ahead. Let the doctor look over the child. If there is any difficulty with eyes or ears or throat or nose, have them put right before the child is started off for school. A child needs the full use of all his senses and the complete use of his breathing apparatus when he begins studying.

If he has adenoids or unhealthy tonsils have them attended to at once. The child with the obstructed nose or throat has little chance compared with the healthy child.

Mrs. Broddie brought the last of her family to school. His name was Matthew George. He leaned heavily against the desk and breathed like a horse with heaves. His mouth hung open like an empty meal sack.

"Matthew George seems to have adenoids, doesn't he?" asked the Head teacher.

"So the doctor was telling me, Matthew George had tonsils last winter and the doctor said he should have them and the adenoids out. But I

believe you shouldn't interfere with Nature."

"Aren't you going to have them taken out?"

"No, indeed! I'm going to leave him as God made him."

"But he wasn't born with adenoids. He cannot breathe with them."

"He cannot breathe? Don't you hear him?"

The Head teacher thought of the six children this mother had followed to the churchyard and said nothing more. She wrote on the child's admission card, "Call Doctor's attention to nose and throat condition."

BUT neither doctor nor nurse could persuade the mother to have the boy fixed up and he grew duller and duller, and breathed harder and louder. At the end of the term he was not promoted. During the next term, he learned very little and the teacher said she thought he was hopelessly retarded.

Then Mrs. Broddie was laid beside the others in the churchyard and Matthew George passed into other hands. Things began to happen to him. His nose and throat were cleaned up. For about six months there was no noticeable improvement. Then he woke

up. He closed his mouth. From that day on he ate up the Course of Study. He gained all he had lost and more beside.

Wasn't it too bad that his mother could not have given him the chance the other boys had that first day? Life would have been so different for Matthew George if she had prepared him for that first day.

SOMETIMES, it is the children's teeth that are not in shape for the first day. If the teeth are broken and discolored and decaying they are taking from the child's growth instead of adding to it as they are intended to do. The body is poisoned by absorbing the impurities of the mouth. Think of having one's food mixed with the essence of decay. Yet many school children have just that condition. Their dirty teeth are poisoning their bodies and dulling their minds.

Train the child to go to the dentist when he is little, when he has acquired a full set of teeth. Let the dentist examine them every six months and keep them in order. This will ensure the healthy condition of the child's mouth and a fine second set of teeth. No child can (Continued on Page 66)



One lonesome child sat on his bench with all eyes fixed accusingly upon him. "Are you Augustus?" asked the teacher

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN YOU

By Emily Frances Robbins



AN employee of an electric light company in Pennsylvania was repairing a line, some distance out in the country, when—but let the story be told, by the man who saved his life. W. F.

and there I took on some other fellows. They were Company employees and had received First Aid instruction. About seven minutes later we reached the scene of the accident.

"A man was lying unconscious on his back on the ground. You could not detect any motion of his nostrils or mouth or chest in breathing. Another man was standing by him. He had gotten the victim down from the pole and taken off his spurs and belt, by which he had climbed and strapped himself but he knew of nothing else to do. I turned the unconscious man over on his chest and immediately started artificial respiration.

"I got astride of him, put the palms of my hands on the small of his back, and threw the weight of my body on my hands, thus forcing the air out of the man's lungs. Meantime, I had placed one of his hands under his cheek, to keep his mouth clear from the ground in case anything should empty from it, and his other arm forward. You could hear the air come out from his lungs when I pressed. I slipped my hands off quickly, and the air went back in again with a catch or a sort of gasp, from the suction. I kept repeating this.

"Meantime, one of the other men opened the Red Cross kit and took out the little glass tube that you break and from which stimulating vapors are liberated—the ammonia vapor roll. He put this roll to the unconscious man's mouth and nose, so that every time his breath was sucked in, the man got a whiff of the roll.

"Another one of our men vigorously rubbed the victim's legs in order to stimulate the circulation. Still another man ran to a nearby house and got water and blankets—all of this being done while I was giving the artificial respiration.

WHAT can you do in case of accident to yourself or someone else? Are you one of the useless bystanders, or do you know what to do until the doctor comes? These stories tell of what priceless value First Aid knowledge has been to others. Read them and then take a Red Cross course in First Aid. Any Chapter will give it to you.

"In a few minutes our patient groaned, stirred a hand, and then opened his eyes. As soon as he was fully conscious and able to swallow, we turned him on his back and gave him a little aromatic spirits of ammonia in water. Then we wrapped him up in the blankets.

"The next thing we did was to bandage his hand and his head. We used the picric acid gauze, that comes in the Red Cross kit. On the top of this, we put the regulation triangular bandages.

"It was after everything was finished that the doctor arrived. He said we had done a very good job. He wrote our Company about it. I later received the annual cash prize given by the American Red Cross for First Aid. I divided the prize with the other fellows. The superintendent of the electric light company wrote the superintendent of our company, and said he was very grateful for what we did for his man, and said he thought his company, also, ought to give First Aid instruction."

That is all of the Twohig story, except that I asked him how it felt to realize that he had saved a man's life, and what his sensation was on meeting him on the street. Twohig smiled. "We did meet, a month later," he said. "He tried to thank me, but I didn't like to take credit."

Twohig is in his early thirties, an employee of the Bell Telephone Company of Pennsylvania, by which Company, in collaboration with the American Red Cross, he had been given First Aid instruction. Even though he had participated in contests among company employees—nearly 250 First-Aid teams competing in preliminary sport events, and even though his team had won the trophy and he personally had received a cherished Red Cross medal as well as one from the Company; Twohig little thought to win also the greatest prize in the world—a human life!

"I had been locating trouble on a telephone line," Twohig said, "and was calling it in to the test table. When the operator answered, she told me she had been trying to locate a doctor, that an accident had happened out by the marble quarries—a workman of an electric light company had come in contact with a high voltage wire.

"She said she was unable to locate a doctor, that she had called three towns, and every doctor was out. She asked me what she should do.

"I knew, from my First Aid instruction, that electric shock does not always kill instantly, and life can often be saved even though breathing has stopped. But I also knew that immediate treatment is necessary, that every moment counts. I said, 'I will go.'

"I jumped into my machine. In it I always carry one of those tin boxes, the Red Cross First Aid Kit. On my way, I had to pass my office anyway,

ANOTHER case was that of Wm. J. McCaferty, of the Rio Grande Secret Service. He was on a hunting trip in the mountains. When he was dismounting from his horse, the hammer of his rifle caught and blew off his hand. The prompt action of his fourteen-year old son, who was the only person with him, was all that prevented McCaferty from bleeding to death.



Emily Frances Robbins

Young McCaferty was a member of the Boy Scouts of Pueblo, Colorado, where he had learned First Aid. He tore off a portion of his underclothing and, improvising a tourniquet, succeeded in stopping the flow of blood from the arteries of the wrist. He saved his father's life!

ONE of the first industries to accept the American Red Cross First Aid instruction was the railroads. The Pullman Company donated a couple of cars, which were remodeled and equipped so that physicians could live aboard and hold lectures, and supplied transportation. These cars went all about the country, making stops at points where there were plants and shops, and made arrangements for the men to receive the standardized course in Red Cross First Aid. There now exists the "William Howard Taft Fund" which offers cash prizes specifically to railroad men performing conspicuous services in First Aid. As an example of work which is daily being performed by railroad men, there was the case of the brakeman, Patrick Murphy. Murphy had his leg cut off while he was uncoupling an engine. Engineer John P. Kelly, fireman Reger, and Richard Laurie, telegraph operator, all employees of the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburg Railroad, rendered first aid. The three men applied a tourniquet, performed artificial respiration until he was restored to consciousness, administered aromatic spirits of ammonia, and dressed burns on his hands and head.



ANOTHER railroad case recently reported to the Red Cross for its consideration in awarding the 1920 prizes, was that of John Cravens, an engineer on the C. and O. Railroad, who stopped his train at Duck-

ers, Kentucky, about eight miles from Frankfort, to rescue a small boy from drowning. The boy had been skating on a pond and, as the train was passing, his head was just visible above the ice. With the aid of the train crew, Cravens threw a rope and drew him to safety.

ANOTABLE case of First Aid rendered a boy, occurred recently in Marion, Ohio, and has also been reported to the Red Cross for its consideration in connection with 1920 prize awards. A little fellow six years old—his birthday was the day before the accident—fell into a cistern.



He had been playing with a neighbor boy, at the latter's home a little way down the street, and stepped on the cistern top, which gave way and let him into the water. The cries of the other lad brought his mother to the scene, and she summoned a young man sixteen years old, who went down into the cistern and got the child out. Meantime, she summoned another neighbor, Mr. Fred Preuninger, who through his knowledge of First Aid brought the child to life.

Out in Faribault, Minnesota, a farmer had his hand taken off immediately below the wrist by a corn-shredding machine. With a severe hemorrhage in progress, he was taken to his house, where his daughter, Miss Lulu Andrews, holder of a Red Cross First Aid Certificate, applied a tourniquet, placed her father in a prone position, elevated the injured arm, cared for the condition of shock, inspired confidence by her coolness and judgment, and in calling the doctor by telephone was careful enough, even in her great concern and excitement, to state clearly the nature of the accident so that the doctor would come fully prepared, and gave the name and address of the patient to prevent any possibilities of mistake and delay. The doctor reported that Miss Andrews undoubtedly had saved her father's life.

Did you ever get a fractured bone, even the smallest and most insignificant case? If so, you know something about the pain that it causes even to move a big toe. Imagine the condition of one of the lumberjacks, in a lumbering camp of the Northwest, when a tree fell on him and fractured ribs, thigh and leg. There was no doctor, and no hospital nearer than twenty-five miles—over a logging railroad.

Some of his fellow workmen had been instructed, however, in the Red Cross First Aid. They used a coat to tie around his ribs, bound his arms in tight and secure, the fractured leg was put up in an improvised splint made of boards padded with coats, a stretcher was made out of poles and coats, the man was wrapped up warm, treated for shock and finally, with his breaks as securely fixed as possible, with the minimum of pain, he was carried over the twenty-five miles of bumps and bounces.

Experience has shown, in great industries such as the Bell Telephone Company of Pennsylvania and the Bethlehem Steel, where they have very highly developed First Aid organizations and all of the employees have a thorough course of training, that there are opportunities to apply a knowledge of first aid to accidents occurring in the general population of the town nearly



as often as among the employees of their own company. For instance, a party of six men were taking an automobile trip from Philadelphia to Manheim, Pennsylvania, when, in attempting to pass another car on a muddy road, their car turned turtle, throwing out the occupants, slightly injuring five men and seriously injuring a sixth. Hugh Lane, a Bell Telephone employee who had received First Aid instruction in connection with his work, was one of the party. He immediately assisted everyone, and in particular the seriously injured man, who had a broken arm.

Lane ripped some boards from an advertising sign by the roadside, and with those and strips of cloth torn from his own underclothing improvised splints and prevented a serious compound fracture.

AT another time, an employee of the company, Mr. Compton, happened to be passing a house just as an automobile crashed into a baby carriage containing the small son of the people who lived in the house. No doctor was immediately available, and so Mr. Compton immediately carried the child into the house and administered First Aid. The parents of the child were impressed with his knowledge and efficiency, and convinced that what he did so promptly for their child prevented serious after effects.

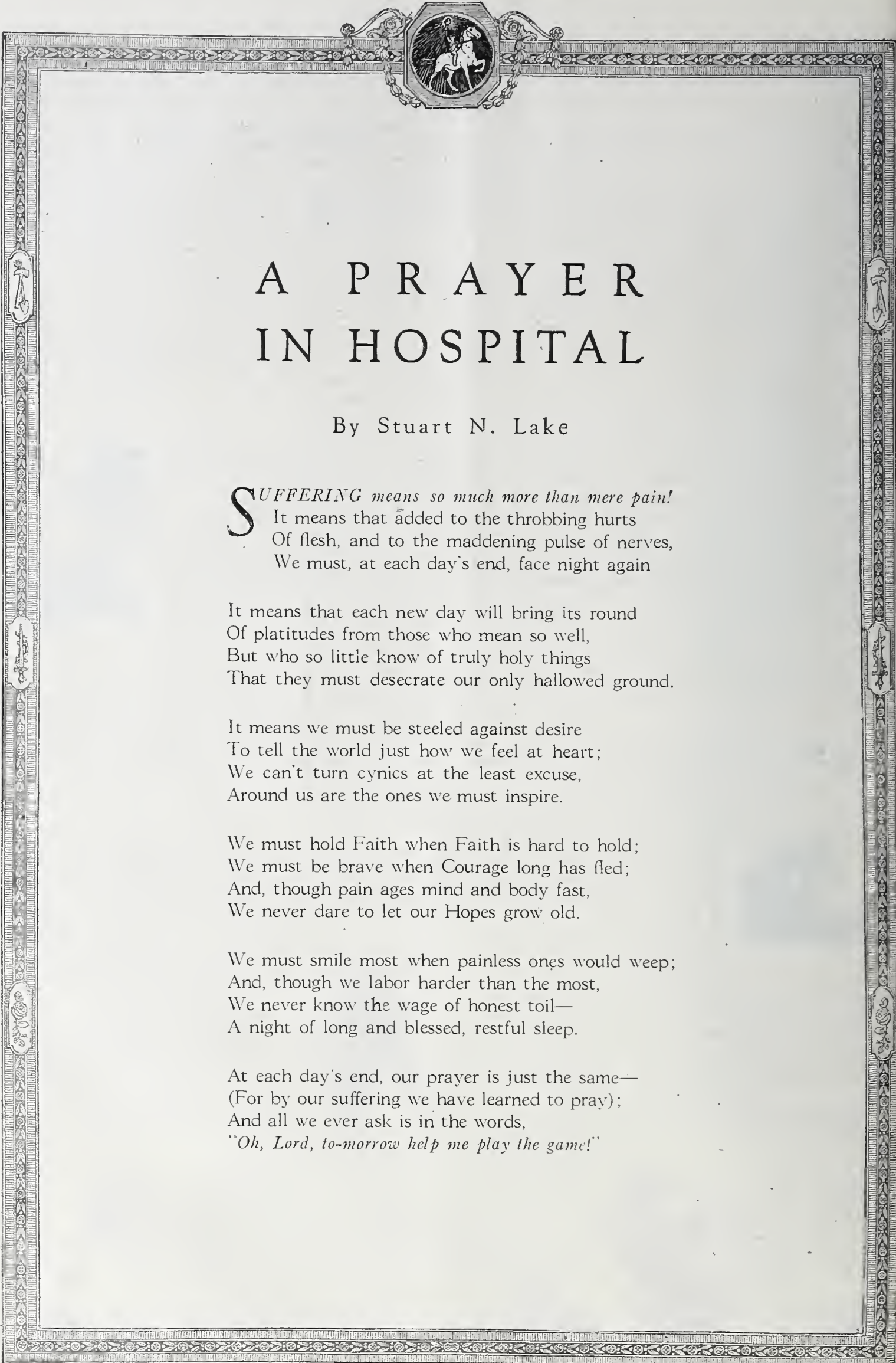


ANUMBER of telephone workmen were coming home one evening in Atlantic City when they saw a crowd collected around an open manhole where some contractors had been working. The telephone men stopped and asked what the trouble was. They told them that a man had been working in the manhole, that some gas had collected and that he was lying there at the bottom of the manhole unconscious.

The telephone men promptly hauled the unconscious man out of the hole, and immediately started artificial respiration. They kept it up until they restored the man to consciousness. When the doctor arrived, he very specifically stated that they had saved the man's life.

THERE was another case, where a fellow fell from a pole, twelve miles out in the country, and away from a doctor, and severed an artery in his leg. The men who were with him, through





A PRAYER IN HOSPITAL

By Stuart N. Lake

S*UFFERING* means so much more than mere pain!
It means that added to the throbbing hurts
Of flesh, and to the maddening pulse of nerves,
We must, at each day's end, face night again

It means that each new day will bring its round
Of platitudes from those who mean so well,
But who so little know of truly holy things
That they must desecrate our only hallowed ground.

It means we must be steeled against desire
To tell the world just how we feel at heart;
We can't turn cynics at the least excuse,
Around us are the ones we must inspire.

We must hold Faith when Faith is hard to hold;
We must be brave when Courage long has fled;
And, though pain ages mind and body fast,
We never dare to let our Hopes grow old.

We must smile most when painless ones would weep;
And, though we labor harder than the most,
We never know the wage of honest toil—
A night of long and blessed, restful sleep.

At each day's end, our prayer is just the same—
(For by our suffering we have learned to pray);
And all we ever ask is in the words,
"Oh, Lord, to-morrow help me play the game!"



The winding road leads you into a world of beauty. Going walking has a magic all its own!

THE FOOT-PATH WAY

By Elon Jessup

EVEN for crinkly haired, usually cheerful black Sam, life held moments as dusky as his own ebony complexion. But when things got too bad in Sam's limited orbit there came a far-away dreamy look in his shining eyes and he took steps to get right with the world again.

Sam was general utility man about my uncle's home. Five years before, he had been a slave in the South. The fortunes of the Civil War had thrown the two together in the South and my uncle after leaving the Union army had brought Sam north with him. Sam liked his new job and surroundings. He became a contented fixture in my uncle's home.

Time rolled by and in due course of events Sam became uneasy in mind. Then, without word or warning, he suddenly and completely vanished. Some ragged clothes, a half-oiled harness and fond memory were the only remaining signs that he had ever existed.

But Sam came back. It was just two weeks after his unannounced departure. A beaming, thoroughly contented, although always taciturn, Sam slowly ambled up the driveway.

My aunt rushed out to meet the prodigal.

"Sam, where have you been?" she asked.

The only answer that could be got from him was a musical darky drawl:

"Ah be'n a-walkin'."

Sam was on good terms with the world once more. He went back to the half-oiled harness with renewed zest. Yet for years afterward this little drama was re-enacted every so often. Sam always came back and his explanation was invariably the same.

"Ah be'n a-walkin'."

After all, Sam's perplexities were not so very different from those of most of us. He knew a way out of them and had the courage to live up to his convictions. I would by no means go so far as to urge a general acceptance of Sam's somewhat irresponsible methods. The result might prove disastrous to the progress of the world—any thoughtful person would at least finish oiling the harness.

In all essentials, however, Sam's way to happiness was not at all out of kilter with the world as it is run. Sam was a trifle vague on responsibilities; that is all. Most of us would like to do exactly what he did but think ourselves unable to do so because of our clear-cut obligations. All of which is a fallacy of considerable proportions. Take the Sunday or the Saturday-to-Monday walking trip as a case in point. These respites from work-a-day troubles are entirely possible for nearly everybody.

It is only a question of getting out and taking them.

The germs of that dread and altogether too common disease known as "grouch" thrive exceedingly well indoors. From twenty-five to fifty liberal doses of walking during the course of a year makes a person practically immune from its ravages. Going walking is good for body, mind, and soul. Do you sometimes wish you were in another world? How very simple is the solution! Just take a walk in the country. Your wish is granted many times over, for the winding road leads you silently into many different worlds. Each gracious meadow-bordered bend discloses a new one. Stranger still, upon returning to the city you find most agreeable city worlds of which you had not previously known the existence.

Where are the best regions for walking? Where stand the most precipitous cliffs to be climbed? The answer is: All are the best. No two stretches of countryside are exactly alike but quite irrespective of how different they may be, the net total of enjoyment each bestows is about the same.

I have crept and struggled over steep crags in the Rockies thinking—when I dared take time to think—that nowhere else in all the world could one experience such an overwhelming sense of exhilaration (*Continued on Page 80*)

COLORADO UNDERSTANDS THE JOYS OF TRAMPING

Few things equal the satisfaction of reaching a mountain top. Such moments are the heights of life itself. The boys in the picture have reached the summit of one of the Rocky Mountains after a long climb upward. The view from where they stand is boundless. They look out over fields of peaks. Above their heads, the clouds go by in etherealized and dreamlike grandeur. Far below them lies the winding ribbon of the green Asulkan Valley



(Below) The scent of hot coffee and bacon mingles with that of balsams and wild flowers as these campers prepare themselves a breakfast in the wilderness. Everybody goes camping in Colorado and nowhere is camp life conducted more efficiently. This party is booked for a hard day's climb and, in their opinion, a good beginning is half the battle. They will cache their paraphernalia and travel with light equipment and concentrated food



(Above) This happy group of Colorado mountain climbers is headed for the top of Mount Elbert. They have passed the timber-line and with the sky for company are making their way across the uplands towards the peak. The air here is crystal cold and pure. The steady ascent does not cause the climber undue fatigue. The footpath way on these heights is one of the most glorious in the world



(At left) Other views of the trail to the top. Members of the Colorado Mountain Club have called a halt in order to study the strange cloud formations. The second picture, taken below the timber-line, shows the same party enjoying the beautiful panorama. Mountain climbing is walking par excellence because of these ever changing views and the sense of achievement that comes from scaling a difficult height

THE WHITE MOUNTAINS ARE A PARADISE

The first night's camp with the camper all set for a good sleep in a hiker's tent. For an extended trip, a tent of this kind is a necessity. Try it and you will be astonished to find out how comfortable you can be in one of these little shelters and how easily you can carry it slung over your back



(Above, at left) A tramping party in the White Mountains who have been lucky enough to find food and shelter in the Appalachian Club hut in the background. They are all ready now to seek new discoveries on the trail ahead

(Above, at right) A view of Mount Washington and the White Mountains. Walking along the top of the Presidential Range is an exhilarating sport



(Below, at left) Resting after his long climb, a young explorer leaves his name in a brass cylinder on a mountain top to prove his achievement

(Right) Off the track! It looks difficult but in reality it's fun to leave the trail and scramble over the rocky wastes in search of adventure. No doubt these climbers have taken precautions against becoming lost. It is no joke to lose one's way in the mountains



CHICAGO GETS THE IDEA



Here's good companionship, pleasant scenery and mild adventure. Those people who think there is nothing for a tramp in the wide expanses of the Middle West have never gone out on a hike with the Prairie Club of Chicago



(Below) Here is an Illinois scene that would fool almost anybody. These are not snowdrifts. They are the fascinating sand dunes of Lake Michigan. Only walkers can get to know the beauty of the out-of-the-way places



You can always tell a walker by his smile. (Above) A party of Chicagoans out for a day's tramp along the wooded roads. People who imagine that Illinois is a flat expanse of prairie land should join the Trumper's Club



(Right) A walking club off for a Sunday afternoon hike on an Illinois road. Swinging along at a good pace, mile after mile is one of the best tonics known, clearing the blues out of one's mind and giving one a rousing appetite

NEW YORK HAS ENERGETIC WALKERS



Every week-end sees thousands of New Yorkers crossing the Hudson River to Palisades Park and setting out on long hikes through the back country of New Jersey. *(Above)* A typical scene on the Hudson shore. *(Below)* A quaint lock with the keeper's house on an abandoned canal in New Jersey. A tow-path makes an ideal walking trail for those who seek mild adventure without too much exertion



(Left) One of the many beautiful scenes which reward the enthusiastic walker in lower New York State. This is a view of a valley lake from a peak in the Ramapo hills. *(Below)* Three hikers cooking their mid-day meal on the edge of the historic Saratoga Lake in the foothills of the Adirondacks. In these surroundings, the simplest food rivals all the indoor creations of the culinary art



(Center circle) Cascade Notch, one of the many little lakes in the Adirondacks, is bordered by the kind of a road that brings joy to a walker's heart. All along the way, white birch trees throw slender shadows across the trail. In October, the woods that clothe the mountain sides hold revel in scarlet and gold. People make special trips to this part of the country in order to see the autumn foliage



(Left) A beautiful moment on a height overlooking the Hudson River Valley. The river reaches seem as quiet as they were on that day, over three hundred years ago, when Hendrik Hudson first made his way up the lordly stream. Farmsteads and thriving villages have taken the place of Indian encampments, but the river and the hills and the sky are unchanged

THE ROCKIES OFFER REAL ADVENTURE

For the tramp few places offer such beautiful and varied scenery as the vast stretches of the Rocky Mountains. (Below) A view of Rogers Lake, in the northern part of Yosemite Park. No photograph can do justice to its cameolike beauty. The lake is nearly ten thousand feet above the sea. Scenes like these are the tramp's idea of heaven, and indeed inspire the uninitiated to take up the tramp's pack



When mere walking trips are not sufficiently adventurous, mountain climbing offers one of the keenest sports of the world. Not even the Alps themselves afford any better opportunities than do our own Rocky Mountains. All through the stretches of that range every summer can be found adventurers such as those at the left. A kodak has caught them on the way to the top of Mount Resplendent



Studying a map is one of the most necessary things on a walking trip. The topographical maps of the United States Geological Survey can always be secured



Where a large amount of equipment is carried, a pack train is quite excusable. (At right) A typical pack train such as many veterans use for their summer's camping among the Rockies. Mules are by far the best animals for this work



(Above) Glacier Point, one of the magnificent views in Yosemite National Park. An idea of the grandeur of the scene can be obtained by comparing the size of the man who stands upon the projecting rock with the vista he is gazing upon

NEW ENGLAND HAS INFINITE VARIETY OF CHARM

The charm of New England lies in her beautiful forests and gray rocks, her valleys and wooded hills. For a trumper there are endless trails leading either to the tops of the mountains or the cool depths of the forest. (At right) Two trampers who have stopped a moment to figure out the age of a slain monarch of the woods by counting the rings



(Above) One of the many lakes in Connecticut, within the range of New York week-end trampers, where the water sparkles among the timber. In the center, to the right of the lake photograph, the kind of trail one finds through the fragrant hemlock forests that fringe the shores.



(Above) One of the rocky pinnacles which are found all through the New England country, reminding one of the Rocky Mountains done in miniature. Here the tramper, if he wishes, can do a bit of amateur mountain climbing. The variety of these countrysides is almost endless

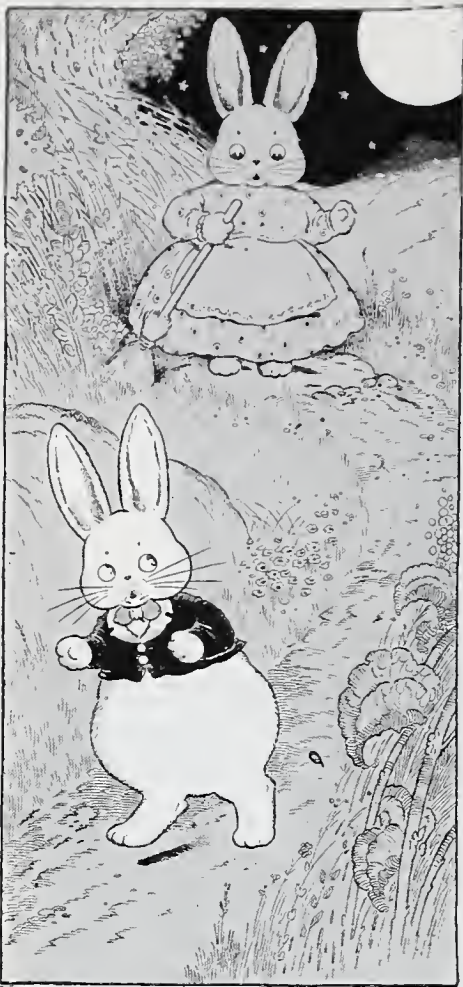
(Above, at the right) A week-end tramper in search of adventure, exploring one of the many rocky caves in the Westchester hills. There are many such romantic places not more than an hour from New York



(At left) A party of hikers starting up through the Adirondack foothills on their way to the woods. Soon the hard road will give way to shadowed trails and cool lakes, and the trampers will be in a new world

PETER RABBIT GETS

By Thornton W. Burgess



"Don't worry, my dear," he said, "I won't stay long"

"PETER! Peter Rabbit!"

Peter cut a long hop short, so short that it was only half a hop. A guilty look crept over Peter's face as he turned toward the dear Old Briar-patch whence the voice had come. "Yes, my dear," said he very meekly.

Little Mrs. Peter poked her head out from under a friendly bramble bush. She was a very trim and dainty little person, was Mrs. Peter, and Peter was very fond of her. But sometimes he did wish she were not so timid. This was one of the times. In fact, each time he left the dear Old Briar-patch in search of adventure, and Mrs. Peter knew it, was one of the times. He had formed the habit of stealing away when Mrs. Peter's back was turned, and it was just what he had been trying to do this time. That is why a guilty look had crept over his face. He expected a scolding. Little Mrs. Peter's tongue could be very sharp at times.

"Please try to get home before sun-up," said little Mrs. Peter mildly.

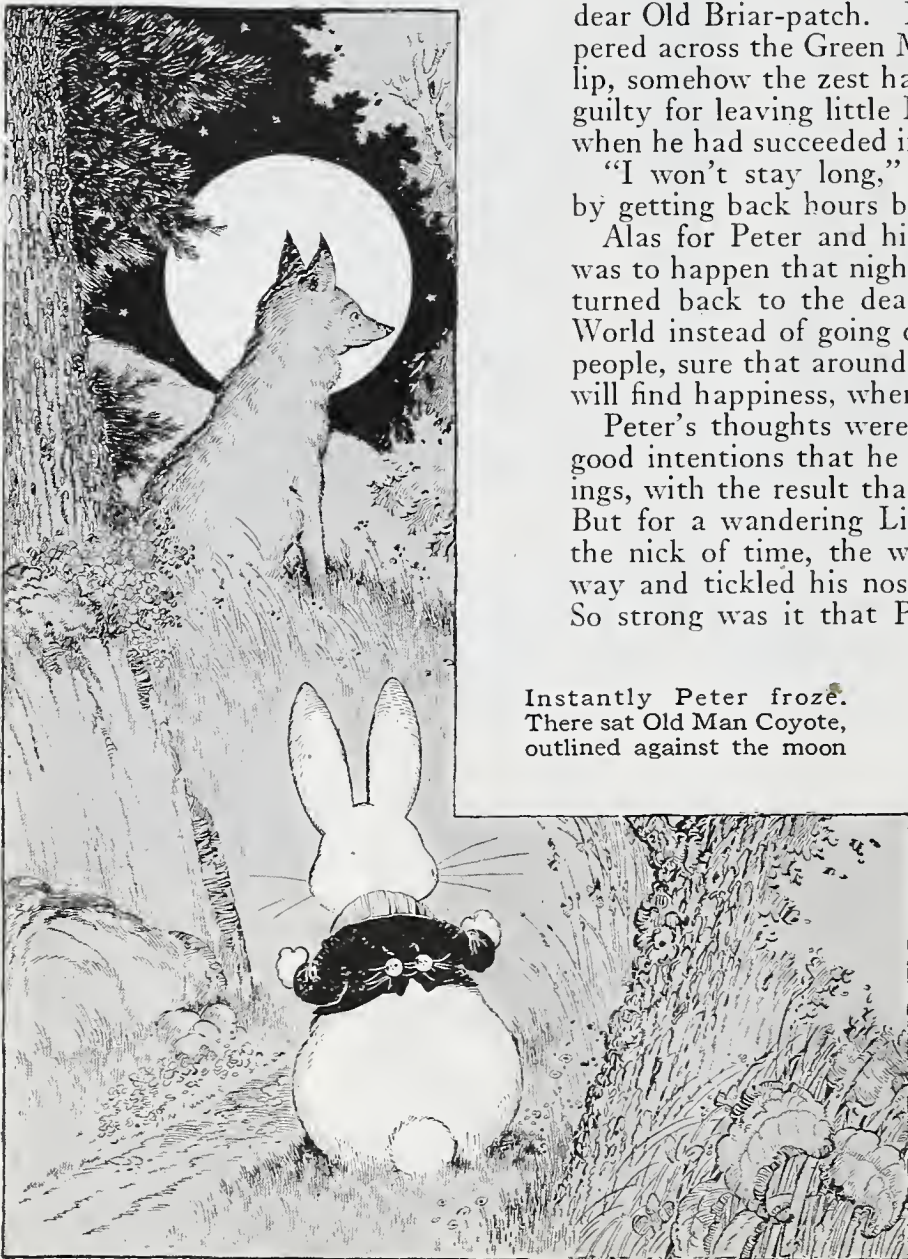
Peter was so surprised he could hardly find his tongue to promise that he would be home before sun-up. "Don't worry, my dear," he added, and turned towards the Green Forest to which the Black Shadows already had come down from the Purple Hills. What had come over little Mrs. Peter? It was the first time she ever had failed to scold him roundly when she had caught him leaving the dear Old Briar-patch. It gave him a queer feeling and, as he scampered across the Green Meadows in the moonlight, lipperty-lipperty-lip, somehow the zest had gone out of the adventure. He felt more guilty for leaving little Mrs. Peter alone to worry than ever he had when he had succeeded in stealing away undiscovered.

"I won't stay long," muttered Peter. "I'll give her a surprise by getting back hours before she expects me."

Alas for Peter and his good intentions! Had he known all that was to happen that night, he would have been quite content to have turned back to the dear Old Briar-patch and dream of the Great World instead of going out into it. But Peter is like a great many people, sure that around the next turn of the Crooked Little Path he will find happiness, whereas all the time he is running away from it.

Peter's thoughts were so occupied with little Mrs. Peter and his good intentions that he didn't pay much attention to his surroundings, with the result that he almost ran right into Old Man Coyote. But for a wandering Little Night Breeze he would have. Just in the nick of time, the wandering Little Night Breeze came Peter's way and tickled his nose with the fresh scent of Old Man Coyote. So strong was it that Peter knew instantly that Old Man Coyote was within a few feet.

Instantly Peter froze. There sat Old Man Coyote, outlined against the moon



Instantly Peter froze. That is, he sat as still as if he had suddenly been frozen stiff. It was the one thing to do. If he had already been seen by Old Man Coyote, it would be useless. But, if he hadn't been seen, there was a chance that he might not be noticed. Peter was scared. Yes, indeed, Peter was scared. Never since the beginning of the Great World has there been a more badly scared Rabbit. He held his breath. He wished, Oh, how he wished that his heart would stop thumping inside of him! It seemed to him that Old Man Coyote certainly must hear it. But most of all he wished he had never

A BIG SURPRISE

Illustrations by Harrison Cady

thought of leaving the dear Old Briar-patch. You see, the instant after he stopped, Peter had discovered Old Man Coyote sitting with his back turned towards him, only two good jumps away!

It seemed to Peter that he sat there trying to hold his breath for at least half the night before Old Man Coyote moved on. As a matter of fact, it was not more than two minutes. But time isn't measured in minutes when it is a matter of life or death, and this is just what it was for Peter and he knew it. If Old Man Coyote discovered him, he wouldn't have the ghost of a chance.

Peter blessed the wandering Little Night Breeze who had brought him the scent of Old Man Coyote just in time. Then little shivers chased up and down his backbone as he thought what would happen if that Little Night Breeze should wander back and take his own scent to Old Man Coyote.

But the Little Night Breeze didn't return and presently Old Man Coyote trotted away in the direction of the Old Pasture. He had simply been sitting there trying to make up his mind where to hunt for a dinner that night. Peter sat perfectly still for a long time after Old Man Coyote had disappeared. Prudence told him to go back to the dear Old Briar-patch, but he was a wee bit ashamed to do that so soon. He knew little Mrs. Peter would suspect that he had been frightened back and then she would never allow him to hear the end of it. So, after a while, Peter set out for the Green Forest.

He made straight for a certain bramble-tangle on the edge of the Green Forest, but as he drew near it a feeling of uneasiness trept over him. He stopped to look and listen. He could see nothing and hear nothing in the least suspicious. "Pshaw!" muttered Peter. "Pshaw! I'm nervous. I haven't recovered from the fright Old Man Coyote gave me. There is nothing to be afraid of."

He hopped on a few steps, then stopped again. That uneasy feeling was stronger than ever. Two or three times he hopped on a few steps and then stopped, and all the time he grew more and more uneasy. Everything seemed right, yet he just *felt* that something was wrong. That feeling became so strong that, when he was only a short distance from the bramble-tangle, he changed his mind about going there and turned towards the Lone Little Path that leads into the Green Forest.

As he did so, a slim form leaped lightly from behind a bush close by the bramble-tangle and started after him swiftly. Peter saw it. "Reddy Fox!" he exclaimed. "He guessed I would come over here to-night and he was hiding there waiting for me. I guess I've got to run for it now."

Peter guessed quite right. He did have to run for it. Lipperty-lipperty-lip, he sped down the Lone Little Path. He couldn't get to the bramble-tangle because Reddy Fox was between him and it. He couldn't outrun Reddy Fox. Reddy could run faster and longer than he could. A glance behind showed him that Reddy was already gaining on him. Peter thought fast and hard. He recalled that ahead of him, a little to one side of the Lone Little Path, was an old hollow log. The opening was big enough for him but too small for Reddy to enter. If he could reach that, he would be safe.

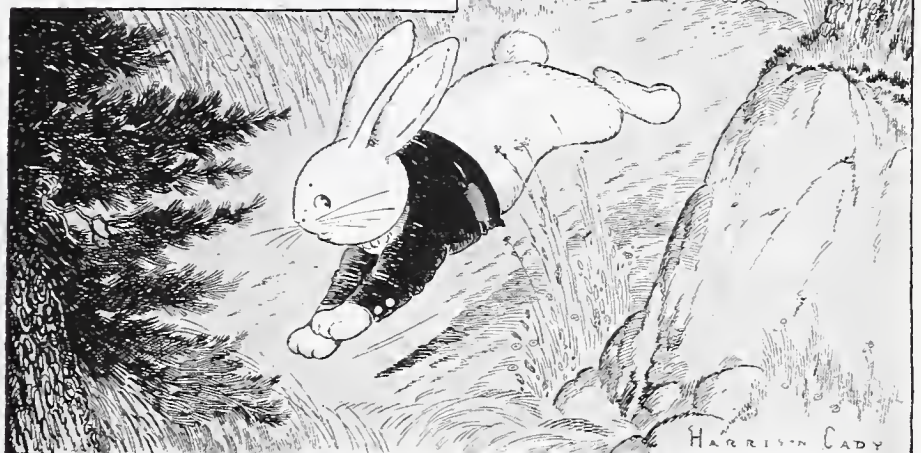
Peter ran as he had seldom run before. He began to breathe hard. He was (Continued on page 73)



Peter ran as he had seldom run before, heading for the old log

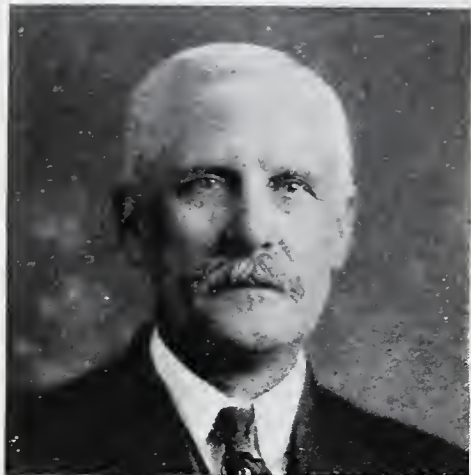


Peter raced on, the great curved claws of Hooty the Owl close behind him



A BETTER AMERICA

Some true stories of people and things that



made on his way to a place as one of the country's greatest producers of commercial recreation. But neither would do; by the alchemy of a fine faith and persistence, D. S. Humphrey worked out for himself the happiest and most wholesome business principle in the world. It is: "*Clean, wholesome amusement pays, pays big, and in the end is the only kind that does pay.*"

This is no preachment or theory. "D. S." is very careful not to be classed as a moralist. Like all good men that

soon as he saw the name, "D. S. Humphrey"—was once a "regular place." Booze and plenty of it, close-up dances, and morbidly colorful fakes and freaks were provided on the trail of advertising evolved from the theory that the good old virtues are dead.

That was before 1901. In that year the Humphrey Company, consisting of "D. S.", his wife, sister, and brother, took over the big eighty-acre Park. Booze went, catch-as-catch-can dancing was ousted, and the morbid freaks were told to move on. Pop-corn stands, clean dancing and family parties reigned in place of the "wild-time" amusements.

Now this is the plot—in 1900, the Park lost \$20,000; in 1901, it made \$30,000.

"Just good business," D. S. Humphrey says. "I out-guessed them. Too many amusement people had it that people are unsound, loose, and don't want clean amusements.

"When we started, the professional amusement people laughed at us and said that we wouldn't last six months, that when people amused themselves

they 'wanted a time,' that every-one wanted to be sporty when he was taking a day off and so on—I've forgotten most of what they said.

"About all the encouragement we got to start with was from the preachers, and I think a lot of them praised us publicly, and privately thought our management of Euclid Beach

was a lot like some folk's idea of heaven—beautiful, but too good to be true.

"But we had our guess of what was sound business in amusements and we



CLEAN AMUSEMENT PAYS

By CARLTON K. MATSON

REMEMBER that good old New England aunt who used to say, "I don't know what this world is coming to; people think of nothing but pleasure!" She had an honest suspicion of amusement. She had to link amusement up with some personal sacrifice in order to give it social standing.

In quite another class, are many modern men who are in the business of providing amusement. They believe that all people are bad; or, at best, slightly indecent, when they are off their guard. These men calculate that any amusement which is coarse or indecent is suited to the taste of the people and assured of success. Unfortunately, they are not always proven wrong.

D. S. Humphrey had a natural right to both of these philosophies. One, he might have inherited from parents who migrated to the Western Reserve of Ohio from "Down East" in the days when migrating was a man's job; the other, he might have caught from the disillusioning contacts he has

D. S. Humphrey, the man who has proved that clean amusement pays; and Euclid Beach Park, where Cleveland's boys and girls, mothers and fathers, swim, dance and play



succeed, he wards off praise with the materialistic statement that he has "No eye to anything-but business."

Forgetting the principle and the moral, the story is this: Euclid Beach Park, Cleveland—any Clevelander had the beginning and end of this story as

ROOF NURSERIES

Many people in cities forget that there is fresh air and sunshine on their roofs. These children are eating and playing on the roof of the New York Nursery and Child's Hospital



IN THE MAKING

will strengthen your faith in your country

stuck to it long enough to put it to the test. I want to say right here that I think a lot of what is sweet and sound in our business adventure, and a lot of the courage that enabled us to stand by it, came from the women folks with us. My wife and my sister have been directors from the start and my wife is secretary-treasurer to-day.

"Anybody is welcome to the business principle we discovered—that a good woman partner adds something to one's firm that no man can. To us, the women imparted a faith in the real decency and wholesomeness of folks.

"How we cleaned up Euclid Beach? Well, first, we established the 'free gate'. By taking no gate receipts, we had no responsibility toward the patron that would keep us from bouncing him, and bounce him we did, when he became objectionable.

"Of course, we had already put out the beer concession—and cleaned up more on our pop-corn stands the first year than our predecessors got out of the \$9,000 booze concession. Their special police force always ate up their profits.

"When we bounced a noisy or troublesome citizen, we took pains to get it in the papers. That was our idea of advertising. Some folks have an idea that it is their moral duty to be decent but that it is probably something to be ashamed of and certainly not anything to brag about. Well, we had it differently and we advertised our decency.

"We put up signs, 'No Freaks, Fakes or Fresh People'; 'Free Gate'; 'No Beer'; 'A Safe Place for Mother and the Kids'; and Mother and the Kids, the whole family in fact, came, ate their lunch, stayed and spent money. I neglected to say that we took over all the concessions when we started and that we owned and operated everything in the Park ourselves.

"We're proud of the fact that unprotected women, girls and children can be as free from fear of molestation in our Park as in their own homes.

It's a great sight to see the family parties eating at the tables under the trees and then breaking up to scatter to the dance hall, the figure eight, or the bathing beach.

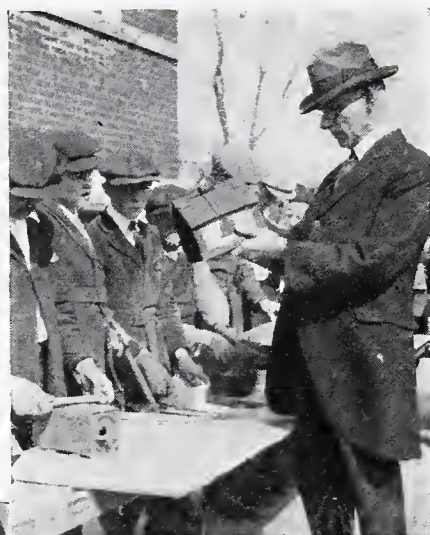
"This family picnicing has something fundamental in it. It's a direct descendant of the Sunday School picnic in the small town, and it's full of the old-fashioned virtues that still underlie all our sound institutions.

"Yes, it has been good business!"

Clevelanders will vouch for the truth of this doctrine. They saw the Humphrey business grow until the beach resort was supplemented in 1907 by the great skating rink, the Elysium, on Euclid Avenue, which the Company built and owns.

The man who is President of the Humphrey Company is sixty-eight years old, big framed and over six feet tall. A gray mustache and gray hair give the only appearance of age. He is tanned a dark-brown, an out-of-doors color. It is the out-of-doors look of the man who plows or cuts timber, and not of one sun-burned at the race-track.

FREE HOMES
The school children of Chicago have made many bird houses this year. In this work they are encouraged by State officials, for the birds protect the trees against bugs



GIVING THE FARMER A REAL ADDRESS

By MARGARET SANBORN

THE farmers of Tompkins County, New York, have something that most of our farmers do not have: they have an address, just like city folk.

If you hear that one of them has fresh eggs to sell and you start out to track those eggs down, you do not have to stop every little while to inquire for the farm which used to be owned by somebody else, and is on a cross road off the main road; you can go there just as easily by yourself as you would to 120 West 81st Street or 600 Lake View Avenue. For that farmer has an address.

This is how it happened. Out in Colorado, there lived a farmer named J. B. Plato. He had been brought up in Denver, so he was used to

having an address, something more definite than "three miles west, or R. F. D. 3." But after he had moved out on his farm, he did not think much about this address difficulty until one day when he had some calves to sell. He started to write out an advertisement and put down his



MAY DAY FUN

These pictures show some of the girls of New York City's public schools celebrating May Day in Central Park with games and May Pole dancing

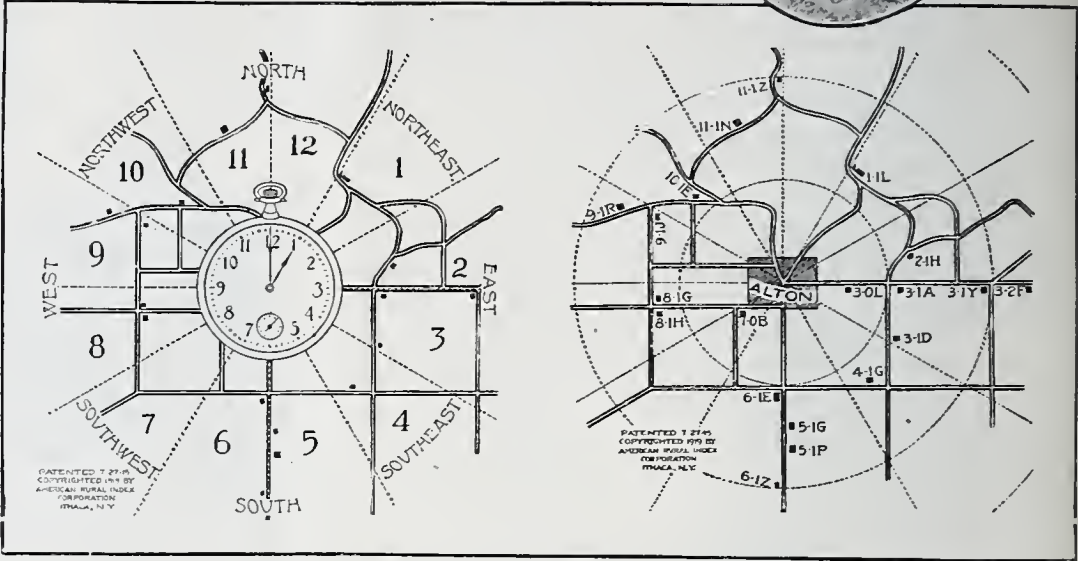


name and the only address he had: Box 41, R. F. D. 1, Broomfield, Colo. And then he began to think. How would anyone but the mail carrier know what that address meant, and where his farm was? If he was to sell his calves, he knew that in his advertisement he would have to explain exactly where he lived, but a long and complicated and most indefinite explanation was the only kind he could make—five miles south of Broomfield, six miles northeast of Golden. If he were in the city, he would have a short, definite address that people could find, but he was not in the city. He was out in the country, five miles south of Broomfield, on R. F. D. 1.

Thus, Mr. Plato ran up against a difficulty that the farmers all over this country have been facing. But he did not let it go at that. Every farmer should have an address, he thought, an address that would bring people right to his front door. He knew that systems of "putting the farmer on the map" had been tried, but none had been successful. Most of them had imitated the system of street and house numbering used in cities, but 156 North Road does not really tell one any more than R. F. D. 3 does. So J. B. Plato set to thinking, as he milked the cows and did the chores, and he thought hard.

The result is the Clock System of Rural Index, which has been worked out so successfully in Tompkins County, New York State. This system of numbering gives the four essentials in finding the farmer's house: the village which it is near, the direction from the village, the number of miles from the village, and the identifying number of the house. This system is based on the face of the clock and the hours of the clock, with which we are all familiar. Take the accompanying map of Alton, and the roads which run out from the village. The first figure shows the map of Alton with the clock face placed upon it, and the country around Alton divided into twelve spaces, according to the hours of the clock. 12 is north; the 1 o'clock space is northeast; 7 o'clock space is southwest; 10 o'clock is northwest, and so on. Figure 2, herewith,

shows the map of Alton marked according to the clock system. All the farms in the 1 o'clock space are marked 1; those in the 4 o'clock, 4; those in the 8 o'clock space, 8. Every house less than a mile distant from the village centre is in Zone 0, those one mile distant in Zone 1, those two miles in Zone 2. Furthermore every house has its particular letter, those from A to L being in the first half of each mile space, and those letters from M to Z in the last half. Thus, if you want to find the house numbered 5-1P, you know that it is southeast of Alton because the 5 tells you that. The 1 tells you that it is more than one mile away, and the P that it is between a mile and a-half and two miles from Alton. The P also identifies the par-



ROAD MAKERS

These North Carolina patrolmen who keep up and repair the roads of their counties, are proud of their handiwork. They post their names where all may read

ticular house for you, for when you reach it you will recognize it by its number on a metal plate put up before the house: 5-1P Alton.

Mr. Plato started to work out this system in Colorado; but it came to the attention of the Cornell Agricultural College and he was called to Ithaca, New York. The American Rural Index Corporation was formed, and Tompkins County, with the co-operation of the Farm Bureau and the schools, has been surveyed and every house and farm has its address.

The way this survey was made is interesting. The farm bureau sent to each school a map of that school district, with the houses and roads marked. The children filled in the names of the farmers; the kind of farming, such as dairy, general, etc.; the telephone numbers of the farmers; and crossed off the roads that were not used. This plan of making the survey put the children in touch with the Clock System, and made them interested in the scheme. It also gave them a little lesson in geography, and a good idea of their own town and their own district. The schools have co-operated wonderfully in this work. 127 maps were sent out in Tompkins County and 124 have been filled in and returned. The remaining three are being held so that the children can make a more detailed village map.

The value of giving the farmer an address is great. As we have seen in the case of Mr. Plato and his advertisement, it is of distinct commercial advantage. Then there is a social advantage, too. In the changing population of many of our farm lands, it means a good deal to the farmer's wife who is a newcomer to have a real address so that if she meets her distant neighbors she can tell them exactly where she lives. This definite address may even bring the doctor more quickly in case of emergency.

But this system of "putting the farmer on the map" is yet in its infancy. Tompkins County is blazing the way. It remains for the rest of our country to wake up and follow.

HELPING MEXICANS TO BE AMERICANS

By LEE MCCRAE

THE Red Cross Chapter of Pasadena, California, as anxious to be helpful in these days of reconstruction as in war times, is very actively engaged in many lines of community service. Leading in the movement to establish first aid kits along the crowded highways, it has





Pasadena's Community House for Mexicans. At the left of the house can be seen the garage which serves as a Maternity Hospital. (Below) Mexican women waiting for the "Store" to open

nurses give systematic instruction to various classes there. In addition, the Junior Red "Crossers" supply fresh milk daily to great numbers of babies, invalids and elderly people at five cents a quart. (The market price is sixteen cents.) Those who cannot afford the five cents get the milk anyway. This is one of the ways in which the Juniors help, raising

all funds as they themselves decide, chiefly through self-denial.

The other small building in the rear of the House is called the "Store". It is a permanent bargain counter opened every other morning for the sale of clothing, household equipment and supplies of all kinds to any customers who come. The snap shot shows how they come. Its stock is supplied through the efforts of Pasadena women, largely the members of the Red Cross organization, who must continuously bestir themselves to keep its shelves covered.

Of course there is a Day Nursery and Clubs and all manner of departmental work customary to settlement houses but, in this case, giving wide scope for the personal touch of patriotic women who, during the stress of war, learned the joy and value of service to others. The Pasadena Chapter grows strong through exercise; it gives out, therefore it receives. It grows in numbers and financial strength because, working with the constructive forces of the universe, it is serving the Nation right here from its home-center.

SPRING CLEANING

By MARGARET SANBORN

OUR American housewives have their spring cleanings—so do our cities and our towns.

Last spring, the school chil-

dren of Kansas City divided the districts into sections, and organized themselves into bands with captains, and went the rounds, asking the householders to clean up their yards and premises. In certain cases, school boys themselves put on overalls and took up the work of chasing dirt; in others, they told citizens where men could be found to do the work. There was to be no excuse for a cluttered back yard.

Minneapolis also enrolled its school children in a paint-up and clean-up campaign.

In Detroit, the Boy Scouts were the field agents. And very interesting reports they made of conditions. Wrote one Scout about an alley he visited, "The ashes are way high and I couldn't get through. I guess I'll get my big brother to help me."

Waterbury, Connecticut, had another scheme to clean its yards. The City Improvement Committee of the Chamber of Commerce gives out plants and shrubs to Waterbury citizens as a step in beautifying their city, but only to those who abolish tin cans and rubbish from their premises and who do a really good clean-up job on their yards. This may seem a little thing, perhaps, but in reality, it is a big thing for the city itself, and for the people of the city.

The children of Coke Otto, Ohio, under the auspices of the Red Cross, played a "tin can game." They cleaned their town from one end to the other making it a place of which they and their parents could be proud. As a reward, they were presented with a baseball outfit.

Spring cleaning and all-the-year-round cleaning is something that every town and all the people in the town can do.



A Boy Scout reporting on the condition of a backyard; and some of the children of Coke Otto, Ohio, who so valiantly battled with dirt and rubbish

fully a hundred of these to its credit. It is also busy promoting Junior activities and interests, realizing that this is the most far reaching service it can give to our nation.

But the Chapter is concentrating chiefly upon work for the Mexicans in its midst, these being Pasadena's largest foreign element.

Through the Edna P. Alter House, they are reaching effectively one hundred and twenty-five Mexican families, lifting them physically, mentally and spiritually toward American ideals, especially in home life.

This Community House is by no means a charity but a very wisely conducted philanthropy. It bears the name of a once obscure nurse, since killed in a pitiful accident, whose heart was touched ten years ago by the woeful needs of the Mexican families she visited. She promptly started the movement, which six years ago materialized in the excellent little building, equipment and grounds pictured here.

It is located in the midst of the foreign district; is a model of attractiveness inside and out; and has the support of many churches and the civil authorities of the city, the health officers being particularly interested in its success. It is open day and night to the people, with classes, amusements and assistance for all comers. Girls and women of all ages are taught sanitation, first aid, sewing, cooking, rug-making, and so forth. And they certainly show their appreciation.

The Red Cross is not only helpful financially, but looks after the wee maternity hospital established in the garage, the prettiest, whitest little ward of three beds and three cribs of which any Chapter can boast. "Perfect!" exclaims the visitor involuntarily, stepping within the small house. Many wee Mexican-Americans have opened their eyes first within its snowy walls and gazed, no doubt, in inherited love of color, at the Red Cross emblem above their heads.

A free clinic is maintained in the principal building, and Red Cross

NONE SO USELESS

By Theodocia Pearce

Illustrated by F. R. Gruger

TO have brought up three children, to have given them meals when they were hungry and kisses when they were hurt—that didn't seem like achieving much to Martha Knight. She only felt old and useless. And then one day—but you must read the story to find out what happened then. Theodocia Pearce has done nothing better than this concluding story of the Knight family

MARTHA was alone—Martha who so rarely had any time to herself, any hours to call her own. Often she had yearned for solitude and silence, yearned and it never came. There was always so much to be done; always so many places to go; always so many things to remember; that such a time had never come. But now it was with her—she was alone! There was no one to break the soft stillness of the house, no one to intrude upon her musings.

Henry was away. He had gone out an hour before to a business meeting of the Company, gone out perplexed and anxious.

"The men are after more wages," he had told Martha. "It is a problem to meet every demand. But they must have enough to live on. We will have to discuss it thoroughly. Don't wait up for me. I may be late."

Bruce had departed the week before for college. Martha had watched him off with great joy and great pain in her heart. So perfect were these two things within her, that she had not cried, had not thought of the future with its long lonely days for her, and, after the waiting, days of triumph. She had not thought of those things; she had stood numb and speechless. Her dream had blossomed but she could not pluck the flower. She stood off—worshipping. And, in her heart, that mingled pain and pleasure.

Alma and Bertha had homes of their own; they were not there with her any longer. They had passed out, passed out from the home she had made for them, passed on to a new way of living.

At last, after years of toil and struggle, of weary work and endless serving, Martha was alone. Alone—even as she had yearned to be alone in those days when solitude had been denied her. And now that her wish had been granted, she sat back in her chair with a sigh of content; her hands folded idly in her lap. There was a satisfaction in having attained this hour. And yet, there was neither the

hushed happiness she had expected in solitude, nor the sweet peace she had hoped to find in her musing. There was something—some warmth and color of life—lacking.

She looked at the clock. Almost eight! Two whole hours she had to herself, two whole hours to spend as she pleased. And now that they were hers she knew not what to do with them. She looked down at her hands, empty hands resting in her lap, and realized that to feel the full measure of Happiness, she must be busy, must fill the solitude with the sweetness of action.

What could she do? Mending? No—there was no mending, and this night she had no desire to mend. She had put aside the common duties that filled her days. Write? Would she write a letter to Bruce? She had promised to write him always Sundays and Thursdays. This was Tuesday. He would not expect a letter, and Martha did not really wish to write to him to-night. There was something she wanted to do with her solitude, something she wanted to do for herself. Always there had been little things she had wanted to do for herself and had never had time to do.

There were books. She had meant to read much; had meant to improve her mind and keep pace with the times. But she always had so many things to do—so many things to keep pace with that Time had been forgotten. Now she would begin. And she smiled wryly to herself as she realized what a great deal of reading she would have to do, how far behind she was in all matters.

"I'll fairly have to run to catch up with the world," she told herself.

SO, alone, she planned to read much, planned to see the best plays that came to the little city, planned to attend a course of lectures at the Y. W. C. A.—they always had something interesting down there. She knew, for twice a year when she had attended bazaars in the building, she had stopped to read the many attrac-

tive notices on the bulletin board in the hallway. She had yearned to take in some of those affairs, yearned to know more about modern poets and great painters and their pictures, but always she had turned aside. So much there was to be done at home. But now—well, it was different now. Tomorrow—no, she was busy tomorrow—the next day—yes, the next day she would go down to the Y. W. C. A. and see what courses they had to offer. She would go and she would take Alma with her. Surely Alma would have the time and the desire to learn more of thought and the progress of the world. Alma had been pretty well tied down, all day long in a pokev office. Surely Alma would be glad to go, and how glad Martha would be, to go with Alma.

She glanced again at the clock. Just a little after eight. Almost two hours yet—almost two hours.

On the centre table was the latest number of a woman's magazine. She drew her chair up to the light and took the magazine up in her hands. Well, to-night she would read; she would begin at once to do some of those things she had waited so long to do.

She read a story, a short sweet tale of June roses, a maid and a soldier chap in love; read it and forgot all else, even that time was her own to do with as she pleased.

And, after the story, there was an article written by a woman who had made good in the Middle West. She had had time, long days of loneliness. But she had peopled them with children of her brain, had found companionship in her own thoughts, had put them down on paper. And the world called her a successful novelist.

It touched Martha deeply, more than the story had touched her. It stirred in her a strange regret, or was it that it awakened in her a longing. She turned the pages of the magazine idly, the spell of reading still upon her. There was a page—a full page of photographs—photographs of women throughout the country who were working, achieving; women who had kept abreast of the



"I'm going to have a little time to myself now," said Martha—"time to improve in!" Henry stooped and kissed her hair. "I don't see how you can improve," he said gently

times, social workers, writers, painters, lecturers—all living to the full and succeeding. Women in small towns and country places and great cities, sending out their message, going out with their message to all parts of the world. Martha looked at them long, looked at the earnest, sweet, fine faces of them, then slowly she closed the magazine and placed it back on the table.

It came to her then, with the bitterness that is born of a sudden realiza-

tion, that she was getting old and useless, that the best of her days had passed, that the best of life was done for her. She had lived through long years of toil and now, at the last, there was nothing to show for it—nothing. She thought of the women in the magazine, young, many of them and achieving. She had failed to achieve! The years had slipped by, and into them she had put nothing lasting, no great purpose, and the years had gone by

speedily. She had not realized until this night what a great many years had gone by. She had been too busy with the common things to count them as they passed. She had not known that she was old. There had been too many around always, she had never had time to think of old age. But, alone, it was different. One had time to think when alone.

And, to-night, Martha knew that she was old!

More bitterly still, she knew that she had failed to achieve. So busy she had been that opportunities had knocked and she had not heard them; dreams had waited near-by and she had not seen them. She had been blind and deaf to the cry and the need of the world. And now it was too late to serve—to aspire—to achieve.

She was old, and, moreover, she was useless!

Martha's head sank and rested upon her hands, poor work-worn hands. She was ashamed—oh, she was ashamed of her failure. So many things she might have done and had not done—so many things.

She did not hear Henry come in, so deep was her despair, so great her humiliation. She started ashamed at the touch of his hand on her shoulder.

"Moping, Martha?" he teased.

"No!" She tried to smile. "I wasn't moping, Henry. I was just thinking." She lapsed into silence. Henry stood nearby watching her.

"See here, Martha," he said at length, "you mustn't get lonely because the children are away."

"I'm not lonely, Henry. I am glad they are away. I am going to have a little time to myself now, a little time to study and improve in."

He stooped and kissed her hair.

"I don't see just how you can improve," he said gently.

Martha laughed softly, got up from her place and went up stairs to turn down the beds.

THE brooding silence upstairs almost frightened Martha. She switched on the light in the hall and stood before the door of Alma's room. Some impulse stirred her; she reached out to the knob, turned it and went in. She turned the switch and flooded the room with light. Sweet with its chintz-hung windows and its white furniture, the place greeted her, folded her in. The hushed breath of it was like a warm breeze of summer blowing full upon the winter within her heart. She forgot that there was winter there, forgot that age oppressed her, and sat down in this sanctuary of her Youth, among the dreams of her past. Perhaps all the more because Alma had left it behind her, this room really belonged to Martha. Often she entered softly to worship unobserved at this shrine of her Youth. For was not Alma—Alma, sweet and radiant—was not Alma herself re-born? The little room was the room of her dreams, a room in which order dwelt and peace hovered.

She sat alone, relaxed and quiet, her thoughts wandering the ways of her Youth. One night, years and years before—so much had happened since then it seemed many years—she had finished reading a book, a book that had kindled her to flame. She had wanted to write a book too, a book of wonder and inspiration for all people. Through the long days she had dreamed her book. But always she was so busy working for others, she could never find time to begin. She saw herself this night, as she had seen herself then—a

woman of the world, successful, triumphant; not as one who had achieved some pursuit, but as one who had lived to some purpose—a soul strong, serving, useful.

Useful. That was it—she had yearned to be useful—useful to humanity.

Alone in Alma's room, for the moment she was all she had dreamed. The silence enfolded her, the peace of the place rested upon her.

"Martha!" It was a shrill call from below. "Martha, come on down and have a drink of lemonade. I've just made some."

AROUSSED and ashamed, Martha stumbled to her feet, turned out the light and went slowly down the stairs. Turning out the light, she had looked down upon her hands, hands veined, red and rough. And she knew that, not as she had dreamed, had she attained. She went down the stairs sadly, for she did not know that she had achieved something greater than all her dreams.

"I was just turning down the beds," she explained, and realized with a rush of remorse that she had not turned down the beds at all. Later, she stole up the stairs and accomplished the task in Henry's room, afterwards going down to wash the lemonade glasses and the plates in the kitchen. Henry came up from the cellar while she was working at the sink.

"I'm pretty tired to-night, Martha," he confessed. "The meeting was rather a strain. Had to explain conditions in the shop and all that, you know. Had to offer suggestions for straightening things out. Pretty tired—so I'll go on up to bed."

She turned to him quickly.

"Don't overdo, Henry. I couldn't have you overdo."

And Henry, stirred at the sweet solicitude in her tone and the touch of tenderness on her face, took her in his arms and kissed her.

"It is so wonderful, little woman," he said, "to have you near me to grow old with."

He left her standing numbly in the middle of the kitchen, staring down at her hands.

So Henry knew, knew as she knew, that they were growing old.

She thought of Henry going out every day to his work, to his place at that shop—his needful place, for she had not a doubt that Henry was useful to the Company. From a humble beginning, he had risen to a position of efficiency and responsibility. He was a part of the great industry of the world; above all he was useful. He had not failed.

BUT Henry—her lips shut tightly to strangle a choking sob—Henry must not know that she was growing old, a failure.

She laid the table for breakfast in the kitchen. They had breakfast in the kitchen now that the children were away. It made less work for Martha, and Henry seemed to enjoy it more.

She laid the table and, moving about, thought deeply upon failure and highly upon success. She had once read. "There is no elevator to success, take the stairs!" It came to her memory now; came to convince her of her failure.

In the even monotony of her days, in the straight level road she had journeyed, there was evidence of her failure. Success was a mounting thing—a going up towards attainment. And one mounted a step at a time and, with each step, what a trembling of Joy there was in the heart—a *trembling of Joy*. Success was indeed a mounting thing, and the higher one went the higher one's heart was lifted. With despair, it was deep.

She went up to her room softly so as not to disturb Henry. And, making ready for bed, she studied her face in the mirror. It was a face that was growing old, with eyes that were no longer bright, cheeks sunken a little, a mouth drawn in at the corners—a face framed in gray hair.

She was old. What was that thing Henry had said—said as he kissed her good-night in the kitchen? "*It is wonderful, little woman, to have you near me to grow old with!*"

Martha smiled and a strange something stirred within her. She remembered it was a year ago that he had seemed so forgetful of her, so needless of her, and the yearning in her heart had been unspeakable. But love, in pity, had brought him back. The yearning had departed; there was no need for it now. Love, ceaseless, boundless, forever, the world and the heaven blended—Love was like that. And Love was hers. A strange something stirred, a lifting of her heart in gladness—a *trembling of Joy*.

"PERHAPS," she thought, "perhaps to grow old is not so hard—not so hard when I have Henry."

But there was her failure. She could not get away from the shame and the chagrin of that.

Martha was up betimes the next morning, and breakfast was waiting when Henry came down.

"It's the early bird that gets the hot breakfast," he commented cheerily.

After he had departed to his work, Martha turned back diligently to hers, just as Martha had always turned back, mornings without end. There was much to be done, even as there had always been so much to do. She cleared away the breakfast things, washed the dishes and tidied the downstairs rooms. Dusting the living room, her hands came upon the magazine. She took it up eagerly and turned to the page of photographs. The women who had worked and waited and won.

Oh, the sweet fine faces of them!

Pain pierced her deeply. She put aside the book and took up her duster. Those women—what wonderful works they had for the world, what gifts they held out in their hands. Their hands—and Martha's hands. She held in her hands only a duster. She began to work vigorously to hide her pain.



"It seems like, the days you don't get down here, Mrs. Knight, the sun somehow don't get up!" one woman told her

Later she went to the kitchen and baked a peach pie for Henry. She thought much of Bruce while she was doing it. Bruce, who could devour a peach pie with amazing promptness! She wondered if they ever gave him peach pie at college, and fell to planning all the good things she would make for him for his first week end, all the things he liked best.

"There ought to be a letter to-day," Martha reasoned as she patted the

left-over pie crust into a ball. "There ought to be!" She regarded the pie crust critically. "Such a little speck—'taint worth saving. I'd best make it up into a pie for old Mrs. Berry. She always enjoys a bit of pie—poor old soul!"

So Martha baked a miniature peach pie for old Mrs. Berry and, taking it piping hot from the oven, she burned her thumb.

"If that isn't just like me," she

scolded herself. "Burning my thumb on the very day I have to talk to the mothers down at the Mission. They'll know without my ever telling them just how much I hate to wear gloves, and what red ugly hands I have."

The telephone began to ring and she hurried away to answer it.

"Oh, Mamma, can't you come over," Alma pleaded, "I'm in such a fix. I am trying to make a one-piece dress out of that tan suit I had last spring!



Old Mrs. Berry said, "There be very few as can make pies the way you do, Martha Knight"

Did you ever think I'd come to that, Mamma? And such a fix as I'm in. I can't imagine if I cut it wrong or turned it wrong or what. Please do come over."

"Well," Martha considered, "I have to go to the Mission this afternoon. But I might slip over real early."

"Come now for luncheon," Alma suggested. "I'm here alone, you know!"

"But—Henry," Martha protested.

"Set out a lunch for Dad," Alma said gaily. "He won't mind, Mamma. Set it out on the kitchen table like I do sometimes for Buster. Dad won't

mind, honest! Then you hurry right over."

"I'll have to dress," Martha looked down at her print house-dress. "I'm an awful sight, Alma. I've been baking."

"Yes, I know," Alma's voice came to her lightly. "Yes, I know, Mamma! I can smell it."

They both laughed.

"All right, Alma, I'll be over in about an hour."

So much she had to do, fixing the table for Henry, finishing her work upstairs, dressing for the meeting—so much she had to do that for the time being

she forgot the women in the magazine, the women who had succeeded where she had failed.

She wrapped up the peach pie before she left the house and carried it over to Mrs. Berry. She found the old lady on the veranda, her knitting needles clicking away.

"Just a little pie," Martha explained. "I thought, maybe, you would like it."

"Faith, and I will. There be very few as makes pies like you do, Martha Knight."

Martha laughed. "I think you are just asking me for another one already."

"Won't you sit down a bit?"

"Not to-day," Martha turned to the steps. "I'm on my way over to lunch with Alma." There was pride in her voice. "I am going to help her cut out a dress."

"And how is she?"

"Fine!" Martha exclaimed. "Just fine!"

"Bless her pretty face! And the boy? How's the boy now, Martha, away at his school?"

"I expect a letter to-day. He's getting along famously."

"Faith, an' its famous he'll be yet—the quick way he has of getting after things."

"I think so myself," Martha said. "He'll be home over Sunday in about three weeks. He'll drop in to tell you about everything."

"It's a wonderful thing," the old lady spoke gently, "it's a wonderful thing, Martha Knight, to have sent children like that out into the world."

Martha went thoughtfully on her way. It was a soft September day, a day of balmy air and shedding sunlight. She walked the tree-bordered streets of the little city she loved, and above her the leaves trembled, swaying sleepily in a wind that must have been newly awakened from slumber, so fresh it was and so dream-blown. The heart of Martha, as she proceeded on her way to Alma, was akin to those softly stirring leaves—with a *trembling of Joy*.

Alma saw her coming up the street and ran out to the veranda to welcome her.

"So glad you came, Mamma," she cried, kissing Martha warmly. "Why, I'm in such a fix!"

Arm in arm, they went into the house. Martha peeked into the living room with its white tiled fireplace and rose-shaded light, then followed Alma out to the dining room where the cut glass sparkled on the buffet and a snowy cloth was spread out over the table. Places were set for two.

"Why don't we eat in the kitchen?" Martha asked. "It would save you so much trouble!"

Alma, sweet as a flower in her house dress of pink gingham, hugged Martha rapturously.

"The very idea, Mamma, and you my company! I just guess one doesn't ask their guests to eat in the kitchen. Not their mothers anyway!"

"I'm not company," Martha denied.

"Oh, yes, you are—to me anyway! Take your things upstairs, Mamma. The dress is in the back room. Take a look at it."

"I'll have to be off by three," Martha warned.

"Oh, you can go any time you want to, now you are really here! Gracious! I smell my soup burning," she skipped away to the kitchen. Martha went sprightly up the stairs. There was something in the youth of Alma that was infectious to Martha, so she went sprightly up the stairs.

She put her things on the bed in the front room, the little guest room that was so neat and dainty, so suggestive of Alma herself. Martha paused to admire a little china pin tray on the dresser, just a little pin tray, but it seemed to her like a minute taken from the days of Alma and made into a pin tray.

"My children would think me crazy if they knew what I thought sometimes," she declared to herself.

She went down the hall to the tiny back room—a room as yet unfurnished but dignified by the name of "work room." Martha paused on the threshold of this room and gasped. It looked like destruction to her—a litter of patches and paper on the floor; a heaped-up mass of dress goods on the table, and, between the two—a sewing machine.

She sat down near the table and tackled the tan suit. With dexterity and precision, she withdrew pins, pulled out bastings, lifted and examined tissue paper patterns, and paused to reason at regular intervals. She heard Alma moving about in the kitchen.

"I hope she never treats Life as she has this tan suit," Martha chuckled, and almost at once became serious again.

To Martha, Life was a sort of robe you made for your soul to wear. You were given material, the material of years, woven from the days and the hours that made Life, and the pattern of the garment must be cut from the thoughts of the mind and the impulses of the heart. Martha had made a mistake in the making of her robe, yet she could not ascertain just where the mistake had been made.

She knew only that she had failed.

But Alma was young. Alma had the best of Life before her. Alma must not fail! Some day Martha would talk with her, urge her to lay the pattern carefully upon the material, so that in the end, she might send her soul forth in a perfect garment.

Alma called her presently, and she went downstairs to luncheon.

"How pretty everything looks!" she exclaimed as they sat down. "You shouldn't take so much trouble for me."

"I guess you've taken trouble enough for other people," Alma

assured her. "I guess it's time you have a comeback or two."

They laughed and talked together of the sewing upstairs; of Buster and his work; of Bruce away at college; of Bertha and the two babies; of Martha alone.

"What ever will you do now, Mamma, with only Dad to look after?"

"I guess I'll start and look after myself."

"Look after yourself, Mamma—why how?"

So Martha told of her plan; told of the magazine women; of the Y. W. C. A. courses, and her desire to take in one or two. Of her failure, Martha said nothing. Her shame was silent.

"Of course, I'll go!" Alma agreed.

"I'd love to, Mamma. I've a very busy winter mapped out, with a home to keep in the bargain. But I'd love going to study lectures with you."

"Some day," said Martha, as she folded her napkin carefully, "some day, Alma, you won't be able to do anything but attend to your home. There will be the little ones. So, now, learn all you can; see all you can; keep pace with the times; so that, when your children are growing up, you will have more to offer them than just meals and clean pinafores and kisses."

Alma answered, "I think, Mamma, that there must be something wonder-

ful in offering them just that—meals when they are hungry, and clean pinafores and kisses when they are tired or hurt. It seems one can give little more if one gives all of that. You know, Mamma," Alma rose from the table, went to Martha and stooped to kiss her, "you know, Mamma, more than all else, I want to be to my children just the kind of a mother you were to us."

"I want you to be a better mother!" said Martha. "I want you to be a better mother than I've ever been!" She thought bitterly of her failure.

But Alma, unconscious of the failure, thought differently.

"I couldn't be, Mamma," she said simply, as she began to clear away the dishes.

Martha went back to the sewing room; back to the confusion of pins and patterns; of tan suit and basting threads. In just a few minutes, Alma joined her.

"The dishes can wait," she declared. "They can wait to be washed, whereas this dress can't wait to be made."

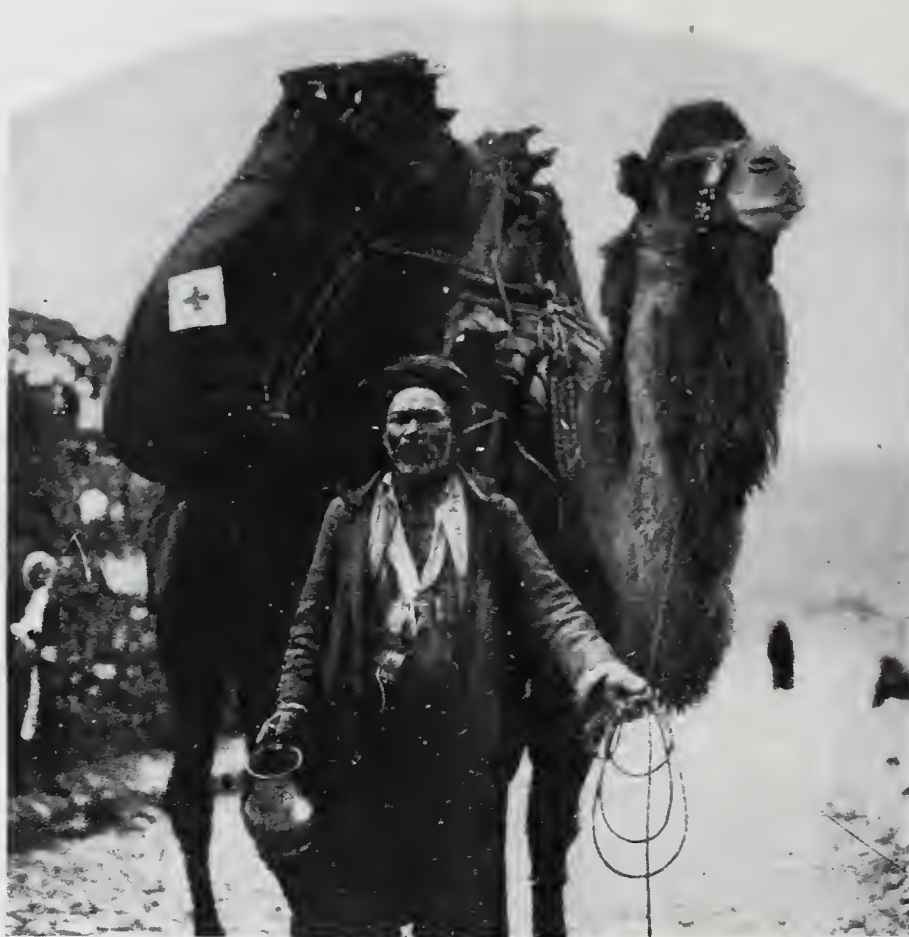
At three, Martha departed for the Mission.

"Phone me to-night," she said, when leaving, "and tell me how you are getting along. I'll come over for a while to-morrow, if you need me."

"Oh, you darling!" Alma exclaimed. "Mamma, I (Continued on Page 76)

Martha read the second postscript. "Gee," wrote Bruce, "it's great that you're my Mom—not anybody else"





An Arab Caravan Chief in Red Cross service transporting supplies in Constantinople from the base warehouse to the docks along the water front

The March of the Red Cross

GLIMPSES from the WATCH TOWER AT WASHINGTON

From there you can see—

Russian Orphans on the Pacific

Relief Barges in Louisiana

Mobile Units in Albania

Rural Nurses in Ohio

achievement would make an observer pause and reflect on the impressiveness of the work of many human beings when gathered up into one dramatic achievement.

A Well Rounded Chapter

IN one of Ohio's smallest counties recently, the Red Cross rural nurse, who visits the schools during the year, set down the results of her discoveries. In the entire county, there were seventy-two schools with a total enrollment of a little over four thousand pupils. Over half of these children she found to be in need of a dentist's care. Nearly a hundred had defective vision; nearly five hundred had nasal trouble; nearly a thousand had diseased tonsils; and many others were afflicted with various diseases. Of the eleven hundred weighed, nearly a third proved to be below normal weight—enough below to be called victims of mal-nutrition. Yet the county is one of the most wide-awake, up-to-date and prosperous rural districts of the state, and its conditions are probably fairly representative of the vast majority of our communities.

The Need for the Peace-Time Program

THE incident illustrates vividly just what the Red Cross means when it talks about the vital need for its peace-

time program, and in particular for its health campaign. With every passing day, indeed, it becomes more apparent that the battle for health is going to be a long and hard one. Even at the present moment, it ranges from conquering the great diseases like bubonic plague and yellow fever to watching over the teeth of school children; from teaching home nursing to high school girls to running de-lousing plants on the changing Polish-Russian frontier. And the battle has but just begun.

Distinct progress, nevertheless, is being made. Had not the war accustom- ed us to gigantic enterprises, a bare summary of last month's Red Cross

IN Guthrie, Oklahoma, for instance, there is an example of the work which a well-rounded, moderate sized Red Cross Chapter is doing. Merely a cursory view of the work done there during the last three months shows that the needs of nearly two thousand families have been met by the Home Service workers. The work itself has been particularly effective because the two women in charge are graduates of the Red Cross Institute and have a fine committee of well-trained workers to co-operate with them, with the result that they have been able not only to care for their disabled and disadvantaged soldiers, but to accomplish this amount of work among the civilian families as well.

March of the Red Cross

Over two thousand children have been busy with the Junior Red Cross through the school auxiliaries which have been organized in over fifty schools in the county. Not only have they raised over five hundred dollars for making other children happy, but they have also made refugee garments and furniture for distribution in Europe. Meanwhile, they themselves have been deriving a real concrete benefit from the health classes which have been installed in the schools.

In ten communities outside of Guthrie, the women have learned how to take care of the sick in their own homes. For the health and welfare of everyone, the Chapter has provided two Public Health nurses, who, in one month alone, made considerably over two hundred visits. Their work, in fact, has gone far beyond the mere routine of nursing, and has considerably advanced the cause of health.

These happen to be the principal activities on which Guthrie has concentrated. In some Chapters, however, sewing on clothing and infants' layettes for Europe has predominated. In others, Salvage Work has turned in many dollars and received enthusiastic support. In still others, "Learn to Swim" weeks have been held. Summer courses for nurses have been organized. First Aid kits have been placed along thousands of miles of highways. In town after town,

Health Centers have been started. Multiply these things by hundreds, keeping in mind the infinite variety which characterizes the different Chapters in various parts of the country, and you begin to get some idea of current Red Cross achievement. Compare it indeed to what organized effort for health there was before the war, and the good beginning which the peace-time Red Cross is making becomes clear.

The Junior Effort

THE list of Chapter achievement, however, is not the whole story. The Junior Red Cross must be considered. A mere list of activities in a typical city like Buffalo, New York,

gives evidence of what the Juniors are doing. This Chapter covers most of Erie County and the adjacent territory. During the last year, over forty-six thousand school children have been enrolled. These boys and girls have contributed fifteen hundred dollars from their savings, and have forwarded one-third of it for use in foreign countries, although money has been only a small part of the service rendered. Since September, they have completed some sixteen thousand different articles, including some thousands of splints. High schools, private schools, ward schools, and over twenty schools outside of Buffalo, got together in this work, and not only distributed splints among the ten local hospitals, but forwarded the remainder to New York City. One of the things the younger children did was to send one hundred and sixty-two scrap books to children in Albania.

In the health campaign in the rural schools of the county, the Juniors took an active part in the fight to clean up unsatisfactory health conditions and banish malnutrition from among younger children. Each child has been systematically weighed and measured, and a record kept. In addition, each child has been taught to eat foods such as make certain a gain in weight. To assist in this, the Juniors have prepared noon-day hot lunches and, wherever necessary, have supplied all of the stoves for the cooking of them.

(Right) The old church in Rethel. The Red Cross is caring for the refugees of this ruined town until they can repair their homes



(Below) Wash day in Ninfa, Italy. It is picturesque but unhealthy! The Red Cross is busily engaged in fighting malaria in this district





(Left) The American Red Cross supply depot on the island of Proti, near Constantinople. This relief center is now caring for nearly a thousand refugees

(Below) The Red Cross hospital at Tirana, Albania. Here, the crowds of suffering people recently became so great that it was necessary to erect tents in the hospital yard and to open extra clinics in order to give them the necessary care and attention. The Albanians have great faith in American doctors and nurses

The Juniors of Buffalo, indeed, will not be satisfied until there is a pair of scales in every rural school in the county. To date, over one hundred scales and nearly twenty stoves have been delivered to the schools, and some sixty-five hundred rural school children have been given health supervision. What such efforts amount to when the aggregate of the whole country is counted, is told in another part of the magazine.

The Red Cross Overseas

THE development of Red Cross work at home has been so varied, indeed, that we are likely to forget the work that is still being done overseas. It will be news, even to most Red Cross workers, that over sixty million dollars are still being given in services and supplies by the Red Cross abroad this year.

Again, it is the battle for health in which these outposts are engaged. Most of the workers in Europe now are doctors and nurses. The chief assistance given is along lines of medical service to the children and to the aged. In Albania, for instance, the work is almost exclusively with babies. There are four central child clinics, and from them mobile units cover the surrounding country. Babies by the hundred are brought in by their mothers, bathed by Red Cross nurses, turned over to a doctor for examination and treatment, and then clothed by still another nurse with layettes supplied from exactly such places as Guthrie, Oklahoma. So carefully is the work being done that the babies are listed, are brought to the clinics once a week, and provided with milk specially prepared each day at a milk station.

Up to the present writing, there are still no hospitals in Albania except our Red Cross hospitals. Local Albanian hospitals have been organized, but so



far they are still being supported by the Red Cross on a co-operative basis. As a result, although the three largest hospitals are called Municipal Hospitals, they are being run by Red Cross personnel and supplied with Red Cross materials, as there are no local sources of medical supply.

At Salonica, in Greece, about seventy-five people every day go into the Red Cross dispensary and, in the last month, nearly fifteen hundred of the maimed and halt have come in merely to see if the Red Cross could hold out any hope for them. In Salonica, also, is the great Red Cross depot which supplies not only this dispensary but, despite terrific transportation difficulties, many of the Red Cross clinics in the Balkans.

Transportation, indeed, still remains one of the hardest problems with which the Red Cross abroad have to deal. There is only one road in Albania, and that runs the length of the country and is broken in several places because of the absence of bridges over the rivers. At present, Red Cross materials have to be landed in Durazzo and transported by trucks to Scutari, a distance of one hundred miles, over a road that is impassable in bad weather. To get supplies to Tirana, it is necessary to

abandon trucks and use ox-carts, and to reach Elbasan pack horses must be used. Koritza, the fourth Red Cross center in Albania, is still inaccessible except by truck from Salonica. Under the most favorable conditions, this town can be reached only by a two days' journey.

In many instances, indeed, women members of the Red Cross commissions have made trips requiring one to twelve days, in order to carry relief to the mountaineers.

In Constantinople, in Poland, and along the Baltic, the battle for health is still continuing, although only in Vienna is determined effort being made to increase Red Cross activity. Conditions there still remain such that by no possibility can medical relief be lessened in preparation for withdrawal.

The Floods in Louisiana

ONE dramatic piece of relief work which has been done in this country during the past weeks is the work in Louisiana; in the vast flooded districts lying between the Mississippi, and the Black River. In that section, the only way of communica-

tion has been by means of barges. Boats filled with food and seed and medicines, propelled by motor boats, have carried relief to the small farmers, trappers and fishermen who have been isolated by the waters.

In all the flooded area, the Red Cross has been distributing not only Government supplies, but has been supplementing them with all sorts of seed, in the hope that some sort of crop can be gathered from what little land can still be worked. In every instance, the Red Cross is doing the work and paying therefor, and the citizen's committees, made up of men along the river in the heart of the disaster, have given their advice, so that the greatest efficiency has been secured. There are many people, indeed, in that great country, where no other living things are left above the water, who will not soon forget the Red Cross.

The Petrograd Orphans

MEANWHILE, in the far-off Pacific, there is being enacted one more of the final (Continued on Page 75)



(Left) A Red Cross kitchen at Novorossisk which fed hundreds of half-starved Russian refugees on their way to Constantinople. The men in charge of it kept on calmly serving soup until a few hours before the last refugee boat left the city. The kitchen, itself, was the last thing to leave the place



(Above) One of the straw and mud huts used by the refugees in the Black Sea ports. Houses of this kind were occupied by from twenty-five to one hundred people who slept by turns in the crowded rooms. Hundreds of others walked the streets without a shelter of any kind. These evil conditions advanced the terrible wave of typhus which was causing the loss of many lives daily



Thousands of tons of Red Cross supplies for Russian refugees and the destitute people of the Balkans passed through this warehouse in Constantinople. It is the base of all relief work in that part of the world. The building is one of the finest on the waterfront



SOMETHING from NOTHING

(Above) A view of a California Salvage Shop, with part of the day's work piled outside the porch

ONE of the most successful activities carried on by the Red Cross lately has been the Salvage and Shop Work. Its two main lines of activity are the salvaging of clothing and discarded articles of all sorts and the salvaging of waste materials.

On the Pacific Coast, the Chapters cleared over half a million dollars in this way last year, the proceeds being spent in the furtherance of health and social service. The work is also carried on in some Chapters in the Northwestern and Atlantic Divisions.

The work has four phases which commend it for extension throughout the country: It is educational on the side of thrift and conservation; it makes available, at reasonable prices and in a self-respecting way, many comforts and small luxuries and refinements which people in straightened circumstances ordinarily could not have; it provides a congenial and appropriate outlet for volunteer service; and it provides a steady and substantial income with which the Chapters can finance their professional service.



(Left) The fumigating room in the San Diego Chapter, where old clothes are cleaned for their new owners

(Right) Sorting and weighing rags. Many Chapters make a good income from the sale of such material



In Fresno, the street sweepers have been enlisted and collect much tin and lead foil which is turned into the Red Cross Chapter there



These dolls were made of various scraps, ranging from stockings to bits of lace



All sorts of people buy at the Red Cross shops. This one made over a thousand dollars a month



Photos by
H. C. Deitz

Hood River Valley, Oregon, as it looks to-day

AN ADVENTURE IN HOMES AND HAPPINESS

By Anne Shannon Monroe

EVERY man has his West; strike deeply enough and you'll find it; to some it's a flapping sombrero, flaming neckerchief, a long rangy horse and a wide free plain; to others, it's that forever-new land where paths open endlessly to the sun and—the sun never sets. But to those of us who know our West, it's a place where man concedes nothing to the arrangements of nature or the dictates of precedent; where he tunnels great mountains or washes them out of his way, where he brings the waters of the earth to work his will on the dry soil, where he rips out age-

old forests, and plants and sows and builds, harnessing the elements and driving them, as some god of old the horses of destiny.

One day, something over a decade ago, a Boston art dealer, the son of a Boston art dealer, whose two young sons then touring Europe were being primed to continue the line of Boston art dealers, was aroused from a close scrutiny of what purported to be an old master by the coming of the postman. He glanced over his letters; then

looked at a brilliantly colored railroad pamphlet that had come in with them. "Hood River Valley," he read on the cover. The thing bore no resemblance to art; it certainly was not an old master. But he turned the pages, turned them steadily and finally, he began to read. It was all about the beauties of Hood River Valley, of snow-crowned Mount Hood at its head, of the Columbia river flowing serenely at its feet; of emerald forests; of a fishing stream—just drop a line, the book said, and a trout would be there right away to play with you. He read on about the Valley's cool pleasant



The way Hood River apples are crated by machine and packed for the market

summers, the saltiness of the sea air that came booming up the wide river from the ocean one hundred and sixty miles away, the sunshine that beat down dispelling the fog—and the things, especially apples, that would grow and grow and grow there! Also the nearness to a railroad—a transcontinental line ran right through the valley connecting it with Boston by a journey of only five days in a Pullman car.

He was of Boston's Boston—Boston's own! But somewhere deep down underneath all that was Boston was his idea of the West; and the tug of the West got a new grip by way of the gaudy little railroad pamphlet, and the art dealer's eyes grew dreamy. It would be a fine thing, now, for the boys . . . a new country—new ideas—new work—new opportunity. The old masters were forgotten—restlessness set in.

At about the same time, a New York publisher, son of a publisher, grandson of a publisher, with a wife who, in addition to being the publisher's wife, was a famous singer, her golden notes bringing hundreds out of their homes to a certain fashionable Fifth Avenue Church every Sunday—this man also fell upon a Hood River Valley pamphlet and its glowing story of possible orchards dripping with possible fruit—and restlessness set in with him, even as with the Boston art dealer.

Over in Cincinnati, a young club man had just married a beautiful society girl; he knew Europe, he knew his clubs, and he knew just exactly as much about soil as one may learn from golf links. But by some chance the little railroad pamphlet got into his mail, came under his eyes, a sentence

caught his attention, the fishing sounded great . . . he read on, then sat dreaming through a drowsy summer afternoon.

The thing happened similarly to a New York poet with a passion for nature; to a street-car motorman who hadn't ten cents to fling into the enterprise; to a man who had just been graduated from Cornell and hadn't a place to pin a pennant; to a conductor of a New York Symphony orchestra; to a retired shoe merchant in Minneapolis; to a physician in Ohio; to a corporation lawyer in Chicago; to a theatrical manager in San Francisco; to a far-famed evangelist; to graduates of no less than twenty-three colleges, not one an agricultural institution. And, in all these people, the Western fever burned and burned, until there came a day when businesses were sold out and resignations sent in and offices turned over to successors and college pennants and pillows and photos packed and the exodus to Hood River began. Of course, they didn't all start on the same day, and of course none knew about any of the others; each thought that just he had got the big American idea to go West. It was like an ant hill where all the little ants—separated by space—seem to get their cues from some invisible leader and work in perfect harmony toward one end, apparently unaware of each other's existence.

Real estate men had a snap; all they had to do was to take the strangers out over the land—the Valley sold itself.

The strangers got themselves located on tracts of forty or fifty or sixty or one-hundred acres, each according to his power to invest and his favorite view of mountain or river. But one thing they all had in common; they were dead in earnest about becoming orchardists. They could hardly wait to begin living on their own land. Temporary housing was hastily prepared; in some cases, barns; in others, tents, and the new Westerners moved in. As Anthony Euwer wrote later.

*"Where the yellow pines and the white firs grow,
Where the lone peaks lift their eternal snow
Through drifting clouds to the great blue dome,
They took some land and they called it 'home.'"*

THE most important thing at this stage was the site for the permanent house; a number decided to build log houses, utilizing the trees on their own domain; and all would have stone chimneys and wide fire-places, for wood was plentiful and, in the river bed, they had discovered quantities of rough stone to be had for the hauling, and most important of all, a wonderful old chimney builder—a "regular western character," delightful to have about. The rivalry in chimneys commenced immediately!

Husbands and wives would wake to the wonders of a new day in the woods, with birds singing all about, the delicious forest odors filling the air, and, with their children beside them, would go strolling over the place, threading in and out among the giant trees, chalking off the ones they just hadn't the heart

to chop down, holding fast to a native tree setting and loving it better every minute. Little city children began to discover the ways of owls in oak trees; the uses of pine cones for doll's furniture; the wonders of waist-deep ferns; the hollowed-out tree trunks where one could play "house" and "come to see"; and to find the rare companionship in the little woods creatures that dart here and there with curious shining eyes.

"How every thing grows!" the grown-ups would say, jubilantly. "We've only to clear and plant!" And they would draw deep breaths and fill their lungs once more with the winey mountain air, and look again to Mount Hood—so close, it seemed they had only to reach out to lift off a ladleful of snow—and feel how glorious it was to be "out West".

But, after all, land did have to be cleared; that meant that help had to be hired, for these new Westerners didn't know one earthly thing about it; and dynamite—locally dubbed "powder"—had to be purchased to blow out roots that had gone in meaning to stay and "powder" was more expensive used in large quantities than one had dreamed.

The adventure settled into a tussle with nature such as these city men had never imagined; for they jumped right into the game themselves, not being content to do less. Up early, in the woods all day—blasting out stumps, tugging away at pesky vine maple roots whose gay colorful foliage adds such glory to the sombre woods; slaying acres of stubborn bristly brush; burning out and digging out and "cussing out" the tall, graceful bracken, those vampire ferns that, getting into the clover, work their wicked will so cruelly on the stock—they bent steadily to the back-breaking toil. And all the time there was the blinding suffocating dust a foot deep—such ashy, powdery loam was surely never the heritage of any other valley! They learned partly to overcome it by wearing heavy woolen socks, pulled up over their trouser legs, and over these, leather boots; and they comforted themselves with the thought that this "curse" of the valley was really its greatest blessing, for it was just this light, rich soil that insured perfect apples; and always on the hottest summer day, you could kick up dust till you came to moisture; the verdure was never parched—but glowing, fresh, and green, from the heavy evening dew.

It was anything but a summer's picnic, but neither was it mere dogged drudgery; it was a combat—a fight to possess, and they were not men of the metal to give up because of some extra heavy lunges. The women were just as heroic—for "help" was averse to country life here as everywhere—and much of the

time the women had their own housework to do, in addition to planting gardens and setting out flowers and shrubbery. But they had all brought their libraries and pianos; and new magazines and new music came regularly into the valley, and there was a continual interchange of all those life-lighteners from the outside world, as well as of experience with this new world of nature. The special delights of the old life were gone, but the novelties of the new crowded in and took their place and none was missed for long. Women who had been frail grew robust and beautiful; men who had been nerve-wearied grew steadied and strong; little white-faced city children became rosy and husky—and they all loved it. They were getting ahead; they were beginning to see progress. There was considerable variety, too, in the orchards they planted. Men from New York, reverting once more to the memories of youth, planting Baldwins; those from Michigan, Northern Spys; each one some variety that had been dear to them in boyhood in some other part of the country.

Seven years, the pamphlet said, and an orchard begins to bear. At the end of three years, some of the orchardists had the laugh on the pamphleteers for, in spite of gophers, necessitating re-planting in many instances, trees were bearing, some three, some six, some a dozen wine-filled golden or ruby jewels of apples! And how wonderful were those

first fruits! Right out of their own hand-cleared soil, under their own sun, in sight of their own blessed mountain. No one can know what it means to live steadily at the foot of a great white mountain that lifts itself straight up to God unless he has done it. There is inspiration no matter what the problem.

BUT there was tragedy, too! For here and there a rancher had chosen to locate far up toward the timber line, had cleared and plowed and planted, and trapped gophers and smudged, but the trees had made only a straggling weak growth seared of leaf and runty, and for comfort he could only gaze across the canyon to the ghost forests with their pale branches, ruined by man's fires, even as his planting had been ruined by nature's frosts. He would have to make another guess, try again lower down. The orchardists of the lower valley were to discover, too, the disadvantages of a sentimental planting. A bearing crop, they found, did not always mean a marketable crop. Soon, there were plenty of apples in the valley, but not enough of any one variety to make a carload, and they could not profitably ship less.

Being business men first and then farmers, the minute they discovered a problem common to them all, they got together to solve it. They formed what they called an Apple Growers' Union; and they decided at the outset that they must settle on a few main varieties and specialize on them. The experimental work—thanks to sentiment—had been pretty thoroughly done. On careful survey, it was found that New Towns, Spitzenbergs, Gravensteins, Delicious and Winter Bananas reached the finest development, so these must be chosen for all re-planting. They got in touch with the State Agricultural College, with its experimental stations and Government bulletins, and made practical application of every bit of worked-out knowledge at their disposal; and they began to make a study of market conditions. They went at the business of developing the Valley into one great paying orchard, just as they would have gone at the development of a factory. Every thing that did not promise dividends was lopped off, every waste was eradicated.

But neither organization nor knowledge could bridge time: many had brought in sufficient capital to carry them through the seven-year period till there should be a crop, but it was hard stretching to make it go further. And no one had been able to figure in advance the many out-croppings of expense in starting a new place, items



A baby apple tree in one of the best sections of the Valley. Certain trees bear in three years



Hood River apples on the way east to New York markets.
Quality comes first in every Hood River Orchard

about which the writers in the gorgeous railroad pamphlets had maintained a discreet silence. There were gophers to trap, and frosts to be dealt with, and smudging secrets to be learned, and pests to be eradicated; and all the time the money leaked out and leaked out—and none came in. And the orchard went right on like a growing, sprawling child, demanding something every minute, now to be irrigated, now to be fertilized, now to be sprayed, now to be pruned, now to be thinned, and one must also eat. Clothes became a great joke. If any one were caught wearing something new to valley eyes, he speedily apologized, explaining that "Mother had sent it," or "Dad stuck it in a box the folks sent West." It veritably seemed that the valley had become a clearing house for all the old clothes of the East.

But all through the strained times they were sociable and neighborly, exchanging books and magazines and Sunday newspapers, and having evenings of music, and putting on plays which took off their own trying situation and each other's outstanding characteristics, and they had grown into a delightfully clever community with a splendid community spirit. They were real people who had left pretense behind them and were living in a real world, so that, in the strain that began to tell on faces and in backs and laughs and, some times, in tears, there was wholly absent any strain to keep up appearances; the only strain was the actual one of going on with the

orchard till it should hand them back a paying crop.

But the situation grew steadily more tense. They borrowed and they mortgaged but they were powerless to hurry nature. Real tragedy began to stalk: here and there were those who had to give up—loose a long slipping grip; and others came in and bought them out, getting the result of all their sweat and toil and years of hope for half what it had cost. But the big majority of the original Hood Riverites stuck: and they began to fight as an army for its very life.

THEY got together once more and reorganized the Union on a broader basis under the caption, "The Hood River Apple Growers' Association." The retired Corporation lawyer who had won many an important case was made president with the job of winning the case for Hood River apples against the world. They elected a Board of Directors, a general manager, and sub-managers; they employed the most

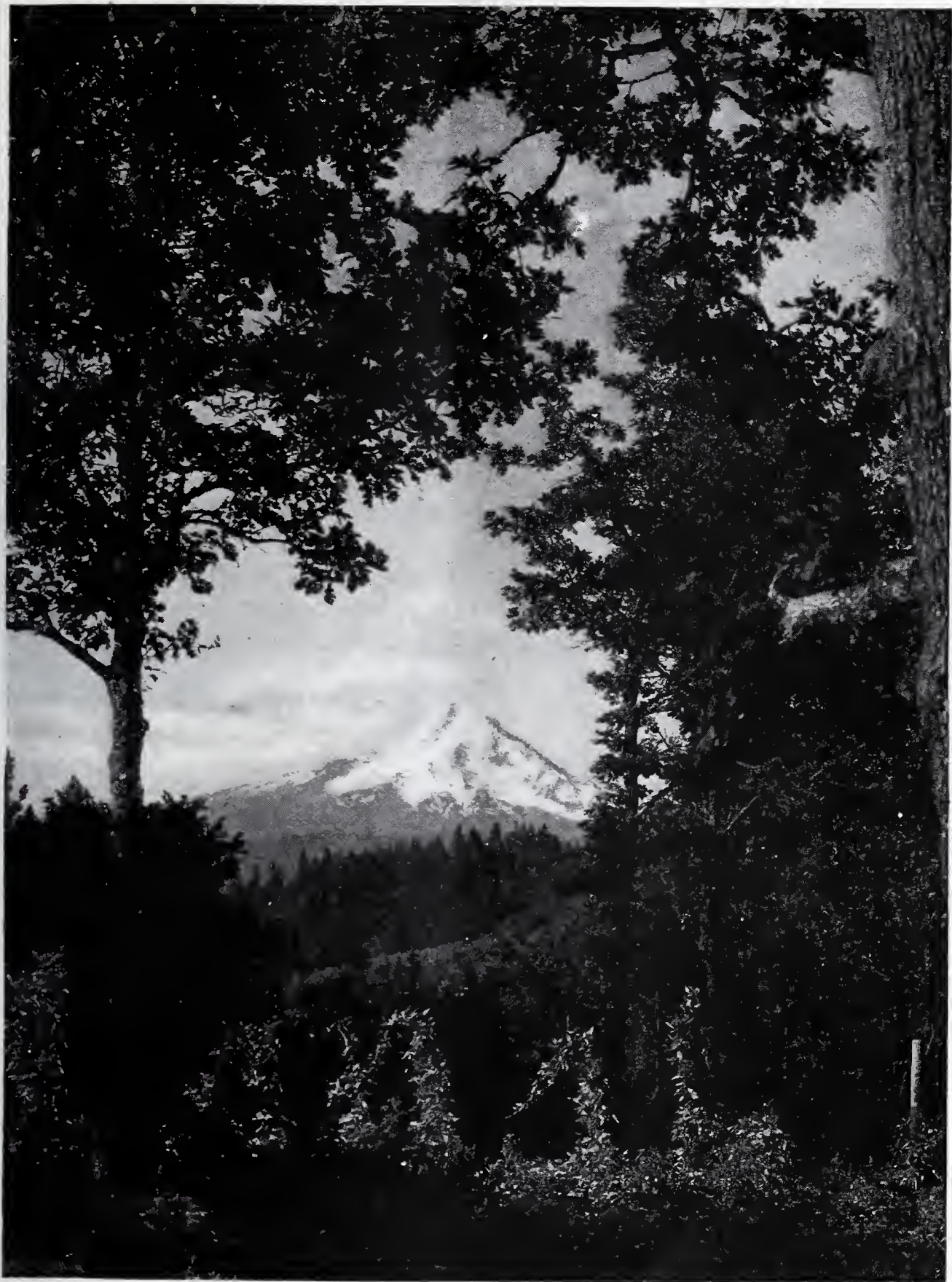
efficient salesmen obtainable, and they sent them to all the large Eastern and European cities investigating and developing a market. Hood River apples would always be a limited crop—possibly less than two million boxes, as the valley was small—thus the only practical thing was to make them known as a choice morsel in the world's supply of eats; if you were to enjoy them, you must come early—and bid high. These business-orchardists were accustomed to large salaries for large services, and they were ready to pay for the best. Business methods were everywhere used, the methods of great industries where speed and the need of quality in output develop quick-acting brains and instant resourcefulness.

NATURALLY, the earlier settlers scattered here and there over the valley, looked askance at these college farmers, and continued for a while to go on alone, in the time honored farming way. But, as they began to see how the thing worked out, they gradually fell into line, until fully 80 per cent. of the valley population, controlling some 13,000 acres, had come into the Association.

The Association took over every problem common to all growers. There is no individual problem in handling an orchard. If one orchard gets aphids, soon all will have aphids. Under the Association



Playing the part of Little Boy Blue. Happy children are among the finest products of Hood River



Mount Hood as seen from the Hood River Valley. The beautiful, sun-capped mountain dominates the countryside

management, the first appearance of any new pest is reported immediately, and the most drastic methods used in its eradication. They built cold storage warehouses so that they might keep the apples in the valley and feed them out to the markets seasonably, themselves, rather than dump the whole crop on the market at once and leave the city middleman to do the storing and feeding out. They pack the apples in a temperature above freezing, the fruit packers working swathed in sweaters, and ship them in the same temperature, letting

the frost out gradually, thus insuring perfectly kept fruit. They provide boxes and paper, bought in large quantities at a discount, and they advance money for harvest costs without interest taking it out of the grower's returns when he delivers his apples. They make all collections and remittances, and there has never been a failure to pay.

THEY have a packers' school, in session two weeks before the harvest begins, and here prospective packers are taught to recognize a blemish or an

insect sting, and to handle and wrap the apples as tenderly as though they were peaches. Only perfect fruit may go out of the Valley under the famous label. Each graduate of the school has a number and a stamp, and no one can go into the orchards to pack without his credentials. Each box packed is stamped with the packer's number, so that there is personal responsibility all the way through.

The demand for Hood River apples developed with remarkable rapidity. To-day they (Continued on Page 68.)



THE Junior Red Cross, which is the American Red Cross in the schools, is doing its work among the children of the country with its eyes turned to the future, when these boys and girls will be men and women. At left is a Czech war cripple in Prague sewing with his feet. He is one of the foreign children whom the Juniors are aiding in their European projects

HAPPY CHILDHOOD THE WORLD OVER

By Austin Cunningham

WE will seek in all ways to live up to the ideals of the Junior Red Cross, and devote ourselves to its service.

"We will strive never to bring discredit to this, our country, by an unworthy act.

"We will revere and obey our country's laws, and do our best to inspire a like reverence and obedience in those about us."

These are the principles, the code, of 12,000,000 American school children. 12,000,000 American school children are

doing their best to live up to the Junior Red Cross ideal of service and citizenship.

It was in the fall of 1917 that the Junior Red Cross was first formed and vitalized. The great war started it, but it couldn't stop it.

The force for good generated among the children of the nation—the most precious element imaginable—has not been scrapped. The child-energy which produced 15,000,000 useful articles and \$10,000,000 in cash to help win the war is being directed today

toward binding up the wounds of a war-punished childhood the world over.

On the badge of every member of the Junior Red Cross are the words, "I Serve." That tells the story of the school children's branch of the American Red Cross, and its efforts to bring happiness to children throughout the world.

Its entire present program has been framed under the very inclusive phrase, "Training for Citizenship Through Service." Since the Junior Red Cross is the agency through which the American



One of the war orphan schools in Roumania which is receiving aid from American boys and girls through the Junior Red Cross. The war has left a million orphans in the Balkans

Red Cross reaches school boys and girls, all of its activities are designed to come within the regular school program and, without creating new courses or increasing the number of studies, to lend its aid in vitalizing the work of the schools.

Thus the plan of organization of the Junior Red Cross makes the school, not the individual pupil, the unit. Application for membership is made on behalf of a school by the principal or head teacher to the local Red Cross Chapter School Committee. Each pupil, who takes the pledge of service, signs the membership roll and is given a Junior badge. The new plan of membership, therefore, is not primarily upon a financial but upon a service basis. The school membership fee is limited to subscription to the Junior Red Cross News, the official magazine of the Juniors. The method of raising, as well as the amount of, the Junior Red Cross Fund to meet all Junior activities is left to the judgment of the Red Cross Chapter Committee and the schools within its territory.

Since the war, the organization has steadily spread and gained in strength, having an estimated enrollment today of 12,000,000, located in every State, territory and possession of the United States. There are about 23,000,000 school children in America, so it will be seen that there is ample opportunity for further growth. Two-thirds of these children are in country districts. Of the 622,000

school teachers in this country, 313,000 are the vertebræ or framework of the Junior Red Cross. Over 80,000 schools are represented in the organization. The teacher is the auxiliary leader; thus the usefulness and scope of the unit's work is in the teacher's hands. Given this great organization, what then are its immediate practical tasks?

WELL, projects that give play to practical acts of service for others, embodying the principles of good citizenship, are provided for such use as the schools may care to make of them. The unselfish service of boys in Manual Training Schools, who are engaged in making hospital equipment and toys for distribution at home and abroad, is definitely linked with the development of a sense of civic responsibility. The connection between service in citizenship and the work of domestic science

classes that are providing school lunches and sending dainties to hospitals and to the sick in the community is clearly demonstrated. The same holds true in relation to sewing classes that make garments for the needy; to an interchange with the children of Europe of the handiwork of the pupils of all grades and to the work of little tots preparing scrap books and gay cards which spread happiness broadcast.

Mutual service, helpful community work such as clean-up campaigns; promotion of health regulations; participation in civic and patriotic movements—all these creative agencies designed to translate into life and action the regular school program are parts of the machinery which the Junior Red Cross places at the disposal of the school authorities. The Junior Red Cross News furnishes material that may be woven into the geography, the history, the reading, and the arithmetic lessons. Graded courses giving practical methods of civic training, supplemented by pamphlets and helpful suggestions, are supplied to the schools. An elaborate plan for promoting an interchange of correspondence between children in different sections of the United States, as well as with children in foreign lands, is being devised and will take a prominent place in the



Boys in the ungraded classes of New York schools have made many toys to be sent to Europe



this local humanitarian work, the children of an auxiliary do not come in personal contact with the local beneficiaries. Johnny Jones does not know that Jimmy Smith, his poor neighbor, received his new pair of shoes through the beneficence of his Junior Red Cross auxiliary—this for obvious reasons, the principal one being to safeguard Jimmy Smith's feelings. All Johnny Jones knows is that some poor boy in his community has been helped by the auxiliary in a way that the teacher and the Red Cross school committee deemed most wise. The Red Cross Chapter is the repository for the Junior Red Cross funds locally. This money can be used only, however, with the approval of the Junior Red Cross leaders acting

truck and flower gardens, athletic meets, match games; all are tried with the zest and thoroughness that team work assures. And, among the predominant successes, there is an occasional tragedy. In a northern State, a group of Juniors was enthusiastic about collecting material for salvage. A kindly old man allowed them to use almost every room of his home in the outskirts of town to store newspapers. When the place was filled to the rafters, the genial host was so thoughtless as to take to bed with smallpox. He became the object of kindly solicitude at the hands of the Juniors, who remained, however, at a respectful distance. When the patient recovered, the authorities made the Juniors burn all their salvage. At that, love's labor was not entirely lost.

In Alma, Kansas, a little deaf and dumb girl is rejoicing because she has been helped to attend a special school, where it is possible that her physical handicaps will be measurably overcome.

A day nursery for the babies of women who work in fields and orchards is financed by the Juniors of Fresno,



(Above) A floating orphanage in Venice, Italy, where, through the Junior Red Cross, over a hundred boys are learning to be sailors. The picture (below) of the group of children was taken in the Sahara Desert, which the Junior Red Cross of America is now invading in the interests of health and happiness



(Above) A Junior Red Cross milk and feeding station on the road to Savigny, in France, where many waifs have been rescued. (Left) Two of the patients



established classroom program. In promoting the general cause of child welfare, Red Cross courses in home hygiene and care of the sick, first aid, and dietetics are to be established in all Junior auxiliaries.

The money for child welfare work raised through co-operative effort is divided, forty per cent being retained for local or community purposes, and sixty per cent being sent to National Headquarters of the Junior Red Cross in Washington, for the promotion of "Happy childhood the world over." The forty per cent retained by an auxiliary for local philanthropy is expended with the advice and co-operation of the school committee of the local American Red Cross Chapter. In

with the school committee of the Chapter.

Ways of raising money for Junior Red Cross purposes range from collecting salvage to minstrel shows; contributions based on individual self-denial; money-raising schemes, such as old-fashioned spelling bees, fairs, bazaars, school entertainments including everything from a monologue to a Shakespearean play, employment agencies,

Children in Belgrade lining up before the Junior cocoa-and-milk dispensary for noon-day lunch. School children in America finance this project



California; also a special contribution of \$50 monthly for free milk is made.

The Juniors of Waverly, New York, have been providing two quarts of milk daily to three children whose widowed mother could not provide for them properly.

When a country schoolhouse burned to the ground in Frederick County, Virginia, and school supplies were destroyed, the other Juniors in the county gave the fire victims a "pencil and tablet" shower. Just a little lift, but with a lot of good will.

Four little girls in an open-air hospital in Marin, California, were taken care of for a period of months.

Schools of Birmingham, Alabama, are so interested in foreign work that they insisted on sending sixty-six and two-thirds per cent of their fund to Washington instead of sixty per cent.

Youngsters in Wyoming, Utah, Colorado, and New Mexico made 2,000 curtains for Army and Navy hospitals.

Old shoes were collected in Schenectady, New York, and turned over to a generous business man who had them repaired and distributed among destitute persons.

In Suffolk County, Virginia, Juniors sent 150 school books to a Mission School in the mountains.

In Milwaukee, Wisconsin, a

(Right) A class in Norwich, Conn., which made many jointed animal toys for the Junior Red Cross to ship abroad to the refugee children of Europe



(Left) School children at Tompkins Corners, New York, making bird houses to place near their homes. The Junior Red Cross is as much occupied with its own country as with helping children in Europe



(Above, at right) Girl members of the Junior Red Cross making rugs for hospitals. (Above at left) Juniors in New York City learning to work with wood

milk truck was sent into the poorer districts in summer, and mugs of fresh milk sold at a nominal charge—about one cent a mug.

In the District of Columbia, three Government hospitals were supplied with jams and jellies during an entire winter.

Warm clothing for needy children in Poplar Bluff, Missouri, was supplied through youthful resourcefulness and industrious fingers. All eggs laid on Sunday, in another Missouri community, were donated to the Junior fund.

All this is done with forty per cent of the money collected.

What becomes of the rest of the money? Well, at present, the sixty per cent of the Junior money which is forwarded to headquarters in Washington is used for children in war-wasted countries or

(Left) One of these sewing rooms of the Junior Red Cross in which the making of refugee garments for the children begins

(Continued on Page 72)

LIBRARIES IN THE AIR

The New York Public Library, always well to the fore in the latest methods of making reading easy and attractive, has built reading rooms on top of many of its branch buildings—an example which might well be followed by city libraries everywhere



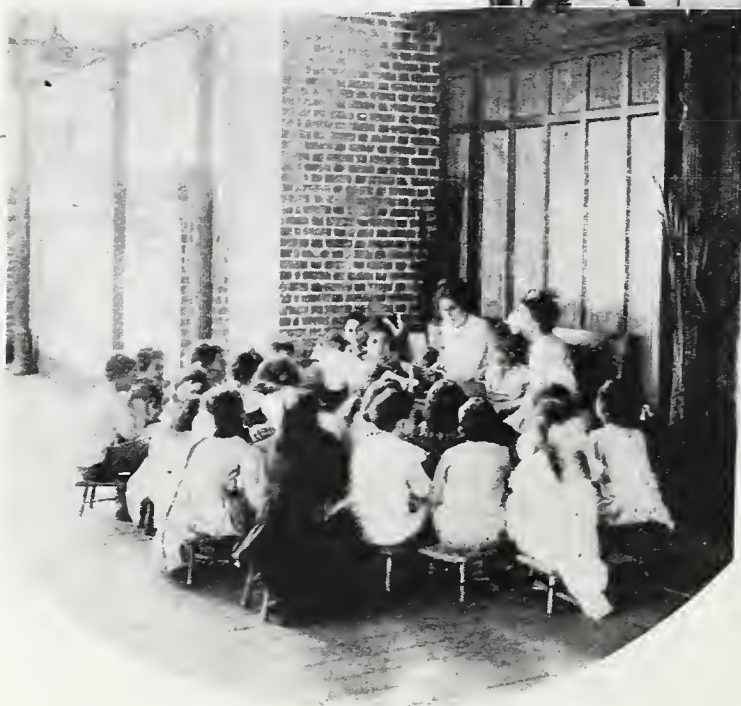
(Above) A roof garden library where readers can enjoy themselves high above the noise and heat of the city streets. This room is at the top of the Seward Park Branch on the lower east side of Manhattan



(Above) A beautiful out-door room in the library known as the St. Gabriel's Park Branch. It is near the East River in a crowded part of the city



(Above) The parapet of this roof has been used for flowering plants. It seems almost as good as the country to the boys and girls who come here daily for their literary recreation



(Left) The magic hour! A library story teller holding her audience spellbound on the roof of the Hamilton Fish Park Branch. For these children, this hour means complete detachment from all earthly care. The roof is fairyland!



(Left) Mr. Terhune and two of his favorite dogs, Bruce and Lad. Lad (at right) was sixteen years old when this picture was taken

(Below) Bruce, a collie which Mr. Terhune has named "The Dog Without a Fault," because of his lovable qualities. He has won many prizes

MY COLLIES AND I

By Albert Payson Terhune

Author of "Lad: A Dog," "Bruce," Etc.

GLORIOUSLY human dogs, spectacular dogs, comedian dogs, collies of every phase of brain and heart—all are in these personal experiences with dogs which Mr. Terhune has set down here. Few people know collies as he does. Fewer still can write about them as he can



HERE. at Sunnybank, we raise thoroughbred collies. For many years we have been breeding them. For many years longer, I have been studying them.

The more I study them the more I realize that there is something about a collie—a mysterious, elusive something—that makes him different from any other dog. Something nearer human than beast. And, for all that, he is one hundred per cent dog.

There is much to learn from him; much to puzzle over; there is entertainment to be gained from association with him, as perhaps the following discursive yarns about a few members of the long line of Sunnybank collies may show.

Greatest of them all was Lad. One would as soon have thought of teaching nursery rhymes to Emerson as of teaching Lad "tricks". Beyond the common babyhood lessons of obedience and of the place's simple law, he went un-

taught. And he taught himself; being that type of dog. For example:—

The Mistress had been dangerously ill, with pneumonia. (In my book, *Lad: A Dog*, I tell how Laddie kept vigil outside her door, day and night, until she was out of danger; and how he celebrated her convalescence with a brainstorm which would have disgraced a three-months puppy.) Well, on the first day she was able to be carried out of doors, the Mistress lay in a veranda hammock, with Lad on the porch floor at her side.

Friends—several instalments of them—drove to the place to congratulate the Mistress on her recovery; and to bring gifts of flowers, fruit, jellies, books. All morning, Lad lay there, watching the various relays of guests and eyeing the presents they laid in her lap. After the fifth group of callers had gone, the big collie got up and trotted off into the forest. For nearly an hour he was gone.

Then he came back; traveling with difficulty, by reason of the heavy burden he bore. Somewhere, far away in the woods, he had found, or re-visited, the carcass of a dead horse—of an excessively dead horse. From it he had wrenched two ribs and some of the vertebræ.

Dragging this horrible gift along, he returned to the veranda and, before any of us were well aware of his presence (the wind setting in the other direction) he had mounted the steps and, with one mighty heave, had lifted the ribs and vertebræ over the hammock edge and laid them in the lap of his dismayed Mistress.

Humans had celebrated her recovery with presents. And he, watching, had imitated them. He had gone far and had toiled hard to bring her an offering that his canine mind deemed all-desirable.

It was carrion; but it represented, to a dog, everything that a present should be.



When Mr. Terhune sits on the ground, every collie within sight crowds close to him at once

Dogs do not eat carrion. They merely rub their shoulders in it; on the same principle that women use perfumes. It is a purely aesthetic pleasure to them. And carrion is probably no more malodorous to a human being than is the reek of tobacco or of whisky or even of some \$15-an-ounce scent to a dog. It is all a matter of taste and of education.

Noting that his gift awoke no joy whatever in its recipient's heart, Lad was monstrous crestfallen. Nor, from that day on, did he ever bring carrion to the place. He even abstained henceforth from rubbing his shoulders in it. Evidently he gathered, from our reception of his present, that "it is not done".

When Lad was training his little son, Wolf, to become a decent canine citizen, he was much annoyed by the puppy's trick of watching his sire bury bones and then of exhuming and gnawing them himself. Lad did not punish the puppy for this. He adopted a shrewder and surer way of saving his buried treasures from theft.

Thereafter, he would bury the choice bone deeper in the ground than had been his habit. And, directly above it, just below the surface of the earth, he would inter a second and older bone; a bone that had long been denuded of all meat and was of no further value to any dog.

Wolf, galloping eagerly up to the spot of burial, as soon as Lad moved away, would dig where his father had dug. Presently, he would unearth the top-most and worthless bone. Satisfied that he had exhausted the possibilities of the *cache*, he dug no deeper; but left the new and toothsome bone undiscovered.

By the way, did it ever occur to you that a dog is the only animal that buries bones; or, indeed, any kind of food? And did you ever stop to think why? The reason is simple.

Dogs, alone of all wild animals (dogs and their blood-brethren, the wolves) used to hunt in packs. All other beasts hunted alone or at most in pairs. When prey was slain, the dog that did not bolt his food with all possible haste was the dog that got the smallest share or none at all. When there was more food than could be devoured at one meal, he had the sense to lay up provision for next day's dinner.

He knew, if he left the carcase lying where it was, it would be devoured by the rest of the hungry pack. So he buried as much of it as he could, to prevent his brethren from finding and eating it.

Thus, the dog, alone of all quadrupeds, still bolts his food in huge and half-chewed mouthfuls, and the dog alone buries food for future use. These two traits are as purely ancestral as is the dog's habit of turning around several times before settling himself to sleep

for the night. His wild ancestors did that, to crush the stiff grasses and reeds into a softer bed and to scare therefrom any lurking snakes or scorpions.

Lad's "talking" was a byword, at Sunnybank. Only to the Mistress and myself would he deign to "speak". But, to us, he would sometimes talk for five minutes at a time. Of course, there were no actual words in his speech. But no words were needed to show his meaning.

His conversation used to run the full gamut of sounds, in a way that was as eerie as it was laughable. He could—and did—express every shade of meaning he chose to. Indignation or disgust was voiced in fierce grumbles and mutters, that were run together in sentence lengths. Sympathy found vent in queer crooning sounds, accompanied by swift light pats of his absurdly tiny white forepaws. Grief was expressed in something too much like human sobs to be funny. And so on through every possible emotion, except fear. The great dog did not know fear.



"Sunnybank Sigurd," who, physically, is collie perfection. This shows him when he was not quite ten months old

No one, listening when Lad "talked", could doubt he was seeking to imitate the intonation and meanings of the human voice.

Once, the Mistress and I went on a visit of sympathy to a lugubrious old woman who lived some miles from Sunnybank, and who had been laid up for weeks with a broken arm. The arm had mended. But it was still a source of mental misery to the victim. We took Lad along, on our call, because the convalescent was fond of him. We had every cause, soon, to wish we had left him at home.

From the instant we entered the old woman's house, a demon of evil mirth seemed to possess the dog. Outwardly, he was calm and sedate, as usual. He curled up beside the Mistress, and with head gravely on one side, proceeded to listen to our hostess' tale of the long and painful illness. But, scarcely had the whiningly groaning accents framed a single sentence of the recital, when Lad took up the woeful tale on his own account.

His voice pitched in precisely the same key as the speaker's, he began to whine and to mumble. When the woman paused for breath, Lad filled in the brief interval with the most heartrending groans; then continued his plaint with her. And all the time, his deep-set, sorrowful eyes were fairly a-dance with mischief, and the tip of his plummy tail was quivering in a tense effort not to betray his sinful glee by wagging.

It was too much for me. I got out of the room as fast as I could. I escaped barely in time to hear the hostess moan, "Isn't it wonderful how that dog understands my terrible suffering? He carries on just as if it were his agony!"

But I knew better, in spite of Lad's affirmative groan. In personal agony, Lad could never be lured into making a sound. And when the Mistress or myself was unhappy, his swift and heartbroken sympathy did not take the form of lamentable ululations or of such impudent copying of our voices.

It was just one of Lad's jokes. He realized as well as we did that the old lady was no longer in pain and that she was a chronic calamity howler. That was his way of guying the mock-sufferer. Genuine trouble always stirred him to the depths. But, his life long, he hated fraud.

Lad's life-story is told in detail, elsewhere; and I have here written overlong about him. But his human traits were myriad and it is hard for me to condense an account of him.

Then there was Bruce. Bruce's "pedigree name" was Sunnybank Goldsmith; and for many years he brought dog show fame to the place by an unbroken succession of victories. A score of cups and medals and an armful of blue ribbons attest his physical perfection.

But dog shows take no heed of a collie's mentality nor of the thousand wistfully lovable traits which make him what he is. When we carved on Bruce's headstone the inscription, "The Dog Without A Fault," we referred less to his physical magnificence than to the soul and the heart of him.

HE was wholly different from Lad. He lacked Lad's d'Artagnan-like dash and gaiety and uncanny wisdom. Yet he was clever. And he had a strange sweetness of nature that I have found in no other dog. That, and a perfect obedience and goodness. Like Lad, he was never struck or otherwise punished; and never needed such punishment. He and Laddie were dear friends, from the moment they met. And each was the only grown male dog with which the other would consent to be on terms of cordiality.

Bruce had melancholy dignity, behind which lurked an elusive sense of fun.

For his children—he had many dozens of them—he felt an eternal disgust; even aversion. Let visitors start to walk toward the puppy-yards, and Bruce at once lowered his head and tail and slunk away. When a group of the puppies, out for a gallop, caught

sight of their sire and bore down gleefully upon him, Bruce would stalk off in utter gloom. Too chivalric to hurt or even to growl at any of the scrambling on-coming babies, he would none the less take himself out of their way with all possible haste.

But on occasion he could rise to a sense of his duties as a parent. As when one of the young dogs was left tied for a few minutes to a clothes-line, three summers ago. The youngster gnawed the line in two and pranced

merriily away on a rabbit hunt, dragging ten feet of rope with him.

When I came home and saw the severed clothes-line, I knew what must be happening, somewhere out in the woods. The dangling rope was certain to catch in some bush or stump. And the puppy, in his struggles, would snarl himself inextricably. There, unless help should come, he must starve to death.

For twenty-four hours, two of the men and the Mistress and myself scoured the forests and hills for a radius of several miles. We looked everywhere a luckless puppy would be likely to entangle himself. We shouted ourselves hoarse, in hope of an answering cry from the lost one.

After a day and a night of this fruitless search, the Mistress and I set off again; this time taking Bruce along. At least, we started off taking him. After the first hundred yards he took us. Why I bothered to follow him, I don't yet know.

He struck a bee line, through woods and brambles, traveling at a hand gallop and stopping every few moments for me to catch up with him. At the end of a mile, he plunged into a copse that was choked with briars. In the center of this he gave tongue with a salvo of thunderous barks. Twice before, I had searched this copse. But, at his urgency, I entered it again.

In its exact center, hidden from view by a matted screen of briars and leaves, I found the runaway. His rope had caught in a root. He had then wound himself up in it, until the line enmeshed him and held him close to earth. A twist of it, around his jaws, had kept him from making a sound. He was half dead from fright and thirst.

Having found and saved the younger dog, Bruce promptly lost all interest in him. He seemed ashamed, rather than pleased, at our laudations.

On such few times as we went motoring without him, Bruce was always on hand to greet us on our return. And his greeting took an odd form. Near the foot of the drive was a big Forsythia bush. At sight of the approaching car, Bruce invariably rushed over to this bush and hid behind it. At least he bent his head until the lowest sprays of the bush hid it from view.

Then, tail a-quiver, he would crouch there, not realizing that all of him except his head was in plain sight to us. When at last the car was almost alongside, he would jump out; and stand there, excitedly, to note our surprise at his unforeseen presence. Never did this jest pall on him. Never did he have the faintest idea that his head was the only part of his beautiful self which was not clearly visible.

Bruce slept in my bedroom. In the morning, when one of the maids knocked at the door to wake me, he would get to his feet, cross the room to the bed, and lay his cold muzzle against my face, tapping at my arm or shoulder with his paw until I opened



Lad! The hero of Mr. Terhune's story of that same name

My Collies and I

my eyes. Then, at once, he went back to his rug and lay down again. Nor, if I failed to climb out of bed for another two hours, would he disturb me a second time.

He had waked me, once. After that, it was up to me to obey the summons or to disregard it. That was no concern of Bruce's. His duty was done!

But how did a mere dog know that the knock on the door was a signal for me to get up? Never by any chance did he disturb me until he heard that knock.

He was psychic, too. Rex, a dog that I had had long before, used to sleep in a certain corner of the lower hall. He slept there for years. He died. Never afterward would Bruce set foot on the spot where Rex had been wont to lie. Time and again I have seen him skirt that part of the floor, making a semi-circular detour in order to avoid stepping there. I have tested him a dozen times, in the presence of guests. Always the result was the same.

Peace to his stately, lovable, whimsical soul!

Wolf is Lad's son—wiry and undersized; yet he is as golden as Katherine Lee Bate's immortal "Sigurd". He inherits his sire's wonderful brain as well as Laddie's keen sense of humor.

Savage, and hating strangers, Wolf has learned the law to this extent: no one, walking or motoring down the drive from the gate and coming straight to the front door, must be molested; though no stranger crossing the grounds or prowling within their limits need be tolerated.

A guest may pat him on the head, at will; and Wolf must make no sign of resentment. But all my years of training do not prevent him from snarling in fierce menace if a visitor seeks to pat his sensitive body. Very young children are the only exceptions to this rule of his. Toddling babies may maul him to their heart's content; and Wolf revels in the discomfort.

Like Lad, he is the Mistress's dog. Not merely because he belongs to her; but because he has adopted her for his deity.

When we leave Sunnybank, for two or three months, yearly, in midwinter, Wolf knows we are going, even before the trunks are brought from the attic for packing. And

from that time on, he is in dire, silent misery. When at last the car carries us out of the gate, he sits down, points his muzzle skyward, and shakes the air with a series of hideous wolf-hows. After five minutes of which, he sullenly, stoically, takes up the burden of loneliness until our return.

The queer part of it is that he knows as Lad and Bruce used to know—in some occult way, when we are coming back. And, for hours before our return, he is in a state of crazy excitement. I don't try to explain this. I have no explanation for it. But it can be proven by anyone at Sunnybank.

THE ancestral herding instinct is strong in Wolf. It made itself known, first, when a car was coming down the drive toward the house, at a somewhat reckless pace, several years ago. In the center of the drive, several of the collie pups were playing. When the car was almost on top of the heedless bevy of youngsters, Wolf darted out, from the veranda, rushed in among the pups and shouldered them off the drive and up onto the bank at either side. He cleared the drive of every one of them; then bounded aside barely in time to escape the car's front wheels.

He was praised for this bit of quick thought and quicker action. And the praise made him inordinately proud. From that day on, he has hustled every pup or grown dog off the drive, whenever a car has come in sight through the gateway.

When the pups are too far scattered for him to round them up and shove them out of harm's way, in so short a time, he adopts a still better mode of

clearing the drive. Barking in wild ecstasy, he rushes at top speed down the lawn, as though in pursuit of some highly alluring prey. No living pup can resist such a call. Every one of the youngsters dashes in pursuit. Then, as soon as the last of them is far enough away from the drive, Wolf stops and comes trotting back to the house. He has done this, again and again. To me, it savors of human reasoning.

In the car, Wolf is as efficient a guard as any policeman. When the Mistress drives alone, he sits on the front seat beside her. If she stops in front of any shop, he is at once on the alert. At such times, a woman acquaintance may come alongside for a word with her. Wolf pays no heed to the newcomer.

BUT let a man approach the car; and Wolf is up on his toes, and ready for trouble. If the man lays a hand on the automobile, in the course of the chat, Wolf is at his throat. When I am driving with the Mistress, he lies on the rear seat and does not bother to act as policeman; except when we leave the car in his keeping.

People, hereabouts, know this trait of Wolf's and his aversion to any stranger. And they forbear to touch the car when talking with us. Last year, a friend came alongside, while we were waiting, one evening, for the mail to be sorted. Wolf had never before seen this man. Yet, after a single glance, the dog lost his usual air of hostility. There was a slight tremble in our friend's voice as he said to us:

"My collie was run over to-day and killed. We are mighty unhappy. at our house, this evening."

As he spoke, he laid his hand on the door of the car. Wolf lurched forward as usual. But, to our amazement, instead of attacking, he whimpered softly and licked the man's face. Never before or since, have I seen him show any sign of friendly interest in a stranger—not even to this same man, when they chanced to meet again, a few months later.

Bruce's son, Jock, was the finest pup, from a dog-show point of view, we have been able to breed. Jock was physical perfection. And he had a brain, too; and abundant charm; and a most intensely haunting personality. He had from earliest puppyhood, all the stead-

(Continued on P. 74)



A group of Mr. and Mrs. Terhune's collies at Sunnybank. None of them enjoys being photographed

HELP YOURSELF TO HEALTH

A Department Conducted by

Merritte W. Ireland, Surgeon-General U. S. Army; Wm. C. Braisted, Surgeon-General U. S. Navy; Hugh S. Cumming Sr., Surgeon-General U. S. Public Health

IF you do not know what your blood pressure is, or if, upon approaching middle age, you are not under the supervision of someone who knows, you are in very much the same position as a man putting out to sea without knowing the capacity of his craft and the dangers of shipwreck



Merritte W. Ireland



William C. Braisted

MEASUREMENT of the blood pressure of thousands of different individuals has shown that there are definite bounds of pressure beyond which health cannot be maintained. When abnormal figures are persistent, they point to organic changes. If these warnings are heeded, premature old age may be avoided

WHAT'S YOUR BLOOD PRESSURE?

Do you know the figures and their significance?



Hugh S. Cumming Sr.

FORTUNE-TELLING takes on a new and scientific aspect in the reading of blood-pressures, which furnish information regarding the fates toward which we are trending. Such fates are very amenable to change for, by the help of these readings, much of the serious disease and unhappiness that now so commonly beset middle and late life may be forestalled.

Many of us have troubles of the heart, arteries and kidneys, and do not know it. Such troubles are a long time showing themselves. Hospital cases are usually only those which are very far advanced, for the reason that in the early stages the patient is unaware of his condition. The advantages of periodic blood-pressure readings is that they give early warnings.

When the heart beats and forces blood into the arteries, that force, roughly speaking, is the blood-pressure. The contraction of the heart, for forcing out the blood, is designated as the systole; the relaxation and period of rest, as the diastole. The systolic and diastolic blood-pressures, measured in millimeters of mercury, and the difference between them, which is designated as the pulse pressure, furnish a broad index to the condition of the heart, arteries and kidneys and the character of any ultimate trouble for which they are heading, and also furnish valuable diagnostic information in connection with

many serious physical derangements.

The bane of existence, from the blood-pressure point of view, is a too high or a too low figure. The normal for young adults is from 110 to 130 mm. systolic, and 80 to 90 diastolic. When healthy persons reach middle age, their pressure is often 10 points higher and, as a rule, the pressure advances slightly as age increases. Dr. Janeway, of Johns Hopkins University, who was one of our great blood-pressure experts, in a large number of readings did not find, in young, healthy persons, any pressures over 145 mm. systolic, and found only one as high as 160 mm. systolic in an older person of good condition. All readings above these figures were associated with organic illness. Many investigators now agree that a be-

fore middle life a systolic pressure of 145 mm. should not be exceeded, and that a systolic as high as 160 mm. and a diastolic as high as 100 mm. may be suggestive of trouble at any age. The younger the subject, the greater must the abnormality be considered.

A rise in blood-pressure as high as 190 mm. systolic and 110 mm. diastolic must always be considered abnormal, and often indicative of definite structural changes which demand investigation. A blood-pressure as high as 200 mm. systolic and 120 mm. diastolic is a grave indication. Individuals do live for years with these pressures, and occasionally they are able to perform hard work but, like Damocles with a sword dangling over his head, they are in danger of sudden death or of paralytic disaster if they are subjected to any strain. A systolic blood-pressure of over 250 mm. is infrequent but not rare. There is on record one case of 400 mm. systolic. It soon terminated, as might be expected, in a rupture of an artery in the brain.

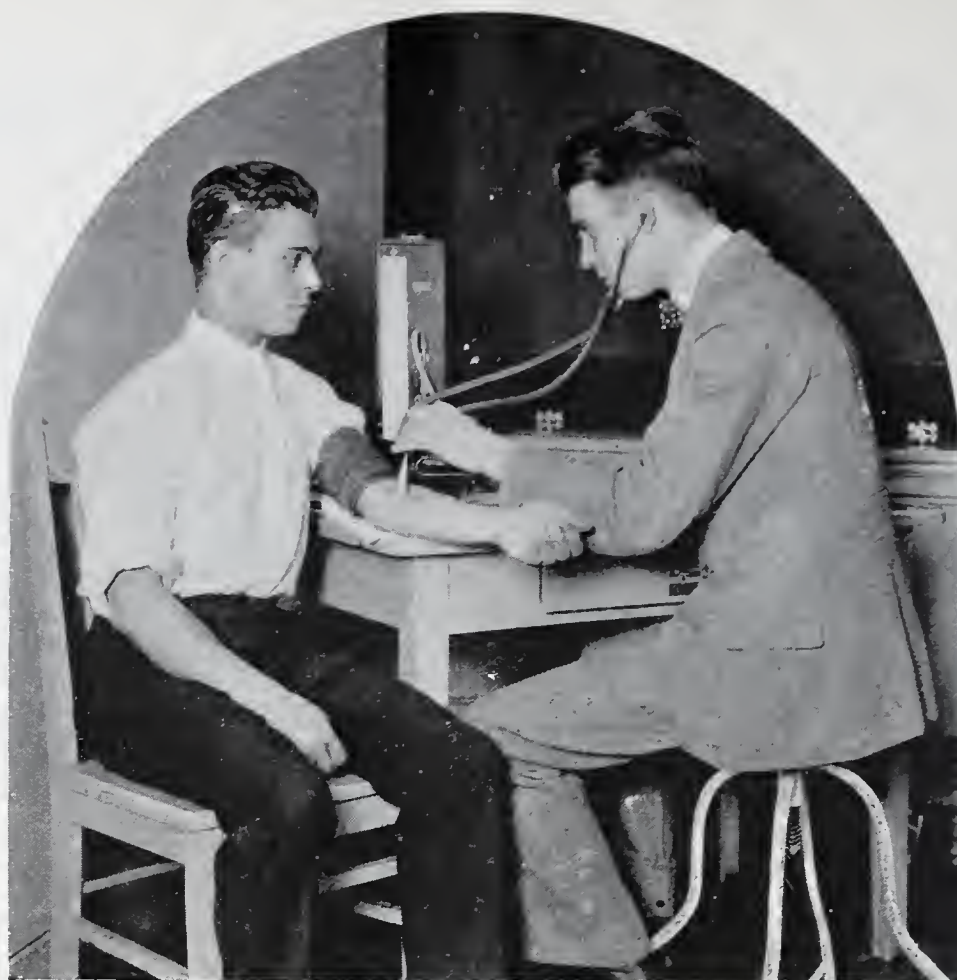
A figure lower than 105 mm. systolic is seldom found in a condition of health, although some medical men have allowed for women, whose blood-pressure as a class is lower than that of men, an even lower limit. A pressure as low as 100, however, is suggestive of trouble. Most medical authorities agree that seldom is a person able to be up and about with a blood-pressure as low as 100 mm. systolic and 50 mm. diastolic, although such cases are on record. A systolic pressure as low as 40 mm. has been recorded for a short period during surgical operations, and in cases of very advanced tuberculosis but, generally speaking, a systolic of 60 mm. is about the

THE AVERAGE MAN'S CONCEIT

THE cardiac, arterial and kidney troubles, from which other people fall ill in middle life will never affect me. My heart will always be all right; my kidneys will never give me any trouble. I cannot imagine myself afflicted by these illnesses, and therefore they are impossible. The world could not be so cruel. I shall always be as I am now. Unfortunate illness and premature death are for somebody else, perhaps, but not for me

lowest at which life may be sustained.

The pulse pressure, that is, the difference between the systolic and the diastolic, is an important indication. The normal pulse pressure for adults ranges from 30 to 50 mm. As long as the great artery called the aorta, which springs from the left ventricle of the heart, is elastic, and as long as the arteries in general are resilient, this amount of pulse pressure is sufficient to keep up an adequate supply of blood in the outward parts of the body. When these heart and arterial conditions change, they are reflected in the pulse pressure.



EXAMINING PHYSICIAN AT LIFE EXTENSION INSTITUTE TAKING BLOOD PRESSURE

The Blood Pressure is taken by pumping air into a rubber bag adjusted under a leather cuff buckled on the arm. The pressure required is cut off, the circulation is recorded in millimeters by the rise of a column of mercury in a glass tube. A stethoscope is applied over the large artery at the bend of the elbow and the changes in the sounds transmitted through the blood current guide the observer as to when the readings are to be made

When a greater systolic is required, the pulse pressure is larger. Such increase in the pulse pressure is often met with after the middle period of life, and is therefore a compensatory condition, required for maintaining health. As a rule, however, a pulse-pressure persistently as high as 60 mm. is a definite indication of disease; it is generally associated with heart enlargement or dilatation; or hardening of the large distributing arteries, chronic kidney trouble, and sometimes with other conditions as, for instance, exophthalmic goitre. In incompetent conditions of the aortic valve—the valve which sustains or maintains the blood column and against which the record of the systolic thrust falls—pulse-pressure is often a striking feature and 100 mm. is not unusual.

Abnormally small pulse-pressures are met with in failing heart compensation and in other types of heart trouble; shock; collapse; anæmia; hemorrhage and stages of mal-nutrition. In fact, there are numerous systolic and diastolic combinations, and resulting variations in the pulse-pressure, which are indicative of all sorts of derangements.

The importance of the pulse pressure and of the diastolic pressure as a means of diagnosis is often greater even than that of the systolic pressure, for the reason that they are not so subject to superficial influences.

It is normal for the blood-pressure to vary somewhat during the 24-hour cycle, and at different ages, and under different conditions. Pressure usually

reaches its lowest figure about two hours after going to sleep at night. Under average conditions it gradually rises until it reaches a maximum at five in the afternoon. If the sleep is interrupted before the lowest figure is reached, the pressure does not later return to it when sleep is resumed.

Vigorous exercise, in normal subjects, raises pressure. Many of our soldiers, after long forced marches in France, were surprised to feel, instead of exhaustion, an extraordinary sensation of strength and power. Individuals accustomed to sedentary occupations, upon suddenly indulging in a day of outdoor sport, may experience a great fatigue; but the next day and for several days after they are likely to be aware of a new vitality, a sensation due to the raising of the blood-pressure.

Pressure also rises under mental effort and excitement. Many of the high pressure cases are found among business men with many cares. Exercise taken without mental interest will not so markedly raise the blood-pressure as when it is accompanied by mental concentration. Athletes often experience a rise in pressure upon entering training, when their interest is high, and a subsequent fall, when they settle down to the routine and athletics lose their fascination. In

a hypnotized subject, the hallucination that he was doing work raised the pressure.

Eating is followed by a rise in pressure. In thirty minutes after a hearty dinner, it is not abnormal if the blood-pressure has risen from 10 to 20 mm. This accounts for the many cases of apoplexy which follow a good meal. With a pressure already over high, and a condition of hardened arteries in combination, the extra pressure induced by eating was all that was necessary to rupture a delicate artery of the brain. The inadvisability of eating before going to

bed will be apparent.

A fall in the barometric pressure is followed, in some sensitive individuals, by a fall in the blood-pressure, so that after all the much-maligned weather is sometimes really guilty of producing sensations of ill-being or drowsiness.

WHEN IT'S HIGH

THERE are two main groups of high-pressure cases, those presenting kidney and those presenting heart symptoms. Persistent high-pressure warrants a thorough urinary examination, and its repetition at intervals. The danger is slow chronic Bright's disease, and death from the non-functioning of the kidneys. Many of the kidney cases are combined with heart troubles. In all cases of high pressure, the heart sounds should be carefully analyzed. One specialist says, "High pressure is as frequently a cause of heart disease as the excessive use of an engine under trying conditions is a cause of its breaking down."

High pressure is also associated with diabetes, and with certain of the glandular derangements, such as exophthalmic goitre. Here, again, the urinary examinations are important, as well as examinations of the glands and nervous system. Lead poisoning also raises pressure.

Hardening of the arteries is one of the most serious attendant features of high pressure. It is probably induced by the high pressure, which in turn it

Help Yourself to Health

heightens. The arteries should be examined at the wrist, on the arm, at the temples, and deep within the eye. Hardening does not take place evenly all over the body, but is selective. "Pipestem" arteries at the wrist are very suggestive, and yet they may not mean that there is dangerous hardening in some vital region. When the wall of a blood vessel has degenerated, its elastic fibres disintegrate and it loses its ability to stretch. Then, when pressure is put upon its walls, the vessel is liable to rupture or burst. When a blood vessel of the heart bursts, death may be sudden. A person may perhaps be walking to his work, when, all at once, he falls. In the case of a ruptured blood vessel of the brain, death may follow very shortly, or there may be a sudden paralysis of one side of the body, called "stroke," which in some cases is followed by a partial recovery, but finally by an extension of the paralyzed area, and death. In this particular form of fatal disaster from over-high blood-pressure on a weakened blood vessel of the brain, the throat and intestinal organs are often included in the paralysis, and the patient is unable to swallow either food or water, and dies like a ship-wrecked mariner parched with thirst.

THE first symptoms, by which a patient may recognize that his blood-pressure is disturbed are often very slight. Serious conditions may exist without giving frank signs. A common experience in high pressure is a feeling of weakness, and inability to do extended physical or mental work; tired or dull "headache" back of head or neck; also, shortness of breath on exertion, dizziness, over-action of the heart at night, or being wakened out of sleep by the violence of its beating. There may be a reversal of the normal pressure rhythm with a higher pressure at night than by day. This may account for so many of the "strokes" coming on in sleep. There is often œdema, blueness of the lips, and flatulence or the victim of high pressure may complain only of his stomach. There is sometimes irritability or depression of spirits. More serious symptoms are convulsive seizures, paralysis, and dementia, which may come and go spontaneously. Cramps in the muscles are frequent, especially when high pressure is due to arterial and kidney changes. Nose bleed in elderly persons may accompany high pressure, and may have a beneficial effect by lowering the pressure and preventing "stroke." In some of the advanced high-pressure cases, it is sometimes necessary to bleed the patient to relieve his heart and save his life.

All of the reasons why high blood-pressure is re-

lated so closely to heart, arterial and kidney degenerations are not yet known. One important thing we do know, that high pressure can be produced by wrong habits of living. Here, therefore, is a basis of procedure. Drugs should never be used unless there is a very serious condition. If the high pressure is associated with degeneration of the heart muscle, to bring the pressure down might disastrously rob the circulation of a very necessary support. A safe and sound way to treat high pressure is by rest and the regulation of the diet. When pressure falls under proper measures of this sort, it is a normal fall, without danger of removing needed props. The ideal method is rest in bed and a milk diet.

SINCE eating normally raises pressure, over-eating often over-raises it. If the over-eating habit is chronic, the high blood-pressure is likely to become an established condition. It is a significant fact that high blood-pressure is common with over-weights. The actual quantity of food as measured by its nourishing value, not by its bulk, should be brought to normal; or, in the case of over-weights, to sub-normal until the excess flesh is reduced.

Meat should be taken in great moderation—preferably none at all in high-pressure cases. In the first place, meat has a specific dynamic quality; it has a mysterious, stimulating effect upon the heat-producing apparatus of the body, quite apart from its fuel value, and is therefore pressure-raising in its tendency. In the second place, in the digestion of meat, certain poisonous extractives have to be eliminated by the kidneys. Big amounts of meat mean big amounts of work for the kidneys to do. Since high pressure is very often already associated with kidney weakness, meat unnecessarily adds to the difficulty. Because of these same poisonous extractives of meat, meat soups and gravies are undesirable in kidney cases. The common prejudice against red meats is apparently un-

founded, since chemically they are the same as those of the white variety. Dr. Bishop, a noted heart specialist, says, "You, any of you (healthy individuals) could give up meat and not miss it, but if you were poisoned by it, you would miss and crave it. It, therefore, requires strength of mind for a person with advanced arterial hardening to give up offending proteins (meat and other flesh foods). The meat-eater is in much the same category, as far as stimulants are concerned, as the chronic alcoholic. When he is accustomed to his stimulant, his body craves it. When his stimulant—the poisons elaborated by auto-intoxication—is cut off, he suffers a reaction, just as does the whiskey addict."

The use of fruit, especially if cooked, is desirable, and the free use of vegetables when they do not produce flatulence. Milk is always a very useful food, preferably taken with whole-wheat.

Rest before eating is always advisable, as well as slow eating and thorough mastication.

FREE and regular evacuation of the bowels is very important in cases of blood-pressure derangement. Constipation may either heighten or lower blood-pressure. Many people suffer from constipation without being aware of it. One movement of the bowels a day is not always sufficient. Many healthy persons have a bowel movement after each meal. The poisons held in the system from constipation may be stimulating for a short period. Persons with sluggish bowel action may experience a temporary feeling of stimulation on a day when for some reason the bowels do not act. Of course, there is an accumulation of troubles later. Many experience sleepiness and a great feeling of langor directly after the bowel action, indicating a poor tone of the circulatory system. When the blood pressure is very high, resort to an enema may be advisable. Laxative drugs are of imperfect value, and mostly should be used only in emergency. In most cases of bowel sluggishness, a whole-wheat, milk and vegetable diet, including plenty of green things, will right all wrongs.

As to fluids, old-time notions about "flushing the kidneys" are no longer considered scientific. Excessive fluid only gives excessive work to the kidneys, and may also seriously burden the heart. The regulation six glasses of liquid a day applies to kidney cases as to others, allowing a slightly additional amount in warm weather when extra water is lost through the skin.

Coffee is one of the worst offenders, in the raising of blood-pressure. As a matter of fact, both
(Continued on page 79)

WHAT YOUR BLOOD PRESSURE SHOULD BE

Average Systolic Pressure

Ages	15 to 20	21 to 25	26 to 30	31 to 35	36 to 40	41 to 45	46 to 50	51 to 55	56 to 60	mm.
	120	123	124	124	127	129	131	132	135	

In health the blood pressure may vary temporarily 15 mm. above or below the average. Wide variations sometimes occur from slight nervous troubles.

Pressures persistently above or below the average should, however, be carefully studied and followed up.

Normal pulse pressure, the difference between systolic and diastolic, ranges from 30 to 55 mm.

GLIMPSES OF THE NEW



(Left) A free clinic known as the "Well-Baby Clinic" at Ardmore, Pa. The Red Cross has financed this clinic, hoping that it may prove the nucleus of health centers in Ardmore. There has been a steady increase in attendance despite bad weather conditions

HERE is another installment of Mr. Hine's picture serial on Red Cross work in this country. For the past few months, he has been busy in Pennsylvania and Delaware catching glimpses of visiting nurses at work in the mining region and the great factory towns; photographing first aid work in the great steel



A Red Cross Instructor conducting one of the health talks which are given regularly on the beautiful grounds of the Women's College at Newark, Delaware



(Above) A Red Cross nurse in Reading, Pa., teaching first aid and home hygiene to the boys and girls who work in the hosiery mills and who are required to attend continuation school. If it were not for the Red Cross, these youngsters would probably never have an opportunity to take such a course



(Above) One of the boys in the Red Cross classes in first aid and home hygiene which are being given in the hosiery mills of Reading, Pa. Everyone who deals with machinery should understand first aid



To people not acquainted with the subject, it will be a surprise to learn how many young girls there are employed in the industries of this country. (Left) A group of girls receiving Red Cross instruction in the noon hour outside the mill. (Above) The kind of work they do. After a day spent working on hosiery, there is left little opportunity for learning such things as the Red Cross has to teach. This is the reason why Red Cross nurses go to the workers in the mills instead of waiting for the workers to come to them

RED CROSS AT HOME

mills and furnaces; visiting many public clinics, "learning to swim" classes, and many other Red Cross activities which go to make up the peace time program. The extent to which the health campaign is being carried into the industrial fields is very vividly illustrated by some of the accompanying pictures which are printed here fresh from the scenes they depict

(Right) A Red Cross rural nurse visiting a miner's family. Nursing is a very human affair and requires not only knowledge but sympathy and the ability to understand people. Particularly is it necessary to possess a gift of getting on with children



(Left) The Red Cross nurse at Mocanqua, Pa., taking the children out for a few hours' play in the fresh air and sunshine. In the background, the coal breakers can be seen



(Above) A Red Cross nurse in Egypt, Pa., taking out a load of youngsters for a lark. The need for something bright and cheerful in a rather drab existence is second only to the nursing problem in many small industrial towns



(Left) A visiting Red Cross nurse on her rounds at Schickshinny, Pa. The community is chiefly Slavic and Italian. (Above) Here is shown the kind of welcome she often receives at distant miners' cabins



The Phoenix Iron Company, Phoenixville, Pa., has sixty-two workers, trained in first aid, scattered through the works. The pictures at left and right illustrate the practical value of the training which they have received





To Billy Brad the very lines and paragraphs were full of mystery

BILLY BRAD AND HIS LEASE

By Ellis Parker Butler

Author of "Pigs is Pigs"

Illustrated by J. R. Shaver

ONE day when Billy Brad was picking the last of his corn, he looked up and saw Mr. Giffen who owned the field where Billy Brad's corn grew.

"Hello, Billy Brad!" Mr. Giffen said. "Picking the last of your corn, I see. You had very nice corn this year. Are you going to grow more corn next year?"

"Ye—yes, sir!" said Billy Brad eagerly. "For—for because I got big, round dollars for my corn, I did. And—I'm going to grow corn every year. Right here."

"I'm sorry," said Mr. Giffen, shaking his head rather sadly, for he did not like to disappoint little boys. "I'm sorry, Billy Brad, but you cannot grow corn here next year."

"But—but I want to!" said Billy Brad, looking very sober indeed. "I—want to grow corn here always. And—and I'm going to. I don't want to grow corn anywhere else. For—for because I paid to have this cornfield all plowed up, and the plowman said it would not cost me so much money to have it plowed up another time."

"I know," said Mr. Giffen, "and I'm sorry. I don't like to send away such a good tenant as you are, Billy Brad, but I must do it. I have sold the whole field. You will have to find another corn patch."

Billy Brad looked at Mr. Giffen resentfully. If Mr. Giffen looked sorry,

PEOPLE other than youthful Billy Brad have been mystified by the intricacies of the lease question. In this story, Mr. Butler, in the genial form of Uncle Peter Henry, answers not only Billy Brad's doubts, but turns his wise and humorous searchlight on some things which all of us will be the better for recalling

Billy looked even sorrier, for Billy Brad was almost ready to cry.

"BUT—but my Uncle Peter Henry said I could grow corn here this year and next year and every year," said Billy Brad, "and—and I'm going to tell him on you, I am! And—and my Uncle Peter Henry will make you let me grow corn in this field."

"I think it might be a good plan for you to ask your Uncle Peter Henry about it," said Mr. Giffen, smiling, for

he had already spoken to Uncle Peter Henry, "but I'm quite sure you cannot grow corn here again, because I have sold this field, and long before this time next year there will be three or four houses standing here."

Mr. Giffen went away, and then Billy Brad stopped picking corn and went straight home. He found his Uncle Peter Henry resting in a hammock, reading a book; and, as soon as Billy Brad saw Uncle Peter Henry, Billy Brad was comforted, because Uncle Peter Henry was quite bald and wore big spectacles with tortoise-shell rims, and looked as wise as an owl, and Billy Brad was sure Uncle Peter Henry could make Mr. Giffen let Billy Brad use the corn patch another year.

When Uncle Peter Henry saw Billy Brad, he put down his book.

"Well, hello!" he said cheerfully.

"And what is the matter now? You look as if you were ready to cry."

"Why—why, Mr. Giffen won't let me grow corn in his cornfield any more," said Billy Brad, all in a hurry. "For—for because he sold it. And—and he's going to have houses on it. But—but you won't let him sell it to have houses on it, will you, Uncle Peter Henry? For because I want to grow corn there next year, and every year, and always!"

Uncle Peter Henry moved over a

little in the hammock and put his arm around Billy Brad and boosted him into the hammock that way.

"Billy Brad," he said quite seriously, when his arm was around Billy Brad and they were swinging slowly to and fro. "I'm afraid we have made a mistake, you and I. I'm afraid we will have to find a new corn patch next spring."

"Will we?" asked Billy Brad. "Why will we, Uncle Peter Henry?"

"Because," said Uncle Peter Henry, "we have no lease. We rented that corn patch by the year."

"Yes," said Billy Brad, "this year, and next year, and all the years!"

"No!" said Uncle Peter Henry solemnly. "That is just the trouble. We rented it for this year only. As your agent—"

"What's an agent?" asked Billy Brad.

"Anyone who does business for another person," said Uncle Peter Henry. "I rented that corn patch for you, from Mr. Giffen, so I was your agent. And, as your agent, Billy Brad, I rented it for one year only."

"But—but I want it for more years," said Billy Brad.

"Did you want it for more years when I rented it this spring?" asked Uncle Peter Henry.

"No," said Billy Brad promptly. "Not this spring, I didn't. But I do now."

"And that is just the trouble," said Uncle Peter Henry, nodding his bald

head and looking as wise as an owl. "If you wanted the corn patch next year and more years after that you should have told your agent. Then your agent might have made a lease."

"What is a lease, Uncle Peter Henry?" Billy Brad asked. "Wouldn't I have to find a new corn patch if I had a lease?"

"Probably not," said Uncle Peter Henry. "That is what leases are for. But there is no use worrying about that now. I think, when we rented the corn patch this spring, we thought we were doing what was best. If Mr. Giffen had asked us to make a lease, we might have told him we did not want to."

"Why?" asked Billy Brad.

"BECAUSE we did not know whether you would want to grow corn another year or not grow corn. Suppose, Billy Brad, you had not liked growing corn? Suppose you hated to grow corn? Suppose, this spring, just when you had your corn all planted, the crows had come and eaten all the seed, and no corn had come up? Or suppose the rain had come and rotted your corn in the ground, and no corn grew? Or, suppose, if the corn did come up, it was such poor, thin corn that it had no ears on it? Or, suppose, before it was ripe, a storm came and knocked it all down? Suppose, instead of making some big, round dollars of profit from the corn patch, you had lost all the big, round dollars you paid

for plowing and seed and rent? Or, suppose, your papa and mamma decided tomorrow to move to another town. Would you want to have to pay Mr. Giffen rent for years and years and years then?"

"No, but—"

"That is why we rented the corn patch for one year only," said Uncle Peter Henry, gravely. "I am very bald, and I wear big spectacles with tortoiseshell rims, and I am almost as wise as an owl, so I know quite a little about little boys. I know that sometimes little boys become very, very tired of certain things in a year. I know that sometimes they begin growing corn in the spring, and are eager and excited about it, and before the summer is here they are tired of growing corn. That is why we thought it safer to rent the corn patch for one year only."

"Did we?" asked Billy Brad.

"FOR one year only," said Uncle Peter Henry. "We rented the corn patch for one year, and we paid for one year, and now Mr. Giffen does not want to rent it to us any longer. If we had known—positively and surely—that you would want to grow corn in that very same corn patch for years and years, Mr. Giffen might have given us a lease on it."

"And wouldn't we have had to get another corn patch then?" asked Billy Brad. "If Mr. Giffen had given us a lease?"

Uncle Peter Henry moved over a little in the hammock.
"Billy Brad," he said seriously, "we have made a mistake."



Billy Brad and His Lease

"No," said Uncle Peter Henry, "then we could have kept the corn patch."

"I like leases," said Billy Brad. "I— I want always to have one, Uncle Peter Henry."

"Are you sure?" asked Uncle Peter Henry, smiling.

"Why—why, of course!" said Billy Brad.

"And, generally speaking," said Uncle Peter Henry slowly and in his wisest tone, "generally speaking, Billy Brad, you are right. A lease, you see, is just a paper with writing on it, with names signed at the bottom. It is always better to have things in writing than to trust to memory. Then, if one person says, 'As I remember it, you said this,' and the other person says 'No, as I remember it, I said that,' they can look at the written paper and see what was really agreed upon."

"If—if they know how to read," said Billy Brad.

"And, even if they do not know how to read, they can get someone to read it for them," said Uncle Peter Henry. "So it is better to have a written agreement, always. It saves a great deal of trouble. And that is what a lease is—it is a written agreement between the man who is renting something and the man who is renting it from him."

"For a whole lot of years," said Billy Brad.

Uncle Peter Henry laughed.

"No, not always," he said. "It may be for one day only. Do you remember when the circus came to town and put up its tents in Mr. Carter's field, just back of your house here? The circus wanted the field for one day only. So it made a lease for one day only. The circus did not want the field for years and years, you see. And you remember, this year, when the Chautauqua was here for a week? It leased Mr. Carter's field for one week only. So you can have a lease for a day or a week, or a month or three years, or ninety-nine years. There are a great many leases made for ninety-nine years."

"Oo!" exclaimed Billy Brad, for ninety-nine years is a very long time.

"THEY make leases for that long in New York," said Uncle Peter Henry. "Men lease ground in New York for ninety-nine years very often, because they want to build huge buildings on the ground, and unless the leases were for many, many years, it would not pay to put up buildings on the ground; because everything built on leased ground belongs to the owner of the ground when the lease runs out. Sometimes leases are made for nine hundred and ninety-nine years."

"Oh, my!" exclaimed Billy Brad.

"I should think so!" said Uncle Peter Henry. "That is a long time, isn't it? So, you see, a lease may be for any length of time; but if a man is renting a house and says, 'I have a lease on this house,' he means for longer than a month, because the rent is usually paid by the month. If he has no lease, he is renting 'by the month' and can be put out of the house at the end of any month. On farms and fields, the

rent is usually paid by the year and, when a man says, 'I have a lease on this farm,' he means he has a lease for more than one year; if not, he says he is 'renting by the year'."

"Like—like I was, Uncle Peter Henry," said Billy Brad.

"Exactly!" said Uncle Peter Henry.

"So that is what a lease is. It is a written agreement between the man who is renting and the man who owns, and it says how much rent is to be paid, and when it is to be paid, and where it is to be paid, and for how long. If it is a lease for a house or an apartment, it tells who is to make the repairs. When a lease is made, the man who is renting does not have to do anything except what the lease says and what the law says, and the man who owns the property does not have to do anything except what the lease says and what the law says. When a good lease is made, the tenant can look at it and see just what his rights are; and the owner, who also has a copy, can look at it and see just what his rights are. A lease saves a lot of unhappiness and trouble and dispute."

BILLY BRAD sat for quite a while, looking at the trees that were fluttering their leaves gently in the afternoon breeze. He was so quiet that Uncle Peter Henry thought he had fallen asleep, but, suddenly, Billy Brad said:

"I wish we had a lease on my corn patch, Uncle Peter Henry."

"You do?" asked Uncle Peter Henry. "And just what do you mean by a lease on your corn patch, may I ask, Billy Brad?"

"Why—why—" said Billy Brad, "why, a paper. Writed—wroted on—" "Written on," Uncle Peter Henry corrected.

"Yes, a paper written on," said Billy Brad. "With Mr. Giffen's name signed onto it, Uncle Peter Henry. To say I could have my same corn patch in Mr. Giffen's field this year and next year and a whole lot of years, so I could grow my corn in my same corn patch all the years. And—and—"

"And what?"

"And not to pay any more; just to pay the same," said Billy Brad wistfully.

"I see!" said Uncle Peter Henry. "And anything else?"

"Why—why to pay the money one time a year," said Billy Brad. "In the spring, Uncle Peter Henry."

"Why not in the fall, when you have your corn all sold and have more big, round silver dollars?" asked Uncle Peter Henry.

"Yes, in the fall," said Billy Brad eagerly, "for because then I have all my big round dollars. In the fall, Uncle Peter Henry."

"Yes, and—"

"And that I don't have to do any—"

"Repairs?"

"Yes," said Billy Brad, "that I don't have to do any repairs. How do you do repairs to a corn patch, Uncle Peter Henry?"

"Well, it might mean keep the fence

from falling down," said Uncle Peter Henry.

"Well, I don't want to keep the fence from falling down," said Billy Brad.

"And that would seem to be a pretty good lease," said Uncle Peter Henry. "And you would like to have made that sort of lease for your corn patch in Mr. Giffen's field?"

"Yes, Uncle Peter Henry. For years and years and years!"

"I see! For three years, let us say? That would mean you could use the corn patch in Mr. Giffen's field for three years, at so much rent a year. Now, why not have in your lease an option for three years more at the same rent?"

"For because I don't know what an opshum is," said Billy Brad.

"An option," said Uncle Peter Henry, "is a part of the lease that says you can have the corn patch—or whatever you are renting—for still more years, if you want to have it for more years, at the same rent or at a certain rent that is mentioned in the lease."

"I know!" said Billy Brad eagerly. "So I could keep my corn patch in Mr. Giffen's field a long, long time, if I wanted to!"

"Just that!" agreed Uncle Peter Henry. "The lease would say you had to pay so much per year for three years, and that Mr. Giffen had to let you use the corn patch for three years if you paid the money to him, and the option would give you the right to keep on using the corn patch after the end of the three years. So that is what you would like, is it? A lease like that."

"Yes, Uncle Peter Henry!" Billy Brad said at once. "And—and why didn't we?"

Then Uncle Peter Henry put his hand in his pocket and drew out a stiff, folded paper.

"Oh!" cried Billy Brad, smiling all over his face. "Oh! We did!"

UNCLE Peter Henry held the paper in his hand.

"Now, one minute, young farmer!" he said. "One minute, young business man! One minute, young renter! You wished you had a lease for three years on your corn patch in Mr. Giffen's field, did you?"

"Yes, and—"

"It is quite a long walk to Mr. Giffen's field on a hot day," said Uncle Peter Henry. "The soil in his field is not very rich—it requires a lot of fertilizer. I had a talk with Mr. Carter today, and he does not want to rent his field to the circus or the Chautauqua any more. He says he will be glad to rent you a corn patch just behind your papa's house, and you will have to pay only half of what you paid Mr. Giffen—"

"Oo!" cried Billy Brad joyfully. "I want to do that, Uncle Peter Henry! Let's do that, please!"

"Why, dear me!" exclaimed Uncle Peter Henry. "I thought you said you wished we had leased Mr. Giffen's corn patch for three years."

"But I don't wish it," said Billy Brad.

"For because, (Continued on Page 72)

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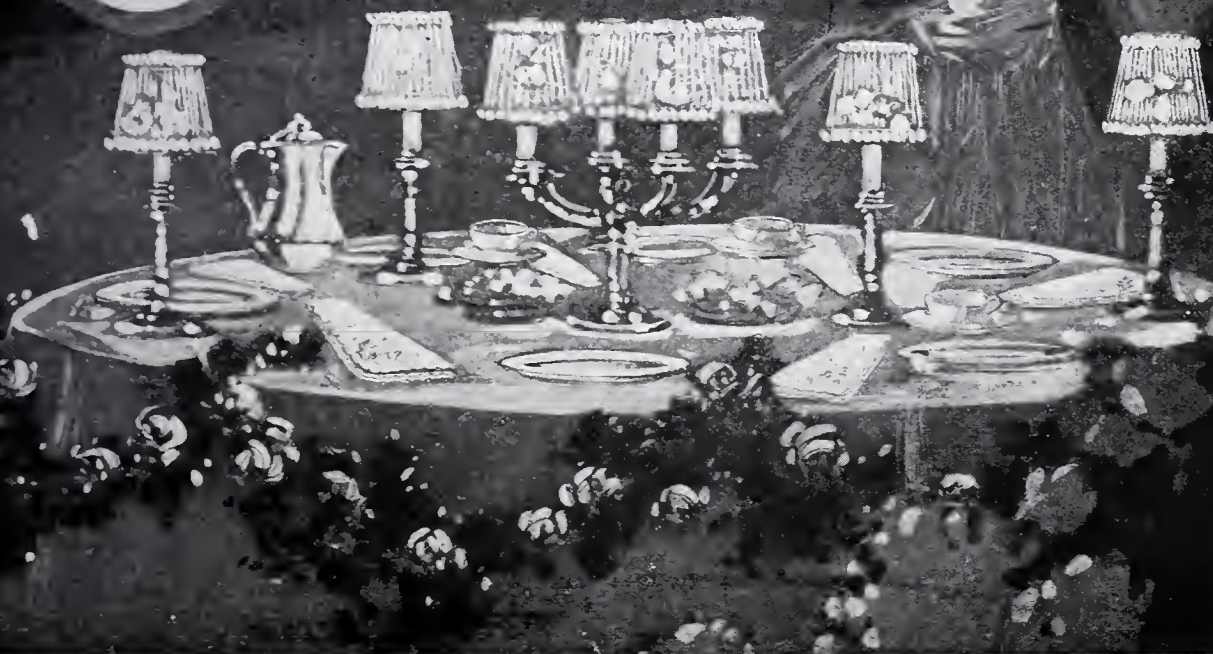
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The First Day in School

(Continued from Page 15)

become a really efficient member of society unless he has sound teeth.

They must come in at the right time and fall out at the right time. Delay either way may spoil the shape of the child's jaw. Many people think that the baby teeth are not important. They are. The second teeth are dependent upon the first ones for their health and beauty.

Keep the little children under the supervision of a good dentist and the return in health and happiness and beauty, to say nothing of efficiency will more than repay the small outlay.

The old teachers taught that a sound mind dwelt in a sound body. Experience has taught us that they spoke the truth. Unless a child is sent to school with a full equipment of physical strength and health he will profit little by the instruction of even the best of teachers.

"And what is your name, son?" asked the Head teacher of a new comer. The child made no reply but his mother spoke for him. "His name is George!"

"Can you tell me yourself where you live," said the Head teacher addressing him so pointedly that the mother felt that he must answer for himself.

Bending over him she said very slowly and distinctly, "Tell the lady where you live."

"I live on Atlantic Avenue," he said in the wooden tones of the deaf.

"The child is hard of hearing?" queried the teacher.

"Oh, he can hear all right if he pays attention."

"You do not think he is deaf?"

"Oh, no. Just make him pay attention to you and he will hear you."

The boy was plainly deaf. The mother thought she must hide that fact from the teachers. She said afterward that she thought the school would exclude him if she told the teacher that he was hard of hearing.

IT is always best to take the teacher into your confidence. If there is anything the matter with the child she will do all in her power to help him. If she does not know there is anything wrong until she suspects it and finally proves it to her satisfaction and is assured of it, she will lose valuable time and the child will lose valuable training. All sorts of mistakes and misunderstandings occur in the school life of the children because the mothers have not been frank with the teachers. Short-sighted children have been placed in the back of the room and listed as slow because they failed to see what was going on.

Deaf children have been punished for disobedience because they could not hear orders. Ruptured children have been strained because they took exercises they should have been excused from taking. The mother had kept the condition a secret until it was found out by the teacher who noticed the child's discomfort.

It is not fair either to the child or the school not to tell the teacher all she needs to know the first day she takes

over the care of a child. It is a heavy responsibility and the parents should help her to carry it.

Mothers sometimes say, "Well, you know how a mother feels. She does not like to tell anyone that there is something wrong or peculiar about her child. She hates to tell her family affairs to outsiders."

The teacher is not an outsider. She is very much of an insider. She learns all there is to learn about you and about your children very soon.

To be sure, you have not been aware of this because no teacher, who is a teacher, would ever disclose information that came to her through such a channel. It is to the teacher's everlasting honor that you do not know that she knows. Take her into your confidence and help her get at the truth quickly and surely for the sake of the child you are both bound in honor and duty to train and protect.

THE actual preparation for the first day in school begins the night before. When the child is bathed and ready for bed, tell him his Bedtime Story and tuck him in.

Let him watch you lay out his clothes in readiness for the next morning. His new school suit, the fresh blouse, the huge bow tie, the shiny shoes, the clean underwear. So he learns to prepare for the morning.

You teach him to lay everything in place so as to have no hurry and fuss in the morning. That lessens the nerve strain that is usually so tense when the children are getting ready for school.

Breakfast is ready in good time so that he can eat it slowly and enjoy it. It should be light and sufficient. Don't make the mistake of screwing up the child's courage on this first day by giving him sweets. Many a first day has been spoiled by this sort of mistaken kindness. His stomach will be more or less irritable anyway. Put nothing in it that will start trouble.

An apple in the coat pocket has been known to lend strength and comfort at recess time. By then, some of the strangeness has worn off and, "Give us a bite," breaks the ice neatly.

Beware of baggage. Some children arrive that first day loaded like camels going on a long journey. A handful of blank books; a bunch of highly colored pencils; a pencil box; a luncheon box; a flower for the teacher; a pet toy.

When the line starts to go upstairs, trouble manifests itself. Somebody drops a precious possession and there is an outcry. Willing hands attempt the rescue. More baggage drops, more to the rescue. Then the teacher must gather everybody up, sort out the baggage and line up the caravan again.

Going downstairs is actually dangerous. One drops his beloved treasure, reaches down after it and stumbles. Somebody tries to save him and the whole line slips and staggers about on the stairs. The children are frightened if not actually hurt. Let the

beginner travel "light" on his first day on the road of learning.

When, at last, you have taken him to the teacher and are about to leave him with her, don't cry. That is fatal. Start one beginner to cry and the whole fifty will raise their voices in grief and the teacher will spend the rest of the morning in soothing them.

A VERY stout mother took her child into the classroom. She insisted upon hanging up his hat for him and placing him in his seat. The other children did these things for themselves under the direction of the soft voiced teacher. This mother could not bear to part with her child long enough to permit him to do anything for himself.

She stood beside him as he sat in the little eighteen inch bench, her rather huge proportions towering over the heads of the children and shutting off the view of the little ones behind her.

The teacher indicated in many delicate ways that she would like to have the room to herself and the children. The lady declined to understand. The teacher went over to her and whispered, "It would be better for you to slip away now. He will not notice and we will begin to work."

The mother said, "Oh, please let me stay just a little while! We have never been parted since he was born." And to the teacher's amazement she crowded herself into the tiny bench holding her son on the edge of nothing by the strength of her arm.

The teacher pushed a little button that brought the Head teacher to the room. The Head took in the situation with one swift glance. She beckoned to the lady from the doorway. There was that in her gesture that would not be denied. Struggling out of her predicament, wedged in between two little benches, the mother caught up her son.

"Mother must leave you dear. K-k-kiss poor mother."

Then she dissolved in tears. So did son. So did the forty-nine others.

TRY to start the day for the child with poise and a sense of fitness. If you leave him at the classroom door, he will accept that attitude as a matter of course.

He has come to school prepared for new experiences. He is alive with interest. He watches the strange children and the new teacher with keen curiosity and no fear. He will forget all about you and the things of home until luncheon time. Then he will have much to tell you.

Listen to him patiently and point him right. Teach him to have faith in the teacher. Speak of her with respect and trust in your voice and he will carry away that idea. Nothing helps a child more in school than confidence in his teacher. Help him to get it and keep it.

Start him right the very first day. In school as everywhere else. "Well begun is half done!"



Not So Bad this Month

For the first time in many months the expense account fails to produce anxiety and wrinkles. "It's the first time," the young housekeeper says, "the figures haven't given me a horrid feeling."

What a lot of money and time she has wasted on things to eat, and especially desserts, when Jell-O would have helped her out.

Millions of American women understand just how Jell-O helps them out. To any who do not we shall be glad to send a copy of the 1920 Jell-O Book which contains fuller information on this important point than any published heretofore.

Jell-O is made in six pure fruit flavors: Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon, Orange, Chocolate, Cherry, and is sold by all grocers and dealers.

THE GENÈSEE PURE FOOD COMPANY
Le Roy, N. Y., and Bridgeburg, Ont.



An Adventure in Homes and Happiness

(Continued from Page 47)

bring the top market price, they are in demand the world over, and the orchardists have only to keep this demand supplied, a thing never wholly possible.

On the ranches, the growers are eternally busy making the fruit live up to its world-wide reputation. From early spring till after harvest the orchardist and his entire family have little else on their minds. First, comes the discing. They found that plowing disturbs the feeding roots of trees close to the surface, so they abandoned old-fashioned plowing almost altogether for disc-plowing. Then comes the spraying. In orchards of from twenty acres up, the individual orchardist generally owns his own spraying outfit, but with the smaller places, groups own one in partnership. Five sprayings are generally required at intervals of thirty days, the last one coming in August. In June, they begin to thin the apples, taking out the offending one in every cluster; to do this takes a certain amount of moral courage, but they have found that man-selection, as opposed to the prolific ways of nature, brings the best results in the long run. By the middle of summer, they begin to prop the heavily fruited limbs to prevent their breaking. There are various ways of doing this; one man having succeeded well with a linked wire girdle by means of which the tree supports its own branches from the center; more commonly they prop from the ground. That some method is necessary is readily seen by driving over the valley, where one will come upon heavily weighted limbs that have snapped completely off with their burden of fruit. The harvest begins about the first of October. The apples are all picked by hand—gloved hands—and largely by boys and girls from the neighboring cities. Whole families motor in and camp for the harvesting season, getting a wholesome, profitable vacation. Each orchard has its own packing house. The apples go in at one door, on to the grading machine—an invention of an ex-wool grower who has become an expert orchardist—and from the grading machine to bins, according to sizes; then the trained packers sort and wrap and pack; the boxes go to the nailer and, from him, to the door opposite and out onto trucks; then to the Association warehouses—like oiled machinery, just as slick as that!

WOMEN are most enthusiastic orchardists. Mrs. Gladys W. Brock, one of the most successful ones, declared to me, "There is no business a woman can handle and be so independent." On her own initiative, she tried out pears, and last year took 1400 boxes of prime Bartletts and Anjous from an acre. "There is no secret process in raising pears," says Mrs. Brock, "just common sense. Plenty of food (nitrate of soda, four pounds to a bearing tree); plenty of water, enough to keep the ground damp. Pears like wet feet,

especially in hot weather." Women also make most of the boxes used, a simple process, for they come from the factory ready to be put together, but every pair of hands counts in a busy season. When the crop is extra heavy, touring cars are driven into the orchards at night, where their lights shine out like so many huge fireflies, lighting a force of night pickers, made up often from the professional people—and the women—of the little town of Hood River, who will turn out at any time to save the crop, for the town lives by its apples.

ONE of the most remarkable of the valley successes is that of the ex-wool grower already mentioned: a man with a penchant for orchards, but who only took it up late in life, after retiring from his regular business. He bought up "sick" orchards that hadn't seemed to do well, for one reason or another, and he worked some sort of magic on them—turning back the covers about their roots—letting the air in—slipping in nitrates and tucking them back again—and the hard facts are that he took a little orchard in February, one that had never borne a crop; "treated" it, and got that year 20,000 boxes of apples, and the next year, 22,000. From four acres of cherries, he got eighty tons, netting him \$7,000, and from seven acres of pears in their ninth year, he got 4,400 boxes. This encouraged him to go on and he now owns many bearing orchards, and has his whole family of three sons, a step-son and son-in-law in the business with him, each one running a separate orchard, but all co-operating under his management, and not one of the group was a man of the soil when he started in the valley.

Hood River strawberries are almost as famous as the apples. Strawberries, therefore, make a good side crop, though more perishable and hence more difficult to handle. The berries are famous for their shipping qualities rather than for their size; crates having been sent to Chicago and back to Hood River, arriving in perfect condition. The Association is developing canneries for taking care of perishable fruits and culls, also for making candied apples.

The valley also raises most of its own food. They have a co-operative creamery and a meat-packing plant. While this is not a grain country, still, sufficient grain is raised in the out-lying districts to supply flour for local consumption.

The Hood River apple, in open competition, never lost but one prize; and, to this day, the loss rankles. Apples had been picked and packed and shipped to San Francisco for entry in the world-contest during the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. They were to compete with apples from every other apple growing region of the whole country. After weeks of testing, tasting, trying, weighing, examining, smelling, halving, the contest narrowed down to two lots, both Northwestern apples.

They all looked like winners; the judges certainly had a perplexing job to decide between them. When about to take the deciding vote, one of the judges began lifting out the apples from the Hood River box, giving them one more going over. When he came to the very last apple, something—a darkness—in the bloom end caught his eye. He looked again; he halved the apple; and there, boring in, was a tiny, almost invisible worm!

That worm lost the prize for Hood River: never in the history of wormdom was a worm so execrated! If there is an inferno for worms, he certainly went straight there with all his sins on his head! And ever since that day, every Hood River orchardist has sought a different way to explain that worm. It had never before happened in the history of Hood River that a worm had got into an apple. Therefore, it couldn't have got in in Hood River; it had to get in after the apples reached San Francisco; it crawled in or maybe it was planted there by some jealous rival. Plays were founded on that intriguing worm. Portland papers wrote grave editorials about it. The cartoonists pictured it—a huge stack of apples, a regular mountain of them and one tiny worm with evil eye making his wicked way toward it.

But the prize was lost! Perhaps the advertising the apples got through this unprecedented happening gave them better publicity than the prize could have done: but it did not mollify the rabid Hood Riverites. That worm made the one black spot on the hitherto spotless Hood River scutcheon and forever after worms would pay the penalty of death.

IN the winter, the orchardist is not very busy and then he frequently goes traveling, with his family, to the islands of the Pacific, to New York, to Portland or San Francisco. Perhaps he is the most traveled man of the soil in the world to-day. Furthermore, he is a first class community man: Good roads thread their way throughout the beautiful valley. It is hardly necessary to state that the Valley has excellent schools, and homes equipped with electric lights, baths and telephones. The Boston art dealer prospered, and his two sons are established on handsome orchards near him; the New York publisher recently added another hundred acres to his holdings and is just as enthusiastic as ever; the motor-man is one of the most notably successful of the orchardists; the Cornell graduate had a house warming last summer, and the house cost him \$12,000; the theatrical manager who had got so blinded with stardust that he took gratefully to good honest soil-dust, not only has one of the show places of the valley, but he is responsible for another show place. He came upon an ugly gulch in the little town one day, ugly because it was used as a dumping ground for old tin cans and rubbish.

RED CROSS FILMS

FOR CHURCHES AND SCHOOLS



Sons of an Arab Chieftain, these youngsters appear in the film "The Children of the Sahara," one of the Red Cross motion pictures, showing the life and customs of the peoples in far parts of the earth.

"Apple Blossom Time in Normandy," "The Oyster Fisheries of Brittany," and "Italy's Sons of the Sea," are among the newer foreign releases, while industrial and domestic propaganda films are now obtainable through the nearest Red Cross Division Departments of Publicity.

THE AMERICAN RED CROSS BUREAU OF PICTURES

220 WEST 42ND STREET
NEW YORK, NEW YORK

But he had an idea! He stood beside it, chin in hand, frown on his forehead thinking that if it were only cleaned out, a few trees uprooted, the brush cut away, it would make a perfect amphitheatre. The idea born in a theatrically trained mind and let loose in a community such as this had no trouble gaining ground. Funds were raised; a plan made; and a beautiful outdoor theatre seating 1100 people is the result. Here are produced, with home talent, such performances as "The Mikado," and here every year there is a thriving Chautauqua session—also frequent orchestral concerts, for Hood River has its own orchestra—it could hardly be the home all the summer months of a New York orchestra director—F. Arens, of the Peoples' Symphony Orchestra—without some ideas about orchestras getting loose and a local orchestra being born. A most attractive Union church testifies to advanced ideas in religious unity. Billy Sunday is one of the valley orchardists, and naturally, seeds of religion had to get scattered with the other kind.

THE valley is famous, too, for having no country clubs! Every home is a club in itself and hospitality of the old fashioned order—in homes—is the rule. Week-end house parties and dinner parties are quite the thing when the season isn't too busy; groups of from a dozen to twenty or thirty meeting at each other's homes for dining and sociability. Here, in these days, you will see some of the most beautiful toilettes—with every man in evening dress—and hear some of the cleverest talk and the best music and see some of the wittiest home-made plays and high

jinks ever shown in America. For here are education and books and intellect plus a natural life that stimulates and brings to flower, latent abilities.

AND they have not forgotten the outsider: they have set aside a day in May to celebrate as blossom time, when the whole valley is spread in a pinky white fluff of cherry and apple blossoms, the air is sweet with the "pledges of the flowers" and all the world is invited in, and given the keys of the valley, the streams and the woods. Thousands motor in from Portland, a good hour away.

Hood River, town and valley, for all are one, is famous too, for having had no saloons in ten years; for having no children's court; no juvenile offenders; no crimes; no strikes; no labor troubles. They consider their children equal to their apples—twin crops—and when you see the two together. I declare it's a toss up, which should wear the blue ribbon! The population is eight thousand, two thousand and seven hundred of whom live in the little town. The whole forms one big sprawling suburban community, spreading all the way from the railway station to the frost limit for apples on Mount Hood. You find, not only good homes, good schools, good roads, good books, good pianos and good touring cars everywhere, but good optimism. They do not think that the world is going to the bow-wows, not by any manner of means. They have seen their own little world kick up an ugly fuss with its pests and frosts and gophers and stumps and roots and dust but they have also seen it righted and set going straight by

sound business handling, and they have no doubt the rest of the world can come to sanity by the application of similar methods.

To get a true picture of the life of the orchardist, one should read Anthony Euwer's "Rhymes of our Valley"—rhymes in which the poet-orchardist has been honest enough, brave enough, to picture all sides. Perhaps no poet ever sang more truly of his own valley, ever found less need to turn to other days and other lands for his themes. He, too, is of the valley, of its fine high moments and its fearful costs, and he sings of the life, vividly and realistically, because he first has lived it.

NOW that I have lifted the curtain and let you into the secrets of the Valley where the famous apples grow, I am going to let you into one more secret which will make me just about as popular in Hood River as the famous worm. We of the Northwest do not hold, deep down in our hearts, that the Hood River apples are the best apples in the whole wide world; we do not even hold that they are the best in the Northwest; we think there are many other favored sections all over the country where just as good apples may be and are grown, in just as beautiful, shiny covers. But what we do think is that the Hood River Valley people have demonstrated what tired business men from the big cities may accomplish by turning their over-used faculties out to pasture, so to speak, and bringing into play dormant ones that have never before been exercised; we believe that is Hood River's important message—and meaning.

It Might Have Been You

(Continued from Page 17)

violently on to the iron grating, landing on his head with a severe laceration over his left eye. Breslin stopped the flow of blood by applying a compress and bandages, and got the man to the hospital in good condition.

Still another case of electric shock: Near Camden Station, in Pennsylvania, two other employees of the Telephone Company, Line Foreman Barry and a man named Piper, were working on a telephone line when a young fellow rushed up and shouted that on the road above a man had been electrocuted.

The two men grabbed their First Aid Kits and ran to the scene. There was an excited crowd of workmen standing over an unconscious man, whom they had endeavored to assist by propping up his head—the worst thing they could do. The two men revived the victim in short order. A few days later, when they were back working on their job, up walked the man himself. Being sort of grateful for having his life

back—even as you or I!—he had come to thank them—the man who might have been dead.

A splicing crew of three men of the Construction Division of the Telephone Company was working at a manhole at the junction of two streets, just opposite a store which is closed at noon while the employees are eating their luncheon. The door of the store is kept locked, during this time, to prevent customers from entering. About 12.30 o'clock, these workmen saw the young lady cashier, who had stayed within during the noon hour, frantically pounding on the window, and apparently trying to get out. They went over to see what was the matter, and found that the girl was

being suffocated by smoke, from a fire that had broken out in the basement. The men broke in the door but, by the time they got inside, the girl was unconscious.

They carried her into the air, and two of the men united in administering artificial respiration, by which she was revived sufficiently for them to give her aromatic spirits of ammonia and get her to a hospital.

Thus run only a few of the many, many stories of First Aid. The knowledge by which these First Aid feats were performed is simply and easily acquired. What's more, the practice work is fun, especially when it is performed in teams, and the teams engage in contests and work for honors and prizes. Instruction is available free of charge through any of the Red Cross chapters.

Put yourself in the place of the victims—what would be your appreciation! Or in the place of their Good Samaritans—what greater satisfaction can there be than the feeling of having saved a life!



The Rewards of Being Human

(Continued from Page 11)

that a human employee likes to have awnings on the windows in the summer just as much as a human employer does?

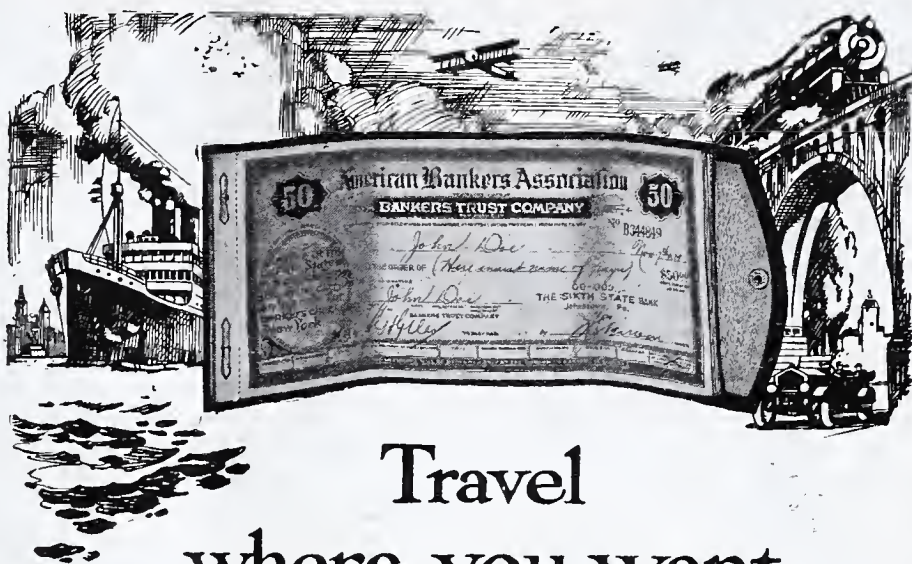
Money which might have been spent on ornamental doodads was put into a roof mechanism that permits the employees to "take the lid off" on hot days and so let hot air rush through the big roof openings while cooler air floods in through the thousands of windows.

On the first day the Pilgrim employees filed into their new building, they found themselves in an atmosphere of roomy freedom, spotless cleanliness, even temperature, flooding light and air—the sort of working quarters which their employers rightly thought so exceptional a body of employees should have. There was a plain but inviting blue and white dining room, the white enameled tables set with neat but inexpensive table ware and blue and white table-cloths made of Japanese toweling. In a corner of the dining room, the floor of which was cleared for dancing, was a grand piano of recognized make, its music rack heaped with the latest jazz. Near the piano were shelves of books; a table covered with the latest magazines and, beyond all the luncheon arrangements, the firm's "young people" could see a big white kitchen and the bobbing head of the only real genius in the plant, the same being—the cook; for it takes genius in these days to cook and serve a hot luncheon of meat and a strictly fresh, never canned, vegetable at a cost to the consumer of ten cents!

The "young people" came also upon a spotless white hospital and welfare-work office presided over by two young women, both college graduates, who employ all help, give first aid when necessary, visit each employee who is absent, do the marketing for the dining room, manage the employees' savings funds, keep the hospital and employment records, supervise the plant recreation, adjust employees' problems upon their solicitation, both inside the plant and out, edit the monthly publication, called *Pilgrim's Progress*, which the employees largely write, illustrate and publish.

NOR should it be forgotten that the "young people" noted early that their employers had installed the largest mangle in the world, one that eats in a sheet full width and so obviates the necessity of folding the sheets before ironing; new machinery that dries clothes by whirling and so does away with drying by heat—in a word, had installed what the employees rightly boast is "the best equipment of laundry machinery in the world."

And as usual, the employees themselves started in—renewed, rather—their efforts to outdo their employers in making perfection super-perfect. Because no one insisted that they use the shower baths and bowling alleys,



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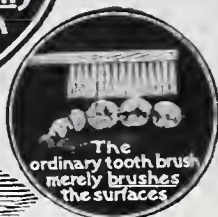
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organize a mutual aid and sick benefit society and savings fund organization, hold dances in the cleared-up luncheon room every Tuesday night, arrange picnics and annual field days, read the books—because they were not told to do all these things, the employees themselves did them all and continue happily to do them. But above all they produced!

IT was in a motion picture theatre one night, not long ago, that a little group of Pilgrim employees overheard a compliment paid to employees and employers of the Pilgrim plant which was perhaps one of the most beautiful tributes ever laid at the feet of capital and labor. The laundry workers had gone to the movie house to see the run of a picture which a motion picture "news weekly" company had taken in the Pilgrim Laundry some days before—merely some scenes of an average kind in an average Pilgrim work-day. And at the end of the Pilgrim picture, a wide and ample lady who had been seated near the laundry workers pressed past their knees toward the aisle, accompanied by a woman companion.

"Huh!" sniffed the female movie fan in passing. "It was easy to see, Lizzie, that that last picture was a fake. There ain't no such place!"

Happy Childhood the World Over

(Continued from Page 51)

backward lands in other parts of the world. No part is utilized for overhead expenses. National Headquarters of the Junior Red Cross is, in fact, the Junior Membership Department of the American Red Cross. The entire relief machinery of the American Red Cross at home and abroad is available for the dispatch of Junior Red Cross business, for the American Red Cross is the parent organization—the Senior Red Cross, so to speak.

In foreign fields, as well as at home, the Junior Red Cross has its special representatives seeking to carry enlightenment, health, and happiness to children. There is a European Director of the Junior Red Cross who is responsible to the National Director of the Junior Red Cross in Washington, and who also serves on the staff of the American Red Cross Commissioner to Europe. The European Headquarters of the Junior Red Cross is in Paris, with its own personnel working in co-operation with the European Headquarters of the American Red Cross, which is also in Paris. There are deputy Junior Red Cross commissioners, or representatives, subject to the directions of the European Director, serving in Poland, Belgium, France, Czechoslovakia, Italy, Montenegro, Albania, Serbia, Greece, and Palestine.

Hoes, rakes, garden seeds for Polish orphans, milk for under-nourished Greek babies, carpenter's tools for Czechoslovakian cripples—these are

only a few of the gifts that young Americans are sending to the war-crushed children of the Old World. Through the Junior Red Cross, the boys and girls of the United States are giving a fresh start in life to little war orphans scattered all over Europe. They have set up orphans' homes in France, school colonies in Belgium and Montenegro, and day schools in Albania. They are sending fourteen young Syrians, Montenegrins, and Albanians to American colleges in Constantinople and Beirut, and maintaining more than a hundred orphans of French soldiers at colleges and trade schools.

In orphanages and farm schools up and down the Peninsula of Italy, there are nearly five hundred wards of American Juniors. Last winter, a thousand French children from the inadequate shelters of the devastated regions were sent by the Junior Red Cross to spend the cold months in warmer parts of France. At the same time, five thousand little Belgians were having a hot lunch every day at Junior Red Cross school canteens. American school children have already raised something like a million dollars for these enterprises, and they are still hard at work. In China, through campaigns of education, the Junior Red Cross is helping to combat the widely prevalent blindness and cholera. A similar campaign against blindness is under way in Northern Africa—in Algeria.

A foreign project, to be adopted, must be peculiarly of a kind to broaden and deepen the minds of the dozen million youngsters at home who form the sinew of the Junior Red Cross. And it is beautiful to see the quickening affection for distant and unknown friends in the midst of the work—a work in which the Junior Red Cross is building for the future of humanity in numerous undertakings stretching from Poland to Palestine.

Billy Brad and His Lease

(Continued from Page 64)

"For because, I'd rather have my corn patch in Mr. Carter's field, I would."

"Very well," said Uncle Peter Henry. "You shall have it there. But you see now, don't you, Billy Brad, that while a lease may be a very good thing to have sometimes, at other times it is not? There are two things to remember in making a lease: First, be sure you really want to make one, and then be sure it says what you want it to say. Now, think! Are you sure you want this lease on a corn patch in Mr. Carter's field?"

Billy Brad put his cheek in his hand and thought so long and so hard that his plump face squeezed itself all up into little wrinkles.

"Come, now!" said Uncle Peter Henry. "Do you want your corn patch in Mr. Carter's field?"

"Yes," said Billy Brad. "Yes, Uncle Peter Henry. If—"

"If what?" asked Uncle Peter Henry.

"If the circus isn't going to be there any more," said Billy Brad.

Peter Rabbit Gets A Big Surprise

(Continued from Page 27)

getting a pain in his side. Would he never come in sight of that old log? At last, he saw the place where he would have to turn off to reach that old log. Could he reach it? Reddy was almost at his very heels! Then Peter did the one thing he can do best; he dodged. He did it so quickly that Reddy Fox over ran and, by the time he could stop and turn, Peter had gained a few feet. They were enough. He dived into the hollow log just as Reddy's jaws came together with a snap.

Peter lay at full length in the hollow log panting for breath while his heart thumped and thumped against his ribs. "Oh, dear, I wish I had stayed at home in the dear Old Briar-patch," thought Peter.

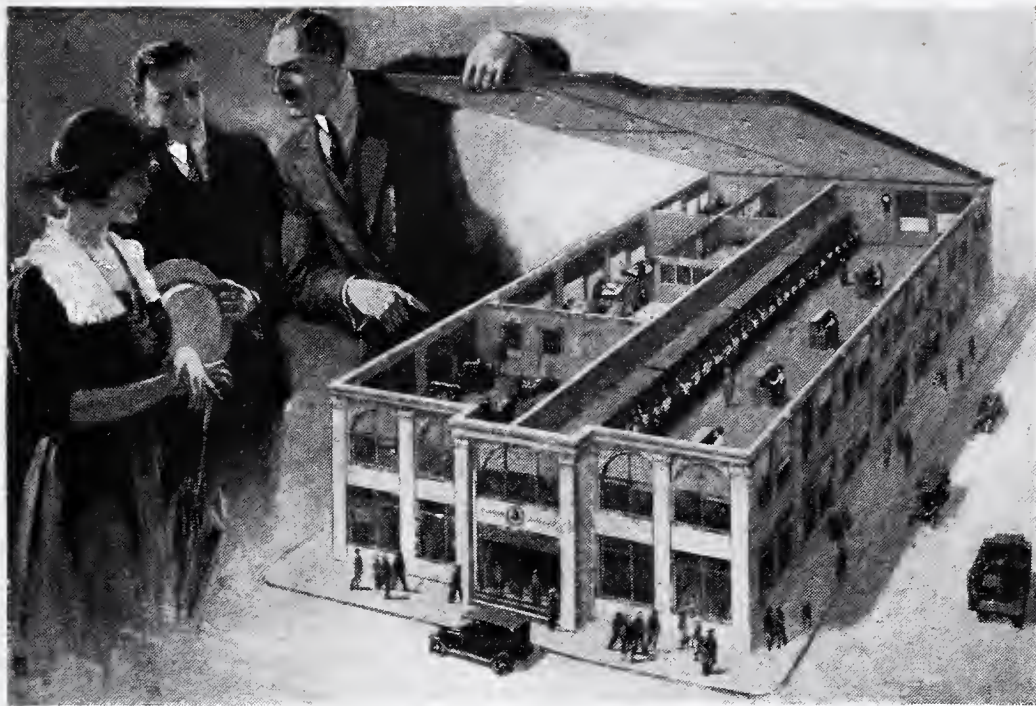
For a long time he lay there. His heart stopped thumping. His breath came easily. He became thoroughly rested. He even grinned as he thought of the disappointment of Reddy Fox. "Thought he had me that time, but I fooled him. Yes, sir, I fooled him," he muttered and grinned again.

BUT after a while Peter grew uneasy. He began to worry. Suppose, just suppose, Shadow the Weasel should happen along. Peter shivered at the thought. That hollow log was open only at one end. If Shadow the Weasel should happen along he would be trapped. There would be no escape. Peter crept to the entrance and peeped out. That old log lay in a little opening among the trees. The moonlight flooded it and he could see clearly all about. Reddy Fox was not in sight. There was nothing for him to hide behind near enough to have tempted him to wait for Peter to come out. Peter sat for some time looking and listening. There was no sound. Everything was as peaceful and still as only the Green Forest can be. Peter gave a little sigh of relief. Then he hopped out and started across that open space.

Now, with all his looking, there was one thing Peter had failed to notice. Even had he noticed it, it is hardly likely he would have given it so much as a passing thought. It was a tall dead stump on the most distant edge of that open space among the trees.

Peter was not two hops away from that hollow log when what seemed like the top of that tall stump suddenly came to life, and as noiselessly as a shadow a great broad-winged bird floated out into the moonlight. It was Hooty the Owl. Hooty, the Great Horned Owl, the terror of the night to all the little people of the Green Forest and the Green Meadows. Without a sound, he floated straight towards Peter. Even the smallest birds make a noise with their wings, but Hooty doesn't.

Just why Peter turned his head, he doesn't know to this day, but turn it he did just enough to catch sight of a



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moving shadow. Instantly he dodged and, as he did so, something sharp caught in his coat and tore it a little. It hurt. It hurt a great deal. But it was well for Peter that his coat tore for by so doing it set him free. He dodged again and then raced across the open space and dived under a low-growing thick hemlock tree. As he did so he glanced up to see a pair of fierce, yellow eyes glaring down at him and great curved claws reaching for him in vain.

Peter remained hidden under that hemlock tree for most of the remainder of the night. The place where one of Hooty's claws had torn his coat smarted and ached. He didn't dare move for he didn't know where Hooty was. He might be waiting and watching. With all his might, he wished he had never thought of leaving the safe, dear Old Briar-patch.

Sitting there, with nothing else to do, Peter did a lot of thinking and for a while his thoughts were very bitter. "It isn't fair," he kept saying over and over to himself. "It isn't fair. I haven't done anyone any harm, yet I am always being hunted. Here this very night I've escaped three times almost by the skin of my teeth. One little mistake and I would have been a gone Rabbit. Yes, sir, I would have been a gone Rabbit. But I did just the right thing at just the right time. I fooled them and here I am."

AN idea slowly crept into Peter's head. He scratched a long ear with a long hind foot. Then he sat up so suddenly that he bumped his head against a branch just above him. He had made a discovery, a great discovery, and when Peter does that he always has to sit up.

"I guess Old Mother Nature isn't so unfair after all!" he exclaimed. "If I didn't get in a tight place now and then I wouldn't know what to do if I should meet danger unexpectedly as I did to-night. My wits wouldn't work fast enough. It is meeting danger and difficulties and getting the best of them that fits a fellow to make a place for himself in the Great World and hold it. Experience is the greatest teacher in all the Great World. It teaches a fellow what to do and how to do it; to think and act quickly. And it teaches him to know when he is really well off," he added.

"Here I've been sitting dreading the trip back home, afraid to move. How silly! Three times I was in the tightest of tight places, yet here I am. Three times I did the right thing at the right time and it will be easier next time to do the right thing. Experience will make it easier. If I seldom had to use my wits, they would get dull and rusty.

So, without waiting another minute, Peter started for home, and somehow he wasn't the least bit afraid. Just before sun-up, he reached the dear Old Briar-patch. "Did you have a good time?" asked timid little Mrs. Peter. "Splendid," declared Peter as he kissed her. And the funny part is he really meant it. But he took care not to let her see that tear in his coat, and it was a long time before he wanted to leave the dear old Briar-patch again.

fast qualities of a veteran dog; and at the same time a babylike friendliness and love of play.

Nor did he know what it was to be afraid. Always, in presence of danger, he met the menace with a furious charge, accompanied by a clear, trumpet-bark of gay defiance. Once, for instance, he had been lying beside my chair on the veranda. Suddenly he jumped to his feet, with that same gay, fierce bark.

I turned to see what had excited him. A huge copperhead snake had crawled up the vines to the porch floor and had wriggled on to within a foot or two of my chair.

Jock was barely six months old. Yet he flew to the assault with more sense than would many a grown dog.

All dogs have a horror of copperheads, and Jock was no exception. By instinct, he seemed to know what the snake's tactics would be. For he strove to catch the foe by the back of the neck, before the copperhead could coil.

He was a fraction of a second too late. Yet he was nimble and wise enough to spring back out of reach before the coiling serpent could strike. Then, with that same glad bark of defiance, he danced about his enemy, trying to take the snake from the rear and to flash in and get the neck grip before the copperhead could re-coil after each futile strike.

I put an end to the battle, by a bullet in the snake's ugly head. And Jock was mortally offended with me, for hours thereafter, for spoiling his fun.

WHEN he was eight months old, I took the little chap to Paterson, to his first (and last) dog show. Never before had he been off the place or in a house. Yet he bore himself like a seasoned traveler; and he "showed" with the perfection of a champion. He won in class after class; annexing two silver cups and several blue ribbons. His peerless sire, Bruce, was the only collie in the whole show that was able to win over him, that day.

Jock beat every other contestant. He seemed to enjoy showing and to delight in the novelty and excitement of it all. He was at the show for only a few hours; and it was a triumphant day for him. Yet cheerfully would I give a thousand dollars now to have taken him there.

For he brought home not only his many prizes but a virulent case of distemper, as did other dogs that attended the same show.

Of course, I had had him (as well as all my other dogs) inoculated against distemper, long before; and such precautions are supposed to be effective. But the disease got through the inoculation and infected him.

He made a gallant fight of it—Oh, a gallant fight!—the fearless little thoroughbred! But it was too much for him. For five weeks, he and I fought that grindingly losing battle.

My Collies and I

(Continued from Page 56)

Then, in the dim gray of the November dawn, he lifted his head from my knee, and peered through the shadows toward one black corner of the room. No one, watching him, could have doubted that he saw something—lurking there in the dark.

Sharply, he eyed the dim room-corner for an instant. Then, from his throat burst forth that glad, fierce defiance-bark of his—his fearlessly gay battle shout. And he fell back dead.

What did he see, waiting for him, there in the murk-of shadows? Perhaps nothing. Perhaps "the Arch-Fear in visible shape". Who knows?

In any case, whatever it was, he did not fear it. He challenged it as fiercely as ever he had challenged mortal foe. And his hero-spirit went forth to do battle with it—unafraid. God grant us all so gallant an ending!

His little mother, Sunnysbank Jean, had never cast Jock off, as do most dog-mothers when their pups are weaned. To the day I quarantined him for distemper, she and her son had been inseparable.

A week after Jock's death, Jean came running up to me, shaking with glad eagerness, and led me to the grave where the puppy had been buried. It was far off, and I had hoped she would not be able to find it. But she had been searching, very patiently, whenever she was untied.

And now, when she had led me to the grave, she lay down close beside it. Not despondently; but wagging her plumed tail gently, and as if she had found at last a clue in her long search. Scent or some other sense told her she was nearer her baby than she had been in days. And she was well content to wait there until he should come back.

All of which is maudlin, perhaps; but it is true. Perhaps it is also maudlin to wonder why a sane human being should be fool enough to let himself care for a dog, when he knows that at best he is due for a man's size heartache within a pitifully brief span of years. Dogs live so short a time; and we humans so long!

THIS rambling tale of my dogs leaves me no room to tell at length of the collie who was never allowed in the dining-room until the after-dinner coffee was served; and who came the length of the hall and up to the table the moment the maid brought in the coffee cups (how he timed it to the very second, none of us knew; yet not once did he miss connections by the slightest fraction of a minute).

Nor does it permit the tale of the collie pup who was proud of his stunt in learning to take the morning paper off the front steps and carry it into the dining-room, and whose pride in the accomplishment led him presently to collect all the morning papers from all the door steps within the radius of a mile and deposit them happily at my feet.

Nor can I tell of the collie that caught and followed the trail of my footsteps, through the rain, along a crowded city street; in and out of a maze of turnings; and came up with me inside of three minutes. Nor of a long line of other dogs, some of whom showed human intelligence and some intelligence that was greater than human.

Not even of the clown pup that was so elated over "rounding up" his first bunch of sheep that he proceeded to round up chickens and cats and every living and round-up-able creature that he could find; nor of the collie who, taught to fetch my hat, was wont to romp up to me in the presence of many outsiders, bearing proudly in his teeth an assortment of humble, not to say intimate and humiliating, garments.

Comedian dogs, spectacular dogs, gloriously human dogs, Sunnybank collies of every phase of heart and brain and soul—one common and pathetically early tragedy has waited or waits for you all. Among you, you have taught me more of true loyalty and patience and courtesy and divine forgiveness and solid sanity and fun and a hundred other worth-while lessons than all the masters I have studied under.

I WONDER if it is heretical to believe that when at last my tired feet shall tread the Other Shore, a madly welcoming swirl of exultant collies—the splendid Sunnybank dogs that have been my chums here—will bound forward, circling and barking around me, to lead me home!

Heretical or otherwise, I believe it. And if I fail to find them there, I shall know I have taken the wrong turning and have reached a goal other than the one I hoped for.

March of the Red Cross

(Continued from Page 41)

scenes of the war drama. The last remnants of the thousands of Russian children who left Petrograd four years ago are being returned to Russia with their families by the Red Cross, which has cared for the children for the last fifteen months; first, in camps in the interior of Siberia, and later, in barracks in Vladivostock harbor.

These children, who were sent to peaceful Siberia by their parents in the hope that the revolution would soon be over, were found by the Red Cross months later struggling in little groups behind the Czecho-Kolchak armies in rags and poverty. Group after group was taken over, and cared for until the time arrived when they could be returned to Petrograd. That time has finally come, and they are now on their way across the Pacific.

The whole undertaking, from beginning to end, has been typically the kind of problem which the war threw upon the Red Cross, and with which it still struggles. Incidentally, it justifies the faith which most people have that, such problems have been and still are being well solved.



Aunt Belle's Comfort Letters

Aunt Belle, who by the way is a real person, will be delighted to answer letters from Mothers and future Mothers.

Those Downy Pillows

Dear SISTER:—

Of course you love those exquisite, downy little pillows. Baby's sleepy little head looks so darling, nestling in their soft depths.

But they are very bad for Baby just the same—keep the little head and neck far too hot—the direct cause of prickly heat and sometimes real headaches.

Mennen Talcum is good for prickly heat; but I would rather have Baby comfortable even though less talcum is used.

Put the pillows on Baby's feet instead. Warm feet mean a warm body with the blood away from the head.

Slumber, the right food and no skin irritation—that is about all there is to baby culture.

The easiest of these

is skin comfort. It is all a matter of keeping the skin clean, dry and well powdered—with the right powder, made according to a balanced, proved formula.

Now of course there are several good talcums but there are many which are inferior. Some contain too much acid and other things.

Did you ever know a doctor or nurse to use any talcum on a baby but Mennen Borated Talcum in the familiar blue can?

That is because it is safe. It cannot harm and always helps.

I believe so firmly in Mennen's that it is the only powder I use for myself, for after all, adult skin is about as delicate as that of a baby's. What a comfort it is on hot days!

Lovingly,
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None So Useless

(Continued from Page 37)

just couldn't get along without you."

Martha went on her way rejoicing. She knew not why, but within her she felt an exultation, an uplifting, a *trembling of Joy*.

The Mission was crowded when she arrived, and work-worn mothers lifted their faces to hers in kindly greeting; little children paused in their play to cling about her skirts. She was a gracious familiar figure in their midst and they loved her. Martha, however, was not aware of the love that was hers in this busy, humble room; was not aware that many eyes were upon her as she moved from one group to another, praising the sewing, exclaiming over the babies; was not aware that many a woman here thought of her when they were apart in their homes, as she worked alone in hers.

They loved to have her speak to them of simple every-day things in a language they understood; loved to listen to her counsel and carry it away in their hearts. They were all poor women, simple and unlettered, and Martha felt at ease among them, for was she not simple and unlettered as were they? This day she looked upon them sewing, bent above patchwork or little garments, and so she told them about the robes they were all making, making from the pattern of their daily lives—robes for their souls' wearing. And they listened because they understood, and understood because she was one of them.

"It seems like the days you don't get down here, Mrs. Knight, the sun somehow don't get up," one woman told her—a woman with eyes so sad that Martha knew she did not see much of sunshine.

It was almost six o'clock when she left the Mission and hurried home to Henry and dinner. Somehow, as she walked along the well-known streets, they took on for her an unwonted beauty. Suddenly everything about her was dear, everything in a sense belonged to her—the children playing upon the streets, an old man seated upon a veranda, a woman passing her unknown—all seemed ineffably near to her, part of her very self. And everything she had belonged, in some mysterious way, to this world spread out around her. All that she had, she was ready to share.

SHE looked at the rows of houses on either side of the street and saw them, not as buildings, but as homes; every house a home, every home a love.

She wondered about the women, the mothers, in those homes; wondered if they, too, saved for new carpets, worried about things for lunch, dreamed of sending their sons to college. She saw them pretty much as she was, a mother, nothing more. Here were women, rows and rows of them—women whose pictures never appeared in the magazines, whose deeds were never exploited upon the printed page, whose lives were lived within the boundaries

of their homes. They did not go out to the world with messages and yet, Martha saw them as an invisible army with a great visible message. She saw them marching on to serve their country, even as she had seen khaki-clad ranks pass by. And all these women in all these homes, these houses built one after another upon streets that were numberless, all these women—and she could not count among any of them because she was a failure.

Then, it came to her with a glad rush of gratitude, a smarting of hot tears in her eyes, that she, herself, was one of these women; one in the great army of mothers, whose pictures were never in the daily papers, whose deeds remained unsung.

And she was glad with a great gladness to be one among the many. Again, there was that lifting of her spirit—that *trembling of Joy*.

IT surprised her that Henry was not at home. She thought surely that he would be there before her, perhaps getting a bit of supper for himself in the kitchen, after reading the note she had left in the morning, telling him that she would be with Alma all day. Martha went immediately to the kitchen, lit the gas and put on the tea kettle. Then, going back into the front hall to remove her hat and coat, she saw an envelope lying upon the floor. She picked it up joyously, took it into the living room and sat down. A letter from Bruce! How good it was to have a letter from Bruce, almost as good as it would have been to have heard his voice coming in to her from the kitchen, "Say, Mom, what's in the ice box now?"

She opened the letter eagerly and settled back to read.

"Dear Mom:

Say, isn't it kind a funny to wait years and years for a thing, and then get to it? That's how I feel about being here at college. Sometimes I pinch myself and say—"Well, old boy, who are you anyhow?" And, when the old boy says back to me, "Bruce Knight, your Honor!" Well, I can't believe it somehow.

"This is a great Life, Mom, if you don't weaken. Ever hear that? Well, keep it in your hat for you're bound to hear it again.

"According to the eats, we'll all weaken sooner or later. I know I will sooner! We get good stuff all right, but say, now, it isn't what a fellow gets at home, you bet! When you're through eating what they have given you, you just begin to feel you've made a start. Some shock when you discover you've made a finish. Say, Mom, could you send me some eats? Not a whole lot—just a little you know. Some of the fellows' mothers do all right. Don't bother with much—a roast chicken maybe, with a jar of pickles. You know the dandy cucumber kind you make, and a couple of

cakes and some buns too, Mom, and, Oh! say, how about doughnuts? All the fellows would be crazy about the kind you make.

"We're more settled into our regular classes now. Say, it takes an awful lot of study to learn anything. I told that to Simpson the other night—he's my roommate, Mom, from Michigan. And he's a corking good sport, too. I told him that the other night, and he said, 'What you mean is that it takes a lot of walking to get anywhere!' Say, I liked that, you bet! Simpson is all right.

"Really, Mom, you'd never guess all the folks there are in the world studying to be something, and everyone expecting to do better than anyone else. Why we got several hundred students here all working for success and expecting to get it. I wonder sometimes if there's going to be enough success to go round. Failure is pretty tough on a person, you know! And say, just between ourselves, success is pretty tough on some people, too. You got to work for it skin and bone. And you have to be worth something to get it. Cheer Oh! I'm on the war path!

"Say, Mom, can't you write me more? Sure there can't be much to do around the house now with Alma not there to bother you—I was always the help, you see! Tell Pop, our Latin Prof. looks like him, and tell Buster to lick a stamp for me or I'll teach him. And don't eat at Alma's too often. You might get sick. And tell Ed I got his letter.

"So long, Mom! If there's nobody looking, I'll kiss you when I get home.

Yours as B4,
Bruce.

"P.S. No. 1. Say, Mom, don't forget about the eats. Send them soon and mark the parcel—RUSH. Ask Ed to give you a good strong box from the grocery.

"P.S. No. 2. Gee, it's great that you're my Mom—not anybody else. Some of the fellows mothers' pictures are fierce!"

MARTHA chuckled as she slipped the letter back into the envelope. How like Bruce it was; every word of that letter. She put away her things and went to the kitchen to get dinner.

"Bruce will succeed," she told herself over and over, as she moved from the pantry to the table, from the table to the stove, and back to the pantry again. "Bruce will succeed where I have failed. Bruce will use his hands splendidly, whereas I only burn my thumbs."

She pictured him at school, in the dim thronged corridors of college; working his way up; fighting for his chance; mounting to success. Yes, success was like that—a mounting thing! She had realized again just as she had realized so many times of late, and each time with a fresh and poignant regret, that

success had passed her by and that it was too late to hope for it now. She was already old; she could only accept her lot of failure.

It was almost seven when Henry came in.

"Sorry to be late, Martha!" he said. "There was some extra work down around the shop, so I stayed on with half a dozen of the men."

"I'm glad you're late," Martha confessed. "I was late too—didn't get in until six or after. There's a letter from Bruce, Henry. It's on the table in the front room. Read it while I finish. Everything will soon be ready for you to sit down to dinner."

Henry got the letter and brought it into the dining room. He was chuckling to himself when Martha came in with the fried potatoes.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

"I always wondered what I looked like, Martha, and I never could make up my mind. But I never thought I'd have my own boy tell me that I look like a Latin professor."

"Well, you don't look much like that to me!" said Martha. "Isn't that part about the eats rich? He doesn't want much!"

At this moment the telephone began to ring, and Martha went to answer it. Bertha was calling.

"Ed has tickets for the Opera House for to-morrow night. We'd love to go, Mamma. Do you think you could keep the babies for us?"

"Why, of course I can!" Martha told her. "It will be a treat to have them."

"But I thought you might come over here, Mamma, and read during the evening or sew. I could put them to bed before you came so they would be no trouble."

"Trouble? Ridiculous!" said Martha. "I'd like to see the grandchild that has ever yet been a trouble. I guess we're troubles to our grandchildren sometimes. You bring them over here about four in the afternoon, and let them stay the night. We'll have a big time. The house seems so funny now that Bruce is away. You bring them over early so's you'll have lots of time to dress real pretty yourself."

"Oh, thank you, Mamma! I will, if you really want it that way. I don't know what I'd ever do without you."

Martha hung up the receiver, smiling gaily.

"We'll have the babies to-morrow night, Henry," she declared. "Won't it be fun?"

Henry was deep in the evening paper.

"Something like old times!" he asserted, and continued his reading.

Martha poured herself a fresh cup of tea, and, sipping it, she studied Henry. His head was bent over the paper, only his eyes showing above it—his kind, grey eyes, his tired eyes. Martha began to wonder about Henry, to wonder about him in a way in which she had never wondered before.

Was he satisfied with Life as he found it? Was there anything lacking in his present happiness—any hope that had been shattered—any desire that had been denied? Was his "to-



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day" just as he had planned in his
"yesterday" that it should be? Was
he ever arrested by that sense of failure
which Martha had felt so keenly since
the night before? Did he feel as she
felt—useless and old?

"Henry." She put down her cup
and stared across the table at him.

"Henry, I want to talk."

Down came the paper with a rustle.

"Why, Martha!"

"Henry, do you ever feel as if you
were a failure?"

"A what?"

"A failure, Henry. Do you ever feel
that you haven't accomplished all you
might have accomplished? Do you
ever feel sort of useless?"

He regarded her with surprise.

"Why, Martha?"

"You see, Henry," she explained, "I
was just wondering about you—sort
of sizing you up."

He gave her a quick puzzled smile.

"I can't say I'm all I might be,
Martha, and I don't say I'm all I
should be. But, somehow, I'm satis-
fied. I once wanted to be a captain of
industry, not just a cog in the machin-
ery. But you see, Martha, there have
to be the cogs before there can be the
captains. I'd as lief be the cog."

"Oh, Henry!" It was a reprimand.

"You ought to understand, Martha,"
he went on. "You always do under-
stand things. I used to have wild
dreams of riches, and then when I
found you—and Bertha came—I was
rich. I used to see visions of great
success and then— Say, Martha, do
you remember the little house on
Christie Street?"

Martha nodded. "Oh, yes, Henry!"

"Well, sometimes when I'd come
home at nights and see you waiting
for me at the doorway—me, just a shop
worker coming home with black hands
and a smeared face and an empty lunch
pail swinging on my arm—I used to
feel that it was success just to have
you waiting there for me, Martha. I
think nearly every man must feel like
that. They would if their wives were
like you, Martha," he added.

"Sometimes, Henry!" Martha an-
swered, "sometimes, when you talk
like that, I don't know what to say
back to you. You have such a way of
putting things. But I understand what
you mean."

SHE rose from her place and began
to gather up the dishes. Coming
around to Henry's place, she slipped
her arms around his neck and laid her
cheek close to his.

"I understand!" she repeated.

"To love is to find success, don't
you think that is it, Martha?"

And Martha, washing the dishes in
the kitchen knew that it was.

To love is to have found success.

And, as she washed the dishes,
swishing her hands in the warm sudsy
water, she looked back over her day.
An average day it was for Martha, but
in it there were many things—many
things that it made her happy to re-
member.

"It's a wonderful thing, Martha
Knight, to have sent children like that
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Old Mrs. Berry had spoken in wisdom. A wonderful thing it was, indeed—a wonderful thing to Martha.

"You know, Mamma, I want to be to my children just the sort of a mother you were to us."

Alma had said that—Alma—her sweet face touched with earnestness. Her young voice rang in the ears of Martha.

"Gee, it's great having you for my Mom, not anybody else!" Bruce had written that—Bruce, who was out striving for success.

"I just couldn't get on without you, Mamma!" That from Bertha—Bertha, who was so self-reliant. It meant everything to Martha.

Just an ordinary day, but could she say at its close that she had not lived it to the full? Here, alone washing dishes, her heart was a trembling of Joy—a trembling of Joy. Her heart was lifted high, and the higher one went the higher one's heart was lifted.

Success was a mounting thing!

She thought of the women of the magazines, and in her thought there was pleasure and no pain.

"To love is to have found success!"

Yes, Henry knew even as she knew—in their love had been their success.

She thought of that army of Mothers, that invisible army pouring from the homes all over the land. And she was one of them—one of them—one. And now Martha saw their message—to all, it is not given to know success; but to none is it given to be useless.

She wiped her hands on her checked apron and went to the living room door.

"Henry," she called out softly. "I think there must be two kinds of success—the kind you hear about, and the kind you don't!"

Help Yourself to Health

(Continued from Page 59)

coffee and tea are among the most powerful mental stimulants, and should be avoided in all high-pressure cases. The same applies to all soda fountain drinks containing caffeine, which is a stimulating factor.

Salt is another matter of importance in any high-pressure case which is associated with kidney weakness. Nearly all of us eat too much salt. It is mostly only a bad habit. In the old days, before they learned how to manufacture salt so easily, people had little or no salt. It was a luxury only for the rich. Now we get it so cheaply, and have formed the habit of eating so much of it that even our tears are salty. Some elderly people smell salty. The kidneys are the unfortunate organs upon which devolves the business of getting rid of salt. One of the ways in which doctors test the kidneys is by giving a measured

dose of salt and examining the urine to find out how thoroughly it has been excreted. Pepper and other condiments are undesirable for high pressure people. Anything irritating or stimulating is to be avoided.

Late hours and dissipation are common criminals in the raising of the blood-pressure, as is over-activity of any exciting variety. There is a high pitch of activity, in work or in play, which is essentially morbid. Fits of anger, or undue emotion of any kind, are dangerous. But high-pressure often exists in people who have lived quiet and abstemious lives, and in such cases the cause of the condition is less easily traced, and generally removed with greater difficulty.

AS vigorous exercise normally raises blood-pressure, especially if accompanied by mental interest, all exercise should be taken with moderation, though regularly, and preferably out of doors. It is well to do things that require no grey matter, to dawdle and play in a gentle manner. Quick, sudden and violent action must be avoided.

Even long-standing cases of increased blood-pressure may react favorably to dietary and mental influences. Not only is high pressure more common in men than in women, but it is better borne by the latter, evidently from their greater adaptability to the slight restriction on living habits which high-pressure requires.

Infections, such as those that quietly beset the gums and tooth-sockets, or the tonsils, or nasal cavities, often produce degenerative changes in kidney and heart tissues that bring about high-pressure. All such regions of the head should be carefully explored for infection, and every possible focus of disease uprooted.

One of the most important influences on the blood-pressure is the condition of the mind. Physicians emphasize this as of first consideration. A mental tension is generally the accompaniment of high blood-pressure. Sometimes, merely a change of occupation, and the mental refreshment which it supplies, will lower blood-pressure. The first day of a vacation, and its sudden release from business cares, may witness the complete disappearance of very troublesome high pressure phenomena. "They change their skies but do not change themselves," is true of the vacationers vainly seeking improved health but taking bad mental habits along with them. A mind trained to eliminate worry under all conditions is essential to the restoration of a high tension to normal. It is especially important to drop cares, and to avoid any kind of mental excitement during the evening. Even a pastime like bridge playing may be undesirable. One of the unique characteristics of the healthy person is that to him nothing is tragic. If he cannot have one thing or another, what does it matter? He laughs it off. Hold the mind to this healthy attitude, and the health is quick to respond.

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tellectual, always a hard worker, who complained of fatigue, headaches, palpitation, loss of weight, and severe pains in the region of the heart. The doctor found his systolic blood-pressure 200 mm., his diastolic pressure 120 mm. His arteries were hardened, and his heart enlarged, with abnormality in the heart sounds. His urine showed a trace of albumin and hyaline casts. He was just generally knocked out. But he set about to co-operate intelligently with his doctor. He lessened his hours of work; avoided hurry and worry; eliminated all unessential work and needless drains on his attention; adopted a moderate diet; lay down each day in the late afternoon for a rest; and took an occasional sweat bath and spinal massage. Ten years later he could still put in a long day's work, his blood-pressure was down to 165 mm. systolic and 85 mm. diastolic. On the whole, he felt vastly better and accomplished as much real work as ever.

What is your blood-pressure? Do you know the figures, and their significance?

The Foot-Path Way

(Continued from Page 19)

Very much the same zest of discovery and accomplishment has come from the unfolding of new worlds in scrambling over those miniature mountain ranges. The always fascinating sand dunes. I have felt it again in covering long stretches of the flat prairie country. Some people will tell you that there is nothing for the trumper to see in the wide expanses of the Middle West but this only means that they have gone through them with their eyes closed.

Again, the long road has lead me to the weird cantations and rustlings of wild life in a New Jersey swamp. Seemingly in contrast to this, just the other day, I walked a round of golf in the serene village of Williamstown with a circle of soothing Berkshire hills acting as audience. Perhaps they smiled at times. In any case, both the Jersey swamps and Berkshire hills filled my cup of happiness to the brim and one could hardly ask for more.

THE walk is the thing! The care-free rhythmic saunter up and down the highways and byways of the earth is what brings one health, cheer, and vision. The question of locality does not matter greatly. It is an unimportant detail. At the same time, it is well to remark in passing that the popularity of walking in this country has found expression in the form of a great many walking clubs which in most cases devote their entire energies to a particular locality. As a matter of fact, these organizations are accomplishing one of the most valuable jobs in the land. They are making people healthy and happy.

To mention a few of these clubs, there

are the Appalachian Mountain Club, and the Field and Forest Club, both of Boston. The New England countryside and White Mountains represent their special fields of activity. In Vermont, there is the Green Mountain Club. Then there is the Prairie Club of Chicago; the Colorado Mountain Club of Denver, and the Sierra Club of San Francisco and Los Angeles.

HOW one walks is of more vital importance than where—I refer especially to the actual physical motion. In days gone by, the theory was held that the natural state of the body was rest. This verdict, however, has been reversed. Medical men now assure us that the natural state of the body is movement. They say there is less strain even from a long day's walk than from standing at a desk for a like period.

Perhaps you have seen this theory disproved in the form of a strong, husky athlete dragging his weary bones home after a hard day's tramp. But the chances are fairly good that he has been passed on the home stretch by a small wiry chap whom the big fellow could toss over his head if he liked. And the small chap is as fresh as a cucumber. The answer is easy. One doesn't know how to walk while the other does. Conservation of energy is as important in walking as it is in most things in life.

The main trouble lies in the fact that most of us have been brought up in the city and have acquired the city gait in walking. The city man's gait is the wholly natural result of tramping on solid level sidewalks. In this gait the toes are pointed outward and the heels strike the pavement with a dull sickening thud. The entire weight of the body goes into that thud. The hips remain rather rigid. Such a gait may do well enough for rushing to the subway but when transplanted to meadows and forests it is exhausting and ill-balanced.

The city man has drifted far from first principles in walking. We could with profit turn back and get some pointers from the Indian. It has been said of the Redskin, "He does not walk, he glides." The toes are pointed straight ahead, the step is nearly flat-footed, and the work of various parts of the foot is evenly distributed. Add an easy rolling motion of the hips and rhythmic swinging of the arms and you have a gait which is good for all day. You will reach home as fresh as the morning's dew.

Do you recall Kipling's story, "The Ship That Found Herself?" The same general principle goes for walking. It often takes time for your legs to find themselves but when they do you completely forget their existence.

Now come September, October and November, the golden months of the year. Even petty annoyances such as sweltering days and insect pests are a thing of the past. Presently, the woods will appear in all their autumn glory. One could not ask a finer time for walking. So take the trail to the painted woods where calm serenity is always waiting to soothe tired nerves and weary bodies.

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ON PAGE FIVE

19 · OCTOBER · 20

F. Luis Mora

S

YOUR



The American Red Cross, by its Congressional charter, is officially designated:

To continue and carry on a system of national and international relief in time of peace and to apply the same in mitigating the sufferings caused by pestilence, famine, fire, floods, and other great national calamities and to devise and carry on measures for preventing the same;

To furnish volunteer aid to the sick and wounded of armies in time of war in accordance with the Convention of Geneva;

To act in matters of voluntary relief and in accord with the military and naval authorities as a medium of communication between the American People and their Army and Navy. — *Act of Congress, Jan. 5, 1905.*

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November 11-25, 1920

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A Startling Memory Feat That You Can Do

How I learned the secret in one evening. It has helped me every day



WHEN my old friend Faulkner invited me to a dinner party at his house, I little thought it would be the direct means of getting me a one-hundred-and-fifty per cent. increase in salary. Yet it was, and here is the way it all came about.

Toward the close of the evening things began to drag a bit, as they often do at parties. Finally some one suggested the old idea of having everyone do a "stunt." Some sang, others forced weird sounds out of the piano, recited, told stories, and so on.

Then it came to Macdonald's turn. He was a quiet sort of chap, with an air about him that reminded one of the old saying that "still waters run deep." He said he had a simple "stunt" which he hoped we would like. He selected me to assist him. First he asked to be blindfolded securely to prove there was no trickery in it. Those present were to call out twenty-five numbers of three figures each, such as 161, 249, and so on. He asked me to write down the numbers as they were called.

This was done. Macdonald then astounded everyone by repeating the entire list of twenty-five numbers backwards and forwards. Then he asked people to request numbers by positions, such as the eighth number called, the fourth number, and so on. Instantly he repeated back the exact number in the position called. He did this with the entire list—over and over again, without making a single mistake.

Then Macdonald asked that a deck of cards be shuffled and called out to him in their order. This was done. Still blindfolded, he instantly named the cards in their order backwards and forwards. And then, to further amaze us, he gave us the number of any card counting from the top, or the card for any number.

You may well imagine our amazement at Macdonald's remarkable feat. You naturally expect to see a thing of this sort on the stage, and even then you look upon it as a trick. But to see it done by an everyday business man, in plain view of everyone, blindfolded and under conditions which make trickery impossible, is astonishing, to say the least.

ON the way home that night I asked Macdonald how it was done. He said there was really nothing to it—simply a memory feat, the key to

which anyone could easily learn in one evening. Then he told me that the reason most people have bad memories is because they leave memory development to chance. Anyone could do what he had done, and develop a good memory, he said, by following a few simple rules. And then he told me exactly how to do it. At the time I little thought that evening would prove to be one of the most eventful in my life, but such it proved to be.

What Macdonald told me I took to heart. In one evening I made remarkable strides toward improving my memory and it was but a question of days before I learned to do exactly what he had done. At first I amused myself with my new-found ability by amazing people at parties. My "memory feat," as my friends called it, surely made a hit. Every one was talking about it, and I was showered with invitations for all sorts of affairs. If

anyone were to ask me how quickly to develop social popularity, I would tell him to learn my memory "feat"—but that is apart from what I want to tell you.

The most gratifying thing about the improvement of my memory was the remarkable way it helped me in business. Much to my surprise I discovered that my memory training had literally put a razor edge on my brain. My brain had become clearer, quicker, keener. I felt that I was fast acquiring that mental grasp and alertness I had so often admired in men who were spoken of as "wonders" and "geniuses."

The next thing I noticed was a marked improvement in my conversational powers. Formerly my talk was halting and disconnected. I never could think of things to say until the conversation was over. And then, when it was too late, I would always think of apt and striking things I "might have said." But now I can think like a flash. When I am talking I never have to hesitate for the right word, the right expression or the right thing to say. It seems that all I have to do is to start to talk and instantly I find myself saying the very thing I want to say to make the greatest impression on people.

It wasn't long before my new-found ability to remember things and to say the right thing at the right time attracted the attention of our president. He got in the habit of calling me in whenever he wanted facts about the business. As he expressed himself to me, "You can always tell me instantly what I want to know, while the other fellows annoy me by dodging out of the office and saying 'I'll look it up.'"

I FOUND that my ability to remember helped me wonderfully in dealing with other people, particularly in committee meetings. When a discussion opens up the man who can back up his statements quickly with a string of definite facts and figures usually dominates the others. Time and again I have won people to my way of thinking simply because I could instantly recall facts and figures. While I'm proud of my triumphs in this respect, I often feel sorry for the ill-at-ease look of the other men who cannot hold up their end in the argument because they cannot recall

facts instantly. It seems as though I never forget anything. Every fact I now put in my mind is as clear and as easy to recall instantly as though it were written before me in plain black and white.

We all hear a lot about the importance of sound judgment. People who ought to know say that a man cannot begin to exercise sound judgment until he is forty to fifty years of age. But I have disproved all that. I have found that sound judgment is nothing more than the ability to weigh and judge facts in their relation to each other. Memory is the basis of sound judgment. I am only thirty-two, but many times I have been complimented on having the judgment of a man of forty-five. I take no personal credit for this—it is all due to the way I trained my memory.

THESE are only a few of the hundreds of ways I have profited by my trained memory. No longer do I suffer the humiliation of meeting men I know and not being able to recall their names. The moment I see a man his name flashes to my mind together with a string of facts about him. I always liked to read, but usually forgot most of it. Now I find it easy to recall what I have read. Another surprising thing is that I can now master a subject in considerably less time than before. Price lists, market quotations, data of all kinds, I can recall in detail almost at will. I rarely make a mistake.

My vocabulary, too, has increased wonderfully. Whenever I see a striking word or expression, I memorize it and use it in my dictation or conversation. This has put a remarkable sparkle and pulling power into my conversation and business letters. And the remarkable part of it all is that I can now do my day's work quicker and with much less effort, simply because my mind works like a flash and I do not have to keep stopping to look things up.

All this is extremely satisfying to me, of course. But the best part of it all is that since my memory power first attracted the attention of our president, my salary has steadily been increased. Today it is many times greater than it was the day Macdonald got me interested in improving my memory.

WHAT Macdonald told me that eventful evening was this: "Get the Roth Memory Course." I did. That is how I learned to do all the remarkable things I have told you about. The publishers of the Roth Memory Course—The Independent Corporation—are so confident that it will also show you how to develop a remarkable memory that they will gladly send the Course to you on approval.

You need not pay a single penny until you have examined the Course and found that it fully lives up to all the claims made for it. Send no money. Merely mail the coupon or write a letter, and the Complete Course will be sent to you instantly, all charges prepaid. If after examination you decide that you do not want to keep the Course, then return it and you will owe nothing. On the other hand, if you find, as thousands of others have found, that the Roth Memory Course will do wonders for you, then merely send five dollars in full payment.

You have always wanted a good memory. Now you can have it. Remember, you pay no money until you have proved that the Course will benefit you. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose by taking immediate action. So mail the coupon NOW before this liberal offer is withdrawn.

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THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE
JOHN S. PHILLIPS, Editor
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THE AMERICAN RED CROSS
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WASHINGTON, D. C.



"I was astounded at my new power over men and women. People actually went out of their way to do things for me—they seemed EAGER TO PLEASE ME"

The Secret of Making People Like You

"Getting people to like you is the quick road to success—it's more important than ability," says this man. It surely did wonders for him. How he does it—a simple method which anyone can use instantly.

ALL the office was talking about it and we were wondering which one of us would be the lucky man. There was an important job to be filled—as assistant-to-the-President. According to the general rule of salaries in the office, this one would easily pay from \$7,000 to \$10,000 a year. The main requisite, as we understood it, was winning personality and the ability to meet even the biggest men in their offices: their clubs and their homes on a basis of absolute equality. This the firm considered of even more importance than knowledge of the business.

YOU know just what happens when news of this sort gets around an office. The boys got to picking the man among themselves. They had the choice all narrowed down to two men—Harrison and myself. That was the way I felt about it, too. Harrison was big enough for the job, and could undoubtedly make a success of it. But, personally, I felt that I had the edge on him in lots of ways. And I was sure that the firm knew it too. Never shall I forget my thrill of pleasure when the president's secretary came into my office with cheery smile, looked at me meaningfully, handed me a bulletin, and said, "Mr. Frazer, here is the news about the new Assistant-to-the-President." There seemed to be a new note of added respect in her attitude toward me. I smiled my appreciation as she left my desk.

At last I had come into my own! Never did the sun shine so brightly as on that morning, and never did it seem so good to be alive! These were my thoughts as I gazed out of the window, seeing not the hurrying throngs, but vivid pictures of my new position flashing before me. And then for a further joyous thrill I read the bulletin. It said, "Effective January 1, Mr. Henry J. Peters, of our Cleveland office, will assume the duties of Assistant-to-the-President at the home office."

PETERS! Peters!—surely it **could not** be Peters! Why, this fellow Peters was only a branch-office salesman. . . . **Personality!** Why, he was only five feet four inches high and had no more personality than a mouse. Stack him up against a big man and he would look and act like an office boy. I knew Peters well and there was nothing to him, nothing at all.

January the first came and Peters assumed his new duties. All the boys were openly hostile to him. Naturally, I felt very keenly about it, and did not exactly go out of my way to make things pleasant to him—not exactly!

But our open opposition did not seem to bother Peters. He went right on with his work and began to make good. Soon I noticed that, despite my feeling against him, I was secretly beginning to admire him. He was winning over the other boys, too. It wasn't long before we all buried our little hatchets and palled up with Peters.

The funny thing about it was the big hit he made with the people we did business with. I never saw anything like it. They would come in and write in

and telephone in to the firm and praise Peters to the skies. They insisted on doing business with him, and gave him orders of a size that made us dizzy to look at. And offers of positions!—why Peters had, almost as many fancy-figure positions offered to him as a dictionary has words.

WHAT I could not get into my mind was how a little, unassuming, ordinary-to-look-at chap like Peters would make such an impression with everyone—especially with influential men. He seemed to have an uncanny influence over people. The masterly Peters of today was an altogether different man from the commonplace Peters I had first met years ago. I could not figure it out, nor could the other boys.

One day at luncheon I came right out and asked Peters how he did it. I half expected him to evade. But he didn't. He let me in on the secret. He said he was not afraid to do it because there was always plenty of room at the top.

What Peters told me acted on my mind in exactly the same way as when you stand on a hill and look through binocular glasses at objects in the far distance. Many things I could not see before suddenly leaped into my mind with startling clearness. A new sense of power surged through me. And I felt the urge to put it into action.

Within a month I was getting remarkable results. I had suddenly become popular. Business men of importance who had formerly given me only a passing nod of acquaintance suddenly showed a desire for my friendship. I was invited into the most select social circles. People—even strangers—actually went out of their way to do things for me. At first I was astounded at my new power over men and women. Not only could I get them to do what I wanted them to do, but they actually anticipated my wishes and seemed eager to please me.

One of our biggest customers had a grievance against the firm. He held off payment of a big bill and switched to one of our competitors. I was sent to see him. He met me like a cornered tiger. A few words and I calmed him. Inside of fifteen minutes he was showering me with apologies. He gave me a check in full payment, another big order, and promised to continue giving us all his business.

I could tell you dozens of similar instances, but they all tell the same story—the ability to make people like you, believe what you want them to believe, and to do what you want them to do. I take no personal credit for what I have done. All the credit I give to the method Peters told me about. We have both told it to lots of our friends, and it has enabled them to do just as remarkable things as Peters and I have done.

BUT YOU want to know what method I used to do all these remarkable things. It is this: You know that everyone does not think alike. What one likes another dislikes. What pleases one offends another. And what offends one pleases another. Well, there is your cue. You can make an instant hit with anyone if you say the things they want you to say, and act the way they want you to act. Do this and they will surely like you, and believe in you, and will go miles out of their way to PLEASE YOU.

You can do this easily by knowing certain simple signs. Written on every man, woman and child are signs, as clearly and as distinctly as though they were in letters a foot high, which show you from one quick glance exactly what to say and to do to please them—to get them to believe what you want them to believe—to think as you think—to do exactly what you want them to do.

Knowing these simple signs is the whole secret of

getting what you want out of life—of making friends, of business and social advancement. Every great leader uses this method. That is why he is a leader. Use it yourself and you will quickly become a leader—nothing can stop you. And you will want to use it for no other reason than to protect yourself against others.

WHAT Peters told me at luncheon that day was this: Get Dr. Blackford's "Reading Character at Sight." I did so. This is how I learned to do all the remarkable things I have told you about.

You have heard of Dr. Blackford, the Master Character Analyst. Many concerns will not employ a man without first getting Dr. Blackford to pass on him. Concerns such as Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, Baker Vawter Company, Scott Paper Company and many others pay Dr. Blackford large annual fees for advice on dealing with human nature.

So great was the demand for these services that Dr. Blackford could not even begin to fill all her engagements. So Dr. Blackford has explained the method in a simple seven-lesson course entitled "Reading Character at Sight." Even a half-hour's reading of this remarkable course will give you an insight into human nature and a power over people which will surprise you.

Such confidence have the publishers in Dr. Blackford's Course, "Reading Character at Sight," that they will gladly send it to you on approval. Send no money. Merely fill in and mail the coupon. The complete course will go to you instantly, on approval, all charges prepaid. Look it over thoroughly. See if it lives up to the claims made for it. If you do not want to keep it, then return it, and the transaction is closed. And if you decide to keep it—as you surely will—then merely remit Five Dollars in full payment.

Remember, you take no risk, you assume no obligation. The entire course goes to you on approval. You've everything to gain—nothing to lose. So mail the coupon NOW, while this remarkable offer remains open.

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FOURTH RED CROSS ROLL CALL

FROM ARMISTICE DAY, THE ELEVENTH OF NOVEMBER, UNTIL THANKSGIVING DAY, THE RED CROSS WILL HOLD ITS FOURTH ROLL CALL. DURING THESE DAYS THE MIGHTY HOSTS OF AMERICANS WHO MAKE UP OUR MEMBERSHIP WILL BE GIVEN AN OPPORTUNITY TO EXPRESS ONCE MORE THEIR ALLEGIANCE TO AND THEIR FAITH IN THEIR RED CROSS. IT WILL NOT BE A DRIVE IN THE USUAL SENSE OF THE WORD, NO GIFTS BEING SOLICITED SAVE IN THOSE CASES WHERE A DESIRE TO CONTRIBUTE FOR SOME SPECIAL PURPOSE IS SIGNIFIED. IT WILL BE RATHER WHAT ITS NAME IMPLIES—THE GREAT CALLING OF THE ROLL OF AMERICA. THERE ARE NO AMERICANS ANYWHERE WHO WILL NOT BE GLAD TO BE INCLUDED UNDER THE BANNER OF THE GREATEST MOTHER IN THE WORLD

FOURTH RED CROSS ROLL CALL

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Date of Subscription.....

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ANNOUNCEMENT OF DISCONTINUANCE

THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE AMERICAN RED CROSS has decided to discontinue the RED CROSS MAGAZINE with the October number. The cost of publication, particularly of paper, has been mounting for a considerable time, until, during the last year, a point has been reached where further publication of the MAGAZINE would involve either an increase in the subscription price, or a subsidy from the general funds of the Red Cross organization. To increase the subscription price seems unwise and would, in all probability, bring about a reduction in circulation that would defeat the purpose for which the society has had a magazine. On the other hand, the Executive Committee would not feel justified in using the general funds of the society to meet the deficit certain to arise under present conditions.

THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE before the war was a small publication with a circulation of a few thousand copies. As the great war proceeded, and even before the United States took up arms, there was a growing interest in Red Cross work and a large increase in membership. With the expert advice and assistance of those trained in publishing and editorial work, the MAGAZINE developed into a periodical of large circulation. At its height, it sent out over a million and a quarter copies each month and, although not conducted on a commercial basis, more than maintained itself. During the last four years, it has been of value both as an educational medium and as a stimulant of interest in the Red Cross and its world wide activities.

THE RED CROSS IS NOW DEVELOPING AN EXTENSIVE PEACE-TIME PROGRAM and, in addition, must carry on the responsibilities assumed during the war, to the limit of the resources available for that purpose. Whether this service has to do with the Red Cross nursing program, co-operation with public health organizations or the work being done through the Junior Red Cross; or whether it has to do with service to families of soldiers and sailors, wounded and blinded service men in hospitals, or relief of the indescribable distress abroad, the Red Cross must have a complete medium for keeping the public and its workers informed in regard to its activities. Had the RED CROSS MAGAZINE been the only means of communication with the public and its workers, it would have been necessary to continue the MAGAZINE, even at a loss. Through the medium of its other publications, however, such as the Junior Red Cross News, National Headquarters and Division Bulletins, and pamphlets on special subjects, and with the co-operation of the press and by means of the Red Cross Motion Picture Service, a machine for distributing information has been developed, so that notwithstanding the elimination of the MAGAZINE, the news and the record of Red Cross work will continue to be disseminated in a uniform manner.

FURTHER DEVELOPMENT OF RED CROSS PUBLICITY SERVICE is being vigorously worked out. Life and patron members who wish to receive regular information as to Red Cross activities, and other members and workers will be kept informed by new methods now under consideration.

WE HAVE A PRACTICAL MATTER TO SETTLE WITH OUR SUBSCRIBERS. A large proportion of the subscriptions terminate toward the end of the year 1920. Some, however, run for a further period. To continue the publication of the MAGAZINE, in order to complete the delivery of twelve issues to each subscriber, would involve great expense. As the edition became smaller, the overhead charges and other expenses would create a certain monthly deficit. To those subscribers, who will not receive the full number of copies to which they are entitled, the Red Cross stands ready to refund *pro rata* the amount of their subscriptions. The expense of making these payments will be considerable, but the RED CROSS MAGAZINE does not wish to take any action which involves a loss to its subscribers. Subscribers who do not claim a refund of the *pro rata* amount due them because of the discontinuance of the MAGAZINE, will be considered as having made a contribution for the general purposes of the Red Cross, to the amount of such unexpired subscriptions.

A FORM IS PRINTED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE, which subscribers are requested to use if they desire a refund. If no claim is made, it will be considered that the subscriber desires to leave the amount due to him, in the treasury of the National Red Cross, as a contribution.



THE TREE

By RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER

There is a tree—
Growing far out upon our rough North Shore—
Which bears the spray,
Wild variable winds and savage roar
Of rocks clashing with the voracious sea,
So calmly that dull wind-chapped natives say,
"There is a tree!"

It is so old,
Graybeards recall it as their first old friend,
Refuge and staff
Against the rains and gales! Its branches bend
A little stiffly now; it seems less bold
Than brave, and brave in other lives' behalf,
It is so old.

It serves as shield
To samphire, lavender and maiden-hair
And to the small
Red pimpernel, daisies that star the air
With innocence carried from sheltered field;
Its quiet dignity gives strength to all
It serves as shield.

Like some true saint,
Its ample life and simple gestures point
Heavenward, though
Rooted in earth whose aims seem out of joint.
Odd that a tree, a tree, should shame complaint;—
A soulless tree accept both drought and blow,
Like some true saint!



FEAR—AND THE CHILD

By Angelo Patri

Illustrated by
Maginel Wright Enright

ONCE I saw a class of little boys standing in a line of suspicious straightness as they waited to enter the classroom. Their silence and rigidity were unholy. I wondered how it had come about. The teacher cleared the mystery. One small boy spied me coming down the hall and peeked out to get a better view.

"What—," said the teacher in sepulchral tones, "What do I see? A cranium projected from the main line? Withdraw it instantly or I'll be obliged to eliminate you, ostracise you, decapitate you, cause you to be relegated to the rear, to my own mortification and your utter annihilation."

Instantly the head was withdrawn and the line once more presented an appearance of solemn rigidity. I looked at the teacher and her eyes brimming with laughter made me beat a hasty retreat. It was absurd. To our adult minds it was very funny. But to the children, it meant Fear. Fear engendered by the vague threat of the unknown.

Now teachers are afraid of Fear. They know that nothing can be worse for the growth of the children under their care, so when I talked this over with the teacher, she said, "I did not think of it as Fear. My mother used to keep us in order that way, and I do not think it did us any harm. Still I can see that it is not the best thing to do and I will try something else."

There was an unruly lad in the school. He needed the medical care we afterwards obtained for him, but before we found out what was the matter and had learned what to do we changed him from teacher to teacher, from classroom to the principal's office, from the office to home and back to the classroom, until we were all tired of the sound of his name.

After one of these rounds of sorrow, his mother and teacher had a conference in the office. "Make him mind you," said the mother, now quite out of patience. "I can't be running here after him all the time. I make him do what I want him to do. Why can't you?"

"Can you keep him in one place long enough to count ten?"

"I can that."

"Please show me how. I've tried all the means in my power short of tying him fast. It seems impossible for him to keep his body under control for even the shortest time. He is as pleasant to have in a classroom as a hoptoad."

"LISTEN, teacher, you do what I tell you and I'll guarantee he will not budge an inch till you give him leave. When he starts to leave his place just say, 'There are rats in the cellar!' Say it like this," and in a voice that might have rolled from Sinai, she declaimed, "There are rats in the cellar!"

The teacher gazed at her in astonishment. "Do what I tell you and you will have no more trouble with him. If you can't do that, don't bother me, for I've plenty to do."

The teacher tried it and it worked. Then she sent for me. "Watch this," she whispered. She was correcting exercises for the class and a group of children were standing about her desk. The "bad little boy," in his seat, thought she could not see him. I thought so too. We were both wrong.

The lad made as though to get out of his seat. Without checking her swiftly moving pencil, the teacher chanted in

sonorous tones, "There are rats in the cellar. Ten thousand rats in the cellar!" Instantly the boy froze in his seat. The rest of the class smiled at one another. The teacher went

on with her work without a look in his direction.

"That is what his mother has done to control him. I couldn't believe it but she told me so, and I tried it out. That child should be taken to the hospital for nervous diseases and the mother taught that she is on the wrong track. That sort of thing is enough to drive him insane."

So off to the hospital he went.

I felt very sorry for that little boy. I remembered a Fear of my own. One night, when I was a tiny chap living among the mountains of Italy, I was aroused from sleep by strange sounds in the rooms below.

I scrambled out of bed and trotted downstairs to see what it was all about. My bare feet made no sound on the flagged floor. The group gathered about the fireplace had no warning of my coming. I pushed in among them to come full upon the open snarling scarlet mouth of a dead wolf lying across the hearthstone.

He had been stealing the sheep and the shepherds had gone out after him and had brought him in. The ugly sight was a shock to me. For a long time, I had a great fear of all hairy animals like dogs and wolves and bears. The old Fear never quite died. If I come suddenly upon one of those skin rugs with head and claws sprawled out over the polished floor I draw back. The old Fear stirs again. It is unpleasant.

I wondered if the little lad had the same sort of dread of the horrid rat.

One day there was an uproar in the Baby Class. Shrieks and sobs echoed



Molly added a story about a big black bear that ate up little boys who bothered people in the night

through the usually quiet corridor. I hurried to the room and found the teacher holding a terrified child in her arms. He was clutching and clawing blindly at the teacher who was trying to soothe him.

As I went forward, I saw a feather from the janitor's feather duster lying on the floor. I picked it up and went on to speak to the child. Instantly his shrieks became louder, his clutchings more violent. Stunned by the uproar I stood where I was.

"Maybe it is the feather," suggested the teacher. "Throw it away."

"Kill it! Kill it!" screamed the hapless youngster. "Kill it before it gets me!"

"Delirious," I thought. "Delirious with fear. What can have happened?"

I walked to the waste basket and let the child see me pull off the little fronds of the feather, tie the quill into a knot and throw it into the basket.

He seemed to grow quieter. The teacher took the little fellow home. She returned with an interesting story.

"I told his mother what had happened and she told me that the boy had always been timid, but this last few months he had grown more so. Piecing together our experiences with him, we made up our minds that he was living under a great strain of some sort. A few questions brought out the fact that he had been frightened by the maid who put him to bed at night.

"It was Mollie's duty to stay within ear-shot of the boy and wait upon him if he called in the night as he was likely to do. Mollie discovered that he was afraid of a feather. If she laid a feather near him he would not dare to turn over, much less call out.

"This worked so well that she added a story about a big black bear that ate up little boys who woke up in the night and bothered people, and a black man with a bag that carried off children who told tales, 'Carried them off to his den and cut their tongues out and they never came back to see their mammas and papas again!'

For about six months, the little fellow

had lived in a demon haunted world. His ancestral dread of a bit of fur or a feather had been cultivated into an obsession of Fear. There had been little rest, no joy, no growth for him.

The mother and teacher set to work to root out the fear. Would they be successful? Would the fears stay down or would they rise some day to their undoing?

"See, sonny," said the teacher, "It is only an old feather. It used to keep the turkey warm, but we ate up the turkey last Thanksgiving and the feather is no use any more.

Surely you are not going to be afraid of an old feather. See, I am going to dress up like an Indian and put a feather in my hair.

"It is only a feather. See, it does not hurt me."

"Yes, I know," he quavered, "I know that you call it a feather, but I call it a shiver."

A QUIET studious lad had made fine progress in school. He was about to be graduated. He registered for the competitive examinations for entrance to a special school upon which he had set his heart. The time came for attending the examination.

"You are to report to the High School to-day to take your examination," said the teacher smiling in anticipation of his joy.

The lad started for the door. Then he stopped. "The High School? I cannot go!" and down he sat.

No amount of persuasion could get him to set out for the examination or explain. In despair, the teacher sent for the Aunt who had brought him up from babyhood.

To her she made the situation plain in vivid terms.

"My, oh! And he is not for setting out? What ails the laddie? Show him to me."

The lad went out to see her. "What way are you not going to take the examination? You know you will miss your chance if you do not take it now. What ails my good laddie?"

Going close to her he whispered, "But I would have to go by the Flat Rock if I went to that school."

"Well, and what of that?"

"Well, you know you told me that the headless goblin would spring out of that rock and plump his old head on me if I ever tried to pass it. You said so yourself."

"And didn't you know that I was joking? Didn't you know that I was telling you that for your own good?"

"Maybe I did. But I'll not go by today unless you go with me every step of the way."

And together they went.

The old lady, in her anxiety to keep the lad within bounds when he was very small, had told him the tale of the headless goblin. It had long since ceased to bother him. He had passed and re-passed that rock many times, yet on the day of the examination, when the boy

was under a nervous strain, the old Fear rose and laid its grizzly hands upon him and would not let him pass.

Do you believe in the fearless child? Do you encourage him when you meet him?

How about the time when the little boy wanted you to tell him where the trap door in the ceiling led to? Did you stop and explain it to him? Or did you say something about it not being any concern of his and pass on, leaving him to guess about it and explain it to himself by the limited experiences he had had, or by the stories he had heard of all such mysterious places?

When the small daughter climbed upon the barrel to peer into the big vat beside the barn, did you lift her up and let her see inside it, or did you scold her for prying into things that were none of her business and threaten her with punishment.

When your grandson asked you where the black man came from and where he was going the day he saw him carrying off the trunks, did you carefully explain who he was and all about him? That he was a friend who helped one go safely and comfortably on a long journey? Or did you say, "You better look out. That's the black man, the bogey man, and he doesn't like children who ask too many questions?"

WHEN you saw the small boy of the family gazing with puzzled eyes at the foreign looking workers building the roads, did you patiently explain who they were, and where they came from and what they meant in the scheme of things? Or did you say, "Run away from there. Something will happen to you. Those brigands will carry you off!"

When the little girl came racing and fell into your arms in panic, because she thought that something was pursuing her from the shadows in the attic, did you explain it all away? Did you take her to the attic and tell her all about the old things that were up there, move them about and tell her about the folks that owned them long ago? Or was that too much trouble?

Childhood is the time when inherited fears take hold, when new fears are born. The child mind is full of flitting notions, vague half-formed ideas. All life is new and strange, full of the unknown.

Things are so big to little children. The chairs are all so tall. The beds are vast expanses and the stairs are steep and high. Who knows what one may meet at the top? The chimney hole is a mysterious thing. Where did it come from and where does it go? The shadows that fall aslant the walls and the floors are strange, unearthly things. What makes them and why do they quiver and jump like that? What is the noise in the chimney at night? If it is the wind, why does it cry like that?

A fearful child becomes a fearful

adult. I know a lumberman who is very sick whenever there is a thunder-storm. Storms come often in the mountains and the man suffers acutely.

Going through a stretch of woods, we were caught in a thunder storm. This woodman, who is literally afraid of nothing in the great forest, turned pale. We marched steadily along the trail. The storm increased and with it the man's discomfort. Before the storm ceased he was forced to lie down under the shelter of a shack beside the trail.

"I cannot seem to overcome that sickness," he said, "When I was a lad about three, my mother died and I was brought up by my grandmother, a conscientious God-fearing woman. She taught me that the thunder storm was God's chariot and the thunder was His voice, and the lightning the flash of His angry eye. When it thundered, one should pray for forgiveness of sin lest he be carried off without time for repentance and be forever damned.

"The effect of that Fear has stayed

with me all my life. I am no longer consciously afraid of thunder. I am not consciously afraid to die. But something that is stowed away in my inside self comes to the top whenever it thunders and I am as you have seen me."

Whatever you do, don't tell untruths to children. No matter how good your intentions may be, it is dangerous to frighten children. Fear is poison.

Instinctive Fear is bad enough. We all have to struggle against it, yet parents and guardians add fresh fears to torment the luckless children. They invent threatening personages to compel obedience.

"You just wait, young man. Wait until the teacher gets you. She'll fix you! She'll put you into the spanking machine and you'll be sorry. I'm going to call her now," and she pretends to raise the window or lift the telephone receiver.

The frightened child hastens to obey, one eye on the window, the other on the door. By and by the child goes to



The old lady told the boy the tale of the headless goblin

school. He has to be dragged there. When he sees the teacher, he screams aloud and clings to his mother.

The mother forgets the story of the monstrous teacher but the child remembers it. The recollection may be vague and inaccurate but the Fear is strong. The teacher is somebody that will hurt him. He is sure of it. There is nothing to be done but take him home and gradually accustom him to going to school and becoming acquainted with the teacher.

There is the silly story about the rag man who carries off little children in his bag. I have seen children halt, turn, and run back because they saw the harmless junkman coming down the street.

An organ grinder stopped in front of the school one afternoon when the children in the Baby Class were out for recess. The babies had a wonderful time with the monkey who climbed upon their shoulders and lovingly patted their faces. He was a gentle, affectionate monkey, and the children laughed aloud in their glee while the old organ man stood in the background, beaming with happiness.

One wee girl stood back from the others and looked most unhappy. She was a very sensitive child and the teacher, thinking she felt herself neglected or that perhaps she was too shy to come nearer, took her up to the group with the monkey.

THE monkey sprang from the shoulder of one little girl to the other and patted her face with his cold little hand. The timid child shook off the monkey, gasped and sank in a heap at the teacher's feet.

When she had been restored and was resting on the couch at home, her mother told the teacher that that was quite what she would have expected to happen.

"She has a great fear of monkeys and organ grinders. You see, I have heard of children who wandered off after the monkey and were lost. I warned her against it, and I told her that the monkey that rode on the organ man's back was a little girl that had followed him one day and the organ man had turned her into a monkey. Being a monkey now, she could never turn into a little girl again.

"I guess that scared her. Anyway," she said complacently, "she has never taken to monkeys and organ grinders and it is just as well that she hasn't."

The teacher tried to tell the mother that the fear of the monkey was bad; that more than the monkey was to be considered; that perhaps the fear of the monkey and the organ man would come back later to do great harm to this sensitive little girl.

This notion, the mother would not accept. "Of course, being a teacher you have your own ideas about it. I don't say you are right or wrong. I think girls should be kept closely at home and if the fear of the monkey will keep mine from following strange Italians all over the town, I'm glad of it."

Then there are the doctor and the policeman, both of them much needed friends of the children. But how many children look upon them as friends?

"If you don't keep quiet, the doctor will come and he'll take a pair of scissors out of his big black bag and cut a piece off your tongue." The child may have his doubts about your assertion but he has registered the doctor as an enemy and he is afraid of him.

"SEE that big policeman over there? If you don't come along this minute and stop making a fuss he will take you and put you in his big stone jail and you won't get home again, ever." Some day the child's life may depend upon the doctor or the policeman and he can do nothing because the child recognizes him only as an enemy. He has been trained to fear the people, who might help him in the day of trouble.

Why not teach the children the truth? Why not tell them that the doctor is their very good friend and his black bag carries hope and comfort for the sick and suffering?

Why not tell them that the policeman guards them day and night? That he takes care of them and protects them from danger? Why not teach them to look for his blue coat and bright buttons whenever help is needed?

Again, the stories of the parents' own fears and failures are added to the child's burden of Fear. Father tells Sonnie a story.

"When I was a little lad, I was afraid of my life of the old gray cat that lived in the barn. I was so afraid of that cat

that I wouldn't go near the place, if I thought she would come out and look at me. Her big green eyes used to burn like fire against the blackness of the barn. They would make the cold shivers run down my back.

"One day mother sent me to the barn for the eggs. Just as I was coming out, with a hat full of eggs, that cat came round the corner and looked at me.

"I let out a yell and ran for my life. I ran so fast that I fell all over myself. Head over heels I went into a puddle of dirty water and smashed every egg flat. My, I was afraid of that harmless old cat!"

Sonnie was smiling and nodding all through the story. Father thought he had told him a very amusing story and that Sonnie had enjoyed it. That is all true. But what about the next time Sonnie meets a strange cat who looks at him with green eyes? If he is anything like Father, he is going to be afraid. A fresh fear has been grafted upon an old one already strong through heredity.

Little ones are very suggestible and especially suggestible to Fear. They are so prone to think they will meet with difficulties. They are likely to expect to fail rather than to succeed. It comes easier to them to be fearful than to be brave whether about work or play or lessons or the varied experiences of their day.

THE adults seem to give them very little help. Rather they seem to pile up the burden. They hem the children in with silly conventions. They teach them that a certain dress, certain manners, certain customs are as the Commandments. Fear of breaking one of them hangs over the children like a cloud of wrath. To be talked about, or to be laughed at, is terrible to childhood.

Sooner than take the punishment that comes to those who are "different," the thoughtful, aspiring children hide away, suffer and keep silent. Fear has robbed them of the charm of youth. It has stolen from them their fearlessness in action, their grace of movement, their joy in initiative, their assurance, their strength.

How shall we make the children fearless? How shall we restore their courage? One of the best ways is to encourage the fearless child. Praise him when you meet him. Speak well of him to other people. It is astonishing to find that people think they admire fearless children when in reality they do nothing of the kind.

An elderly gentleman was gathering a bunch of his favorite roses while the dew was still fresh upon them. Three-year-old Bobby who lived a few lawns beyond, saw him in the rose garden and crossed over to visit him.

THE SCHOOL JANITOR

HAVE you ever thought about the janitor of the school, and what an important part he plays in the lives of our children? "A jack of all trades," he has been called, and rightly, too. He it is who, in the dark hours of the winter mornings, tends the fires so that at nine o'clock teachers and pupils will be warm. He it is who keeps the schoolhouse clean, who looks after the school plants and gardens, waters and weeds them. He even mends refractory clocks and does odd jobs for the teachers, hanging pictures, adjusting electric lights.

Thus we see that the school janitor is more than an invisible person who tends the fires; he, like the teachers and the principals and the parents, is working for the good of America's children.

"Hullo! Gaddering roses? Please let me smell them. M-m-m-m-, don't they smell good?"

The gentleman turned sharply on his heel and stamped into the house leaving the hurt and bewildered Bobby standing alone among the roses.

"Nuisance!" sputtered the man. "That child actually entered my garden and addressed me and he hasn't even been introduced. What is this generation coming to? Our parents and teachers taught us manners. Nobody seems to have any standards now-a-days."

This gentleman had been an army officer and adored bravery—and formality. He preferred to have children and lesser folk generally show a little timidity in his presence. He called it respect, but its right name is Fear. This attitude is not peculiar to retired army officers.

Try to believe in the fearless child. Try to do nothing that will instil Fear. Try to believe and teach that Fear is unnecessary and unreal. When you find that a child is afraid of something, coax him as close to it as possible. Let him take it into his hands and, if practicable, touch it, at least when his courage grows sufficiently strong. Let him look at it again and again—a familiar enemy becomes almost a friend—and the Fear will gradually disappear.

IF his Fear has to do with ancestral dreads—a dislike of fur or feathers—there is always the barnyard and the Zoo. Frequent visits and friendly contact with the animals will establish the understanding that drives away Fear.

If it is Fear of the Nature mysteries, the wind and the shadows and the moon and the stars and the darkness, tell him the beautiful stories that the masters have written about them. Tell him the story of the Creation. What God has made can hold no evil for His little children.

Teach him Stevenson's songs. The child who knows, "I have a little shadow," and "O wind a-blowing all day long," and "Whenever the moon and stars are set," will have nothing but love and trust for the wonders about him. His soul will be filled with gratitude and appreciation. He will be filled with reverence for the Power of the universe and in his mind Fear will find no place.

As for the silly and useless class conventions, we have no one to blame but ourselves when we permit them to hamper the souls of our children. We, who have lived long enough to have children in our care, have sufficient experience and should have sufficient judgment to hold fast to that which is



The little girl fell into her mother's arms in a panic because she thought something was pursuing her from the attic

good and discard that which is evil for the children's sake.

We should be able to teach them that success, measured in terms of social success on a dollar basis, is not the true valuation of life service. We can teach them that the quest is the thing. We can teach the child to face life fearlessly so long as he holds truth on his side. Truth alone can kill Fear.

FEAR must be killed! It is the most distressing burden that struggling humanity has to carry. Deep in the secret place of each of us it lies hidden, a great, shadowy, spidery thing, ready to reach out its thready fingers and lay hold on everything that is fine and bold and brave.

When the soul says, "Speak! Speak out for the cause you believe in!" Fear says, "Be silent! You will lose your job!"

Duty calls, "Protest! Protest against

the oppression of the weak!" but Fear says, "Be still! The powerful of the earth have spoken. Who are you to cry aloud to your own undoing?"

One plans a good deed, a noble action. Instantly Fear's chilly tentacles grope their way toward it and the brave soul must battle mightily.

A Fine man halts on the brink of achievement. "Too bad," we say. "He had a great opportunity there and let it slip by."

The man was afraid. Fear had risen out of the depths of his soul and cast its ugly shadow over it. He faltered and the opportunity slipped by.

THEN, teach the children the truth. Teach them to search for it. Train them to challenge each new situation with a "Show me!" That way Freedom lies. The other way leads to the wail of the Patriarch, "The thing I greatly feared has come upon me."

An Important Announcement to Subscribers
Will be Found on Page 5



Benda in his studio. Most of the decorations and carved pieces were done by Benda himself

AN ARTIST WHO CAME FROM POLAND *and* BROUGHT A RICH GIFT

By Emily Frances Robbins

YOU would never mistake him for anyone but an artist, or possibly a musician. I had not seen him. I knew of him simply as one who did decorative illustrations for books and magazines, besides gorgeous mural paintings, and who made face masks as a hobby. I pressed an electric button—by the wrong door, for behind me it was another door that opened—I turned; and there the artist was standing. His brown hair was combed loosely back from his high forehead. "Polish" flashed into my mind from the countenance of a slender man of medium height, of forty-odd years. The impression was so striking that I do not remember anything that was said between that sensation and my asking him if he knew Paderewski personally. He did—of course. There were the unmistakable marks in the artist's

IT is hard for the native born to realize that many who come to us from foreign lands bring real gifts that add to our national store. W. T. Benda is a fine example. As illustrator, painter, and decorative artist he has for years given us aesthetic pleasure. Always simple and sincere, his sense of beauty appears in everything he does, whether it is a picture in a popular magazine, a decoration, a piece of carving, or one of his strange and lovely masks, made out of bits of paper and colored. He has richly paid us for the American citizenship which he values so highly

literature and all the other arts as well.

Meantime, I had stepped from an austere white hallway out of a conventional work-a-day world, over the threshold of the studio. I was standing, surprised, transported, within another world—a world of golden painted beauty. The beauty was not there as something to sell but as an inherent part of the furnishings of a studio home, where an artist lived and breathed in his own kind of atmosphere. It was a part of his intimate personal requirements. Millionaires might well envy him. They could not buy with money the kind of luxury with which he was surrounded; things made by the long-acquired culture of his own mind, without regard to cost in time or effort, and out of an impelling love of beautiful things. One needed to travel no



Benda
at work on
an illustration

pressure from within me to do what I wish, to create the things that give me comfort and by which I am stimulated; and there is the pressure from without, to do what makes an immediate, practical living. These two things constantly fight with each other."

Was he distressed by the conflict? Not at all! He had discovered that it was his greatest blessing. "The two things somehow help each other," he declared. "My decorative painting constantly betters my illustration, which,



The masks above are
made of wrapping paper,
with scissors and paste

further than the things of this studio to learn of the artist's abilities and character; indeed, it was in his kindly, patient explanations regarding them (in perfectly correct though diffident English) and in the refined lovability of his modesty, that the artist revealed the true qualities of mind by which he has so enviably succeeded.

There was a door-panel with a golden background behind a beautiful lady and a gorgeous bird of paradise. Another door-panel, not yet completed, was also golden in background, with demons on flying horses fighting in the air, in illustration of some Oriental legend. There was a large piece of furniture which he called a bench, a sort of divan with a high winged back, carved by himself and decorated with dull, soft colors; also another high wooden thing, holding important looking books, the back of which had a golden panel designed with some Polish mountaineer motif. A low window was covered with quiet, soft silk, upon which the artist had painted a deep and colorful border of his own design. The walls were either hung with soft golden-brown material, held by narrow, gold-carved mouldings, or paneled with large square drawings and paintings. But in particular, hanging high above reach (for a very good reason!) were the gaily draped heads of beautifully vivid women—as masks.

Only a mask! You have seen masks over children's faces on the Fourth of July, made of paper, or of canvas and wax, pressed over a steel form. But you have never seen masks like these—masks constructed without form or model, by the artists's own fingers, just from pieces of wrapping paper, with scissors and paste, and colored by him to resemble life—for they are the only ones of their kind in the world. Each one represents sweet stolen time during months of busy work, besides a conception of beauty and a knowledge of the human head which it takes nearly a

lifetime to acquire. Placed over the face for masquerade, they see, they breathe! I venture to predict that some day they will furnish one of our priceless museum exhibits as a rare artistic achievement. And, curiously, there was a vague resemblance in some of them to the artist's own face, an illusive irregularity of features. Was it not the world's greatest painter, Leonardo da Vinci, who was the first to say that all artists paint their own likeness into the faces of others and, unconsciously, seek ever their own reflection!

I asked him what had been the effort, the point of view; how happy or how sad had been the experience? Had his art at sometime or other been a struggle?

He smiled, shyly. The word was amusing. Sometime a struggle? Always it had been a struggle! Perhaps, he would better say it had been a conflict. "Although I do some decorative painting, my main business is book and magazine illustration," he said. "Practically, I live on that. But this work does not always represent what I wish in my heart to do. There are many things I desire to paint, decorative things, for instance. So there is the

in turn, helps me in the successful achievement of the more important things that I desire to do. When I have something in hand that seems uninteresting and a poor kind of work, and I do not think it is good and up to my ideals, the more it makes me think of something quite different from that, something really good in contrast, as a reaction, something sublime. And this conflict greatly excites me, until I actually undertake something big to

An Artist Who Came From Poland and Brought a Rich Gift

paint, in the midst of a great rush of work. It almost looks insane to start an ambitious work at such a time but it becomes very important to me, and I am up early and toiling. Someone will come in and say, 'Why, I thought you were so busy with illustration!' And I will tell him, 'Yes, I am!' But I cannot sleep, and cannot do anything for thinking of this work. I may persuade myself that I have the other things that must be done, and yet I find myself at three o'clock in the morning working on the thing that has taken possession of me, not knowing when the time has passed, with no sense of fatigue (whereas on some work I may very soon feel tired), and without any detriment to my health from the long hours. I find myself working with a fire and eagerness that I do not always have if plenty of time is available. I have often taken vacations, for instance, in which I had nothing to do but work of my own choosing and, to my surprise, I have not started anything important, or worked with anything like the same stimulation!

"From the practical business work also, I develop faculties which are highly important for the success of my other paintings. For instance, I must actually finish an illustration at a specified time. I cannot go to an editor and say I am not able to get it done. This is splendid discipline, for one is liable to begin a thing, find it difficult, and then shirk, or to begin another before that is finished. My illustration experience trains me to demand of myself to go on to a finish."

THERE were quite a number of Chinese things about—a huge carved teakwood panel to go across one whole side of the studio, a golden shrine of great intricacy, big bronze vases, an in-

genious stage garment, a god carved in jade. "I have not chosen these things from any predilection for the Chinese," the artist explained. "but because they remind me of certain things which it is important for me never to forget. One of the faculties absolutely necessary in any important achievement is almost limitless patience for long hard work. I think that many do not succeed because they have a facility for doing certain things, and then think that everything else can be done just as easily—which is not true. These specimens of Chinese workmanship are an exhibition of long and painstaking work. They inspire me in one way—they remind me of what can be done. They are wonderful for the work the artists were not afraid to put into them. If you look at that old English carved chair, you will see it is beautiful only in the front, that the back is flat and quite uninteresting. But this Chinese panel is carved as splendidly in the back as in the front, it is beautiful no matter how you look at it. That Chinese shrine, though made to hang on the wall, is also beautifully carved and decorated on the back. Some things have been done quickly, spontaneously, at a time of great artistic fervor (although usually only after long years of preparatory study and effort, like certain sketches which are beautiful and admired after centuries, but most beautiful things need a combination of spontaneity and long, hard effort—so much work as people would not believe possible. These Chinese things are always a reminder to me of that."

"My masks are one of the ways in which I try to develop that patience. When I exhibit them, people say to me, 'Now listen, you should have these copyrighted because other people will

imitate them.' I tell them, 'Let them try,' I am almost sure that they will not have the patience to go on with it—so many have started and never carried it through. I have seldom done anything in my life so much appreciated by artists as these masks, they go wild over them. But also they are appreciated by people who do not know anything about art, and especially by children—that is why I hang them so high!"

And how had America helped him? He was quite sure no other country would have been so appreciative and ready with assistance. He was only five years old when his father, who was a musician in Poland, arranged for his first drawing lesson—before he learned to read or write! He had attended an art school at Cracow, an ancient Polish city and art center, and also one in Vienna. But in every country he had studied and worked out of the beaten path of tourists, the Balkan States for instance, were one of his favorite sketching grounds. London was more cordial, perhaps, than either France or Germany, but nowhere was there cordiality like the cordiality of America. He still remembers with surprise how good was everyone in America, in wishing to aid him, when as a young man in his twenties he had come all the way from Poland to a California ranch to visit his Aunt, the famous emotional actress, Madame Modjeska. And is he going to make America his permanent home? Evidently—since he has been here some twenty years and has long since become a citizen!

And if he could do just the work that he pleased; in other words, if he were rich, what would he do? Well, probably not much of anything at all—until he found some other thing to struggle against, that opposition we all need in life, some new conflict!

WHO GOES THERE?

The Boston Chamber of Commerce Warns the Public

I am more powerful than the combined armies of the world.
I have destroyed more men than all the wars of the world.
I am more deadly than bullets and I have wrecked more homes than the deadliest of siege guns.
I steal in the United States alone, over \$300,000,000 each year.
I spare no one, and I find my victims among the rich and poor; the young and old; the strong and the weak. Widows and orphans know me.
I loom up to such proportions that I cast my shadow over every field of labor from the turning of the grindstone to the moving of every railroad train.
I massacre thousands upon thousands of wage-earners in a year.
I lurk in unseen places, and do most of my work silently. You are warned against me, but you heed not.
I am relentless! I am everywhere; in the home, on the streets, in the factory, at railroad crossings and on the sea.
I bring sickness, degradation, death. And yet few seek to avoid me.
I destroy, crush, maim, take all, and give nothing.
I am your worst enemy.
I AM CARELESSNESS!



Colonel Roosevelt and the ox team he drove

WHEN ROOSEVELT WAS HERE

The story of his visit to the Berry Schools and the speech he made there

By Ida M. Tarbell

NO one who travels widely through the country can avoid noting how rapidly we are accumulating a great mass of entertaining Roosevelt legends. From one ocean to the other, communities, many of them small, are including in their annals, often as the most precious page of those annals, tales of "When Roosevelt was Here." He seems rarely to have made a visit of any duration that he did not leave with his hosts something of his vigorous straightforward definite personality. Everywhere he went, he seems to have spurred the local effort for good and to have spit out contempt on any meanness, self-seeking, or backward tendency that he saw. He walked through a community, according to local authorities, sorting wheat from chaff with almost an unerring hand.

Sit down in one of these communities where a Roosevelt legend is in process of creation and you will have

as entertaining an evening as often comes your way. Such was my fortune not long ago. I sat in a big half-moon of teachers before a blazing fire in the great stone fireplace of a log cabin, a cabin they called "The heart of the school" since it was the first gathering place in the history of what I am afraid must now be called an institution, so big and important has it become. The founder was there, as well as men and women who had grown up with her. The pleasant talk had not gone far, when somebody quoted Roosevelt; and they were off to tell me the tale of "When Roosevelt was Here."

I had already seen enough of the Berry Schools, near Rome, Georgia, to sense how deeply they would appeal to Theodore Roosevelt's robust and practical nature. They are a great achievement. It is not often that I

feel free to use the word "democratic;" it is made to cover so many sins, so often it reeks of cant and stupidity. But down at the Berry Schools they have put reality into the word. They have done it largely, as I see it, by eliminating all hirelings. Everybody serves and is rewarded according to his effort; but there are no servants.

The place has been built up from the soil, acre by acre, log by log, the work all done by teachers and pupils; Martha Berry, the founder, leading and using her hands quite as freely as her head. Everybody is a worker and workers are the great aristocracy—an excellent setting and an excellent atmosphere for Theodore Roosevelt, a place which would satisfy every one of his healthy natural instincts, a place where his emphatic notions about the soil, labor, religion, families, all are carried out to the full.

Nobody would realize more clearly

than he, too, that these schools are the result of a mighty individual effort, the effort of one woman, a woman of unfaltering vision and the courage to endure the anguish of spirit that realizing a vision always means in this imperfect world, a woman who has sacrificed for the thing she has undertaken every tradition, every comfort, every dollar of material wealth, every natural womanly hope; and done it like a lady, with a smiling face and without faltering.

The Berry Schools grew out of an incident which would have meant nothing to many a woman. One pleasant Sunday afternoon some twenty years ago, Martha Berry, a young woman of twenty or thereabouts, was reading in a little log cabin retreat that had been her playhouse in childhood, a tiny cottage in one corner of the park in which the old Berry homestead stands. Suddenly she saw three wild little faces peering in at the window, children strayed down from the Lavendar mountains. She coaxed them in, as one might so many young foxes, and gave them cakes and told them stories. It was the beginning of a regular Sunday afternoon meeting in the playhouse. These meetings grew and grew until they outgrew the space, for not only the children from the mountains, but their parents came. Appalled by what she learned of the ignorance of the people, the way in which they were utterly cut off from schools and churches, Miss Berry determined to start a small industrial school. She had little more than a shack to start with, a shack in which she worked with her own hands, cooking and washing in the intervals of teaching. The children from the mountains pressed upon her with demands. She used all her own means, and then went out to ask for assistance from others. In ten years, Martha Berry's valiant effort had become known to a select group of people interested in education in various centers of the country.

It was about this

time that she met Theodore Roosevelt, and dropped a word about her school. With that extraordinary eagerness which he had for any undertaking in which he got a sniff of his pet traditions mingled with fresh air, he asked her to come to the White House and tell him more. When the opportunity came, you may be sure she used it.

Anyone who went to the White House to see Theodore Roosevelt must always remember the experience; the heartiness of the greeting, the quick appraising of the request you made, or of the information you brought, the terseness of the settling of your case. Miss Berry went in armed with the photographic history of the Berry School—a tremendous book, full of big and little photographs. Roosevelt

pinned himself to that book as if it were the only thing of value in Washington. "Tell me about this." "How did you do that?" "How did you get hold of that boy?" "What's his name?" And so he went on, lost to the nation in his interest in the pictured tale. A secretary came in and slid a card under his nose. "The Senator is waiting. He had an appointment at this hour." "Tell him to wait," said Roosevelt. "I have got to see this clear through. This is the real thing," bringing his fist down with a bang, "and I must know about it." And he went to the end of the book. Martha Berry's part in his absorption should not be overlooked. It is related that when Mr. Taft was President, she found her way to him on a particularly busy day when

the secretaries were trying to be firm as adamant. A junior in the body, seeing how she was handling the President, telephoned to his chief, "You had better come down quick. A ball of fire has struck the White House!"

I once heard a man, interested in certain social reforms which were much at the front in Roosevelt's time, say it was not so much the definite thing he did for you, but the fact that he created an atmosphere around him in which you could work. "Miss Berry," he said, "I can't give money to your school, and I can't do much for it, but I believe in it and I am going to interest some people in it who can do something for it." A few days later, she received an invitation to dinner at the White House. She supposed that she had been invited out of courtesy but, to her surprise, on arriving she found herself put at the President's right and found as her dinner companions a group of large-minded and large-pocketed individuals, famous the country over for their intelligent support of worth-while educational undertakings. After the soup, the President rapped for silence. "I want Miss Berry to tell you about her school," he said. Anybody that has ever heard Martha Berry talk knows how she can

THE BERRY SCHOOLS

IN AN hundred-acre tract of woods near Rome, Georgia, on January 13, 1902, a school for boys was opened. It was a simple enough beginning. The school house was a two-story frame building, square and bare, with only such furniture as the founder, Martha Berry, could beg or borrow. The teachers were Miss Berry and a friend, Elizabeth Brewster. The pupils were five in number. The income? It was a school supported by love, faith and work. There was no income!

The news of it spread through the Southern Highlands and boys, large and small, came in increasing numbers, often without a penny in their pockets or an extra garment for their backs but "ready to work their way through."

Miss Berry put into the school everything that she possessed and then went out to find friends to support and enlarge her undertaking. It was not only the appeal that the story of the boys made that won her a following; it was the method by which she was seeking to help them. The Berry School, indeed, started out to give poor white boys of the mountains training in those industries which were needed to develop the backward communities from which they came—to fit them for scientific farming; fruit culture; stock raising; dairy work; house building; road making, as well as to teach in the country schools and help to run their communities. All teaching was done through actual work. The boys cleared the land, put in the crops, ran the dairy, did the cooking, laundry and housework, raised the stock.

The response was so generous that in ten years, the Berry Schools—a girls' school had been added in which girls were taught scientific management of the home, care of children, nursing, cooking, laundry work, gardening, weaving, basketry, as well as the three R's and what follows them—were incorporated, owned 2,000 acres of land, a plant worth \$200,000, and had a body of two hundred students and twenty teachers. The second decade of the school is not quite finished but already the plant and following of 1912 has been more than doubled.

The training at Berry is given with the distinct understanding that those who profit by it are, in their turn, to go back to their communities and spread what they have learned. During the past nineteen years, many hundreds of young men and women have gone back to their homes to pass on what Berry has taught them. Every community that they have touched has been improved by their work and their example. It is knowledge of this that has made friends for the school and that should make many more in the future. So far it has been the indomitable energy and spirit of Miss Berry that has been carrying the burden of the support of the institution. Yearly, she goes out to raise by personal solicitation the large sum that, under the most careful and economical management, is necessary for conducting the huge plant. The contribution that the school is making to the development of the Southern Highlands and so, indirectly, to the whole country, as well as the demonstration of the soundness of its educational ideas—a no mean contribution to American pedagogy—make it imperative that somehow a suitable endowment be found to carry on the work and free Miss Berry from the burden of responsibility and labor of annual money raising which she has so long and so valiantly carried.

rise to the occasion. Cultivated, with great charm of manner and face, a voice that has all the reed-like quality of Mrs. Fiske's, a fund of anecdote about her people as full of laughter as of tears—I don't know anybody who can better present a case; and, listening to her, you get such a sense of something valid and solid, of something that hits bottom and really does what it sets out to do. That dinner made supporters for Martha Berry's school who have never left her; but the thing she got out of it which she prized most was a promise from Roosevelt that he would visit her.

THIS must have been along about 1908, when the scheme was only six years old. He never forgot. In 1909, he wrote from the White House, "There is no school in which I have taken so much interest as I have in the Berry School. It is in very fact what its title denotes—A Christian, Industrial School for Country Boys. I believe with all my heart in the work you are doing. When I return from Africa, I intend to come down myself with Mrs. Roosevelt so that we can see the School, and the boys as well, in person. My only regret is that you have not a school for girls." (The Girl's School has been established since.)

He did not forget. From London in June, 1910, he wrote again: "If I can get down, as I hope, to Atlanta, I must see your school. But don't ask me to make any definite engagement now; I must wait until I get home."

The following October, he kept his promise.

Fancy the excitement when it was known that the hope they had so long cherished was coming true, fancy the work to set things ship-shape. It had been a long dry season. For six weeks there had been no rain and anybody who knows what the Georgia soil can become through six weeks of dryness will appreciate the dust on the Berry School estate. It would never do, everybody decided, so Miss Berry goes to Rome and wheedles the mayor into lending a watering cart. The cart was so big and cumbersome and the bridges out Berry way were so frail that the boys had to repair them in order to make it safe to get the cart in; but they did it, and the place was sprinkled from end to end, and the dust of six weeks of dryness was wiped off everything that could be reached. Scarcely had they finished their Herculean task, when it began to rain, rain in torrents! When Roosevelt's private car appeared at 8.30 the next morning on the branch road that passes the school—a road popularly known as the "Rome and Nowhere!"—the deluge was still falling. It was a bedraggled and heartbroken reception party that greeted him.

In such circumstances, Theodore Roosevelt was bound to come out strong. I think he rather liked it that way. He rushed from the car, pulled down his hat and turning up his trouser legs and coat collar, bounded off, seized Miss Berry's hand, crying "It's bully to be here at last?" "And

from that hour," so they all said around the cabin fire, "we forgot that it was raining. Nobody thought of it from the moment he arrived until after he had left."

They were putting their best foot forward and the best foot was a surrey into which was harnessed Nip and Tuck, the school mules, so called because they had been bought literally pound by pound, with pennies saved and begged. And the rounds began through one of the loveliest pieces of natural woods that I have ever seen, very much trimmed up in these days but much less so ten years ago, when Roosevelt saw them. If the party had, however, any idea that they were going to make their guest follow a fixed program, it was soon gone. One of the first things was a meeting with a yoke of oxen, bringing in a heavy load of wood. "It has been so warm," they explained, "that we were not prepared for fires, so the boys hustled out early in the morning, when we saw how cold it was, to bring in a load of wood." The moment Roosevelt put his eye on that turnout, he bounded out of the surrey, "That's where I want to ride!" he said; and up he got. It was an historic yoke and Mr. Roosevelt's joy in it was great when they told him how the owner, and the driver at that moment, had appeared a couple of years before at the door of the office, saying, "I want to trade these oxen for an education." The deal was carried through, the school owned the oxen and the boy was getting his education; but such was his attachment to the animals which he had himself raised that he was allowed to be their attendant. Roosevelt mounted the cart but not merely as a rider; nothing would do but he must have the whip and drive himself; and so they went on to make their rounds.

IF YOU have ever built up anything from the bottom, raw land, a first shack, done your cooking over a make-shift fire-place out of doors, washed your clothes in the open, and have come to a point where you have a perfectly water-proof kitchen, with a civilized stove; to the point where you have a real bake-oven, also water-proof; and, perhaps most important of all, a laundry with tubs and running water and all kinds of new-fangled laundry appliances, then you know what joy is, joy in achievement; and I don't know anything that will go to your heart more quickly than to have somebody whom you think has never known any such early hardships as yours, whom you never dreamed could have had an experience which would give him a taste of the satisfaction you are feeling in the present achievement, come in and show that he knows exactly what you started with, how cold and wet and disheartened you must have been while you were washing those clothes out of doors and how he, too, rejoices with all his heart over this honest-to-goodness modern laundry. Well, now, that was the case when Roosevelt visited the laundry and the bakery and all the rest at the Berry School.

He saw the whole thing from the start. "I know," he said, "I saw in the picture how you washed those things, and isn't it fine you have this?" And, "Boys, what fun it is to do this!" to the boys turning out the clothes that he might see that they really were doing it all right. They all tell you how the boys, after this experience, dropped everything and joined the procession, buzzing around him so that there was no getting them away. It was the same at the bakery. They turn out wonderful rolls at the Berry School, the kind they make in the South; and they were making them in quantities. And their butter is as good as their rolls; and Theodore Roosevelt and Gifford Pinchot and a dozen or more reporters from all parts of the country stood there in the pouring rain and buttered hot rolls as fast as they could be pulled from the oven, and ate them in the Southern fashion, dripping with butter; and everybody joined the chorus of "Bullies!" that the President started.

IT WAS not only the appreciation of the achievement, but more important perhaps was the appreciation of the human material with which this school deals. Roosevelt saw as clearly as his hosts that here you have the pure Anglo-Saxon type. There is nothing so undiluted on these shores. It shows itself in a way that is almost unbelievable. One cannot go to the Berry School without stopping in a startled way now and then and saying, "Abraham Lincoln!" That was what Roosevelt did almost at the start, picking on a boy that was on the reception committee, a boy with the wide cheek bones, the high forehead, the deep-set eyes, the nose—everything but the mouth. You see him in the picture here. Again, and again, Roosevelt sensed the quality in this or that face.

His interest in the individual tales was endless; but then these tales are of a kind that would enthrall any honest mind, for they are tales of youth—youth hidden in remote places, without contact with books or schools, in some magical way fired with a passion for knowledge, literally working its way out through the walls that shut it in. What does it? How can it be that a boy of ten, twelve or fourteen, born in a far-away cove in these mountains where there are no roads and, sometimes, no paths but the bed of a stream, with never a book, never a teacher, and rarely a preacher—how can it be that that lad will say to himself, "I must find a way to know, to understand things." They do it. They are doing it all over these beautiful mountains of the middle East, driven, no doubt, by the mysterious higher thing that drives men and that we still, dull that we are, doubt.

Roosevelt heard about lads that had spent a season making a cotton crop that gave them ten, fifteen or twenty dollars; of others that had sold "varmint" skins; of many a one that, without a dollar in his pocket, had walked over the mountains and down to the school and presented himself—bare footed, with nothing in the world but



A graduating class of boys and girls of our Southern Highlands

what he had on his back, announcing that he had come to get an education. That was the way many of them had started—these boys into whose faces he looked. And how he rejoiced in it!

On their rounds they visited the beginning of the Girls' School of which he had spoken in the letter which I have already quoted. The Girls' School had been made possible, indeed, it was almost forced by the boys themselves, who were continually asking that their sisters might have some of the advantages that they had. A touching tribute was paid to Roosevelt by the girls. They had just begun the handicraft work which since has been developed in variety and quality to a degree quite unusual. The most precious possession of the school at that time was an old coverlid done by the grandmother of one of the girls, of exquisite pattern and weaving, and when they came to look about for what they could give him, the owner said, "He shall have this." It was presented to him with a little speech and Roosevelt, who had been saying from the start, "I wish Mrs. Roosevelt were here"; "I wish Mrs. Roosevelt could see this"; immediately exclaimed, "How pleased Mrs. Roosevelt will be!" When they offered to pack and send it on, he said, "Not at all, I shall carry it," and all day long he did carry it, never letting it go out of his hands. Do you wonder that these shy simple mountain folk whose sense of the human qualities is as true and just and unspoiled as that of a child, adored him; him who came to them fresh from his triumphal tours

and entered so perfectly into their feelings and their undertakings; a man of whom they were not afraid, whom they understood, and who, they knew, understood them?

Of course, there were to be speeches, and lunch was not over—a lunch which had to be transferred from the lawn where elaborate preparations for an out-of-door feast had been made, to the small capacity of this very log cabin where I was hearing the story—before Roosevelt began to say, "When am I to make my speech? I want to talk. I can't wait! I am bursting to tell you what I think. How long is your program?"

It was not a long program, and it really would have been a pity to have cut it shorter, with its welcoming song:

*"Has anybody here seen Teddy?
T-E-double-D-Y?
Has anybody here seen Teddy?
Have you seen him smile?
We know this much, he's Georgia Dutch,
And American all the while.
Oh, everybody here's seen Teddy,
T-E-double-D-Y."*

This was followed by the presentation of a big stick, with a speech from a senior boy, admirably voicing what I think those youngsters felt.

"We followed you, Mr. Roosevelt," he told him, "to Europe, to Rome, to France, to Germany and to England. It was bully to read how you stirred them up wherever you went. We liked the way you talked to them out West; and the 'form' you showed at Saratoga,



A cousin of the famous Sergeant Yorke. This lad, after saving three dollars and fifty cents, walked twenty miles to the railroad, spent all of his money getting to Rome; then walked out to the Berry Schools, penniless and with only the clothes which he wore, and announced to Miss Berry: "I've come to school"

when you beat the 'Old Guard,' showed that you had 'come back,' and that was bully too. But we are most of all delighted to have you with us to-day, for we feel that you will find yourself at home where 'there's something doing all the time.'

"We believe in the fight you are making for clean politics and the old-

fashioned virtues in public life. More strength, we say, to your good right arm as you belabor the 'malefactors of great wealth,' the 'men higher up,' the 'boodlers,' the 'race suiciders,' the 'Ananiases' and other 'undesirable citizens,' with your hefty stick. Hit 'em again for us.

"And now that you, O Jungle King, may remember us, in the name and in behalf of the student body, I present to you this corporation scourge, this purifier of politics, this tyranny tranquilizer, this Big Stick."

And then Mr. Roosevelt bounded to his feet and made what the reporters agreed in saying was the best speech they had heard him make that season.

IT WAS a good speech for the students of the Berry School, and it was just as good a speech for the students of any school. As a matter of fact, I don't know that the nation itself could have a talk made to it more appropriate to-day than this speech that Roosevelt made ten years ago.

A preliminary word and he dashed into what he had been so eager to say:

"My friends, I am going to do to you what I do not think that I have ever done for any other audience, and that is to speak a little about myself personally. In so far as I have been a success, it has been absolutely, solely through doing the ordinary things that any man could do, but that nobody does, or that so many people do not do to the point that they ought to. It is often—among my very intellectual opponents—it is often stated, as a matter of complaint, that I preach what is commonplace and humdrum. I do—and so I intend to do! Honesty, courage, decency, tenderness and force combined—they are all commonplace virtues, but they are essential virtues. They are the main things that I want to see developed in the American man and the American woman and, therefore, in the American boy and the American girl. I never got anything in my life by an unusual display of genius, or even by an unusual display of talent. Whatever I got has always come through doing a number of things just as hard as I know how. Each of them perfectly ordinary things, but ordinary things that ordinary people do not do, or at least did not do to the extent that was necessary in order to make a great success through doing them. Now, the longer I live the less difference it makes in my mind what position the man holds, so long as he does his duty in that position in the highest possible way.

"If the effort of this school was to train you away from the farm and merely to give you higher tastes without the additional ability to gratify them by your own efforts and so to lead more useful lives; if that was the purpose or the effect of the teaching in this school, I should not have come here. I would have nothing to do with it. This school trains the boy to go back to the farm and to do his part in making farming a skilled profession; making it a profession like the law, like any other

profession. It trains the girl so that she can go back to the farm and, as wife and mother, do her part—and it is a part even greater than the man's—in elevating the home.

"One of the least desirable features of our present day civilization is that while there are a great many big men, men of note, who were born on the farm, most of them do not die on the farm. Now, that was not so in the early days of this country. Then our greatest men were men like Washington, who lived and died a farmer, a man out in the open country; and the great majority of our most eminent leaders were men who followed the career of a man who makes his living from the land. I am very glad to see, as all of us are glad to see, a city grow up, provided, however, that its growth is a part of the general growth of the country. If the growth of the city supplements the growth of the country it is a good thing, but if it is a substitute for the growth of the country it is a very bad thing. That is something I want you to think of. I want you to go away from this school feeling the pride—those of you who go back to live on the farm—feeling the pride that you ought to feel in following the profession which stands at the base of the welfare of our whole land. We can get along in this country more or less well without almost every other type of man, but the one man whom we cannot get along without is the farmer. I regard this school as one of the influences which are going to place the career of the farmer on a higher standard of dignity, of usefulness and of reward. If a farmer is an ignoramus, if the average farmer is utterly ignorant, of course the profession will be looked down upon; but you boys who come here and who go away have nothing to fear in comparison with the men in other professions. But more than that; you are trained, not merely in the ordinary literary exercise, but you are trained in the handicrafts, so that when you go back you will have the ability to put the farm on a better paying basis and to make the farm house an attractive place in which men and women can live and bring up their children.

"NOW, those are two of the things that this school is specially designed to teach; to give you a training that will enable you to help yourselves. Remember—and I am sure, looking at your faces, that I do not have to say to you to remember—that each man has got to lift himself. I misread you, my young friends, if you are not straight Americans. You have got that spirit in you. Now, until a man can lift himself, he cannot lift anyone else. If there is a being more utterly contemptible than another, it is the shiftless creature who has a taste for corn whiskey and tobacco and who spends his time at the cross-roads store saying how he is going to have passed some governmental scheme for helping everybody, while he himself can live his miserable life only because his wife takes in washing.

"Your first duty is to handle yourselves so that you can afford to marry and that you can keep your wife and children decently, and as they ought to be kept. A woman's first duty is to be able to do her part, to take care of the household, see that it shall be a fairly attractive home, a home that will keep the husband there instead of tending to drive him somewhere else, and that will give decent surroundings in which the children can be brought up. That is the fact, but that is not all. That is the industrial side of the school. You must have the Christian side in addition. In addition to helping yourselves you must steadily try to help others.

"The great growth, the real growth, in modern Christian civilization has been the growth of the type of man who is both a strong man and a good man. Whenever you go among savage tribes, as I did last year, you find that the strong man treats goodness as a sign of weakness. That is one of the great difficulties we always have in first dealing with the savage. The moment you are kind to them they will think they can impose upon you and it is your business to make them understand that they can't. Now, as civilization grows, I mean true civilization, the only civilization worth having, more and more people understand that strength can go and ought to go with decency, with honesty, with respect for the rights of others. I want to see you all here turn out to be able to hold your own. If you submit to an imposition I do not admire you, I despise you. I want to see you able to hold your own and I want, at the same time, to see you scorn to do wrong to anyone else. Pay heed to your rights. Do not allow people to impose upon you. Do not submit to bullying. But pay even greater heed to your duties. Not only be as scrupulous of the rights of others as of your own, but a little more scrupulous of the rights of others than of your own, because you will find it necessary to be a little more scrupulous about others' rights or else you will find that you do not pay any heed to them at all. It is a good deal easier to pay heed to your own rights than to the rights of others. Begin close at home. Begin by thinking of the rights of your mother, your sister, your wife. That is the most important place to begin, right in your own home. No man is a good citizen if, when he is away from home, there is a general breath of relief from the rest of the family. Handle yourselves so that when you come back to your home there will be joy and not anxiety. Then handle yourselves so that you do your full duty by your neighbor, the next man. Show yourselves the kind of men whom your neighbor likes to deal with, likes to work for, or to have work for him, or likes to work alongside of. Be that kind of man that the other man will not have to be forever wondering whether you are keeping up your end or not. Show yourselves good citizens in all those ways, and then, finally, my friends, show your good citizenship in other ways still. You here have exceptional advantages. It is your

When Roosevelt was Here

duty when you go back to the communities in which you live, to set a standard for others. Take it in politics. You make it felt, by your example and by your precept, that the man who takes a bribe to cast his vote in any given way, and the man who gives a bribe, are creatures to be so intolerably scorned that they should be hunted out of American social and political life. We can afford to differ politically among ourselves, to have different convictions; we cannot afford to differ on the question of insisting upon honesty in public life and in private life alike.

"Honesty by itself does not make a good public servant any more than it makes a good man in private life, but without honesty the man who is a public man is a curse and a menace; no community can afford to tolerate him; and, without honesty, the man is as thoroughly a bad citizen in private life, no matter how able he may be or what other qualities he may possess.

"I believe in this school because it was initiated and is being carried on and extended in a spirit which combines to an extraordinary degree adherence to a very lofty ideal with the most practical common sense in realizing it. I believe in it, because it recognizes what are the prime essentials necessary to good citizenship in our people and takes the boy and the girl and trains

them in practical efficiency so that when they go out they shall go back to the farm and to the shop able to do infinitely better work for themselves, able to lift the profession to which they belong and, at the same time, also resolute to do their duty by their neighbors and by the State. Those are the reasons why I believe in this school. Those are the reasons why I believe that Miss Berry and those associated with her have been doing one of the greatest practical works for American citizenship that has been done within this decade."

Taking it all in all, do you wonder that Miss Berry and her colleagues when once started on this tale, spend the evening telling a visitor of what happened "When Roosevelt was Here?"

He left behind him an appreciation so genuine that it has not died to this day. It was not that he had been President of the United States. It was not that he had been honored the world over. It was not that they agreed with him in politics, for I gathered that some of them did not. It was a consciousness of the faith and courage and sympathy of the man, the abounding belief in the thing in which they believed. Not a boy that saw him there that day but will have more courage all his life because of what he said and

did when he came to the Berry School.

Some years ago, Theodore Roosevelt said to one of those whose social policies he had tried to aid: "I don't know much about the things for which you are working, but I believe in them. And what I have tried to be was a good sounding-board for them." And that was what he was for scores of progressive undertakings in his time. For child labor, for conservation, for more honest business practices, he was an admirable sounding-board; but for certain things which are back of those movements and without which, in the long run, any movement must die, for those qualities that we call human, he was more than a "sounding-board," he was the **very** apostle; and it was his natural expression of these qualities that endeared him to those with whom he was associated, and made even his critics, when they came in personal contact with him, forget everything in their pure joy in the man.

How after such a day as this at the Berry School, when rain-soaked and muddy he boarded his private car, calling back to the crowd of enthusiastic youngsters, "Well, boys, if you have enjoyed this day half as much as I have, you have had a bully time"—how could the boys and girls and everyone else at the Berry Schools do anything but remember and adore?

Miss Berry and Colonel Roosevelt beside the sight-seeing surrey which takes visitors about the great farms of the Berry Schools



WHEN THE WIND WAS RIGHT

By Stuart N. Lake

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TO me, there was always the wonder that Averill was in the army at all. He was so young, so utterly boyish that it was hard for me to realize that he had seen a year of fighting in France and a year and a half of suffering in hospitals afterward. Averill was the sort at whose feet a mother would worship and of whom a father must always have spoken with a pride that was perfectly pardonable to everyone who knew the son.

It has been my lot to see many men of various ages die in many different ways. I have heard much and observed something of the beauty to be found in serene Old Age as it faces the end of a long and useful life. But never have I known of one thing so awe-inspiring as the supremely confident approach of untarnished Youth to the Death which it knows is inevitable and which it knows is to end long ages of pain.

AVERILL enlisted in the army just before his seventeenth birthday. He was born in the heart of New York City and all but two years of his life up to the time he enlisted were spent where his only playground was the crowded street and his only sports those artificial ones with which city bred boys must content themselves. About the time when Averill was twelve years old, his father's business took the family to a small town in Maine where they lived until the boy was fourteen and business brought them back to the life of the city.

The spring of 1917 found Averill preparing to graduate from high school and the country at war. As I learned to know Averill, I easily understood why it was that he ran away from school, lied to a recruiting officer, and was on his way to France before his mother and father could obtain trace of him. The boy realized that if his whereabouts was known to them, his parents would demand and obtain his discharge from the army and, with the country at war, the army was the only place where Averill could be.

The awful pity of it was that Averill had to come home to his mother and father the shattered wreck of boyhood that he was when I first knew him. And yet, I think that if his mother and his father could have known him as I knew him toward the last and if they

could know the peace and the spirit that were their son's as he approached the Death he knew was near, their worship and their pride must so increase as to assuage the most poignant grief and, in its place, build up the sure and certain knowledge that their boy was a noble man.

Averill and I found a bond in our love for the small places. At least he seemed to find some pleasure in talking with me. For the most part, we talked of the New England town where he had spent the two happiest years of his short life or of the similar surroundings, a little farther West, in which I was born and raised.

I never will forget the joy that Averill took in finding out that I, too, had played "Run, Sheep, Run" and "Blacksmith," two games which I always had supposed to be peculiar to my own locality but which he informed me were two favorite twilight pastimes of the Maine boys he had known. Neither will I ever forget his pleased surprise upon learning that I, as well as he, had done much of my early swimming in a "Devil's Divin' Hole," or his laughing excitement when he found common ground for recollection in Saturday morning chases over field and fence with some irate neighbor's cat as the quarry and a typical collection of small boys' dogs as the pack.

Toward the end, as Averill grew weaker and our conversations came to consist more and more of fewer words and longer interludes, the boy's talk was mostly of remembrances of twilight times in the little town in Maine. He recalled the sounds and silences of the close of a country day and its merging into the night as though his whole life had been spent in that environment. He spoke of the frogs and imitated their pipings and their croakings, and of the katydids, and I remember that in almost all the last of our hours together he asked me if I recalled the way the robins used to sing just after a sunset shower.

IT was during this conversation that Averill voiced his pity for all children who must grow up in city streets and, in a burst of memory-inspired energy, told me of his hope that some day he could move back to the small town to live and work. Then he smiled rather wistfully and added, "I guess that'll

have to wait for my next trip. Light me a cigarette, will you?"

It was the next day that the nurse brought word that Averill wanted me to come in and sit with him and, as I went down the corridor to his room, she asked me not to stay long as the boy was very weak.

"I just wanted to talk about the country," Averill explained as I entered his room. "You don't mind, do you?"

Averill was lying as he had for eighteen months, flat on his back, but he turned his head on the pillow away from me to where he could watch the sun setting over the dirty roofs of smoky, squalid Hell's Kitchen. From the street below, came the shrill shrieks of the city urchins and, from a little farther away, the roar of the elevated trains and the crash of heavy trucks.

After a long silence, Averill turned his head and asked, "Do you remember, when the wind was right, the wonderful smell of the pines?"

I could only nod as the boy smiled and again turned his face to the window.

PRESENTLY Averill's breathing became so measured and so easily regular that I knew he must be asleep. I leaned over to make sure, and, muffling the tap of my crutches as best I could, I left him with the smile of happy recollection still on his boyish face.

It could not have been more than fifteen minutes later when the nurse came to tell me that Averill had gone.

"He looks so young and so happy, even now," she said striving to be professional and hold back tears that would not be denied. "He thought so much of you," she added, "I thought you might like to see him before the—the others came."

So, once more we went down the corridor and it was as she said. The boy was still lying with his eyes turned toward the setting sun and the smile that the fragrance of the pines had brought still caressed his face.

In the street the cries of the luckless urchins sounded and the elevated trains and trucks still roared and rattled but it almost seemed as I stood there that for a minute for me, too, *the wind was right and I could smell the perfume of the pines!*

MANNERS and MORALS of the ROAD

PNEUMATIC FEVER

By Albert Payson Terhune

Author of "Lad: A Dog," "Bruce," Etc.

UP the anecite slope, our little car made its way—on high. Thus, as we reached the crest, we were traveling at a bare nine miles an hour, which was decidedly lucky for us.

Two cars passed us, one going each way. The occupants of both of them pointed excitedly towards the rear half of our machine. At the same instant, we were aware of a bump, a grating, a sharp series of jounces and an uptilting of the dash-board. Then, thanks to our slow speed, we came to a jarring halt—in mid-highway.

Our rear axle—housing and all—had snapped in two.

Midway between the Berkshire towns of Stockbridge and Lenox, we were stranded, in a crippled car. The nearest village was several miles off.

The time was early October—a season when the splendid highroad was dotted with pleasure cars as well as with lowlier machines. Everything, from the priceless imported automobile to the humblest delivery truck, traveled past us during the next half hour.

And I had numberless chances to study human nature, as applied to my fellow motorists. I am here to testify that that same human nature has undergone a change for the better, since

the days when the sore-stricken victim of thieves lay on the Jericho road, while the Priest and the Levite passed by on the other side and left him to the chance mercies of a mere Samaritan.

(His case, by the way, was not wholly different from ours—except that the thieves dropped in on us, later on. They came from a garage and brought the bill for repairs. It was so large that it took two of them to bring it.)

WITHIN thirty seconds after our mishap—just as my wife and I were climbing out of the wrecked car to sum up the nature of the damage—a small delivery truck halted alongside. Its driver, a lank New Englander, asked with real interest, "Had an accident?"

"No," I made answer, in elephantine sarcasm. "It wasn't an accident. We did it on purpose! We're eccentric, that way."

Disregarding my flippancy, he glanced at my New Jersey license and said,

"You're pretty far from home.

What hotel are you stopping at?"

I told him. For he seemed a man bent on gleaning facts of interest as he passed through life, and he was impervious to snubs.

"Wait here a minute," he adjured us (as if there were anything for us to do but to wait), "and I'll hustle over to the first house that has a phone, and call up a good garage I know about and tell them to send a wrecking crew, with a new axle and housing. Then I'll take the young lady back to the hotel, while you stay here to look after the car till the garage folks can get to it."

And off he chugged,

leaving me ashamed of my own earlier crankiness toward him.

While he was away, telephoning, no less than eight other cars, of all degrees, passed us. Of these, four halted to survey the wreck. Three drivers volunteered to carry us to our hotel. And two of the three offered to telephone to some garage.

Back came our rescuer, with news that the garage people were short-handed that afternoon; but that the boss had promised, as a special favor to him, to send over the wrecking crew in a rush. Then he took my wife back to the four-mile distant hotel; refusing all pay for his troubles and time. I stayed on guard.

The wrecking crew came up, half an hour later. But, in the meantime, by actual count, fully twenty-four motorists had paused to ask if they could be of use or could give me a lift. They were folks of all sorts and conditions and in every variety of vehicle.

I cannot point a moral by saying that any special class predominated among the would-be Samaritans. The list included a tramp-like person in a torn shirt and a week's beard, who drove a rusty and patched ambulant junkheap. It included a stately old gentleman who descended from his enormous and



Manners: Some went by with an amused glance



Manners: He asked to help as one who begs a favor



Don't! All wild blossoms wilt quickly

gleaming limousine, and (waving back his eager chauffeur) came over to where I sat amid the ruins and inquired what he might do for me. He asked, as one who begs a favor; not as though conferring one.

Those two men were the extremes of the Samaritans. And there were representatives of every intervening grade.

That half hour of waiting, on the Stockbridge-Lenox road, taught me much.

Naturally, there were dozens of cars whose drivers or passengers went by with no more than an amusedly curious glance. But, also, there were the aforesaid twenty-four men and women who offered to help me.

On the other hand, the garage men, when at last they came up, made a bungling job of the repairing (first noting from my license plates that I came from far away and was evidently a mere transient from whom no future custom might be expected); and they overcharged me accordingly.

Perhaps I have dwelt overlong and windily on this trivial incident of disaster. But it seems to me to epitomize much of motorist-nature and to point an example that may be worth studying.

Motoring is still in its green and bumptious boyhood. For less than a score of years has it been in anything like common vogue. Wherefore—having no antiquity and no precedents—it has had to make up new rules as its game progressed.

When I say "new rules," I don't refer to "laws." Motor "laws" are very complete and, for the most part, very just. But they merely ordain what may or may not be done without incurring fines or imprisonment. They don't touch on the million phases of courtesy and fellowship and fair play and expedience which may make or mar the sport of automobiling.

One might imagine that the rules governing oldtime vehicular traffic would apply to motoring as well.

They do, but not only do they fail to cover one tithe of the ground; but the average motorist is a person who never in the old times had the chance to drive a horse twenty miles in the course of a whole year. His driving days began with the purchase of his car. And, too often, he is prone to behave, on the road, as though his were the only car in existence. Someone, much wiser than I, once declared:

"An automobile is an insult to everybody but its owner."

That is an epigram. And, unlike most epigrams, it comes strangely close to being true. For example:

Perhaps you are old enough to remember the sweet summer afternoons, in the country, before the Sabbath silences were rent by the screech of motor-horns, and before the whiz of fast-flying cars proved to pedestrians and horse vehicles the peril of ventur-

ing forth for an hour's exercise at such a time.

Noon dinner had been eaten and digested. And the afternoon driving began. Naturally, the predominant note in it was the painfully close-shaven youth in Sunday garb, seated in a shiningly clean buggy, with a proud and muslin-clad maiden at his side. The horse was groomed to the minute. Often there was a gay bow of ribbon on the whipstock.

Then there was the big and roomy old family carryall, drawn by a big and roomy old family horse; and with both seats chock-full of happy grown-ups and children out for the week's chief diversion. And, here and there, jogged the two-horse team, bearing sombrely clad but calmly pleased churchgoers home from afternoon services.

An occasional horseback rider or a span of spanking trotters varied the scene. Along the warm and shady and softly dust-coated road, the cavalcade ambled.

The road itself was not so good (in one sense) as now. You could not roller-skate on it; nor make sixty miles an hour thereon with pneumatic tires. But neither did its flinty surface ruin horses' feet, as now. And its warm softness was grateful to tired human soles, too.

The worst danger lurking abroad, in those dreamy days, was the semi-demi-occasional runaway horse. But he was a rarity. The Sunday afternoon drive was a joy. A safe joy, at that. Not hysterically hilarious, perhaps; nor starred with such diverting spectacles as smashups and tire-repairing. But still a joy! So was the rambling Sunday afternoon walk, with the dogs.

What happened then?

Into this leafy and sunshiny summer world of Sabbath afternoon drives and walks, whirled and hooted a metal monster; raising avalanches of dust, choking and spattering less lucky passers-by; scaring (at first) a myriad horses into running away; making the quiet Sunday buggy-drives an hourly peril; waking sleepers and harrowing the nerves of sick people along the way; running over and killing such dogs and chickens as lounged in slumbrous fearlessness in the middle of the yellow road.

That is what happened. It happened in every nook and corner of these United States and the rest of the civilized earth. In time, of course, horses grew used to the rackety newcomer. Dogs—those that lived long enough to learn—forgot they had once been safe and slunk back from the road edge, in fright, at the sound of the rolling canicide's honk. Chickens, having no sense to speak of, continued to perish under the flying wheels.

Then, with smoother roads, came stringent motor laws to lessen the menace to life and limb. And some-



Do! Slow down in passing animals

times—those laws are obeyed. But who, recalling the old and safe and peaceful times, can argue against the grim dictum: "An automobile is an insult to everybody but its owner?"

Yet, the "insult" in most cases is due to mere thoughtlessness, not to intent. If motorists would stop to remember a few potent facts, the "insult" would surely abate its insolence and, in time, might even turn into something like a compliment.

Here—awkwardly expressed—is my idea:

On entering another man's house, you would not make the rooms resound with hideous and needless din. You would not bump into furniture, nor grind out the life of his pet dog under your heel, nor ruin his floors by digging your hobnailed boots into them. Apart from other considerations of decency, you would remember that he was your host.

Well, the farmers and suburbanites,

Pneumatic Fever

past whose homes you motor, are also your hosts. They are sometimes unwilling hosts, perhaps. But they are yet your hosts.

Their money bought the forests and meadows and hills and gardens and houses which go to make up the scenery you are enjoying. Their taxes laid out and still keep up the fine new roads you are spinning over. In brief, you are riding at these people's expense. It is they who have provided every detail of the region you are traversing. You supply the car. But their hard-scraped savings have supplied all the rest.

By way of reward, their roads are rutted and otherwise banged out of shape by your juggernaut tires and heedless driving. Their sweet roadside woods, in spring, are despoiled of the dogwood and wild azalea and every other flowering tree and shrub within reach. (Note the tonneaus piled high with wilting wildflowers and huge flowering branches, on the way back from a Sunday outing.)

Those same woods and their meadows and lanes are littered with the remnants of your picnic lunch and with town newspapers and every other form of débris. Their chickens are run over, as they stray heedlessly out from the dooryard. Their cats and their dogs are maimed or crushed by you. Their sylvan quiet is invaded by the machine-gun roar of the muffler cut-out, and of the siren. Their air is rendered dusty and malodorous by wheel and by gas. They are paying your bills. You are robbing their neighborhood of all its olden peace and charm.

Is it fair? Think it over.

There are so many, *many* ways of lessening the nuisance, now that the nuisance has become necessary and has grown to be a national institution!

In the first place, if you want to travel at break-neck speed, take passage in the Twentieth Century Express or some other railroad flyer. It will move at a faster pace and keeps up its

speed for a much longer time than will the swiftest automobile. Also, it will do this with far less danger to everyone concerned and without disturbing quiet rural neighborhoods. Incidentally, in such a train you can get an infinitely better view of the surrounding country than when you are whirling through that country in a motor car.

If you yearn for the exultation of loud noise, get a pass to some gun-testing range and then refuse the plugs of cotton offered you for your ears. The effect will be far more sensational than any you can attain by using the cut-out of your car. And nobody but yourself will be deafened or scared thereby; or jarred out of a sick-room sleep.

Why not keep your car's speed down to twenty miles an hour? Your grandfather would have thought he was flying, if he had moved at an hourly rate of twenty miles, in any road vehicle.

That pace is twice as fast—for any length of time—as the best horse could draw you. It will suffice to gratify any reasonable yearning for speed. At the same time, it will not only give you an ample view of the landscape, but will enable you to slow down or to swerve, in case you round a turn and find in front of you a dog, or a flock of hens, or a drove of cows, or an absent-minded pedestrian, or a baby who has toddled out into the highway.

Nor will you need to raise one half so much dust or make half so much racket as when "letting her out."

If a straight and smooth stretch of road tempts you to test your car's speed, why not regard the temptation as on a par with that of carving your initials on your host's dinner table? In other words, as something possibly desirable, but assuredly out of the question?

To slow down for passing live stock; to have a wary eye and a restraining hand when rounding corners; to avoid all needless noise and dust; these are things which need not detract from your own legitimate pleasure in the drive and which will add to the joy of life for those whose neighborhood you chance to be visiting.

The wild flowers are pretty. Perhaps they would look nice in your home. But they will no longer beautify the fields and the roadside for the denizens of the region or for future motorists, if you tear them up by the roots and carry them away. Even now, the woods in many parts of the country are denuded of such flowers; as well as of dogwood and laurel. And motorists denuded them.

Taken all in all, can you wonder that broken glass and tacks strew so many roads? Pedestrians are only human.

When I speak of avoiding needless noise, I do not refer to

the sounding of the horn at the proper times. That is a highly necessary precaution and one that motorists seem to be neglecting more and more. A single blast will warn people on the other side of a road-bend that a car is coming, and will let them get out of the way. Also, the warning honk has often saved the car in front from halting too suddenly; and has permitted it to draw aside for the oncomer.

Less and less often, of late years, is the horn sounded at these needful times. And oftener and oftener it is blared, by way of a joke, when speeding past a church, during service; or when passing through some sleeping village, late at night.

The "gasless Sundays," of 1918, gave a too-short respite from racket and from menace; and brought back, for a



"I couldn't be seen in that car!"

pitifully brief space, the smiling ghost of the dear old country Sabbath. But it was only a ghost. And, all too soon, it was forever laid.

Yes, I realize there are at least ninety "bright answers" to these pleas for consideration that I have just voiced. The foremost of them is:

"There aren't any innocent outsiders to be annoyed by motorists, any more. Everyone owns a car."

If I have heard that glib lie once, I have heard it a hundred times. To say, "Everyone owns a car!" is like uttering the time-honored midsummer phrase, "Everyone's out of town at this season!"

At all seasons of the year, full ninety per cent of a city's population is still "in town." And, as for saying, "Everyone owns a car!"—well, here are some figures:

The total number of car-owners in our entire nation is approximately the same as is the total population of New York City.

In New York State, in 1919, one person in twenty-three owned an automobile of some sort. In other words, less than five per cent of the



"I'm lonely; come along!"

State's population were motorists. In the United States, at large, in 1919, one person in eighteen was an automobile owner. Thus, there were seventeen people to be annoyed by the eighteenth person's car. Seventeen people who owned no car, who got no benefits from a car and yet had to pay taxes for motor roads and to risk life and limb from the speed or carelessness of drivers. In short, to seventeen people out of eighteen, an automobile was an "insult" and incidentally a peril and a nuisance.

By the way, you eighteenth man or woman—after you have made your car as little of a pest as you can to the other seventeen men and women—here is something else you can do; something to turn your car to real humanitarian account and at no extra expense to yourself: When you are going for a drive, whether for business or for pleasure, why not remember that there are seventeen people, to any one of whom a seat in your machine would be a real treat? These people get few drives, if any. They would not insist on being taken through the most beautiful roads, or on stopping at expensive road-houses.

Just to sit back in a comfortable car seat and to feel the cool air on their faces and to draw in deep breaths of it and to rejoice in the motion and in the change of scene, would be a godsend to them.

It would be so little trouble to you to go a block out of your way and to stop at the home of some car-less acquaintance with the hail of:

"I'm lonely; and I have to drive to such-and-such a place. Won't you please come along?"

So much for the attitude of motorists toward non-motorists. And now for the equally big theme of the attitude of motorists toward each other; a theme which I realize, quite as well as do you, I am not at all competent to cope with.

Perhaps the worst sin of all, under this head, is what is vulgarly called "motor hoggishness." Why a moderately well mannered and considerate

man should suffer from an acute attack of super-selfishness as soon as he starts to drive a car, is a mystery beyond my poor powers to solve. Unless, perhaps, the very newness of the sport has left it lacking in ethics. In the days of exclusive horse vehicles, one saw practically none of this spirit. It is an offspring of the motor craze.

Take an eight-hour Sunday drive, anywhere along a well-traveled road. Note, then, the people who will risk your safety and their own and deluge you with dust, for the mere sake of passing you; or of plunging through traffic gaps, where a six inch misjudging of distance must cause accident. I do not refer to doctors or to other motorists with legitimate reasons for haste; but to the driver whose sole excuse for whizzing past you is the peculiar itching demon of precedence which possesses him. Once ahead of you, he will often loaf along at a speed no greater than your own, until he spies, in front, another car which lures him into the craving to pass it.

THIS zest for needless haste—and too often for criminally dangerous haste—is perhaps twin brother to the impulse which leads dozens of ferry passengers to crowd to the front rail of a boat and to fling themselves forward in a mad stampede for the runway, the instant the gates are opened—and then to waste five minutes in staring at something of interest in the street beyond.

The porcine tendency of motorists is strong in the matter of parking; heedless whether or not the car ahead shall have room to manoeuvre its way out of the spot it has halted in. The tendency is still stronger, in the case of two acquaintances whose cars meet in a road and who come to a dead stop, the cars blocking the whole highway while the owners converse.

Carelessness, rather than anything worse, is usually to blame for the failure to put out a warning hand to one side, when one is about to stop or to turn. The same heedlessness makes the required use of the horn an all but dead letter.

On a Hudson River ferryboat, at one of the crossings some distance above the city, two years ago, a line of cars were filing slowly aboard a boat. Into the line dashed a fast-rushing late arrival. Deftly the newcomer cut into the narrow gap between two other cars; yet not so

deftly as to avoid denting the mud-guard of the rear car and smashing the tail-light of the car ahead. Deaf to fellow motorists' protests, the interloping driver kept his stolen place.

When the boat had started, he left his seat and went forward for a smoke. His departure was the signal for three other motorists to descend from their perches and walk up to his car. With no preconceived arrangement among them, they proceeded to do horrible things to that absentee hog's deserted machine. They cut every tire, including the "spare;" they took off the carburetor and tossed it into the river. They crippled the running gear and disconnected the steering wheel.

The outraged owner came back while they were at work. Without heeding his howled complaints, they went on quietly with their task of demolition. Two other motorists buttonholed the man and told him in terse words just what they thought of him. Then, when the boat reached its dock, the quintette pushed his useless car ashore for him, handed him their cards and drove off. It was my first experience in seeing a motorhog adequately punished by fellow motorists.

MOTOR snobbery calls for a high place in the roster of automobile sins. Of old, the man with a hundred-dollar buggy was practically never made to feel uncomfortable in the presence of the owner of a three-hundred-dollar rig. Yet, the driver of every moderate priced car can tell some such story.

"By their cost ye shall know them." Not by their service and economy and general usefulness.

A man, whom I remembered as a section hand and who had rolled up a few thousand dollars on a sub-contract, met us one day as we were driving our well-beloved little car.

"Nice handy boat you've got there!" he commented pleasantly, "I'd like to have one of those. But," with a sigh of renunciation, "of course a man of my standing



(Left) *Don't!* (Note people who risk their safety and yours)



(Right) *Do!* (Signal when slowing down or changing course)

couldn't afford to be seen in such a cheap machine."

Yet one of the few men I know, who is indecently rich and is at the same time great, drives invariably in the cheapest standard make of car. Apparently a man of *his* "standing" could afford to be seen in a wheelbarrow. It is a nasty commentary on our national taste that noses should be turned up at mention of pretty and serviceable cars which are within the buyers' means; and that admiring respect should be shown a car whose purchase often entails the mortgaging of one's house.

Did you ever notice that the average woman drives an automobile better and more cleverly and with more wise caution than does the average man? Well, it is true; and I have proved it by years of somewhat close observation. There are exceptions, of course, but the rule holds. And this is odd; for the average man used to drive a horse better than the average woman. Nor is woman a road hog or otherwise a pest to her fellow motorists.

I am not saying all this with any intent of throwing bouquets but because I have found it almost invariably true. And so will you, if you make a study of it.

In Southern California, recently, a crusade was started against reckless and hoggish driving. In Los Angeles, for instance, record was kept of all accidents and of their causes and of the precise localities where they occurred. Hence, the crusade began by placarding certain corners and other places with signs which read somewhat like this:

"ON THIS SPOT, LAST YEAR, A CRIPPLE WAS RUN OVER"

"ON THIS SPOT, LAST YEAR, A CHILD WAS KILLED"

"ON THIS SPOT THREE FATAL ACCIDENTS HAVE HAPPENED"

The placards went on to warn autoists to use greater care and consideration.

The request was enforced by no less than one-hundred-and-one motor arrests in a single day—to inaugurate the crusade.

Out there, too, they have an excellent automobile law which might be copied with much profit elsewhere in the country. It deals with the hand-signalling when slowing down or when changing one's course. It runs: "Hand up when turning to the right. Hand out straight when turning to the left. Hand down when about to stop."

In spite of this good law and of other laws as wise, I heard fewer motor horns sounded in California than anywhere else in my travels. To blow a warning blast, when rounding a corner or a curve, was an exception rather than a rule.

The garage man is the legitimate successor to the Village Blacksmith. But the blacksmith, nearly always, was an efficient and conscientious craftsman; civil in his own way and ninety-five per cent dependable. He had generations of precedent and of self-respect to fall back on.

The garage man is sometimes a treasure. Oftener he is not. Too often, he either is lacking in full knowledge of his trade; or turns the job over to a bungling "learner;" or is content to patch up a strangers' car well enough to enable it to travel a few miles further, without bothering to do a careful and workmanlike job on it.

His is a new occupation. His ancestors were never in it. He has no precedent to go by. Frequently, he has gone into the garage business for the catch-penny living it offers; rather than from any true love or calling for the work. He can make or mar your trip. And, thus far, no enforceable law has been framed to hold him to account.

In spite of this, you will find innumerable first class garage men—efficient, courteous and quick. If only such men would form a guild or brotherhood or league for the protection of motorists from less competent or less honest mechanics, they would (indirectly) swell their own profits.

I find I have painted the vicissitudes of the road at such length that there is scant space left to touch on the better side of the subject. Nor am I wholly sorry for this. It is needed. And I have a scriptural antecedent for it. Look at the Ten Commandments, for instance. No less than seven of them begin with "Thou shalt *NOT!*"

Yet the other and brighter side is very bright indeed. Witness the incident of our breakdown in the Berkshires.

My experience on the Stockbridge-Lenox highway was not at all exceptional. And it speaks a loud word for the innate kindness and the urge toward helpfulness that lies hidden but alert, in the heart of nearly every motoring pleasure seeker.

It is on the strength of this magnificent trait that I have here ventured to point out to him (to "him" not to "her" because she seldom needs such censure!) the annoying faults into which his careless holiday spirit has lured him; and the means whereby he may easily correct them.

We're such good fellows, we motorists—such generous, kind, friendly chaps! Sha'n't we get together and smooth out our irritating little foibles that spoil other people's fun and which make some of them retort with broken glass and tacks on the road, and sha'n't we try to make them like us better?

Sha'n't we? It's so simple and so very much worth while.

We're youngsters yet, we motorists. We weren't born until 1898. That was the year the automobile was turned out as a so-called "practicable commercial machine." At best, we're only twenty-two. Most of us are years younger. One can't expect old heads on young shoulders like ours.

But already we are doing a lot better than we did, a decade ago. Suppose we speed up our improvement a notch or two? That is one form of speed mania which will make a universal hit with the seventeen-eightieths of Americans who are still car-less.

It's up to us!

GET THE NONSENSE HABIT

NONSENSE is a fine art.

It is a great antidote to the Tower of Babel, which is the great symbol of man's devitalizing seriousness.

The secret of the tremendous hold of the "movies" on people is rooted in their sheer nonsense. They are the necessary antidote to the hours piled on hours of common sense that we must hold like a loaded pistol pointed at the world in our struggle for existence.

Open the valves of nonsense. It is the topsy-turvy Castle in the Air. It is a fairy land that the most hopelessly grown-up among us can enter.

Nonsense is a break in order, a sudden break in the chain of cause and effect,

that old leaden chain that wears us down with the eternal inevitability.

A nonsensical word, a nonsensical idea, a nonsensical situation causes a sudden explosion in us like the dropping of a bomb filled with the laughter of the fairies in the tired trenches of the brain.

Nonsensical literature is a storehouse of wisdom. It is of the wisdom that isn't wise. There is more wisdom in the adventures of "Alice in Wonderland" than in all the lamentations of old grouch Solomon. Reason sees her wrinkles turn to creased and illuminating laughter.

In our strenuous American life to-day there isn't enough of the spirit of wag-gery and tomfoolery. Horse-play is not

necessarily nonsense. It is generally vulgar, and the true God of Nonsense is not vulgar. He is even intellectual. Many believe "Don Quixote" to be the greatest book ever written. Well, it is the finest bit of intellectual nonsense ever penned.

Be Don Quixote one hour each day. Charge windmills, wear your mantle of humbug unashamedly.

On the higher levels, Chesterton and Shaw have opened the sparkling Burgundy of Nonsense. On the popular level, we have Charlie Chaplin—a very genius of clownish nonsense!

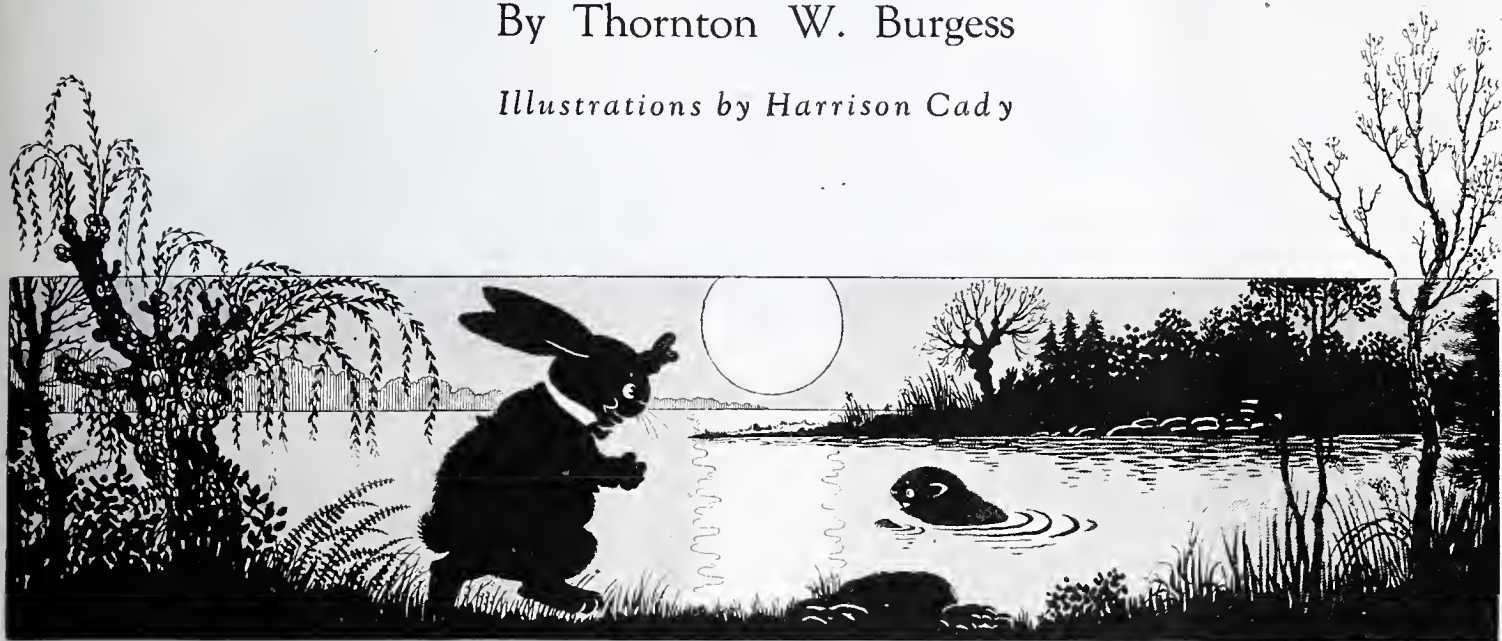
Salute the great god, Bunk.

Get the nonsense habit! Let the keen air of a little humbug in on your steam-heated grouch!

PETER RABBIT GETS A NEW IDEA

By Thornton W. Burgess

Illustrations by Harrison Cady



"What's funny?" demanded a voice
which came right out of the water

HAPPY-GO-LUCKY was Peter Rabbit as he hopped over a Black Shadow that lay across the Lone Little Path and then scampered on through the moonlight. It is Peter's nature to be happy-go-lucky. He takes things as they come and seldom gives a thought to anything beyond the present moment.

This was just such a night as Peter loves. It was Fall and the air was just cool enough to make running and jumping a joy. The silvery light of Mistress Moon sifted down through the trees and made strange shadows. Brown leaves rustled under his feet. Now and then a nut, shaken loose by a wandering Little Night Breeze, caused Peter to give an extra little hop as it struck the ground on one side or the other of the Lone Little Path.

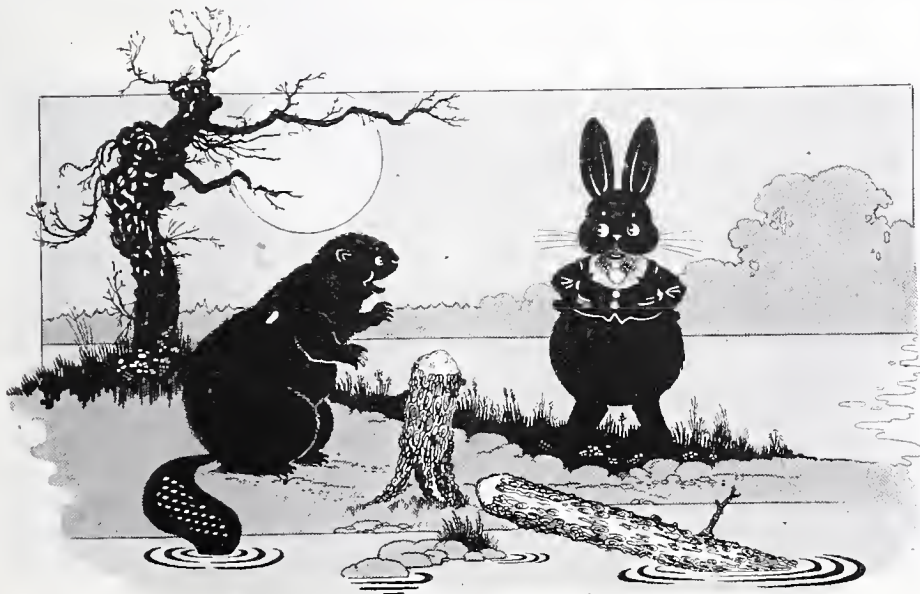
Peter was bound nowhere in particular, which usually is just where Peter is bound. Suddenly he cut a hop short and sat up, his head cocked a bit to one side and his long ears standing straight up. The sound of a distant crash had startled him, the crash of a falling tree. For a few minutes he sat there listening, but no other

sound reached him save the distant hunting call of Hooty the Owl, and the faint baying of Bowser the Hound as he chased Reddy Fox far over in the Old Pasture. Peter smiled when he heard these sounds for they told him that he had nothing to fear from either Hooty or Reddy for a while anyway.

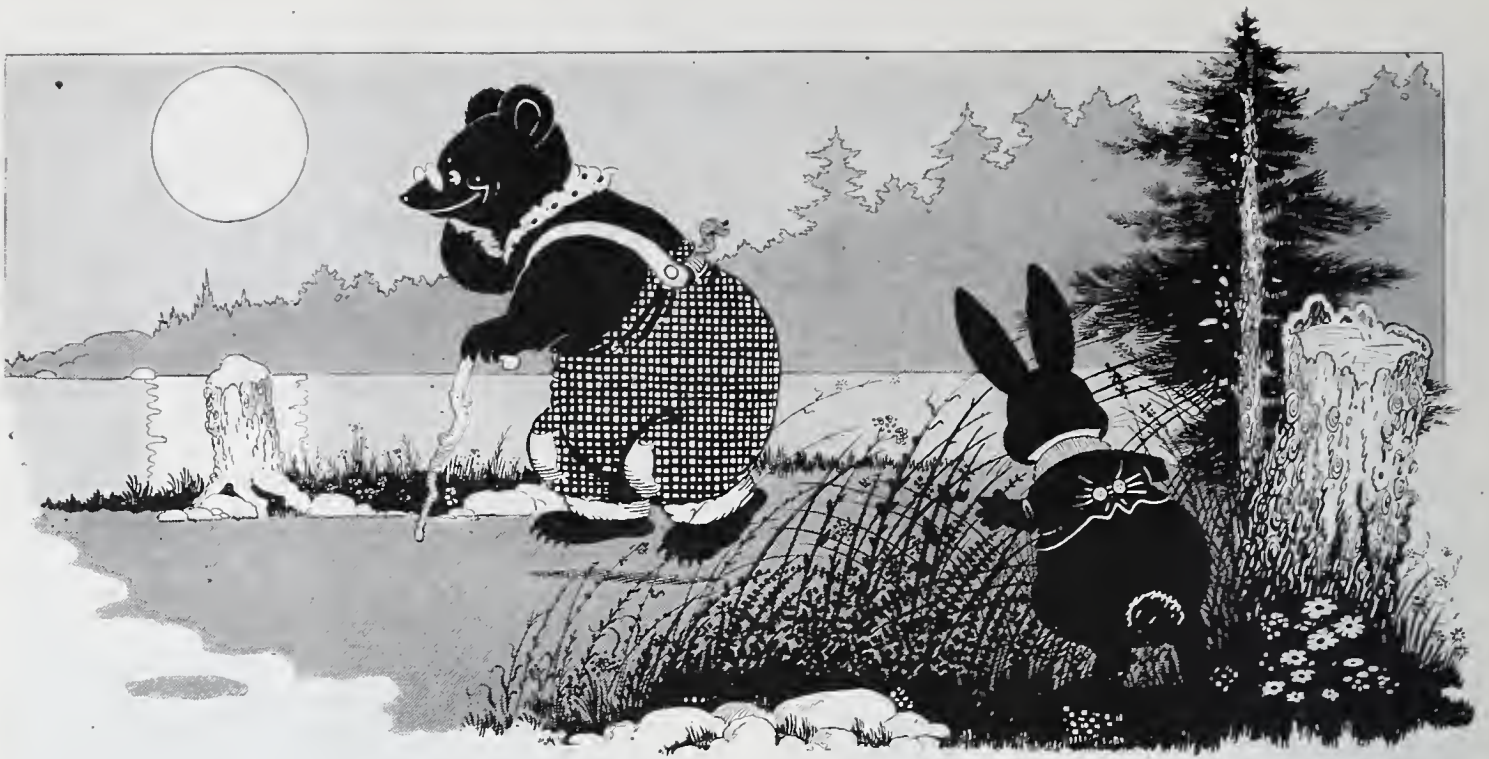
But what had made that crash? Peter scratched a long ear with a long hind foot. Then he scratched the other long ear with the other long hind foot. After that he scratched his nose. All of this scratching meant that Peter was thinking. Somehow he always thinks better when he scratches. At least he appears to.

"That was queer," muttered Peter. "That crash was made by a falling tree. Nothing else could make such a noise as that. But there isn't wind enough

moving to-night to even rustle the leaves, and so it couldn't have been blown over. If Farmer Brown's boy had chopped it down, I would have heard the chopping. They wouldn't be chopping down a tree in the night anyway. I wonder!"



"You mean where does it go to?" replied Paddy, with a twinkle in his eye



Peter held his breath, for this was Buster Bear

Peter didn't finish. He suddenly jumped straight up in the air and then started off, lipperty-lipperty-lip, as fast as he could go in the direction from which that crash had come. "It was Paddy the Beaver!" said Peter to himself. "As sure as big jumps take a fellow over the ground faster than little hops, it was Paddy the Beaver who cut that tree. I hope he'll cut another so I can see him do it."

Peter scampered along deeper and deeper into the Green Forest. At length, he saw an opening among the trees ahead of him. When he reached the edge of it he was also on the edge of a beautiful little pond. It was the pond of Paddy the Beaver. Peter could remember when there had been no pond at all there, nothing but the Laughing Brook.

He gave no thought to this, however, but hurried around one side of the pond towards the upper end where grew some poplar trees a little back from the water. Peter knew Paddy well enough to be sure that he would waste no time cutting other trees when he could get poplar. So Peter scampered along in his usual heedless fashion and all but tumbled head first into a ditch full of water. He managed to just save himself on the very edge.

"That's funny!" he exclaimed aloud.

"What's funny?" demanded a voice which came from right out of the water in front of him, and a brown head appeared from the Black Shadows that lay across the canal.

"Hello, Paddy!" cried Peter. "It's funny I don't remember this ditch. It is a wonder I didn't tumble into it and get soaking wet."

"There's noth-

ing funny about it," retorted Paddy the Beaver. "You don't remember seeing it because you never have seen it until now. It wasn't here the last time you paid me a visit. And Peter, I'll thank you not to call it a ditch. It's a canal. That's what it is—a canal."

"But if this ditch, I mean canal, wasn't here the last time I visited you, how does it happen to be here now? Where did it come from?" persisted Peter, looking more puzzled than ever.

"You mean where does it go to," replied Paddy with a twinkle in his eyes. "It comes from my pond and it goes over near those poplar trees, and it didn't happen at all. Mrs. Paddy and I dug it! Things worth while seldom happen, Peter Rabbit. They are the result of good planning and hard work."

Peter followed with his eyes the silver line of the canal for many feet towards the poplar trees. He saw how neatly the earth had been piled along one bank. "Phew!" he exclaimed. "What an awful amount of work! Just thinking of it makes me tired. What good does it do? I believe in getting all the pleasure possible out of life. There isn't any sense in working all the time. What is this canal for anyway?"

"To save work," replied Paddy, his eyes still twinkling.

Peter looked very hard at Paddy to see if he were joking, but Paddy's face was now too sober to even hint at such a thing. "Hump!" said Peter, "Why don't you talk sense? The idea of working to save work! Ha, ha, that's a good one! Ha, ha! I



Lightfoot the deer came down on the far side of the pond

always thought you had a lot of common sense, Paddy, but you must have lost all of it since I was over here last. The idea of doing a lot of hard work like this and then saying you did it to save work! That's the most foolish talk I ever have heard."

Just then there was a splash somewhere up the canal near the poplar trees and Peter saw something moving towards them in the water. A minute or two later Mrs. Paddy passed them, towing a log. She nodded to Peter as she passed and kept on down the canal and out into the pond with that log. She had moved along quite rapidly and smoothly. "How long do you suppose it would have taken her to drag that log over land to the pond?" asked Paddy quietly. Then he answered his own question. "It would have taken her several times as long and every inch of the way she would have had to do the hardest kind of work, tugging and pushing it over the uneven ground, and all the time having to keep a watchful eye out for Buster Bear or Old Man Coyote. Perhaps you noticed that as it was, she made no work at all of swimming with that log, and being in the water she had nothing to fear.

"But I can't stay here gossiping; I've got to much to do." With this Paddy started up the canal. Peter followed along the bank.

When Paddy reached the end of the canal, he first made sure that no enemy was about. Then he climbed out and waddled over to a freshly cut poplar tree from which all the branches had been trimmed. This he began to cut into short logs. Soon Mrs. Paddy joined him and they worked steadily. They wasted no time. When a log had been cut they hauled it to the canal and rolled it in. Then one of them towed it down the canal and out into the pond and sank it in the food-pile they were making near their house, for the bark of those logs was to furnish them food in the winter. Meanwhile, the other kept right on cutting another log.

Peter sat about and watched. He tried to get Paddy to talk, but Paddy informed him that he had no time for idle gossip and went right on working. Just watching them made Peter tired. Yes, sir, it made Peter actually tired, for Peter never works. He saw Paddy cut another tree by biting out chips all the way around it with his



"Mr. and Mrs. Quack, the Mallard ducks raised a big family here in the summer

great teeth. Just as it was ready to fall, he slapped the ground hard with his great flat tail as a warning to get out of the way; then he and Mrs. Paddy dived into the canal and there they remained for some time after the tree had fallen with a crash.,

You see they knew that there were keen ears in the Green Forest whose owners

would know just what that crash meant. Sure enough, a few minutes later, a big black form suddenly appeared in the moonlight almost in front of where Peter was squatting under a little hemlock tree. Peter held his breath, for this was Buster Bear. Buster sat up and looked over the ground where Paddy and Mrs. Paddy had been at work. He grinned good-naturedly and after a few minutes shuffled off. He hadn't really expected to surprise them at work. He had merely wanted to satisfy himself that that crash had been made by them. There were plenty of sweet beechnuts on which to dine and it would be time enough to think of a Beaver dinner when these were gone.

As soon as the sound of Buster's shuffling footsteps had died away, Paddy and Mrs. Paddy hurried back to work to make up for lost time: Peter watched a while longer, then stole away over to Paddy's pond and around to the dam at the lower end. There he squatted under a little pile of brush where he could look out over that little pond.

Just as the first Jolly Little Sunbeams began chasing away the Black Shadows, Paddy and Mrs. Paddy came swimming down the pond. They climbed out on the end of the dam close to where Peter was squatting. Their night's work was done and they had come over there to rest a while before going to their house for a well-earned sleep. Presently

Lightfoot the Deer came down on the far side of the pond and with his fore feet in the water drank his fill. Then, with his beautiful head held high, he stood for a few minutes enjoying the beauty of that quiet place.

Hardly had Lightfoot vanished, when Buster Bear appeared for his morning drink. He splashed about in the shallow water for a while and then with a satisfied grunt shuffled off. Billy Mink swam out from



Billy Mink—holding between his paws the trout which he took ashore and ate

behind Paddy's house, dived and a moment later popped up with a trout in his mouth which he took ashore and ate.

PADDY THE BEAVER gave a little sigh of satisfaction. "They all enjoy our pond," said he. "Mr. and Mrs. Quack, the Mallard Ducks, raised a big family here in the summer and said it was the best nesting place they had ever known. Honker the Goose will spend a day or two here to rest on his way to the Sunny South. He ought to be along in a few days. And all of them have us to thank. We built this dam that makes this pond. It took a lot of hard work and there is a lot of work keeping it up, but it has been, and is, work worth while.

"We built this dam and made this pond for ourselves that we might build our house out there in deep water and live in comfort and safety. But no one can do honest, constructive work for himself without benefiting all his neighbors. It is funny that long-legged bunch of laziness can't get that into his funny little head."

Peter sat up abruptly. "He—he must mean me!" he exclaimed under his breath, and indignantly prepared to hop out and tell Paddy just what he thought of him. But just then Paddy began to talk again and Peter squatted down, for he wanted to hear what more Paddy might say.

"I'm sorry for him. I'm truly sorry for him," continued Paddy. "He hasn't found out that there is more pleasure in a thing you have worked for than in anything else. We've got to work hard to get that food-pile big enough to last all winter, but when the job is finished we won't have a thing to worry about. We'll have all winter to rest in, a comfortable home where no harm can come to us, and plenty to eat. Poor Peter will have to hustle to keep from starving from day to day when snow and ice come. That's the way with happy-go-lucky people who never look ahead and are too lazy to work. Why, work is *fun* if you only make it so. And nobody can do honest work without making

the Great World a better place to live in, better for everybody. Well, let's go over to the house and go to bed. I'm tired enough to really enjoy sleep."

Paddy and Mrs. Paddy slipped into the water and Peter saw them no more. For a long time, he sat there thinking. There was a new idea in that queer little head of his. "I believe," said he slowly, "that Paddy really does enjoy working, though I can't understand how he can. It is true that his work has added a lot to the Green Forest. It has done a lot for other people. They are glad that he and Mrs. Paddy are here. I wonder if anybody is glad I am here."

PETER sighed wistfully. Then he thought of little Mrs. Peter waiting for him in the dear Old Briar-patch and his face brightened. "There is one, anyway, who is glad I am alive, but if I don't get home pretty soon she'll think I'm not," said he, and started for the dear Old Briar-patch, lipperty-lipperty-lip, as fast as he could go.



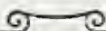
THE BUILDER

By Gerrit A. Beneker

I am the Builder; on my throne
Of iron and wood and steel and stone,
I stand the Builder, but not alone:—
In God's own image, from God's own plan
From common clay, He built Me, Man.
From common clay, He raised the ban
That I might live—but not alone.

From God's own earth I scoop the ore,
The coal I mine, the rock I bore,
The lightning's flash from the air I store:—
This clay fuse I—with fire to mock
The Ancient Gods; their temples rock,
Crash back to earth; tongues interlock
To build no Babel as of yore.

Where once a hillock was but small,
I build the city towering tall,
The peasant's hut, the marble hall:—
With men from many a foreign strand,
I build with heart and soul and hand
America—the Promised Land!



THE SUITABLE PARENT

By Elizabeth J. Woodward

PARENTHOOD is the best paying profession, and likewise the most democratic, being of the people; confined by no class lines; limited by no discrimination in regard to race and by no educational qualifications. It is the best paid and the most honorable of professions and yet it is the only one which requires of its members less preparation than is demanded for any trade, business, or gainful work. Small wonder that The Suitable Parent is not met on the threshold of every home.

One grows in his profession. The Suitable Parent does not arise Sir Knight from the first touch of his baby's hand. He has certain basic virtues already established; he is a good citizen; he is a loyal spouse, reverencing the sharer of his great hope and the home to which they have invited their blessing; he has a fairly clear idea of the direction in which he is moving, and a wholesome belief that this is a worthwhile world into which to bid an unknown young person enter. Though he has thought of parenthood as a state to be entered into soberly and advisedly, parenthood being conferred, he finds that he needs must work to merit the Ph.D. of Suitability. Willy-nilly he must study his own child.

WITH parenthood comes new and legitimate self-importance, for the parent is more than an individual, more than a pendant, however jeweled, at the end of a chain of ancestors. He is a link in the chain of progress. The birth of the child is not only an incident in the family history; it may be, for generations to come, an advent of world importance, for the child is not his exclusive own, he is a cosmic influence and belongs to the society which he will help to create. The Suitable Parent respects the individuality of the members of the next generation, especially after several children honor his home, each with such a marked and varied personality that the miracle is that all of them should call him Father. He recognizes each child as unique, like no other soul that has ever lived on Earth, but his sense of humor reminds him that the same is true of his neighbor's tiresome children!

Two individuals look out through the solemn, searching, baby eyes, and the Suitable Parent never forgets it. Seeing the dependent child who claims his birthright of joy and love and cherishing from the two who have promised it to him, and seeing also the potential man who must "carry the dark world nearer to the sun," he knows that the thistledown child with confiding hand

in Father's, merits all the joy the hour can hold; yet he is keen with feeling that the hour is the seed of the years to come when the firm handclasp will be only a memory to the son who walks alone. He is glad when the pattering footsteps lengthen to keep pace with his own. He is gladder still—it is heroic to be glad—when his son strides on ahead to make a world for his father to live in. Father and Mother look always forward, not with temperamental vision, but "Put yourself in his place" is a good work-a-day maxim when "Do unto others" seems a bit too large for the occasion. Looking forward they gain courage to demand responsibility; courage to turn the child face out to the world while he has home behind him. Home is the golden milestone but no one who lingers at the doorstep has ever touched the horizon that may be seen from it nor brought back the gold that lies at the end of the rainbow. The Suitable Parent puts the duty of growth above the longing to keep the child close to him. He puts his child's ultimate good first, but keeps it so far ahead that the foreground is clear for every-day action. At times, his most conspicuous duty seems to be to sit on the lid of Original Sin—not hard enough to keep the steam from escaping—meantime gathering to himself faith, sanity, or a sense of humor to prevent him from seeing each passing fancy as an ineradicable tendency and to save him from despair as one bad trait after another appears in his child, coincident with second teeth; with that awkward age when girl and boy can best be spared from general society; or with all-wise and all-important one-and-twenty. The long look into the future gives him courage to deny, to prune, to check, in the little present, the old Adam that the child's ancestors—on the other side of the family!—have carefully nurtured. He has courage to see the child through a siege of dentistry in order that his manly smile may disclose the perfect result; courage for adenoids, for appendicitis, even for dancing school. But it takes still more fortitude to make the child suffer in some sacrifice that he cannot understand; to curb and guide and give him pain in the struggle to win a moral beauty. The Suitable Parent teaches, and shows, the joy of endeavor.

THE Suitable Parent cultivates intimacy with his children. The time comes when son and daughter love mother and father as individuals, for their lovable traits; their sympathetic understanding; for the ideals they hold

in common; but this greater love is never the reward of the man who disregards the first steps his child takes towards him, the first treading of the precious path that must never be neglected between them. If he can meet with respectful seriousness, the young discoverer's dead-in-earnest announcement that the soapy water, in which he is, theoretically, washing his hands, can be made into "wonderful curly waves," his responsive interest will lead straight to the day when the boy will offer, with equal confidence, the new words that Johnny Smith taught him and that got him into disgrace when he repeated them. "Why did they, Father?" he will ask—and Father will know then that he can give his son such knowledge of good and evil as shall be as the shield and armor of Galahad.

THE Suitable Parent keeps his enthusiasms, uses all the tact the Lord gave him, and supplements it with all the psychology he can learn. His mind is open, but he can close its doors and study the problems that have entered it. He has a sense of values. He is consistent in principle and flexible in practice. If he ever has leisure to read the Proverbs of Solomon, he doubtless chuckles to himself over the similarity of his experiences and those which the old King crystallized in the saying, "*Correct thy son and he shall give thee rest; yea, he shall give delight unto thy soul!*" and the outcome of a tenser mood—"*Spare the rod and spoil the child!*"

The Suitable Parent is an epic enriched by repetition from age to age. His attributes are universal. Each new generation calls to him to declare its virtues, its ideals, its religion; each brings its store of knowledge and of need to be fused into finer wisdom and more generous service. Each age brings new opportunities and new duties, and bids him build with them a yet higher temple that he may have a wider vision. The call to him has never been so piercing as now; his task was never so hard but his vision never beheld promises and possibilities so great.

The Suitable Parent is rarely aware of his place among the elect. Other men's halos of suitability he may see, but not his own. Every man is eligible for the degree, with just one exception—no pessimist can qualify, for the whole duty of man, as written for the Suitable Parent, is an intelligent and active belief in the progress of mankind onward and upward forever.



The next morning after breakfast I tackled the family. Helen and Kate were washing the dishes. "What we must do," I said, "is to let Aileen do as she pleases for one week"

YOU NEVER CAN TELL

By Theodocia Pearce

Illustrated by F. R. Gruger

IT was just such a morning of early June as makes one long to break the code of conventionality and do pretty much what one pleases, without considering "What will my next door neighbor say?"

I was trying mighty hard to dare myself to go on a picnic with Sibyl Allen, she being none other than myself, as I made a fresh apple pie, in my lean-to kitchen when, looking up from a mixing of flour, I saw the postman coming up the street. Usually the postman passed my front yard, as though my front yard never existed. But this morning I had a tingling sensation that he was going to push against my gate and come right up to my front door. I was so sure of this that I went to my kitchen window, leaned far out over the sill, almost breaking a crimson bloom from my geranium plant, and

watched him approach. He saw me as he drew nearer and called out,

"Expectin' somethin,' Miss Allen?"

"I'm always expecting something!" I called back. "Seems to me the only way to get a thing is to expect it."

Then much to my surprise, though I am too much of a woman to show it, he turned in at my gate. I beat a hasty retreat from my kitchen window and met him at the front door.

THERE was a letter and the straight up and down heavy handwriting told me it was from my niece Kate. I suppose I'll have to explain Kate.

When my brother, who later became the Reverend Herbert Allen, was fifteen,

I was born. And when I became fifteen, my brother was married to Helen Hunt, a prim young thing who annoyed me terribly at the time, because she was so precise and practical and "never out of place," which means she always looked the same no matter where you saw her or what she chanced to wear. I could never make out, at fifteen, just what my brother saw in Helen Hunt, though I must confess she had plenty of common sense and plenty of copper cents besides. But I never held it that my brother married her for her money. Even as I became older and more mature, though I won't agree with anyone that I am actually old yet, I could not solve that problem of why my brother married Helen Hunt. It satisfied me to know that they were happy. Three years ago, my brother died, "leaving to mourn his

loss," which is to quote the newspapers, "a sorrowing widow and three daughters, Kate, Hattie and Aileen, all at home, and one unmarried sister, Miss Sibyl Allen of Freeport, New Jersey."

I am very fond of my three nieces but we are all wretched correspondents, and letters rarely pass between us. When we do write, there is always something to write about. So, this June morn, I took Kate's letter into my sitting room, expecting something and I got it. This is what she wrote:

110 Evans Avenue,
Rochester, N. Y.

Dear Aunt Sibyl:

Mother has asked me to write to you stating the case plainly. We are all so worried and annoyed at the course of events which confronts us.

The great difficulty is Aileen. Her conduct is indeed outrageous and a source of pain to dear Mother, Hattie and myself. She has become so frivolous and flippant. We have reasoned with her to the best of our ability but to no avail. She still insists on keeping obnoxious company and frightful hours for a minister's daughter. Also, she is given to slang which is really terrible. We cannot understand this change in her. To be sure, she was always very merry, but why she has come to exceed the bounds of convention is a problem indeed.

Now, we thought if you would write Aileen, without making any reference to this letter of mine, and ask her to visit you for a month, the quiet peace of your old-fashioned town might subdue her very inconsistent spirit. Away from the evils of the city for a time, she may resort to an introspection which would cause her to change the course of her actions.

This has been Hattie's suggestion and both mother and myself think it is an excellent one. We feel that you will see the logic of it. We know no other way out of this difficulty.

Hoping you may be in a position to write Aileen soon, we all send you our love,

Faithfully yours,
Kate.

"Well," I reflected folding the letter with a nicety, "if that isn't just like Kate and just like Hattie and just like Helen!" Then I added with an amused smile, "And just like Aileen!"

Kate is the eldest. She must be about twenty-eight by now. Twenty-eight should be youth at its prime. But not so with Kate. She might be forty for all anyone could tell, judging by her manner. She has a way of folding her hands in her lap with a resigned expression on her face, that really gets on my nerves. She performs the household duties with a fervor that is little short of religious. I don't believe I ever saw a tidy out of place in that house, nor a speck of dust anywhere. I like Kate—I admire her practicality. She is an exact replica of Helen Hunt, as I knew her, when I was fifteen.

Hattie is twenty-five and, according to her own estimate, is the type of girl

known as the decidedly modern. She is strictly tailor-made, a born leader, and she certainly leads. She is forelady in chief of all the social functions and various activities of the church my poor brother served faithfully for ten years prior to his death. She is, as Aileen puts it, "right on the job." She holds that every girl in the face of unseen and, according to her, inevitable disaster, should have a vocation. Consequently, she studies music and spends two hours out of every twenty-four in the front parlor at the piano, Sundays being the only exception to this rule. I like Hattie. I admire her level-headedness and her ambition, also her inclination to be masculine in attire and manner.

THEN there is Aileen. How she happened to be born into such a family, or rather, how she happened to be born just as she is, considering the family, I could never make out. Aileen is everything the rest of the family isn't—vivacious, tempestuous and dangerously attractive. In short, she is absolutely adorable and, though the others do not realize it, she rules them with a fairy wand, kissing her mother into submission at too serious a reprimand, wheedling Kate into supplying her wants, whatever they may be, and dancing all over the old house when Hattie settles down to her daily two hours at the piano. Not that Hattie plays dance music, but that Aileen just naturally dances. She is in her second year at College, in fact has completed the second year with flying honors. Aileen is clever as well as pretty, and studious as well as gay. Once she confided in me, "I'm going to do something some day, Aunt Sib, but I haven't made up my mind just yet as to what it's to be." I adore Aileen! I adore her for her youth, for her unconscious charm and for the undaunted spirit of her. There is something splendidly fearless about Aileen.

AND now that they wanted to send her to me, hoping Freeport would subdue her, I became at once determined that Freeport should do nothing of the kind. When my mind's made up, it's made up. I sat for some time in contemplation. Then I went at once to my desk and dashed off a letter to Kate.

Dear Kate:

I am sorry indeed that it is impossible to have Aileen with me at the present time—

Then I considered for fully twenty minutes, just how it would be impossible, biting furiously at my pen the while—

Because (*I continued*) I've planned to have the house papered and painted. Things will be in a terrible state. However, do not be discouraged. I shall make a short visit to Rochester. Expect me Tuesday on the four-thirty.

Always your
Aunt Sib.

Accordingly, on Tuesday, I arrived. Hattie met me at the station. I espied her from the car window, clad in a trim suit of pongee and a becoming sailor, and my heart swelled with a sort of aunty pride. I must say this for Hattie, she certainly knows how to dress well.

"So glad you're here!" she said, giving me a warm kiss of welcome. "Here, give me your bag. I've hired a taxi—it's just around the corner. Come along. "Decent sort of weather, isn't it?"

That was just like Hattie, masterly and at her ease. I admired her tremendously.

"You know," she confided as we were speeding along on our way. "We haven't told Aileen that you were coming. We thought she might suspect something on our part in bringing you here. Do you see?"

I nodded.

"Besides, we thought the surprise of your visit might please her into some sort of submission. She's awfully fond of you."

"Do you really think so?" I asked.

"Sure of it! Why, last week when Mother was scolding her, trying to show her what people would think of her proceedings, she just flared right out. 'I don't care a darn what people think. Aunt Sib wouldn't, she knows better.' So, you see?"

Yes—I did see, but discreetly I hid my smile of understanding. Aileen was right! She would know once I was there, that I was there for her purpose.

HELEN and Kate were on the veranda when we arrived, Helen more austere than ever in her dress of severe black; Kate as prim as possible in a frock of blue dotted delaine.

Hattie took my baggage into the house while I settled down in accordance with the atmosphere. Presently, she came out wheeling the tea cart and we all partook of the cup that cheers. But this time it didn't. After one cup and two cookies, I'd had more than enough.

"Tell me now," I begged, "just what is the matter with Aileen?"

Helen looked mournful; Kate clasped her hands in her lap and settled back in her chair; Hattie merely waited for someone else to start.

"She's a little impossible," Helen ventured.

"A little impossible," Kate echoed. Then with more spirit than I knew she possessed, she said, "She's downright impossible."

"But what does she do?" I asked.

"Just what she pleases!" Helen's mouth shut firm.

"Her language is terrible. Why, she says," Kate lowered her voice, "she says darn and golly—and such dreadful things—and she doesn't seem to care."

"She's going with a pretty fast crowd," Hattie offered, "Sam Taylor—you know him."

I confessed ignorance as to the existence of any Sam Taylor.

"Well, he's Dave Taylor's son," Hattie explained. "Dave Taylor runs the Savoy Theatre here. There's a



"I know you meant it!" There were tears in Aileen's reply. "And you don't care?" "Oh, yes! I do care—" she leaned against the veranda post with her head thrown back and her eyes half closed, "But I couldn't love anybody now"

stock company there now—The Milton Mack Musical Comedy Company. Sam introduced Aileen and now she is thick with the whole crowd."

This was interesting, certainly more than I had expected.

"She is so different," Helen tried her best to make me see the difference. "She has always been gay but her gaiety has lost the innocent beauty of childhood."

"Well, Aileen's twenty!" I suggested as a solace but Kate did not see it that way.

"You must understand," she replied firmly, "or everything will fail. Certainly, she is a child no longer. But she has not grown up—she has not developed according to her age. She is absolutely hard-hearted. She has no sympathies. You remember Bob Merritt—"

I REMEMBERED. Hadn't Bob been born and raised in the house next door, hadn't I cuddled him as a baby and spanked him as a boy? Hadn't my heart ached when he went away to war and hadn't my joy been unbounded when he came through the struggle without a scratch? And hadn't I cried in the dark many a night when I had learned he had died of the flu in England. Yes—I remembered, so I merely nodded.

"Well, when we told Aileen last fall," Kate proceeded, "she just said sharply—'Is that so?' And she went to a movie, the very same night the news came. And when we wanted her to go and offer some comfort to Mrs. Merritt and poor Flora, she just laughed—'What do you think I am, going in there and slopping over a couple of chicken hearts?'"

"We've known the Merritts for years," Helen looked across the lawn to the house next door, "Why the children used to play in the sand pile together under that old maple tree."

"And that's not the only time." Kate's expression was painful to look upon. "She's been so flippant and frivolous to everybody. Hattie had some wounded soldiers here several times during the winter. There was one blind chap and Aileen flirted with him disgustingly. She actually said, 'Do you see?' every time she meant, 'Do you understand,' and, when I called her attention to it, she simply laughed herself sick. And one night when the Merritts were over for tea, she cracked jokes with Mr. Merritt all evening and he's so broken up about Bob, too."

"It is certainly a problem," Hattie took up the tale. She should be taken away for a time, that is my solution. If she were in some quiet place where she had time to come to her senses—"

"If she only had to suffer something," said Kate. "That would show her. If she only knew what it was to have a heartache, to cry, to endure grief—"

"That'll do," Hattie checked her. "I guess there is enough sorrow in this world without wishing any on Aileen. She's a right to good times—in moderation. At least, I think so."

As I once said, I like Hattie.

"You're right," I agreed, "Everybody gets their share of the worst, sooner or later." I spoke from the standpoint of fifty years. "Now it's up to us to keep Aileen happy. She's too sweet to know what suffering means." I saw Hattie was on my side.

Then with a great flopping of skirts, a flying of hair and a waving of tennis racket, Aileen herself came breathlessly up the steps and dashed into our tea party.

"Oh, Aunt Sib!" she cried with a hug that almost dislocated my collar bone, "Say—this is a surprise!" And she finished with three smacking kisses, one on each cheek and one on my nose, though she really had aimed it at my mouth. We laughed heartily.

As I once said, I adore Aileen.

She dropped down into a chair and surveyed the tea cart, the empty cups and the plate with three cookies.

"Well, if that's all you've left," she said, "I wish somebody would think about getting supper."

Kate rose. "I'll go in now," she said.

"That's right, old sport," Aileen laughed artfully.

Kate gave me a despairing glance and proceeded into the house; Hattie followed her, wheeling the cart.

"We had such a ripping time this afternoon," Aileen beamed at me. "Sam Taylor—Oh, I must tell you about Sam Taylor, Aunt Sib." She cocked her head knowingly. "Gee, he's superb! He can play tennis better than anyone I know and he's the greatest—"

"**AILEEN,**" Helen interrupted, leaning forward in her chair and scrutinizing her youngest daughter. "You are absolutely untidy. I ask you to make yourself presentable before supper."

Aileen laughed and left us.

"What do you think of her?" Helen asked eagerly the minute we were alone.

"I think she is the dearest child in the world," I replied promptly. "Really, Helen, you have every reason in the world to be proud of her."

"Oh, I am proud of her!" There was no mistaking the pride in Helen's voice. "I want to continue to be proud of her. That's the point. I really feel better since you arrived, Sibyl! You will help us, I am sure."

Aileen came down in time for supper, dainty in pink organdy. I never saw her quite so bewitching. The arrangement of her heavy dark hair, the winsome curve of her soft mouth, the tantalizing merriment of her eyes and the grace of her slender young body disturbed me a little. She was just the sort of a girl any Sam Taylor would love. There was something infectious about the gaiety of Aileen that at once entranced and enchanted me and at supper, I was, as always, an easy victim to her mood. Afterwards, she took my arm in the companionable sort of a way she has, drew me out on the veranda and down the front steps.

"Let's take a little tiny walk," she coaxed, and then in a whisper, "I want

to talk to you. I suppose," she said when we were a block from the house, "mother and the girls have been telling you things about me. They're all down on me, you know! They don't want me to have any fun or anything," she ended petulantly.

"They have told me something." They really are very worried about you."

"Oh, I know, but it's silly."

"They say you are hard-hearted," I told her frankly. "They say when Bob Merritt died, you didn't care a snap."

"Why, I did, too," she retorted, "I was as sorry as anybody, but that was no reason why I should blubber all over the place just like the rest of them. It really was sickening the way they carried on. Bob wouldn't have liked it, you know. He wasn't keen about the sob stuff. Neither am I."

Well, there was one point to her credit in spite of Kate.

"Now, tell me your side of it," I commanded. "Who's Sam Taylor?"

"Oh, Sam," she brightened, "he's an awful decent sort; his father owns the Savoy Theatre and just because of that, Mother and Kate won't have me bring him around. Sam is just as nice as anybody I know. He can't help being the son of a theatre owner any more than I can help being the daughter of a minister. And besides, what difference does it make? And Kate just has fits because I go with some of the Comedy Company girls. They think they're bad! Why, Birdie Bain is just dear and so is Rosalind her sister. I just love them! I don't care if they do wear short skirts and kick high. Kate's doing some pretty high kicking of her own right now—" Aileen paused abruptly and we walked along in silence. "You know, Aunt Sib," she said presently, "if they are going to tie me down the way they are trying to do now, I'll make up my mind pretty quick some day to run away and live my own life. Why Milton Mack would take me into his show in a minute. We all have to live our own lives, don't you agree to that?"

I DID and I told her so. But I didn't tell her how surprised and dismayed I was at the very idea of her being in a musical comedy show. I did a lot of thinking that night and I decided that Aileen had to have a big chance to live her own life—and to live it in Rochester. She was as much of an individual as Helen or Kate or Hattie, if not more so. I wasn't going to have her life warped and twisted to suit anybody's ideas but her own.

The next morning, soon after breakfast, she was off and so I tackled the family. Helen and Kate were washing the breakfast dishes.

"What we must do," I strove to be calm in the act of throwing a bomb, "is to let Aileen do exactly as she pleases for one week."

"She's doing that now!" Kate wiped a plate vigorously. "And, moreover, a week wouldn't satisfy her. She wants a whole life."

"And just what she ought to have,"



"I am glad," said Aileen, "I wanted you to know. I meant to tell you. Sometimes, it is too hard—but not always. Love is so wonderful!"

I thought inwardly but aloud I said "I don't think you understand me. I mean for one week she must be allowed to go and come as she pleases—without question—and she must be allowed to bring her friends here if she wishes to do so."

Helen stopped her dishwashing to stare at me incredulously.

"That," she said tersely, "would be utterly impossible!"

"Now, see here," I said, returning her stare to the best of my ability, "You ask me here to help you out of this problem and when I offer a solution you immediately refuse to consider my proposition. I can't tell her not to go with those girls and not to run around with Sam Taylor unless I can convince her that she shouldn't. And I can't convince her without knowing them. You let me have my way for just one week and I'll let Aileen have hers. If it doesn't work, then I'll take her away for a good long visit. Either that or I may as well go home, for I won't be of any use around here. Now, suit yourselves," and with that I left the room and went in to see Hattie. She was at the piano in the front room, just starting in on her two hours of practising.

"HATTIE," I said and I must admit that it was sharp, for she whirled around and looked up at me somewhat startled. "Hattie, I want fifteen minutes of your time and I want it right now!" And I got it! Then I repeated what I had said in the kitchen. Hattie listened attentively and with understanding.

"I think you're right," she said when I had finished. "We ought to give Aileen and her friends a chance to prove themselves."

Before twelve o'clock we had reached a compromise. Aileen was to do as she pleased and I was to be responsible for the outcome.

I hadn't any time to lose so right at dinner I made the first advances.

"Aileen," I said, "Why don't you ever ask your stage friends over here to supper?"

"I guess you ought to know why," she replied.

"I DON'T see that there is any reason why you shouldn't. Suppose we set a night. I'll help Kate get up a nice supper. Your friends have to work week nights, so why not say Sunday."

Helen and Kate exchanged a quick alarmed glance but demurred not an inch.

"Sunday would be fine," Aileen declared more in jest than anything. She waited for protestations but when none were forthcoming her amazement was complete.

"Then it's settled," I went on, "You ask them all for Sunday. Tell them we'll have a good old-fashioned supper about six."

"I'll ask Birdie and Rosalind and Elsie and Marcella and Milton Mack," Aileen exulted, "and I'll ask Sam." She cast a furtive glance at Kate. "He's so dandy to have around!"

And Aileen was as good as her word. She asked the whole crowd of them and

they were as good as their invitation—they came.

Kate tackled that supper preparation in much the same manner as she did the spring house cleaning, with resolute and devout determination. Hattie dusted with a fervor that exceeded my expectations and Helen fluttered everywhere, superintending everything and accomplishing little.

When Sunday evening finally came and the gay company trooped up the steps, Kate rose with grandeur to the dignities of the occasion. Even Helen did credit to the name of Allen. Of Hattie, I had no fear; her capabilities were right on par with the party.

The girls were all sweet, youthful in their summer frocks, and with pretty faces. Birdie was "flighty" to look upon but she gave my hand such a genuine squeeze when Aileen introduced us, that I didn't care how she looked.

My great dread was Sam Taylor. Milton Mack, I liked—but Sam!

"So glad to meet you, Aunt Sibyl!" he said, giving my arm the shake of a life time, "I've just been waiting for this, you know."

MY heart warmed towards Sam Taylor and I made up my mind then and there that it didn't matter how many theatres his father owned. Sam was all right and a credit to anyone.

How those children did enjoy that supper! Just to see them was worth all the pains and hard word of preparation. The food disappeared with surprising quickness.

"A cold roast chicken!" Birdie clapped her hands. "Milt prefers them like this even if he is in the show business."

Everybody laughed. I looked at Birdie and discovered with some misgiving that she had been seated next to Kate. In spite of her warm hand grip, she did look somewhat capricious. I had my doubts as to the outcome. But that outcome rested upon the hands of Fate, not mine, so I settled down to enjoy the meal, with Hattie at my right side and Sam Taylor at my left. The more I saw of Sam Taylor, the more I liked him and, since he stayed by me pretty well all evening, I liked him a whole lot better when the party came to its close than when it had started.

WE talked in little groups out on the veranda all evening. Everybody seemed happy, everybody at ease. I noticed that even Kate had lost her nervousness, and Birdie stayed close at her side. It seemed no time when the evening had passed and there was a stir of departure.

"I've had such a good time," I heard Rosalind Bain say as she held Helen's hand in farewell. "It was just like being home to me."

"How long are you to be in Rochester?" Helen asked.

"Three more Sunday nights!" Milton Mack answered promptly for her.

"Save them for us!" Helen was admirable, "We've enjoyed this, too. And, perhaps, another evening—after your concert," Helen could not have been induced to say "show"—"Perhaps we could arrange a lawn party for the whole company."

They went away happy and left happiness behind them.

"Well, you never can tell!" said Hattie. "Say, Kate, can't these dishes wait to be washed in the morning?"

For once, Kate agreed that they could.

Aileen was in her element, hovering about them with a tenderness that was beautiful.

"It was just wonderful," she kept saying it over and over as though she could scarcely believe it were true. "It was just wonderful for you to say that, Mother,—to ask them back here again."

"That Birdie is a very sweet child," Kate confided to me as we paused in the upper hall. "She said her mother died when she was eight, and that as Birdie remembered her—she was just like me—"

"Poor little child! You don't know what it is to be without a mother, Kate."

"She liked my biscuits and she's coming to see me some morning. And—" Kate's voice quivered, "Do you suppose I could go to see her acting?"

"Why, yes!" I agreed.

"It wouldn't be wrong? She wants me to go."

"Wrong! Fiddlesticks! It would be more wrong *not* to go."

Kate kissed me and went down the

hall to her room. I tiptoed to Aileen's door, opened it softly and stepped in.

"Will wonders never cease!" she greeted me, "Honestly, Aunt Sib—I'm broke in the brains."

"I'm broke in the brains, too," I confided, "Kate is going to see the show."

Aileen's mouth opened and stayed open.

"What!" she gasped.

"Birdie asked her," I explained, "and I believe she has given her promise."

"Oh, Aunt Sib!" Aileen came and sat down on the bed beside me. "Isn't it wonderful in the world when folks begin to forget about themselves and to think of others?"

The next three days were merciless in heat. Even Aileen was content to put aside her tennis racket and lounge about the house. With drawn blinds and closed doors, Kate managed to keep the place fairly cool and comfortable.

But the whole atmosphere of that house had changed; the very discord that had caused my arrival had disappeared. It was a manifestation of the old saying, "After the storm comes a calm."

I saw my way clear to return home. The problem of Aileen had been solved; the way had been made level. At least, I was convinced that it had been and then—I wasn't. On Monday, Aileen was more quiet and subdued than I had ever known her to be in all her twenty merry magic years. Not that she was sad or melancholy, but suddenly, the spontaneous gaiety of her had been snuffed out as one might snuff out the flame of a candle. She was listless and careless and sweet. It was this sweetness that first attracted my attention. Aileen had always had a sort of gay flower-like sweetness but this new quality was more like the perfume of a fading bouquet. It showed itself in a quiet submission towards each one of us. She arranged the table for Kate; she set her room in order, where disorder had been the rule; she carried flowers into the parlor, when Hattie was at the piano; and she waited tirelessly upon Helen who was prostrated with the heat.

"This heat's affecting Aileen just as it affects Mother," Kate remarked on Tuesday afternoon.

And I thought so myself until Wednesday evening; then, my mind was subjected to a sudden change of opinion.

"I'll have to go out to-night," Aileen announced at the supper table.

"Aunt Sib and I are going to the church garden party," Hattie put in.

"You'll go, won't you, Aunt Sib? Somebody has got to be there!"

"Yes," I nodded, "I'm going."

KATE fidgeted in her chair.

"You'll stay with mother, won't you, Kate?" Aileen asked, for Helen was still unable to be left alone.

"Yes—I can stay in," Kate admitted, "Birdie sent me a ticket to see her show—but—"

"But—you'll go," Aileen said emphatically. "My evening wasn't anything much. I can stay home easily.

You must go, Kate. Birdie will be awfully disappointed, if you don't."

Later, I heard her telephoning to Sam Taylor.

"I'm awfully sorry, Sam," she said, "But this time, I can't—really. I must stay with Mother. What? Tomorrow? Well, I'll try, Sam, but I can't promise. In the morning? Yes. Ten o'clock? All right!"

Aileen was a loyal unselfish little soul, and I knew it even if the others didn't. I was almost on the verge of declining to go with Hattie, but I knew the outcome. After a great deal of argumentative talk, I would still have to go. Aileen was like that—she stuck to her word. So I went on my way with Hattie, with never a protest. I cannot say that I really enjoyed that lawn fête. My thoughts were constantly upon Aileen at home—alone with Helen. She had not been the same since Sunday night. It was not that she was just listless, she was active enough about the house but there was something about her—a *lifelessness*. That was the word I wanted—lifelessness! Had some dream been shattered? Some hope broken—some desire—

Oh, you never can tell!

IT was about eleven when we returned from the garden party. Hattie was dead tired so she went immediately to her room. I stood on the veranda steps for a minute. The street was very quiet and the night was very still. I felt no desire to go indoors and so I sought out a chair on the veranda. Aileen was in the hammock; she stretched sleepily as I sat down.

"Have a good time?" she asked.

"Yes," I assured her "We did. What have you been doing?"

Aileen wreathed her arms above her head and smiled back at me. "Dreaming," she said.

It may have been the way she said it, in the low, sweet accent of dreams, or it may have been the wistful smile she gave me, anyway, I was startled. I leaned forward in my chair and looked long into the face of Aileen. There was nothing to come between us, nothing but the hush of the hour and the peace of the night. Aileen was so lovely. She lay so still, her dark hair soft and curling about her face, her cheeks flushed, her lips parted, as though to speak, and she returned my stare of understanding with a strange unspoken confidence. She had been crying. I knew she had been crying, and, moreover, she knew that I knew.

"Tell me?" I urged at length.

"Oh, it's nothing!" she sat up suddenly, laughing at my seriousness, "I just get tired laughing all the time, so sometimes I cry for a change." She paused, listened a moment, and then called softly, "Is that you, Kate?"

And Kate it was, coming stealthily up the veranda steps.

"Oh!" She hesitated, then came and sat down beside Aileen in the hammock. "I didn't think the rest of you would be up. I didn't want to waken anyone."

"How was the show?" Aileen whispered it close to her ear.

You Never Can Tell

"Birdie did very well. She is such a pretty little thing. If I had plenty of money I'd like to take a girl like Birdie and raise her."

"Raise her?" Aileen echoed, throwing back her head and laughing deliciously, "Raise her! Oh joy!"

"You know," Kate began when Aileen had left us, "It is a blessing that Aileen has such a home as this. She is so gay and light hearted that she would never be able to meet the temptations and rebuffs of the world."

"Yes," I agreed aloud but inwardly I did not agree at all. I was pretty sure that Aileen knew something of those temptations and those rebuffs.

Aileen was off early the next day, alluring in a sport suit of rather daring design.

"I won't be back until late," she turned to wave at me from the bottom veranda step. "It's a trip up the river for us to-day. So long!" And she was off—a symbol of happiness. And yet I wanted to call her back and fold her close.

The day was not so terrible as the previous days had been. Aileen called up about eight, saying she had had a wonderful day, would not be home until quite late and please tell mother not to worry.

It was about midnight when I slipped out on the upper balcony for a good look at the stars. I may not tolerate sentimentalism during the day but I have my hours of such indulgence. I was just ready to turn back into my room when I saw Aileen coming up the street. Sam Taylor was with her. They stopped in front of the house and talked in low tones together for some minutes. I know I had no business on the balcony. I should have gone inside. But I didn't! Not that I listened either—I just naturally heard, since I am not deaf. Presently, Aileen held out her hand. I knew she was saying good-night. But young Sam Taylor followed her up the steps to the veranda.

"You know, Aileen!" I heard him say, "I meant all those things I told you this afternoon. I really do love you."

"I know you meant it," there was tiredness and tears in Aileen's reply.

"And you don't care?"

"Oh, yes—I do care!" She leaned against the veranda post, her head thrown back, her eyes half closed. "But I don't care enough—not yet, Sam. We are young—why, we haven't finished college yet—there's heaps of time. I couldn't love you now, Sam. Perhaps, some day—but now—" her hand went up to her eyes—"Oh I couldn't love anybody now."

Sam didn't say another word. He believed her and he understood. He turned and went slowly down the steps.

And Aileen? Aileen stood there leaning against the post, her head thrown back, her hand across her eyes. There was a sense of weariness in her attitude, of utter dejection, of pain, and of age-old wisdom. Aileen of the laughing eyes, the red lips, the gay frocks, the good times! Yes—she knew much of the temptations and the re-

buffs of life. But just what did she know?

It must have been fully ten minutes before she slipped into the house, though it seemed hours to me, waiting there on the upper balcony. And as she passed in, she was crying. I, too, went in, sat down on the edge of my bed and became lost in deep contemplation.

"I couldn't love you now, Sam. Perhaps, some day."

Had Aileen spoken the truth or did she really care—and care greatly. She had cried afterwards and I knew in my heart she was crying now, alone in her room. Had she cared really and had she denied it? But why—why should she do that—if she cared?

She knew they would never consent. They had been fine about the party, fine about many things since the party, but this—well, this was an altogether different matter. To them, Aileen was a child, incapable, as yet, of knowing what Love meant. They would not understand. Did Aileen realize this too or did she hope in a few years that they might come to understand. But if she did love him now—and it seemed clear to me that she did—had Helen and Kate and Hattie any right to stand in the way of her happiness? I knew they had not. I was glad then that Aileen's father was not here. Years before, he had changed the course of my life for me, and all these years I had been trying to convince myself that he had been right and I never could believe it—never. I determined to have this thing out with the family. But first I must make sure—very sure—that Aileen cared for Sam Taylor. About four, I decided that I would ask her to tell me the truth.

The next day, Aileen was as radiant as the June morn when she came down to breakfast and equally as lovely. She was full of lively chatter, telling us about the excursion of the day before, of some picnic plans they had for the future, asking about the supper for Sunday night, the garden party Helen

had promised. Back into her voice had come that unconscious animation, that flippancy, that lightness. She was keenly and truly alive.

Sam phoned and she went away in a hurry to play tennis.

"Life is one sweet song to her!" Hattie said.

"It certainly is," I agreed as I went upstairs to make the beds. I went first into Aileen's room closing the door softly and securely behind me. I could not say why I did this, but I felt in a strange way as though I were stepping into a sanctum. If the pictures on the walls could talk, what manner of things would they tell me about Aileen? I looked at them—pictures of beautiful maids and ardent youths, pictures of rosy babies, and—one—of a dog. I looked at the room and disorderly as it was, I loved it. To me, from the pale blue kimona thrown over a chair, to the half empty scent bottle on the bureau, it was typical of Aileen's happy, confusing, youthful self.

I crossed to the bed, lifted the pillow, shook it out and tossed it on a chair. My hands reached out to straighten the sheet and were stayed in the act. Instead, I picked up a letter that the pillow had covered. There were several sheets and at the top of each sheet the red triangle of the Y. M. C. A.

Dear little Sweetheart:

A mist moved before my eyes. I could not go on—that would have been wrong. But I stood there fingering the pages—and, on the third page, I read:—

"Our love has meant so much to me. It has helped me through the terror and trouble of many days. It has kept me straight! There are so many ways that lead crooked over here. We must not tell even yet how much we mean to each other. Our folks would say we are too young to know love. They would not realize that love is not a thing of age—but Ages. They would not understand us, Aileen. But we know, so that is all that matters."

My eyes smarted—my throat ached. And then on the last page—

"You were so brave when I came away. I can remember your laughter when the rest of them cried. And when I come back—you'll be laughing then! I want you to keep laughing, dear, all the time—no matter whatever happens. There is always need of laughter in the world."

And down at the bottom of the last page, was the one name I loved so much, scrawled out with a boyish flourish—"BOB."

I put the letter back and covered it with the pillow. Then, I went out of the room and closed the door behind me. That night, I told Aileen how I came upon it.

"I am glad," she said. "I wanted you to know. I meant to tell you. Sometimes it is too hard—but not always. Love is so wonderful!"

I saw that her eyes were shining!

THEODOCIA PEARCE displays a certain genius in describing the hopes and fears of every-day folks. The people in the series of stories that ended in the September number, with "None So Useless," may be found in every village and city in the land. In this story, she has again shown the same ability. Aileen, Hattie, Kate, Aunt Sib—you will find yourself as much absorbed in their affairs as if you had always known them

THE FOREIGN WORK OF THE AMERICAN RED CROSS

By Frederick P. Keppel

Director of Foreign Operations for the Red Cross

IT IS, I think, fair to assume that the readers of the Magazine are familiar with the different types of work which the American Red Cross has been conducting in Europe and elsewhere abroad since the Armistice, and to assume that they would be more interested in an attempt to set forth the general background of this work, its present extent, and the possibilities for its continuation in the future, than in an effort to stress the picturesque elements of the program by a series of word pictures. The picturesque elements have never been lacking, nor indeed have the elements of heroism, but sometimes it is our duty to turn from these to consider the whole enterprise as the taking on by the Red Cross of a very serious responsibility on behalf of the American people.

Three years and a few months ago, the American Red Cross took up its appointed task in the care and succor of the armed forces of the United States in time of War. By October, 1917, there were 864 Red Cross workers in France, 517 of them volunteers, with plentiful equipment and supplies. This enabled the Red Cross not only to do its special job but to co-operate helpfully in the care of the French sick and wounded soldiers, the care of refugees and of prisoners—functions which have always been within the field of the Red Cross. By November 17, of that year, supplies and service had been extended to 3,243 French hospitals, and the care of refugees, of whom there were estimated to be 400,000 in France alone, was upon the same generous scale.

These activities, however, did not satisfy the energetic men and women who were in France, nor the War Council at home, and General Pershing was asked what could be done in addition. Pershing took up the question with General Petain, and I can give you their

PEOPLE who are interested in a clear exposition of the exact status of Red Cross work all over the world will find this article exceedingly timely. Mr. Keppel has left the painting of word pictures to others and gotten down to business in the account he has given here of the work done under his direction. The result is readable, illuminating and clear

conclusions and the result from the report made at the time by William Allen White:

"It is felt by the military commanders of both nations that nothing could do more to keep up the *morale* of the French soldiers during the coming winter than to bring comfort and relief to the women and children at home. The soldier's knowledge that his family is well cared for will take a load off his mind, hearten him to stand against privation, which otherwise might break his spirit and make him of no physical use. Major Murphy of the American Red Cross, Generals Pershing and Petain, are working in unison to perfect the plans for the relief of families of soldiers, the military commanders believing that it will be the greatest military benefit.

"General Petain is having French officers go right down the line, ascertaining from every soldier if he has any worries on his mind. Special attention will be given to tuberculosis, and child welfare work.

"IN short, it is the purpose to keep the spirit of France bright until the military forces are ready to deal their smashing blow against German autocracy. Thus the struggle this winter will be an economic one. The Red Cross will practically fight the American fight until our boys take their places in the firing lines next Spring." (William Allen White, in part, November 13, 1917.)

In all, nearly ninety thousand families of French soldiers were reached and helped at a cost to the American Red Cross of over fifteen million francs.

During the summer of 1917, also, small units were sent into Serbia, and other small units into Roumania and Russia.

This brought the Red Cross definitely into the field of general relief as an element of national and Allied *morale*, and when, after Caporetto, an even

more acute situation was seen to exist in Italy, there was no hesitation on the part of the American Red Cross in inaugurating and administering relief from end to end of the Italian peninsula. By July 1, 1918, the expenditures in Italy had reached nearly eight million dollars, and the families of four hundred thousand Italian soldiers had been helped in some way, and nearly a million articles for medical service, including ten complete field hospitals, had been provided.

THIS is all ancient history, but it has its place in the understanding of the current program of the American Red Cross.

When the Armistice came, the American Red Cross had achieved a reputation, not only for helping soldiers, but for helping civilians as well, and particularly a reputation for resourcefulness and energy and for an inexhaustible desire and capacity to help wherever help is needed. The Armistice brought no immediate relief to the operating program of the Red Cross of caring for our forces in Europe. The hospitals were full of our sick and wounded soldiers, and the work of the canteens was more important than ever, for our men were much happier and more contented under the stimulation of actual war conditions than in the months following the Armistice,

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when their only thought was to get home. This program, however, from the nature of the case, was of a diminishing rather than of an expanding nature, and it was evident that a considerable proportion of the immense stores of supplies (the value of chapter supplies alone which crossed the Atlantic is in excess of \$80,000,000) would not be needed for our troops, and that with the increasingly rapid return of our fighting forces the corresponding demands upon our personnel would soon show a marked decline.

Such was the Red Cross situation when the early meetings of the Peace Conference revealed conditions of an appalling gravity in Eastern Europe. In this crisis, the Peace Conference turned to Mr. Hoover, for the organization of a food distribution program, and to American organizations, notably the American Red Cross, for general relief operations. The appeal was not in vain. The personnel of the Red Cross soon made it clear that having once tasted the joys of giving oneself there was no desire to return home while there was work to be done in Europe and, as workers were released from hospital and canteen work in France, they turned their faces eastward to take up new tasks in the Red Cross units which were being established at many points.

I shall make no attempt even to summarize the work of these units, but in order that the reader may have in mind the extent of this program for other than our own citizens, let me set down the countries into which the Red Cross workers have gone since this decision. In some, they have spent millions; in Siberia, for example, over twenty-four of them. In others, their service has been incidental, but everywhere, I think they have given a good account of themselves as the stewards of the American people.

Albania, Armenia (through contributions to the Near East Relief—\$2,100,000 within the past year), Austria, Adjerbaghian, Asia Minor, Bulgaria, Bosnia, Belgium, British Isles, Czecho-Slovakia, Dalmatia, Esthonia, France, Finland, Germany, (primarily for Russian prisoners), Greece, Georgia, Hungary, Italy, Kuban, Latvia, Lithuania, Montenegro, Palestine, Poland, Rumania, Russia, Serbia, Switzerland, Siberia, Turkey, Ukraina.

In the Balkan peninsula alone, the American Red Cross established eighteen hospitals of 1,889 beds, in addition to equipping and giving supplies to those already in existence, numbering, of course, many times eighteen. To take care of the rural population, forty-two mobile dispensaries were put into action. Additional facilities for orphans were set up, numbering fifty-one new asylums, where the little waifs are given at least as fair a chance as possible to grow up, trained in mind and body, so that they will be able to do something useful.

FORTY-FOUR child welfare stations were established, and most of these will continue in operation after the

Red Cross workers have withdrawn. This work constitutes one of the most important of the branches of the service given by Americans to Europe.

Thirty-one stations were set up to take care of refugees. Thousands of returned civilians got clean clothes, a bath (for the first time in months), had the vermin removed from their bodies to stop the spread of typhus fever, were given food—many thousands who otherwise would have had no place to which they might turn.

To distribute the thousands of tons of supplies sent in, sixty stations were placed at the most strategic points and subsidiary distribution made from these.

When operations were at their peak, in the various Balkan countries, there were 591 people engaged in disease fighting, relief distribution and handling the supplies.

One of the supreme difficulties of this work and, at the same time, one of its fascinations, was its uncertainty. Other things being equal, the Red Cross policy is to turn toward constructive work, particularly in the field of public health. It does not regard itself primarily as a relief organization. But other things are seldom if ever equal. There is nothing constructive to be done with a refugee. He is an economic and social anomaly. But, from the day the first Belgian peasants fled in blind terror from their homes, through six years to the present conditions in Poland, the refugee has always, somewhere or other, and usually in several places at once, presented an acute problem, and the Red Cross has always stood ready to meet it to the best of its ability.

With the refugee comes almost inevitably the problem of the epidemic. Typhus will spring up wherever the refugee, vermin-laden as he is sure to be, makes his halts. And, where typhus or any other epidemic has broken out, the Red Cross has needed no second call. In considering typhus, too, we must remember that its chief menace is not in the deaths from the disease itself, tragic as these are, but because it will further postpone the restoration to normal vigor and economic efficiency of the people attacked.

IN SPITE of these calls to meet emergency conditions, however, the constructive program has not been overlooked and, in one particular field, that of nursing, particularly public health nursing, a great deal of permanent value has already been accomplished.

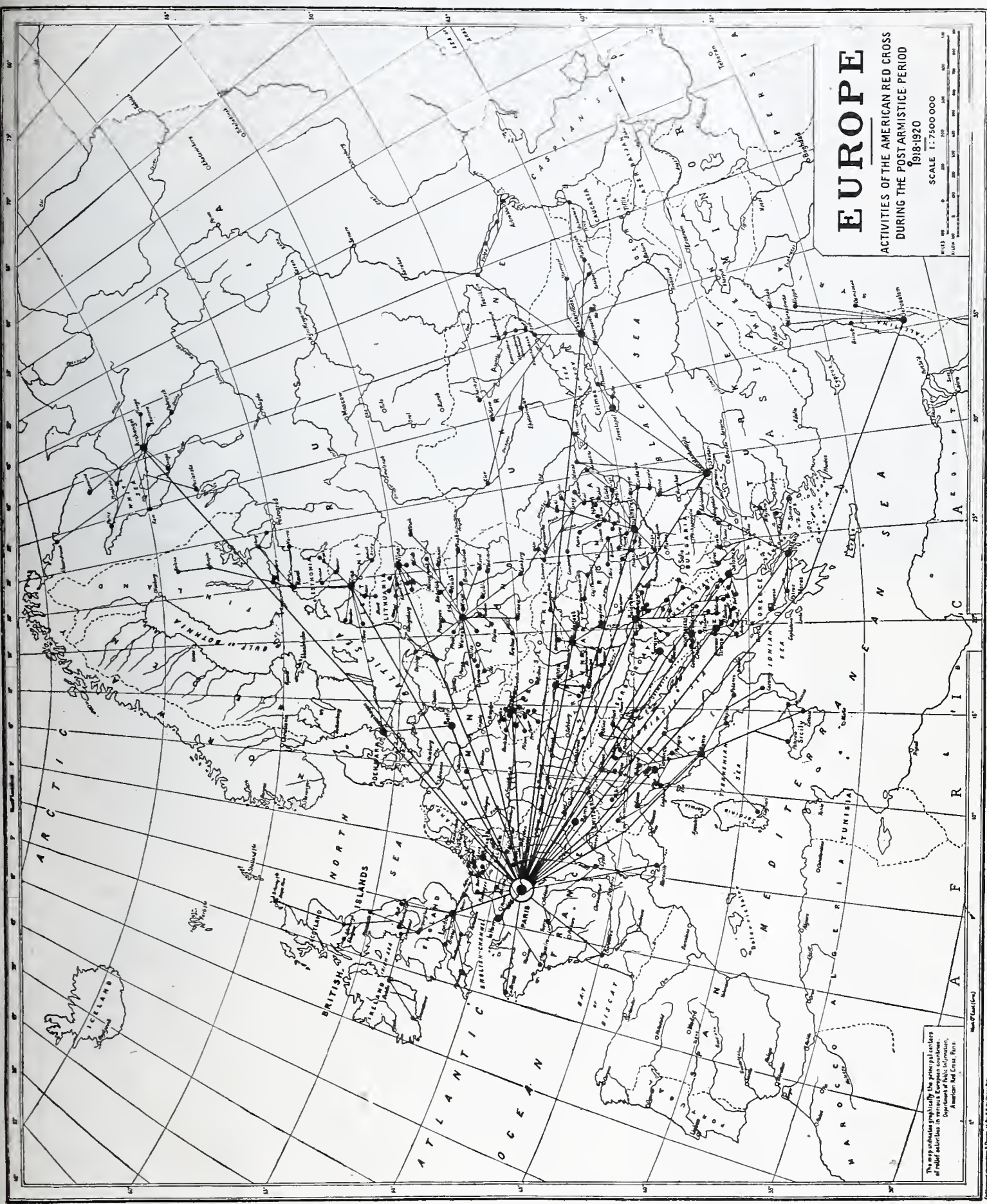
Side by side with the general program of the Red Cross in Europe, also, there has been built up a supplementary service for children growing out of the extraordinary success of the campaign for junior membership in the United States and the desire to give the young people of America a definite contact with the youngsters of Europe, both for the purpose of broadening the sympathies and deepening the understanding of our own rising generation and of providing practical help from the resources made available by the Children's Fund to boys and girls who stand sorely in need of such help.

The Junior Red Cross has appropriated up to June 30, 1920, a grand total of \$396,231 for the support and assistance of schools and orphanages, for scholarships and apprenticeships, for constructive health activities, for summer and winter colonies, and for playgrounds and gardens in Albania, Belgium, Czecho-Slovakia, France, Greece, Italy, Montenegro, Poland, Roumania, Serbia, Syria, Palestine, China, and the Virgin Islands. The expenditures have been made out of the National Children's Fund raised by the co-operative effort of the school children of America of whom approximately 12,000,000 (estimated) are in Junior Red Cross Auxiliaries.

Whatever may prove necessary in the curtailment of the general program of the Red Cross abroad, there is no thought of curtailing the work of the Junior Red Cross, which is essentially *educational*, its fundamental aim being to encourage and develop in every possible way mutual acquaintance, understanding, respect and co-operation between the children of the United States and those of foreign lands.

No consideration of the foreign work of the American Red Cross would be complete without some reference to a type of service which developed separately from that of the operating Commissions with which we have been dealing. One of the most striking achievements and revelations of the war period was the growth of what, in Red Cross parlance, is known as the Fourteenth Division—the Chapters and Auxiliaries formed by Americans residing outside the Continental limits of the United States. Through this development, the Red Cross banner is now planted all over the world. Chapters have survived the let-down in interest following the Armistice and are to-day maintaining an active existence. Through these Chapters, under the direction of the Insular and Foreign Division office at Washington, Red Cross work in the field of constructive health and, when necessary, in direct relief, is being conducted in many strategic points not touched by the Commission in Europe. It was the strength and energy of the Fourteenth Division in Japan, China, and the Hawaiian Islands for example which made possible the prompt organization of the Red Cross work in Siberia. The Czecho-Slovakian forces there received the assistance they needed and, from the beginning, the work developed as a separate Commission, until in all some twenty-four million dollars was expended in Asiatic Russia.

The Fourteenth Division has done pioneer work of the first importance in our new possessions, the Virgin Islands, and has supplemented the work of our Navy in its responsibility for the conduct of affairs in the Republics of Haiti and Santo Domingo. It is co-operating with the authorities of the Canal Zone to meet the difficult conditions at the Isthmus. In its plans for the future, the Division is looking forward to being of particular assistance to the young men of the American Merchant Marine



EUROPE

ACTIVITIES OF THE AMERICAN RED CROSS
DURING THE POST ARMISTICE PERIOD
1918-1920

SCALE 1:7500 000

The map indicates principally the principal centers of relief activities in Europe during the post-armistice period, 1918-1920. It does not show the extent of the American Red Cross work in the various countries.

The Foreign Work of The Red Cross

who, through the net-work of Red Cross Chapters now established in the seaports of the world can, it is believed, be brought into contact with the same Red Cross service and the Red Cross spirit which our soldiers and sailors have learned to count upon.

Turning again to the work of the foreign Commissions, let us now consider what all the work done under their direction has cost, and what we have now in hand. The data on pages 64 and 65, not heretofore published, will indicate the scale of our operations, and will reveal what is not generally realized, that the American Red Cross has actually spent considerably more for others than for our own people. The funds and supplies were, it is true, held in reserve for our own soldiers and sailors (and for our home program) so long as there was a possibility of using them to advantage, but the fact is nevertheless significant. In round numbers, of four hundred millions raised by the American people and spent on their behalf by the American Red Cross since April, 1917, nearly three hundred million has been spent abroad, and, of this latter figure, much more than half has been devoted to the help of other peoples. In view of the statement which one hears at every hand in Europe and not infrequently here, to the effect that the United States has forgotten Europe since the Armistice, let me supplement the Red Cross figures by an estimate of what the American people have contributed through other agencies in 1919 and early 1920. The figures are not official, but they are, I believe, conservative. One single organization—the Joint Distribution Committee—has expended \$31,000,000, and the total contribution, including United States Government credits of cash and supplies; the operations of the American Relief Administration; and the activities of other American bodies, reaches the total of \$218,000,000.

Turning again to our own particular problems, we find that in spite of the enormous sums actually expended by the American Red Cross for European relief, the question of finding the money has been a difficult one ever since the Armistice, and increasingly so with each succeeding month.

During the weeks of study and appraisal following the disbanding of the War Council on March 1st, 1919, it was difficult to determine just what would be available after the following July for the purpose of continuing relief work in Europe. From the conditions under which the gifts were made, it was not clear, in many cases, whether certain funds in our Treasury could properly be used for peace time relief work. Large reserves had to be maintained to meet claims, governmental and otherwise, against the Red Cross, which would surely appear when the slow moving hand of bureaucracy was ready to send in the bill. Indeed, it looked for a time as if the foreign program of the American Red Cross, in spite of piteous appeals from the peoples who were being helped, and in spite of indignant protests from our own work-

ers, would have to end in July, 1919. It was with real relief, therefore, that the Executive Committee found itself shortly before that date with unrestricted funds available which, with the chapter supplies not needed for our soldiers and sailors or as reserves for the home program, were sufficient to justify a continuation of the program for a few months longer. To these resources were soon added, by Act of Congress authorizing the Secretary of War to turn over to the American Red Cross certain medical supplies remaining in France, stores of a value of about ten million dollars. The cash reserves were supplemented by economies in administration both at home and abroad, and by the salvage of material which could not by itself be made useful. The total assets were small in comparison with the princely sums at the disposal of the Red Cross during the days of the war drives, but were sufficient to maintain a program of substantial proportions, and the membership drive in November plus the handsome allotments from Chapter treasuries to National Headquarters and certain new gifts from individuals, justified the setting up of a budget of \$10,000,000, plus remaining supplies, for work in Europe, available January 1, 1920, to carry on the work for the ensuing six months and as much longer as possible. This brings us up to July 1, 1920, the beginning of the new fiscal year. In taking stock of the general situation as of that date, the first thing we observe is that our obligations (not our opportunities) have been rapidly reduced within the previous months. General operations, as contrasted with the Junior Red Cross program and the other constructive work already referred to, have been brought to a close in the countries which at first absorbed the lion's share of our money, supplies and energy. In France, Belgium, Italy, Greece and Roumania, the people themselves are now in a position, with the aid of their own Red Cross and other agencies, to take over the responsibility themselves, and our general operations have been closed down. In England, the remaining activities are now in the hands of the London Chapter of the Fourteenth Division. In Siberia, political developments made it impossible to continue longer.

To carry on its program, the American Red Cross has considerable wealth in supplies, not as well balanced, it is true, as we might wish, but capable of doing great good through intelligent distribution. It has through the transfer of funds from emergency reserves, sufficient cash to bring about the distribution of these supplies, if the greatest care is exercised—and that is all. The operating program to be adopted in the light of these conditions was determined upon after a series of conferences held in Venice last June and lasting for a full week, at which were present the Commissioner and Deputy Commissioner for Europe, the Director of Foreign Operations, and the Field Commissioners and other operating heads, who had been called in from the Baltic States, Poland, Vienna and Buda-

pest, Italy, Montenegro, Albania, Serbia, Constantinople and the Crimea. There were present also, from Paris, the heads of finance, supplies and Transportation; the head of the Junior Red Cross in Europe, and representatives of the League of Red Cross Societies. Upon my return to Washington after this conference, I reported the policy as to foreign work which had been adopted as the result of the Venice Conference as follows:

1. Continue active operations at the present, or even on an increased scale, at points where the need is greatest, notably certain districts in Poland.
2. To inaugurate a tapering-down program in territories where either the need has become less or where other agencies—in some cases the local government, or the local Red Cross Society, or other American or Foreign organizations—will be ready to take the work.
3. To accelerate the distribution of supplies.

In general, the active operations of the American Red Cross will be concentrated in the belt in Eastern Europe running from Finland, on the north, down through Esthonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Poland, Czecho-Slovakia (particularly Ruthenia), Austria, Hungary, and Jugo-Slavia, with a supply base station at Constantinople and a field unit in the Crimea. This does not include all the work in Europe, but it indicates the concentration of effort.

Behind the line just mentioned stands Soviet Russia where, in the judgment of the Venice conference, it is not now practicable to conduct relief operations to advantage, although the needs are very great, especially in the cities. The Red Cross is reserving supplies and stands ready, at the moment when conditions justify, to rush these supplies into Petrograd, Moscow and elsewhere. The continuation of relief work on a large scale in Russia, beyond the initial distribution of supplies, will depend on the support which the American people wish to give to the work.

THIS will not be an easy program to carry out particularly because the ratio of cash available to supplies to be moved and distributed is very much lower than has ever been the case heretofore.

In its more recent work, however, the Red Cross has been turning more and more to small operating teams composed of men as being both more economical and, for rapid work, more effective, than the large unit composed of both men and women. It was a team of this kind, under the leadership of Colonel Edward W. Ryan, who freed the little republic of Esthonia from a scourge of typhus so widespread as to threaten the very life of the nation. Similar teams are operating in Vienna and Budapest.

This development does not mean that the Red Cross has lost confidence in the work either of the trained nurse or of the woman worker who has not had this particular training. Our record in (Continued on Pages 64, 65, 66)



Under these roofs, hundreds of convicted people are working and making good, who, were it not for probation, would be in prison

THE REFORMATORY WITHOUT WALLS

By Melville Chater

DID you know that Greater New York contains some 13,000 convicted but unimprisoned people, left free to work out their own reformation? This has been accomplished by the Probation Service, through whose principle of helping wrongdoers to help themselves, seventy per cent. of these people are making good.

An old jail-bird, adamant-faced and steely-eyed, stood before the New York criminal bar to receive sentence for burglary. It was his sixth conviction, and indeed, as any practised eye could have told, the man had spent most of his life in penitentiaries. "I mind the first time Carl Manxon ever came up, twenty years ago," commented a grey-haired court-attendant, indicating the prisoner. "He was a fine-looking lad—not bad, but just a bit wild—and he was

TO help those who help themselves has long been recognized as a good principle. This story of thirteen thousand people convicted in the courts of New York, and yet left free to work out their own reformation, is a practical illustration of its value in human terms

Sing Sing—God help him!"

As Manxon was being led back to the cells, an eighteen-year old prisoner named Madden, whose case stood next on the calendar, passed him in the corridor. This first offender was charged with the identical thing for which Manxon had received his initial sentence—stealing goods from a truck. As the two prisoners exchanged glances, Manxon might have seen the ghost of his hopeful youth in the young man's face, while Madden might have read in the old jail-bird's features a warning forecast of his own future. The disposal of Madden's case, however, strikingly exemplified New York State's big advance in the intelligent handling of first offenders. There appeared beside him at the bar a plain-clothes official whose function was unknown in the days of Manxon's first

up for lifting a roll of oilcloth from a truck. Since then he's spent six years "out" and sixteen years "in," and I suppose he'll end by dying up there where the bird sings twice—meaning



(Above) Judge Alexander Brough, Probation Magistrate. (Right) A Contrast to Probation—a manacled prisoner on his way to Sing Sing



sentence. This probation officer, so called, had investigated not only Madden's offence but every aspect of the young man's social surroundings and character. He informed His Honor of the prisoner's excellent three years' record under one employer, expressing a belief that Madden would make good if given another chance. And, thereupon, the convicted man was technically sentenced to Elmira Reformatory, the Judge adding: "I suspend sentence, committing you to the charge of this probation officer, to whom you will report as ordered, and through whom you will make monetary restitution for your theft. You will work regularly and, when out of work, you will notify him at once. You will lead a clean, honest and temperate life, keeping good company and good hours, and avoiding all undesirable places. You will not leave the city without permission from your officer, whom you will notify of any change of address. Follow his instructions and advice: he is your friend. Remember, you are only conditionally released. If you comply with the conditions, you will be discharged after a certain period. If you fail to do so, you may be returned to court and committed."

To-day, Manxon is still serving his sixth term at Sing Sing, an enemy of the society upon which he will prey for

the rest of his life. Madden has long since been discharged from probation and, far from ever relapsing, has forged ahead to a responsible position in the business world. Yet these two committed exactly the same offence, twenty years apart. It has cost the State tens of thousands of dollars to turn Manxon into its sworn foe, while the cost of saving Madden to good citizenship, was exactly twenty-one dollars and ninety-four cents.

The key to this striking contrast lies in one simple word—probation.

dependents, and to insist upon such decencies of living as may restore him to good citizenship.

The widespread misconception of probation is well illustrated by reference to the case of Richard Coynely, who had forged his employer's check for some hundreds of dollars. When the investigating officer called on this employer, just after Coynely's arrest, and mentioned the word probation, that gentleman gruffly announced that he wasn't in sympathy with releasing crooks before their full time was up.

"I think, Mr. O'Grady," suggested the officer, "that you are confusing probation and parole. Parole is the commuting of a prisoner's part-served sentence. Probation means supervising the offender outside of prison entirely." Mr. O'Grady banged on his desk and turned purple in the face. "D'ye mean to say," he demanded, "that *that's* how you're going to treat that young crook? What's the big idea?"

"Well, one idea is that he shall repay your money. He couldn't earn it if

What is probation? There exists so general an ignorance in regard to it, that it has even been regarded as a kind of *camouflage* under which offenders with a pull may be freed.

But it is very far from being a shilly-shally substitute for imprisonment. Its scope and method defined by the criminal code; and its functions administered by duly sworn officers, selected by competitive examination under the Civil Service laws; probation consists in a suspension of sentence and in a process of character-building, contingent upon the probationer's good behavior. Because it assumes that a first offender is seldom irretrievable or innately vicious, probation intervenes to save him from the prison stigma, to preserve him as a supporter of his

he went to prison, while if he's free—"He'll beat it away the minnut ye let him out," interrupted Mr. O'Grady, completing the sentence.

"No," said the officer, "for I'm going to see that he gets another job which will make it worth his while to go straight."

"Not on my recommend!" shouted the wronged employer. "Once a crook, always a crook. You'll see!"

But, as Coynely's term of probation lengthened without untoward circumstance, and as instalments of money against his forgery kept arriving in Mr. O'Grady's mail with unbroken regularity, that skeptic began to revise his views of probation. Then, after several years, he received, through the probation officer, a letter from Coynely's

employer — whose business had recently failed—describing Coynely as the most industrious and reliable man he had ever had. And thereupon Mr. O'Grady sent for the ex-probationer.

"Coynely," he said, "I'm proud to give you my hand. You had a hard thing to live down, and you've done it like a man. I'm putting up a factory, and want you as superintendent. And if ever any man has anything to say against probation, let him come to me with it."

Probation originated in Massachusetts in 1878 under a statute which authorized the appointment of an officer to investigate charged or convicted persons, and to recommend suitable cases for oversight outside of prison walls. To-day, similar legislation exists in practically all of our States and in several foreign countries as well. The British Act of 1907 closely resembles New York State's Law of 1901, which permits probation to any reclaimable offender, at the court's discretion—a discretion which excludes only manslaughter, yet on the other hand, limits probation to first and second offenders. The growth of the system, particularly in New York State, has been as striking as its success. Last year, New York's correctional institutions of all classes contained a population of 11,000, while its probationers totalled 15,700. That is, there were 4,700 more convicted persons outside of prison bars than behind them. During 1918, there were

in New York City alone, 13,540 convicted persons—unrecognized as such save by a few court officers—attending to their business, supporting their dependents and fulfilling their probationary conditions in terms of money and good conduct. About fifty-eight per cent. of these were cases of disorderly conduct and non-support, while the length of probationary period ranged from a year for the just-named offences to five years in felony cases.

PROBATION is but a further advance in the classifying of offenders. It supplements the selective process whereby a convicted person is committed to a prison, a reformatory, or to a mere protectory, according to his age, offence and past record; and it applies the broad principle that first offenders ought to be given a special opportunity for self-retrieval, free of the adverse influences of a correctional institution. It may be stated at the outset that this "Reformatory without Walls" has overwhelmingly justified its existence. The saying "Once a crook, always a crook" is disproved by the probation records of thousands of incipient criminals who have been rescued from the social scrap heap to become good citizens. The step-by-step process which was responsible for the making of many a crook before the introduction of probation, is well illustrated by Alex Yarrow's story, as that accomplished safe-blower related it to the present writer.

"How does a guy get into the profession of safe-dentistry?" asked Yarrow. "You might as well ask how a man becomes a steeple-jack, or a high diver, or anything else where he take chances for money. It's a safe bet that his boyhood's ambition was to run an ice-cream stand. Me? I wanted to be a tugboat captain, whereas, by the time I was fifteen, I was hanging out with a pool-room gang and shooting craps for a living. There's not one kid in a thousand who'd hunt for his first job unless someone booted him into doing it. And there was my trouble. My father was dead, my mother was given to drink, and so there was no one to boot me out of the pool-room gang and into a job. One day, through playing the ponies, I got into debt with a man, and he threatened to have me pinched, so I stole some lead pipe out of an empty

house and sold it. Was I a crook? I was just a scared kid who took a chance to square a debt. It got me a reformatory sentence, and what I first learned inside those four walls about crooks and crookedness, was a-plenty. Well, I came out thinking that the slate was wiped clean, that I'd sidestep the gang and get an honest job. But wherever I asked for work, they looked me up and found I'd done time. That got me sore and, having no other friends, I went back to the old gang, who gave me the first glad hand I'd had since my release. Some of them had learned a trick or two about making easy money, and it wasn't long before three of us were in Dutch for a stick-up on the Bowery. It was Sing Sing for two years, and I came out feeling very different from what I felt when I came out the first time. 'Nobody'll give me a chance,' I says, 'so I'll just take a chance.' That's been eighteen years ago, and I've been taking 'em ever since."

PROBATION'S answer to this common story is that, in contra-distinction to the job-seeking convict, a probationer is always at steady work and hence upon his discharge has no provocation to go wrong a second time. Because the latter labors under no such social prejudice as the ex-convict, it is surprisingly easy for his officer to find him employment. In fact, probation authorities are already looking forward to the establishment of special employment bureaus through which their charges can be put in touch with that most steady of all things, an honest job. First sentences, such as the one imposed upon Yarrow, were due to an overpressure of work, which made it impossible for a magistrate to do more than hear the evidence and pronounce judgment. But, nowadays, he can remand a case for the probation officer's investigation, which will reveal the culprit's home-conditions and his working-record, together with whatever extenuating circumstances may aid His Honor in deciding between commitment and probation.

What is a probation officer? Be it understood at the outset that he is not a policeman, and that he neither wears brass buttons, swings a club, nor employs the "Come on—yer wanted!" style of conversation. That he is as unofficial in appearance and behavior as the average business man, is indispensable to his success, since he works through persuasive influences rather than through force.

"That longshoreman over there," said an officer to me, as we skirted his riverside district, "was one of my toughest 'assault' cases, yet I'm not even going to glance his way. He's doing splendidly on probation. I've won his confidence, and I don't want his friends hereabouts to think that I'm trailing him. Encouragement goes further than hounding." And, five minutes later, the man came running around the corner after us. "I know you're not looking me up, Mr. Varley," he grinned, "but I saw you passing, and



An officer sending his probationer off to work with a friendly hand-clasp and an encouraging smile

I just wanted to shake hands with you and tell you that everything's going fine with me."

It occurred to me that to have an offender under surveillance say that was worth more than the lockstepping obedience of a thousand convicts.

The probation officer must be a detective, a social worker, a diplomat, a father-confessor, and just an ordinary, folksy human being, all in one. His pay is in inverse ratio to his office hours, which are commonly from ten to twelve a day, and he regards his work as a profession, and not as a mere job. Someone has well said that he needs an intelligence that shall not slumber, an earnestness that shall not tire, a patience not to be overcome, and a sympathy that will not suffer itself to be chilled. Above all, he must be as wise as a serpent and as harmless as a dove.

"AND where does your mother live in Chicago?" asked a probation officer of an eighteen-year-old boy who had been arrested for "jostling," that is, attempted pickpocketing. "Don't remember," mumbled the youth, simulating stupidity. And, in fact, he couldn't remember any data which might have led to the unearthing of former offences. Therefore the officer became friendly and informal.

"What was your favorite study in school, son?" he inquired.

"History," replied the boy. The conversation turned upon Lincoln, and presently the officer asked in what year the great emancipator had died of pneumonia.

"Twasn't pneumonia," quickly returned the other. "He was shot by John Wilkes Booth at Ford's Theatre, Washington, on April 15, 1865.

"Fine!" exclaimed the officer. "With such a memory as yours, I guess you'll need only a night in the cells before you'll remember where your own mother lives." And thereupon the truth came out—that the boy's home was not in Chicago, but within half an hour's car-ride of the prison.

New York City's probation work is carried on in part by private organizations such as the Catholic Protective Society, the Jewish Protectory and Aid Society, and the Prison Association. The great bulk of it, however, is handled by civil service officers attached to the Court of Special Sessions and the City Magistrates' Courts. Undoubtedly, the greatest probation clinic in the country is that which functions through the City Magistrates' Courts, under the direction of the Chief Probation Officer, Edwin J. Cooley. Scattered throughout Greater New York, and forming a kind of clearing-house system through which cases not summarily disposed of, are passed up for Grand Jury action, these thirty-one courts handle some 200,000 arraignments a year. This results in the conviction of about 140,000 persons, of whom somewhat less than four per cent. are placed on probation, while the average number of probationers being carried in these courts during a given year, is about ten thousand.

Perhaps the most interesting work being done by the Magistrates' Courts' Probation Service, is that which is found in Greater New York's three Domestic Relations Courts, with their shabby pageants of deserted wives, illegitimate children and bickering couples. The chief charge is failure to support. Formerly, the only procedure with a non-supporting husband was to send him to the workhouse, which meant the cessation of his pay, if not the loss of his job. But nowadays, under probation's methods, he is freed on a bond and returns to work and to the enforced supporting of his family. From 1915 to 1918, the Magistrates' Courts' Probation Service enforced domestic support to the extent of three and a half million dollars, while



(Above) Immediately after his arrest, the prisoner is interviewed by the probation officer



(Left) This child's father is not under probation, but is imprisoned in Sing Sing

the number of wives and children dependent in this sense upon New York City's probation officers, is thirty thousand.

The probation officer's abiding aim is to effect the reunion of a separated couple, especially where there are children. Many a genuine reconciliation has been brought about after months of patient effort on his part, while on the other hand he settles trivial differences in short order and

with considerable diplomacy. Here, for instance, are Joseph and Amanda Johnson (colored), the former small and bulgy-eyed, the latter Amazonian. As they stand before the bar of justice, Joseph is nursing a bitten ear, while Amanda is making the most of a blackened eye, dimly discernible against her ebony complexion.

"He beat me up, Judge. De neighbors kin testify to hearin' mah wails."

"Huh! Dat was kase she 'sulted mah

pus'nal appearance. She done call me frawg-eye."

In default of a bond, Joseph went to the workhouse. Later on, the probation officer called upon Amanda, and discovering that the trouble lay in her jealous adoration of her husband, he played upon the reconciliation theme thus: "I saw your husband at the workhouse yesterday, Mrs. Johnson. He's quite well, and says that the food is even better than he got at home." Amanda stirred restively, whereupon the officer added a further bit of fiction: "No, life's not half bad, over there. Occasionally, the male and female prisoners are permitted to walk out, two and two."

"Dey does!" shrieked Amanda. "What right you got to take mah man f'm me? Ah want dat man right, straight back again!" And, needless to say, she got him.

Then there are the complications due to "in-laws" and race-prejudices, as in the case of Joe O'Kelly and Seraphina Orafia, whose ages total almost forty, and who got secretly married when Joe was drafted to Camp Dix. Returning at the time of the Armistice, he was enraged to find that the bride had announced her wifely status without his permission. Due to the influence of his mother, who was furious at his having married an Italian girl, Joe refused to live with Seraphina, whereupon Mrs. Orafia persuaded Seraphina to have Joe arraigned for non-support. The probation officer, who patched up this racial row, had certainly kissed the blarney-stone. "A charmin' little girl, she is, Mrs. O'Kelly," he said, when calling on that irate lady, "and looking not unlike yourself might have looked at her age. 'Tis strange how a loving son will often choose a girl resembling his mother!" While to Mrs. Orafia he described Mrs. O'Kelly's beautiful recovery from the shock of having lost her only son by marriage, "a splendid young chap, ma'am, and only holding off till he's earning enough to start a home fit for such a fine girl as your own." And, in a few weeks, he had got Joe to the point of paying courtship-like calls on the bride. In one breath, he would urge them to "Start your own little home, which is a man's castle!" and, in the next, he would smooth down the parents-in-law by telling the youngsters in their presence, "Always seek counsel of y'r two splendid mothers, whose advice to ye is invaluable." And the final document in the case consists of a tiny, white-ribboned card, recently received by the probation officer, announcing the arrival of a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph O'Kelly.

And then there are the drink cases, such as Connolly's. Though he had a



This man has made good under probation. Judge Brough is giving him his discharge and bidding him good-bye

fine little wife and two babies, Connolly tumbled until the home was a wreck, then he disappeared and led a lodging-house existence for a year, degenerating into the typical Bowery product. One day, the wretched object passed near his old home, for a glance at the children, and thereupon his wife had him arrested for non-support. It was a tattered, drink-sodden creature who appeared in court, yet because the probation-officer saw that Connolly loved his children, he thought there might be a glimmering chance of the man's reformation, and asked for a suspension of the workhouse sentence. Next, he got Connolly put on as an express-handler, and soon the probationer was not only paying \$10 a week to the maintenance of his children, but was reporting regularly to his officer in a shaved, washed, neatly dressed condition. After six months, the officer sent for the little wife and suggested a reconciliation. "Never!" said she of the brave, sad face, "I'll never live with him again." After another six months, the officer got Connolly into the habit of sending toys through him to the children, and thereat Mrs. Connolly's eyes grew a trifle moist. And finally, having convinced himself of his probationer's reformation, the officer contrived an apparently accidental meeting between husband and wife, and left them forgiving and forgetting, quite as people do in the final fade-out of a movie-drama.

OR, again, the arraigned non-supporter may be the son of a dependent parent. Here is the common enough story of a boy who, having returned from France with a splendid record, became utterly irresponsible when freed from army discipline.

He spent his time in idling about his old neighborhood, willing to play the returned hero for anyone who would set up the drinks. He couldn't look a steady job in the eye, and soon fell in with a petty confidence-gang whose operations would speedily have landed him in the police-net. Meanwhile his mother—a widow with five small children—had become practically destitute. In despair, she arraigned her boy in the Domestic Relations Court, weeping with shame at her own act. But the probation officer failed to bring the ex-soldier to his senses until, by a happy inspiration, he wrote to the regimental chaplain, asking him to use his influence. "Son," said Father X., when the

young man appeared before him, "the last time I saw you, you were being decorated for having cleaned up some Boche machine-gun nests. What are you doing now?" The boy hung his head, and the other went on, "Don't forget that even a veteran can disgrace his regiment, and just as easily at home as on the battlefield. We were always a regiment of fighters, not slackers—and you know what we expect of you." That was all. The boy flushed and, then marched off, doughboy-like, and captured a trench—a job, I mean—and has never slacked since.

THE results of probation's character-building work become strikingly apparent when you witness a succession of reporting-nights at one of the city courts. Seated at his desk in an ante-room, the officer receives his probationers in turn, chats with each, encourages, advises or warns, and ascertains if the conditions of probation are being adhered to. It is a ninety per cent. reliable axiom that if John Smith, probationer, is working satisfactorily, is supporting his dependents, and is well spoken of by his associates, the said John Smith is behaving himself. And to watch some dirty, unshaven derelict respond, week by week, to decency's mandates, until he appears unflinchingly in a laundered and barbered state of presentability, and with eyes that no longer seek the floor when he is addressed, to realize that at heart all men prefer self-respect to degradation.

Here comes Harry Napolitano, of the "tough kid" variety, who was arrested six months back for entering an unlocked tenement in the Jewish quarter, while in search of "me friend, Cohen," as he explained to the Judge. "There are more Cohens than cobblestones in that block," remarked His Honor, dismissing Harry's ingenious excuse. The prisoner was convicted of

The Reformatory Without Walls

unlawful entry—a polite term for unproved sneak-thieving—and was put on probation for a year. Now he is working on the docks, has \$500 in the bank, and expects to open a shoe-shining parlor. “Keep it up, Harry!” comments the probation officer as he glances through the other’s saving-bank book. “It’s a better life than hanging out with that pool-room gang, yes?” And Harry goes out with a proud smile at having won his officer’s praise.

Next comes Alex Kouliopos, who attracted the police department’s notice by the uncanny fascination which buildings partly destroyed by fire, seemed to exercise over him. The disappearance from various burned premises of lead-pipe, copper faucets, radiators (“anything short of a safe, Your Honor,” commented the testifying officer) resulted in a follow-up of Alex’s movements and his conviction for larceny. This fire-chasing game, be it noted, is the novice’s A. B. C. of burglary. Since his probationing, Alex has done so well on a legitimate job, that he has saved sufficient money to open a small flower-shop and, as for sneaking inside the fire-lines nowadays, he’d as soon think of entering a small-pox ward. To-night, Alex blushing stammers out the news that he is “sort of going to get engaged,” and wouldn’t like his girl to know that he’s on probation. “She’ll never know it from me, Alex,” says the officer, “so long as you go on behaving yourself.” And Alex goes happily back to his florist’s shop.

Next comes Bert, a tall, handsome, well-dressed boy, whose associates in the big department-store for which he drives, would be much surprised to learn that only eighteen months ago he was a rough-and-tough-looking individual who leaned up against corner-buildings with his hat tilted over one eye, revolving easy-money schemes. Searching his mother’s house on a tip, the police unearthed a fine, young set of burglars’ tools and took Bert into custody. “What do you like most, Bert?” asked the probation officer, upon taking charge of the case. “Boxing,” muttered Bert, “but the old man thinks I’ll go into the ring, and says he’ll knock my block off if I ever put on the gloves!” But the officer, sizing up this agile youth of so much unexpressed vitality, looked at it in a different light—that of a safety-valve. Since then, working hours of from eight to six, with good pay, are keeping Bert perfectly straight, while his membership in a first-class athletic-club gives him sufficient opportunity to satisfy his skill with the gloves under amateur conditions, which is all that is necessary to render him perfectly contented.

Three kids of the errand-boy type turn up next, their hair slicked, their faces scrubbed pink, their shoes resplendent, each boy presenting his savings-bank book for inspection. Crap shooting, which led these three losers to recoup by stealing office-supplies and C. O. D. packages, was about to land them in a certain protectory properly known as the Pickpocket’s

Kindergarten. But the wise officer under whom they are probationed, discovered how to divert their sporting proclivities into useful channels. He persuaded them to open savings accounts, then offered a small monthly prize for the one whose deposits ran highest. They entered into the game with a whoop; the competition is still going strong; and each boy has saved enough to purchase a Liberty Bond. Incidentally, though they don’t suspect it, they are being tided over the age of crap-shooting and petty pilfering.

“Well, what do you think of the ‘Reformatory without Walls?’” asks the probationer, as he shuts up shop at ten o’clock. And the observer’s answer is that, if the public knew more about such work and its results, there would be fewer jailers and more probation officers.

Yet the probation officer has his difficult cases. A pickpocket, for instance, is rarely reformable. He regards himself as no mere criminal but as a gifted artist. He is inordinately proud of his skill, and when at old age it deserts him, he grieves like a superannuated actor. Another difficult type is the tough kid of subnormal intelligence, who plays truant because he cannot get beyond Grade 5-B, who is a natural slacker, who finds shooting crap and pool easier sources of income than work, and who is at last abandoned by his family, to become a sneak-thief or a drug-purveyor. Of the 13,500 offenders placed on probation in Greater New York in 1918, about four and one-half per cent. were re-arrested for violating the conditions imposed upon them by their officers. Of the 10,681 offenders who were carried by the Magistrates’ Courts’ Probation Service in the same year, about fifteen per cent. failed to make good. They absconded, or were jailed for violations, or showed no improvement in their habits. Yet any corrective system which can show good results in so high a proportion as eighty-five per cent. of its cases, must arrest attention.

On the other hand, what are the results of imprisonment? On June 30, 1918, Sing Sing, Auburn and Clinton prisons held a total of 3,680 convicts, of whom 1,841 were serving either their second, third or fourth terms. During that year these three prisons received 2,791 convicts, of whom 1,198 were other than first-termers. That is to say, about one half of all these men had repeated their offenses anywhere from one to three times after having been released from their first imprisonment. They were still willing to take a chance, though in doing so they were facing the possibility of an average determinate sentence of about six years, or an indeterminate sentence which ranged from five to nine years.

It is a far cry from probation to Bloody Justice Jeffrey, of seventeenth-century days, when the theft of a loaf of bread was just one of 223 hanging offenses. Imagine Jeffrey’s surprise, could he have glanced into New York State last year, to see almost sixteen thousand convicted persons going peace-

ably about their business, while working out the terms of their probation! Yet because the great majority of them never relapse, our communities are just as safe as they were in the days of indiscriminate jailing. According to Edwin J. Cooley, chief of the Magistrates’ Courts’ Probation Service, investigations ranging from three to five years after probationers’ discharges, reveal that seventy per cent. of them make good. The statement is as striking as the reason is simple—that the lawbreaker usually commits his first grave offence during his teens or his early twenties, when his character is still influenceable towards reformation, probation’s “second chance,” which, as he well knows, is all that stands between him and prison bars. This influenceability is recognized by the courts of Buffalo, New York, for example, to the extent of their probationing as high as forty-seven per cent of all convicted persons.

The writer recently attended a night-session, held in the New York Criminal Courts Building, for the discharge of probationers. Surveying the crowd of neatly dressed, business-like young men who occupied the court-room benches, one would scarcely have believed that they had ever been law-breakers or social derelicts. Yet they had been convicted of grave offences against persons and property, and had all but crossed the penitentiary’s threshold. Presently, they were summoned into the Judge’s chambers, where they lined up before his document-strewn desk.

“Men,” said his Honor, “though to-night you are going out free, you are charged with a heavy responsibility—that of leading honest and useful lives which will reflect credit upon yourselves and upon the probation service. Your officers’ reports indicate steady employment and good habits. One of you, who has lost both parents during his probation term, has become breadwinner and family-head for his younger brothers and sisters. Several of you will soon be married, having waited through two years of probationary surveillance until you would be free men. Another of you is being conditionally discharged so that he may fill an important position in another city. I discharge you. But, remember, probation means only a second chance, and should any one of you ever offend again, unquestionably he will be put behind bars. Be decent citizens, remembering for the rest of your lives this lesson that you have had.”

Sober-faced, his hearers filed forth; exchanged Good-bye hand-shakes with their officers; then issued into the lamplit street—free men!

“Boys,” said one of them, “we’d all have been in bad if it hadn’t been for probation. Let’s agree that whenever anyone of us sees some young fellow beginning to get in wrong, we’ll help him to help himself out of it, as probation has helped us.”

“Sure!” came the resounding chorus. And they all shook hands upon the promise, like men who meant it.



THE NEW SAMARITAN

By Robert W. Weekes

way where, in the past, accidents have most frequently occurred, as locations for the equipment offering first aid to motorists. "If accidents must happen," said the Red Cross, "let's be prepared to render service when it is needed."

The roadside first aid movement was launched early this year by the Pasadena chapter of the American Red Cross, when it secured the co-operation of other chapters in the plan. Children of the Junior Red

The Automobile Club of Southern California is the largest organization of its kind in the world, its sign-post system extends beyond the boulevards, into the deserts and into other states. Road directions, dangerous spots, curves, crossings and scenic points all are designated by the large enameled signs. It was natural that the Automobile Club should be interested in the experiment of providing first aid service for motorists.

As a result of the meeting with the Automobile Club officials, the Pasadena chapter completely revised its plan for installing the kits. The club had offered to erect sign-posts and enameled signs, bearing a large red cross, as markers for the locations of the first aid kits. They agreed to send their service cars out on daily inspections of the kits and to supply refills in the kits if the first aid materials were supplied by the chapters.

On a day in June, in all the cities where chapters were entering the movement, appropriate ceremonies were held. Red Cross, city and Automobile Club officials, Boy Scouts and Chamber of Commerce men participated in brief programs. By nightfall of the same day, nearly a hundred of these boxes were in service, and newspapers throughout the state carried accounts of the novel experiment.

The kits contain complete first aid outfits with (Continued on Page 70)

A new idea in relief work! The Red Cross has placed boxes containing emergency outfits on the motor sign-posts in California. (Above) Members of the Junior Red Cross making the metal boxes that are used for the roadside first aid kits

SOUTHERN California's highways, famous for their smoothness and their system of sign-post road directions, are now marked by a new feature, the brilliant symbol of the American Red Cross showing plainly above first aid kits for those injured in accidents.

Nearly a score of Red Cross Chapters in the foot-hill cities of Southern California have chosen highway intersections and dangerous stretches of road-

Cross in the mechanical shops in the Pasadena schools manufactured, out of sheet iron, attractive boxes to hold and protect the Red Cross first aid kits from the weather. Models of these boxes were sent to other chapters and the Juniors set to work in the school shops manufacturing similar boxes.

Originally it was the intention of the Pasadena chapter to install the boxes at service stations or on buildings close to the roadside. Several days, however, before the date set for the installation of the boxes, officials of the Automobile Club of Southern California heard of the plan and asked the Red Cross to postpone the setting up of its first equipment until after the officials of the two organizations could meet in a conference.



The French Committee bought a consignment of donkeys and sold them at a very low price in the devastated area of France. This picture shows a Frenchwoman with her donkey cart at work in the town of Noyen

The March of the Red Cross

GLIMPSES from the WATCH TOWER AT WASHINGTON

From there you can See—

IN a meeting held in one of the Red Cross chapters in Delaware recently, a Red Cross field worker, after explaining the pressing need for immediate work in making layettes and other garments for use in Europe, asked if there was any woman in the chapter who would devote herself once more to the chapter production job.

No sooner had she spoken than a woman arose in the back of the room and said: "Here is one woman who will!"

Before the Red Cross worker could respond, almost every woman in the room had volunteered and the entire gathering united in offering their services. Chapter production was begun at once.

In city after city and town after town recently this same scene has been repeated and repeated. In Denver, Colorado, old storerooms more or less unnoticed since the end of the war have once more been re-opened and from the chapters, in the surrounding country, boxes of garments are coming in to be re-packed and shipped to

Workrooms all over the United States

Salvage Shops in California

Industrial Towns in Pennsylvania

A New Problem in Poland

Europe; along both the Atlantic and Pacific coasts chapter after chapter has been steadily increasing its output; while many an inland town has seen its Red Cross workroom fill again with workers in the hot weather who are making the clothes which have been called for to make life endurable for the little ones in the desolate stretches of Eastern Europe.

There went out from the Southeastern Pennsylvania chapter, the other day, a shipment of over seven thousand garments to help meet the needs of these unfortunate little people. Nearly

all were garments for babies and young children. Eighteen large packing cases were required to hold the shipment which included, beside the babies' things, hand-knitted sweaters, stockings, mufflers and undergarments. All of them were made by the Red Cross women of Philadelphia and the adjoining counties, bringing the total of garments made by the Red Cross in that city up to eighteen thousand for the last nine months.

Nor is this true of Philadelphia alone. In cities too numerous to mention, the same spirit and achievement has shown itself these past few weeks, wherever the women who have been the mainspring of Red Cross production from the beginning have been shown the real vital need for more garments. Although in many of the chapters, in smaller places, the sewing rooms have been closed for some time and the old units scattered, this has not daunted the spirit of the workers in the least. Physical difficulties apparently have only made them the more determined to obey this new call and, in many



At Reval, in Esthonia, the Red Cross distributed fourteen hundred suits of clothing to the ragged refugees

towns, the Red Cross is on a hunt for new workrooms and sewing quarters. If the chapters keep up the work as they have begun it, the great need for children's garments in Europe this coming winter will be well filled.

The Salvage and Shop Idea

Production of children's garments for Europe, indeed, and the great extension of the salvage and shop idea have been two of the outstanding features of Red Cross achievement during the past month. Particularly far flung has been the advance of the salvage idea. In division after division, shops are being started on the plans made in Washington. Everywhere chapters and delegates have taken the matter up

A little Albanian practising the setting-up exercises he learned at the Child Welfare Clinic of the American Red Cross. It is good to see an occasional display of physical enthusiasm among the suffering children of Europe

and begun to put the plan in action. The latest place to report signal success after long effort has been Fresno, California. In that enterprising town, a special community campaign was carried on. The local Red Cross enlisted the co-operation of the American Legion, the local merchants and clubs; one of the theatre managers was

appointed chairman of the drive; the Fire Department gave its stations for salvage depots and the firemen themselves drove salvage trucks.

The week before the campaign began, folders were sent out to thousands of people in Fresno enclosing a Red Cross Salvage Tag to be hung up in the window of the house if the owner had anything to give. These folders showed by means of little drawings and financial tables just what sort of things were wanted and the purposes for which the Red Cross proposed to spend the salvage money. In addition, they showed how much money had been collected in this way in the past and what had been done with it.

The result of all this careful preparation was amazing. Once Fresno got the idea that this drive

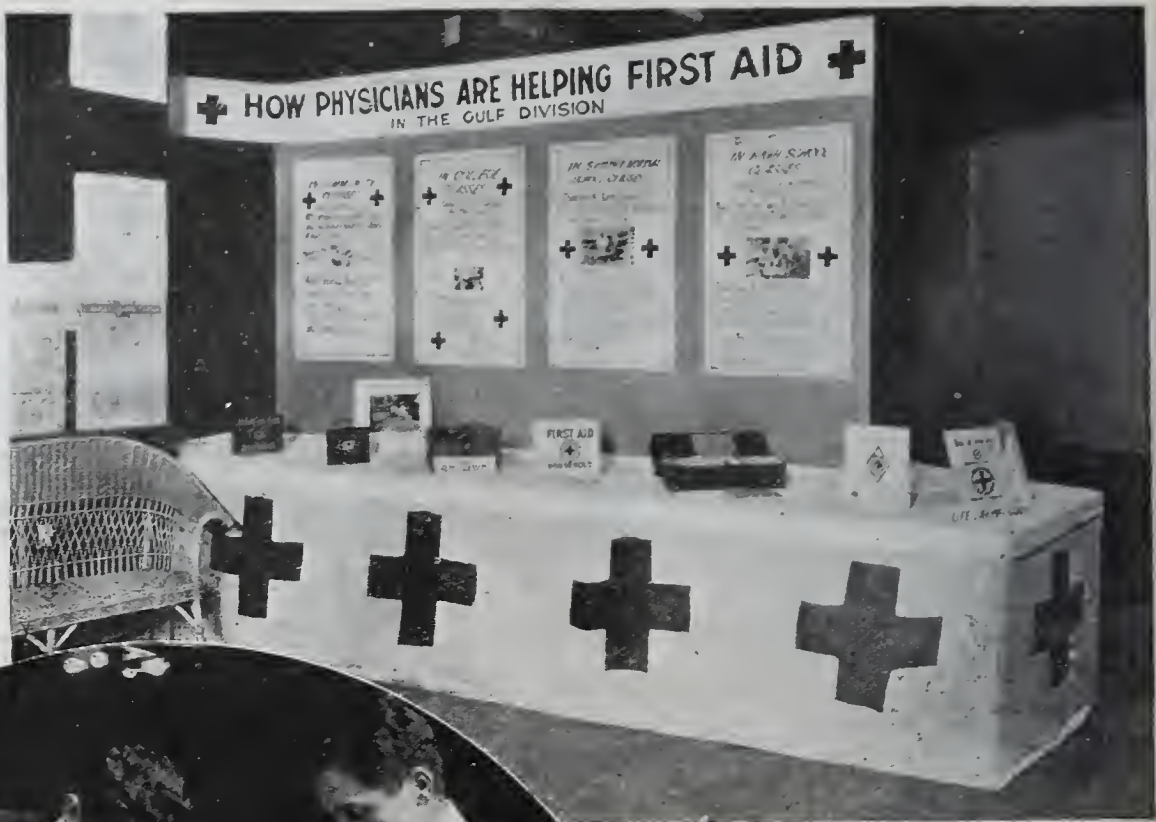


From thirty to forty children a day are dying of starvation at Dvinsk, in Lettland. Twelve thousand children are now being fed there by the Red Cross. The children of the rich and poor alike depend upon us



An exhibit of first aid work arranged for the meeting of the American Medical Association held at New Orleans last April

Members of the Junior Red Cross in Public School No. 64 of New York City making toys for some of the sad little children in Europe



The Progress of the Peace Time Program

Few people to-day, however, realize the extent to which the knowledge of what the Red Cross is doing in peace time is beginning to penetrate the consciousness of people everywhere. In industrial cities, in rural districts, in factory towns and back country counties, the public health nurse is spreading knowledge of it along with her own work, as she goes from place to place in her Ford automobile; instructors in home hygiene and dietetics are preaching the Red Cross doctrine in a thousand towns; and in university after university and school after school the workers who will follow in their footsteps are being trained. Scholarships are being established, summer schools entering the field, and everywhere an earnest effort is being made to educate America in regard to the underlying fundamental facts of the peace time program, even to the extent of holding exhibits at all the great county and State fairs of the nation from Maine to Oregon.

Most encouraging, too, are the signs of the sympathetic interest which people everywhere are exhibiting in support of this great new effort. An incident in western New York, in Erie county, the other day, illustrates vividly that sympathy. In a week's time, merely by putting up a notice to passing motorists, the Red Cross workers in a small village where a windstorm had done terrible damage, collected over eight thousand dollars to aid in the work of relief! Eight thousand dollars from passing motorists! Such is the value of the Red Cross symbol.

The Disaster in Poland

Only in the foreign field of effort, does progress seem doubtful and

was not a drive for money, but a call for things that people no longer wanted, a real, practical scheme of conservation, neighborhood vied with neighborhood to see which would hang up the Salvage Tag first, which would lead in the amount of material donated and the amount of assistance given. The old, discarded shoes, the suit that was out-of-date, the pieces of furniture and bric-a-brac which slept in the cellar or attic, the old papers and magazines stacked high under the eaves or next to the coal bin—from all over the city and the outlying districts, the junk came and was piled in a big enclosure in the court house square.

And, once it got started, the collection grew at a surprising rate—it contained everything from clocks to auto tires, from baby rattles to bedroom sets. Nor was a moment lost by the enterprising committee. They began at once to sell the things to eager customers, some of them with their own junk in their hands! The auto tires went first—and then the deluge! All kinds of people bought all sorts of things. And every

sale registered a clear profit for the Red Cross.

As a result, the Fresno chapter to-day has sufficient salvage to keep their Red Cross shop going for over a year, and a sufficient amount of cash is on hand to finance the Red Cross work for many months to come. The day nursery, the city clinic, the milk fund and the civilian relief work—all will go on without drawing a cent from the Red Cross treasury! Here is a worthwhile addition to the Red Cross peace time program.

An
Important Announcement
to Subscribers
will be found
on
Page Five



(Left) On the relief ship "Sangammon." Lieut. L. M. Foster with some of his band of lost children from Novorossisk in South Russia

(Below) Members of the Volunteer Army on guard at one of the warehouses of the American Red Cross in the Crimea. The medical and hospital supplies are guarded both night and day



the future uncertain.

There, with the exception of the work of withdrawal in the Balkans and the forty-three projects of the Junior Red Cross in various countries, the Bolshevik menace threatens to undo much that the Red Cross has accomplished in helping Eastern Europe fight typhus and relieve her wretched thousands of refugees. At this writing, the battle for Warsaw and the independence of Poland is still being desperately waged and the work which the Red Cross societies must still do in Poland has been multiplied a good hundred times by the disasters which the Polish army has suffered and the consequent breaking down of the typhus barriers and the new thousands of refugees which the terrible results are producing.

In the face of imminent defeat, however, the Red Cross workers in Warsaw and the surrounding cities are still battling bravely on. Provisional headquarters have been established at

Cracow and all preparations made to transport there, immediately upon the approach of danger, the fifty Red Cross nurses and workers still in Warsaw. Relief centres are being established on trains and everything possible is being done to assist Poland to feed and care for her wounded and those of her refugees who are once more on the road after all the weary years since nineteen-fourteen.

Special relief trains have been stationed at points near junctions in the vicinity (Continued on P. 73.)



Salvage and shop work—called conservation work in the East—is not confined to any particular locality any more. This is the salvage shop of the Bronx County Chapter. It is one of the best in the Atlantic Division

A BETTER AMERICA

Some true stories of people and things that



Rock, and marks the boyhood playground of many of the men whose gallant deeds it now commemorates."

Nature has provided many of the trees which adorn the park, but Dr. and Mrs. Dreyfus conceived the pretty sentiment of having additional trees planted, one for each of the one hundred and forty-four dead heroes. Beneath each of the memorial trees rests a bronze tablet inscribed with the name, place of death and age of him whose memory the tree perpetuates. A small American flag floats above each tablet.

On a small boulder at each of the four entrances has been affixed a bronze plate inscribed:

"This park is a public sanctuary entrusted to the guardianship of the people."



park and, at night, when hundreds of thousands of lights twinkle from the harbor shipping and the great city across the waters, the scene is like a glimpse of fairyland.

The most prominent feature of

Hero Park is a gigantic granite boulder, which is known as Sugar Loaf Rock. This boulder was lodged where it now stands during the glacial period. From the time the first family went to live on Staten Island, the land surrounding the boulder has been the playground of the neighborhood's children. A bronze tablet set in one side of the granite bears the names of the one hundred and forty-four dead service men; another tablet bears the inscription:

"This Hero Park and Memorial is lovingly dedicated to the memory of the splendid sons of Staten Island who so nobly gave their lives in the World War 1917-1918."

Still another tablet reads:

"This granite boulder, left here during the glacial period, has been known for generations as Sugar Loaf

Mr. Lou Westcott Beck and his faithful dog Rufus, who together have traveled miles through the desert, guiding and rescuing wanderers

HERO PARK

By A. E. BAERMANN

THE largest and most superb memorial to our soldier dead of the World War that has been given to the public by private donation anywhere in the world," is Hero Park, on Staten Island, New York, which was dedicated to public use on Memorial Day. The quotation is from the speech of William G. Willcox, superintendent of New York's public schools, during the exercises held when Dr. and Mrs. Louis A. Dreyfus, donors of the park, relinquished its ownership to New York City.

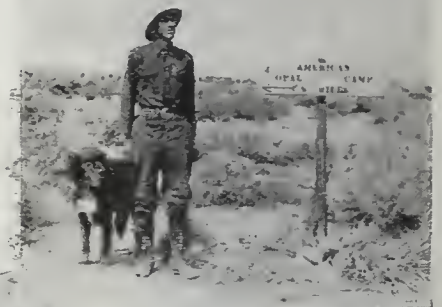
Mr. and Mrs. Dreyfus had no son to send to the war, but they gave Hero Park as a sanctuary for the parents, relatives and friends of the one hundred and forty-four Staten Island young men who died in their country's service.

The Park is located in a section of Staten Island noted for its natural beauty. The cities and mountains of New Jersey, the Kill van Kull, New York Bay, the skyline of lower Manhattan, Brooklyn, Bay Ridge, and Coney Island may all be seen from the

PARTNERS IN LIFE SAVING

By ALLAN F. MCINTYRE

ROUNDING out his days amid surroundings conducive to the utmost dog comfort, good old Rufus Beck is rapidly approaching that final great adventure that must come to dogs as well as men. Rufus has a record that any man might be proud of and one that not one man in many millions can equal, in life saving. He is a hero of the desert!



IN THE MAKING

will strengthen your faith in your country

For many years, he accompanied his owner, Mr. Lou Wescott Beck, on many a weary journey "over the hot sands," which, in the case of Rufus, was no joke or catch phrase.

Beck and his dog traveled the deserts of Arizona and California for years; they were real partners. Their work was to rescue wanderers and others, who had lost their way in the trackless wastes; set up sign-posts giving directions, distances, and so forth, to water holes, wells, "tanks," camps and roads. Beck devoted his life to this work through gratitude for having been saved from death on the desert himself. But that is another story. Rufus would make wide side trips of his own, while Beck was at work setting up posts, painting signs on rocks, and carrying on his self-appointed tasks, and thus was the means of succoring many a poor prospector who would otherwise have perished. Rufus is known to have saved thirty-three lives by these trips of his own and there may have been others. Beck and Rufus together are credited with saving over three hundred lives in the twelve years they worked together.

Beck passed on in 1917 and Rufus mourned his death, seeming heartbroken. He has never been the same in his actions since and apparently takes no interest in life, but still lingers on, though over seventeen years old, half blind, deaf, and very shaky on his legs. On the desert, Rufus carried saddle-bags and a small neck bag containing medicines. The shoes he wore were a necessary protection from the heat of the burning sands.

Rufus was born in Alaska and is part Siberian bloodhound and part St. Bernard. He surely has a great part of that wonderful "dog sense" that no man knoweth. Rufus and Beck were pioneers in the work of making the desert trails that the Government is now having done by the Geological Survey Department. Rufus is an honorary member of the Boy Scouts of America at Chicago, where he once went on tour with Beck. He is now living with Dr. Agnew, a veterinarian, a friend of Beck and Rufus for many years, at his small animal sanitarium in Pasadena, California. Some day, not many

months away, there will be a long procession in Pasadena, for Rufus is known to hundreds—both children and grown ups—and everybody loves him.

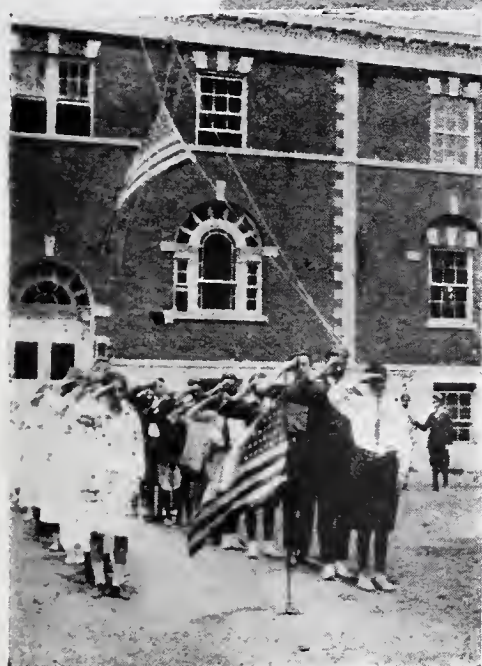
THE COLOR GUARD

By MARY A. HOLT

AN attempt to place the ideals of right conduct and patriotism side by side in the minds and hearts of the children has met with wonderful success in the Phoebus Graded School of Phoebus, Virginia. This has been done by instituting in the school an honorary department known as the Color Guard. The members of this department have complete charge of raising the flag in the morning and lowering it in the afternoon; for on every school day the United States flag flies from the staff on top of the building until the school is closed in the afternoon.

At the beginning of each month the teacher of each class appointed two new members of the Color Guard, one boy and one girl. These were on active duty for that month. Those boys and girls were chosen who were making the greatest effort in their conduct to live up to the real American boy's or the real American girl's highest standard of deportment. Of course, this required careful selection on the part of the individual teacher. Sometimes there would be several, perhaps, whose deportment deserved the appointment and, in that event, the teacher usually permitted the other pupils to choose by secret ballot. Being the choice of their classmates also added value to the pupil's appreciation of Color Guard membership.

After the appointment, the new members of the Color Guard reported to the office of the principal of the school and there received the badge of membership. With a few appropriate remarks of congratulation, the principal reminded them of what the Color Guard stood for in the eyes of the school and the



community, and then pinned on each pupil a few inches of red, white and blue ribbon with a very simple flag button. From seven to sixteen years ranged the ages of the Color Guard, but each one, boy and girl, big and little, received this simple ceremony in a spirit of dignity and reverence.

Each morning, thereafter, these new members would line up in front of the school, and raise the flag, while the whole school, assembled in the yard, repeated the Flag Salute, ending "*I give my head, my heart and my hand to God and my country, one country, one language, one flag.*" Then the Color Guard would lead the school in. In the afternoon, the Color Guard would assemble in the hall, march out, stand at attention as some of its members lowered the flag, and then lead the school out of the yard.

Each month there were usually twenty new

The Color Guard saluting the flag. In the photograph above can be seen the rest of the school children standing at attention during the daily ceremony

members appointed on this Color Guard. That made throughout the session about one hundred and twenty pupils receiving this honor. With one exception, the pupils who attained the Color Guard membership seemed to try their best to stand for the highest kind of American conduct.

Just on the surface, it may seem but a spot of color in the usual school routine to attract the attention of the children and teach them a little about the respect due the flag. Those who instituted it feel that it has accomplished that and more. They believe that every member of the Color Guard, every child in the school, and perhaps every member of the community has at least been set to thinking about what constitutes honoring one's country. They believe it is perhaps a pebble thrown in the current of public opinion, a pebble tiny indeed, but nevertheless a pebble which will do its part in forming the great towering wave sweeping onward to make of America what it should be.

ONE CITY SOLVES ITS HOUSING PROBLEM

By MARGARET SANBORN

RENT profiteering, evictions and homeless families are certainly not part of a better America. In fact, they cast a slurring shadow on our cities. But the people of our country are trying valiantly to meet these problems; and there is one city that has solved them in a unique, picturesque, and quite satisfactory manner. That is Newark, New Jersey.

Newark's answer to the housing question is a tent city. The idea was Mayor Gillen's. He, it was, who first thought of bringing together the army tents that the Government could no longer use for the men and women and children who were being evicted from their dwellings and had no roof over their heads. And though the practical working out of the plan is under Thomas W. Reilly, of the Board of Education, and the placing of the tenants in charge of the Rent Profiteering Committee, the Mayor is general overseer of this tent city within his city.

OLD AND NEW

The rural mail truck is gradually supplanting the horse and wagon. By means of it the farmer can ship his produce quickly and cheaply to market



The tent city looks just as you would expect it to look: neat rows of khaki-colored tents, laid out in true army camp style, with the grass paths between them labeled grandly, "First Street," "Second Street." They are large, these tents. If you peek in as you walk by, you would be surprised at the furniture within, the cots and beds, the tables and chairs, and all the household goods smuggled within the canvas walls. In the center of the "city" is a big tent, the community kitchen, furnished with gas ovens and burners, where the women cook their meals. On the edge of the playground is a grandstand. The Board of Education has a moving picture machine at the "tent city," and a projection screen in front of the grand stand for movies on Saturday nights. Under the grandstand have been constructed large lavatories with shower baths. The tents are all lighted with electricity. For this work, the city of Newark appropriated twenty-five thousand dollars.



But what impresses you most, as you walk around among the tents, is the children. It is almost a city of children! There they are, of all sizes and ages, bobbing out of tents, hovering around the kitchen, shrieking from the shower baths and swinging in the playground swings.

When I was out at the tent city, some of the tents were still unoccupied; but of the seventy people who composed the thirteen families housed there, between fifty and sixty were children. It is a great thing for them. Most of them have come from crowded, dark city quarters. Here they have sunshine, light, fresh air, and they are growing fat and healthy.

Only people who live in Newark and who have been evicted are eligible for a tent, and it is through the Rent Profiteering Committee that the tents are secured. Every family is carefully looked up by the Board of Health, and their surroundings and the reasons for eviction investigated. Newark wishes to give the advantages only to those who are really in need, and who, besides, would make desirable citizens.

Eight dollars a month is the rent of a tent and, for that amount, the family has electricity, hot and cold water and often more conveniences and certainly more fresh air than many of them have ever had.

"It's supposed to be a temporary arrangement," said the officer of the Health Department who has direct supervision over the tent city, "But it's my opinion that they aren't looking very hard for other quarters. I guess that most of them would like to stay the summer."



Newark's Tent City has not only helped families out of housing difficulties, but has given the children a summer of sunshine and fresh air. They have a playground right in their own backyard





WAITING FOR THE DENTIST

Shelby County, Tennessee, has a dental ambulance that tours the countryside, visiting regularly every school in the county

acquainted. And Doctor Minor said if we got together like this there wasn't anything we couldn't do!"

The next day, in Mr. Agne's office, I made visits to the other sixteen community clubs in Clark county. We went over a county map, township by township, and I heard the stories of their clubs.

During the war, those who had had the work to do for the War Chest and the Liberty Loans had realized that the small towns had no all-inclusive organizations through which their committees, or the communities themselves, could get things done. After consideration, the county chapter of the Red Cross decided to employ a recreational leader to promote community gatherings. Through one of those roundabout processes which are often "the shortest way home," they were brought into touch with an Ohio man who had grown up in a community not unlike those in Clark county, graduated from an Ohio college, took post-graduate work in Eastern institutes, assisted the president of his alma mater in field campaigns and in recruiting students, and had later established and directed a community center in a New York City immigrant colony.

Royal Clyde Agne came to the county in October, 1919, not as a playground leader, as at first planned, but as "Rural Community Organizer" of the county Red Cross chapter and representing the Rural Service of the Red Cross.

The clubs he has been instrumental in organizing have not come all at once but have been "steered" by committees of local people. They differ as the communities themselves differ. In some, there is an established membership fee—twenty-five cents, I remember, in three. In others, "they have not got to that" and occasional collections pay expenses.

Somehow I felt that the chances were bad for those other communities.

The president announced that a new library had

"come" that night, and the secretary read the list, which began with a book on farming, ended with a story, and included Riley's "Songs of Friendship," "Frolics for All Occasions," "The Boy Scout Handbook," "The Day of the Country Church," "Ivanhoe" and "Vanity Fair," "Red Pepper's Patients" and "Laddie."

Now and then throughout the meeting, a question of information was referred to Mr. Agne. I saw what my neighbor had meant when he said, "He shows us how."

When he closed the business meeting, the president introduced the Jubilee singers from Macon, Georgia.

You can't fully enjoy anything jolly and rollicking like hearing colored singers in "Roll Jordan Roll," or "The Animals Came Into the Ark Two by Two," without looking around to see how other people are liking it. By the time the last number came—too soon to suit most of us—I no longer felt as though I were a stranger to those people around me, "That's what has been happening," one of the women told me, "we've been getting better

RURAL DEMOCRACY WORKING

By ELIZABETH ALLING

PITCHIN, on the map, is one of four and a half "towns" in Greene township, Clark County, Ohio. Pitchin, in the Atlas, numbers 121. But Pitchin on the Friday night of its regular community club meeting numbered almost three hundred. Being a visitor I wondered where all those people came from. A man from Springfield responded to my question, "That's what I've been asking. Y'see I don't live here myself. I came out to-night because I've got two sons interested in this club."

A quartette of Jubilee singers had come in just after I did and were taking their places on the platform. A man beside me pointed out Mr. Agne when he entered. "Oh, no, he doesn't run our club! We have our own officers and we run it, but you see Mr. Agne is county organizer, I guess they call it. He helped us start it and he shows us how."

Mr. Agne spoke to some men at the front of the room—the officers, I guessed—and took a seat in the audience. The stage was set; evidently something was about to happen.

The president rose. He was Erasmus Kitchen, a farmer, my neighbors told me. The thing that happened was a business meeting. It proceeded with a home-grown sort of naturalness and alacrity. For a time, we forgot the colored singers on the platform.

The president called for reports. The Improvement Committee added three names to its list of members. A committee that had been appointed to find how many women would be interested in a course in home nursing reported thirty-two. Someone said that plans for the county band were progressing. The organization of a Boy Scout troop was discussed. The chairman of the Athletic Committee announced that the boys were ready to enter the county baseball league. He said that the reports he'd heard from other communities showed that they were just as confident of cleaning everybody up as they were in Pitchin. "We didn't make any boasts," he said, but we thought we'd show them!"



Rural democracy is working in Clifton, Ohio. The school children used to play with hitching posts. Now they have real slides and see-saws.

(Right) The old jail which is to be Clifton's Community House



Lookane Kask

Dear Madam

This is the way it happend we were at Bayden Lake for the summer

There was a good beach at our camp and the kids came there to swim.

This girl could swim just a little and went out a little to far I heard someone call for help but I could not do anything for a minute until someone said help her.

So I ran down and swam out to where she was and I took hold of her hands and began pulling her in soon another took my hand and pulled us in.

She had gone down five times and was pretty well used up.

Frank J. Toohy

They meet, monthly, in the most suitable community building available—a hall, a schoolhouse, or a church. All but two of the presidents are men. Any doubt of the ability of farm people to run such clubs would be removed if you could hear the way Mr. Agne points out one and another of these officers as "live wires."

There is something of an entertainment nature in each of the community club meetings. Mr. Agne has found an amount of good talent in Springfield that would astonish you. Some he brings from a greater distance. He has enough scheduled, he says, to run all next year. He took to one community the first moving pictures some of the younger people had seen. The programs have included, besides pictures and music, readings, travelogues, mock trials, lectures and plays. The latter two, as well as the community sings, are home talent productions which make up the program once a month or so. He has arranged entertainments at the County Children's Home, County Infirmary, and at the Tuberculosis Sanitarium. He spoke of a big county picnic planned for this summer.

Mr. Agne emphasizes health. "Laugh and be well," he says. Base ball teams in ten communities have a season's schedule that guarantees "something doing" in an athletic way. At one of the opening games over one hundred automobiles were parked about the baseball diamond—this on a Friday afternoon. Some of the players were "old-timers," who had not thrown a ball for five years, but they make up in pep what they lack in practice. One hundred and thirteen boys are enrolled in Boy Scout troops, the Y. W. C. A. in Springfield is lending a worker to help to organize and conduct girls' clubs.

But the community clubs have civic

HEROES

There are many men, women and children in this country who, when emergency offers, rise without thought or effort to heroism. And often their exploits are unfeatured and unsung. Here is a little boy out in Spokane, Washington, who saved a girl's life. The accompanying letter is his own modest story of how it happened, and speaks for itself



programs too. In connection with one, a night school was conducted this winter. Two communities are interested in removing dangerous grade crossings over which children are obliged to pass in going to school—the one by shortening a road; the other by building a viaduct. In another community, the jail has just been turned over to the community club to be equipped as a community building.

After trying for fifteen years, intermittently and by small groups, to get street lights, the people of Plattsburg, some two hundred in number, have a

village lighted by a Delco plant, because Mr. Agne told them that one could be secured in village proportions as well as, and relatively cheaper than, for individual houses.

The same village had a railroad on which the farmers shipped their wheat and live stock, and by which the villagers went frequently to Springfield to trade. The train schedule provided only two hours in Springfield between trains. This was unsatisfactory, but the passenger business was relatively small as compared with freight, and, despite dissatisfaction, no change was made until the Plattsburg Community Club took the matter up with the Division Superintendent of the railroad.

Since this Superintendent found that there were some four hundred and twenty-five members (farmers as well as villagers) behind the request, and since a good friend of his in Springfield told him, when he asked what this club was—"Well, Bill, if the Plattsburg Community Club asks you to stop another train, you'd better do it if you can!"—he has stopped the evening train at Plattsburg.

Furthermore, all of these clubs have recently federated so that there is now the same encouragement to each community that the separate clubs afford to individual members and groups—that of knowing that there is an organization back of them, larger than they are, working on problems similar to their own.

I visited Clark county, intending to remember that I was from Summit county and that what they were doing might be well enough for them, but that our county was "different." But I found their program was elastic and, providing there are people to start it, providing we could obtain the service of someone capable of "showing us how," and providing we would pay to get it. I cannot see why the Clark county plan is not all right for us, too, and for other counties that need to "Laugh and be well!"—that need the message of Pitch-in.

An
Important Announcement
to Subscribers
will be found on page five
of this Number

TOWN PLANNING

Towns do not grow helter-skelter these days. This is the site of Dawson, Colorado, which is being laid out by experts





A group of foreign-born women studying English under the kindly direction of a visiting teacher

IN LINCOLN'S HOME TOWN

How Springfield Conducts the Work of Americanization

IF Abraham Lincoln could come back to our town he'd find many, many things to surprise him—how we've grown since he left Springfield, that snowy night in February of '61, how we've beautified ourselves with splendid parks and fine public buildings! But walking down Eighth Street to his old home, he'd be most astonished at the people he'd meet.

Springfield has always had a mixed population. Men from Virginia and Kentucky, sturdy New Englanders, negroes, some French left from La Salle's colony—these were the folks Lincoln knew in our town. And their descendants are there still. But there are newcomers, too—men from many nations who have drifted in so gradually that the old residents fail to recognize their new neighbors, fail to realize that their presence makes many a new problem for the community, and live on in the old exclusive way.

About a year ago, however, Springfield became interested in Americanization. It may have been because this is one of the fine fruits of the war;

By Grace Humphrey

it's in the air everywhere and filtered through to Springfield. Part of this interest may have been due to frequent requests from Washington sent out by the War or Labor Departments, or by the Council of Defense, for Americanization touches life at many points. But the largest part was due to a little group of men and women. Working harmoniously for months, we never organized into a committee, with president or chairman. We simply talked things over and set to work.

We were all at sea as to what to do and how to do it and where to begin. What was our problem? How many foreign-born were there in Springfield? Where did they live? To what nationalities did they belong? None of us could answer, save in the vaguest way—near the mines, on the outskirts of the town, one group near the hospital, another not far from that little mission church. No one knew exactly.

The Board of Education, some one

suggested, has a card catalogue of all the school children, and along with other information the father's nationality is given. Let's start with that. Groups of high school girls helped to make this survey and soon we had a card catalogue of our own, showing Springfield's foreign-born families. Our problem was plain—one Turkish family, two Greek and two Spanish, three Bohemian, and so on up to a hundred and fifty Italian, two hundred and sixty-one German, and three hundred and thirty Russian. But Russian, we discovered, was a bushel basket for any child who wasn't sure. How list a family where the four boys said the father was German, Polish, Lithuanian and European? Our total was thirty-two nationalities and a thousand four hundred and twenty-five families!

If we counted six to a family, what a foreign-born population we had, in Lincoln's home town that had always described itself as so distinctly American. Well, it was our task, the great task remaining before us, to begin to make it American, to establish an under-



A young Russian went to the library and asked for a book on citizenship. He wanted to become a citizen on account of his children. The librarian put him in touch with a volunteer teacher who wrote out the simplest of citizenship lessons, giving him just the help he needed

standing and a good-will between native-born and foreign-born that would help to create security and unity for the future.

For working purposes, there's nothing more efficient than a card catalogue. But to convince people you must have something more striking. So the high school girls made us a series of maps showing the seventeen school neighborhoods of Springfield; and below each map they drew a great circle and colored its segments to show the different nationalities living there.

At a glance we saw that our foreign-born were scattered through every section of the town—just as immigrants are scattered through every State until Americanization has become a problem touching all America. Our ten Danish families lived in eight school neighborhoods, our thirty-two French in thirteen districts. Austrians and Italians lived in all but one and the Russians were everywhere! Where was the need greatest? If one school had two hundred and thirty families, that section of our town must have English classes. The school with only twenty-four could wait.

Meanwhile, one young woman in our group went to Chicago and visited some of the factory classes conducted by the Board of Education and the Association of Commerce. She came back enthusiastic over the work and eager to try the same scheme in Springfield. Send a teacher, not to the schools, but to the different factories, at noon or at the end of the day's work. No trouble about getting pupils, they're already there! No dressing up! No effort to go at night!

But—our Chamber of Commerce told us their war census showed that we had no foreigners in our factories.

Well then, we'll send a teacher to the mines.

But if the factory answer was "No," the reply from the mines was, "NO! NO!" And it came from the foreigners themselves! The very first miner who was approached threw cold water over our plan, and all the others agreed with him. "We come up at different hours," they said, "and at different places. To stay for the English class would keep the men hanging around, and they hate the mine, they want to go home the minute they're through. Then you see, we don't wash at the mine, we go home to scrub up."

"Well, what plan would work out? Would they really like an English class?"

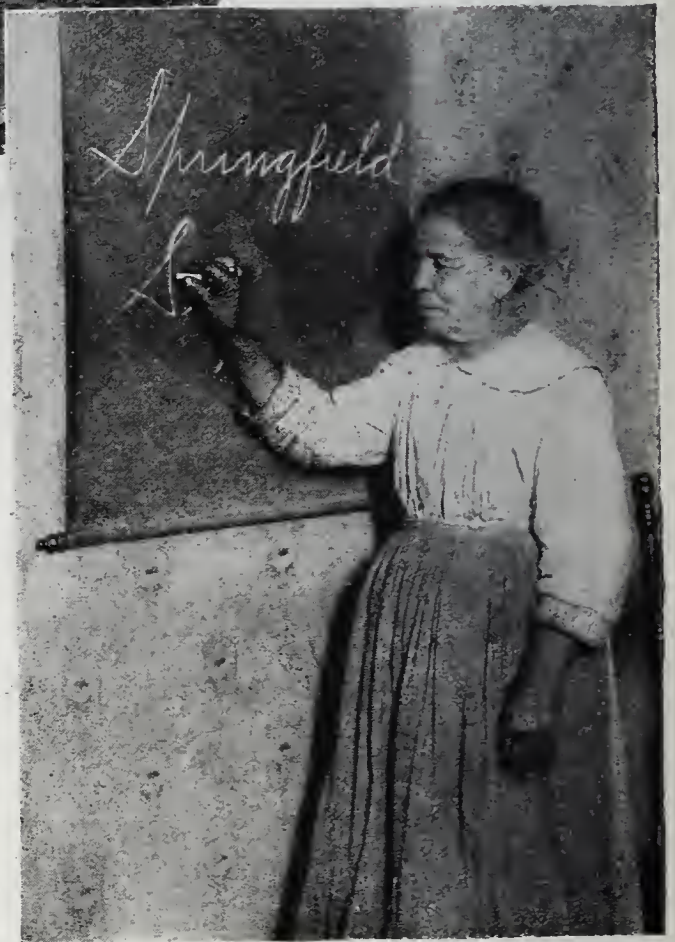
"Yes," said a Hungarian enthusiastically,

"we'd like it if it could be just what we want and where and when."

"And that is—?"

"At the new schoolhouse, Miss. At seven o'clock. And the teacher teaching what we want to know, not the primers our children read out of!"

With this information—and our charts, we went to the Board of Education. But here we needed no arguments. They were already immensely interested and had discussed English classes, but—their funds were low. The budget made no provision for evening schools. Still this new work was so very important. Somehow they must



The more personal you make Americanization work, the more you accomplish. What is needed is friendliness and a helping hand

find the money. A small sum in an emergency fund gave enough for a third of the expenses, for a term of eleven weeks. And the Chamber of Commerce agreed to pay the balance.

Very soon, classes were announced in four different schools. The first night one hundred and fifty pupils came and, in a fortnight, double that number. One of the things we're proudest of is the attendance record. For night schools, the country over, all tell the same story. Starting in September with say three hundred, in two weeks the class grows to four hundred, which is very encouraging. Then it begins to go

Grace Humphrey

down, steadily down, down, till by the first of the year it's in the neighborhood of eighty. And there it stays until May. But at the end of the term our record, in spite of sickness and accidents in the mines, showed an average of ninety-five per cent. plus—better than the day school!

And such interested pupils as these men and women were! Punctual, earnest, industrious, ambitious, appreciative! No one was more surprised than we at our pupils. We'd supposed they'd all be miners. Twenty occupations were represented. And the nationalities were no fewer than twenty-seven! In Lincoln's home town! We'd supposed the classes for beginners would be most popular. But, at every school, the citizenship class was crowded!

Among these three hundred pupils were some thirty women. But each card in our catalogue listed a mother as well as a father. We must give the women a chance. A Lithuanian woman offered to invite her neighbors to form a class. Using volunteer teachers and a food-conservation teacher from Washington, we soon had group after group of foreign-born women, meeting in Italian and Russian homes. As in Chicago, the teacher went to these pupils but, for miners' wives, the morning and not the afternoon is the more convenient time; and the class must meet right in the block, not even so far away as the school. We had special lesson sheets, about furniture and cooking and sewing, typed by a high school class. These sheets had pictures cut out and pasted on them by a group of high school girls.

From one of our hotels, the housekeeper telephoned to say she had a group of girls who wanted to learn English and if we'd send a teacher, the hotel would be glad to give us a room. Two teachers were needed, one for the beginners and one for the advanced group; and two were none too many as one girl brought in her friend, the pastry cook, and another brought the elevator man, introducing them with, "Two more guys wants to join the class, Miss!"

"Will you show me how to read a menu?" asked one. "When my beau takes me out, I can't order anything but ice-cream and I don't like it!"

"PLEASE, help me write to my son in Poland," begged another.

A Russian chambermaid, who could not speak a word of English, was discovered going to the linen room a dozen times each morning, always asking for towels.

"But why don't you take more at a time?"

"Oh, she can ask for them now, instead of pointing," her sister interpreted. "Please—give—me—some—towels. And she's so glad she can talk American!"

Their eager questions varied from how to make fudge to the coming election and the commission form of city government.

"How do you like the English class?" the manager's wife asked one of the girls. "What do you learn?"

"Oh, it's great, ma'am, I'm learning to be a ward heeler!"

Even before the home groups and

the classes in the schools were started we began in Springfield a unique part of our Americanization work—the special cases—tutoring, you might call it. The Hungarian miner, whose vigorous "No!" changed all our plans, was the first special pupil and others followed in quick succession. One man who was slightly deaf, one who lived far from any school, one who could answer almost any question in citizenship, but couldn't write—they all turned up. They were reported by the library, by Red Cross workers, by Associated Charities visitors, by the nurses at the Child Welfare stations, by the garden teacher, and other interested people. Volunteer teachers from a club of college women offered their services, and splendid work they did. Because it was more personal than was possible in a group, its results seem greater. That's one of the fine things about Americanization—the more personal you make it, the more you accomplish. What is needed most of all is friendliness and a helping hand.

ONE such teacher, whose pupil called at her house for his lesson, was greeted one evening with, "Well, Miss, I've got bad news for you. I've lost my job!" Before she could sympathize, he went on, "But I've got another, and it's all the fault of this English you teach me."

The poor teacher was aghast at what she had done, unwittingly.

"Yes, Miss, it's all your fault. I lost my job, but that very day I buy a paper and I read all the want ads, and if you hadn't (Continued on Page 70)

The pastry cook, elevator man, scrubwomen, chambermaids and other employees of a hotel formed a class on the premises—the hotel furnishing the room



GLIMPSES OF THE NEW

By Lewis

THIS is the final installment of the picture serial of Red Cross work which Mr. Lewis W. Hine has been taking for us during the past few weeks. The scenes on the right dealing with



(Above) A group of girls with Miss Mary Moran, their Red Cross instructor, visiting the shrine of Our Lady of Mercy at the Ursuline Academy, Wilmington, Delaware



(Right) The village school house at Mt. Pleasant, Pennsylvania, showing the children returning for a health examination



(Above) A tea room conducted by the Eden Branch of the Buffalo Chapter. The receipts will be used for promoting community work

(Below) After the cyclone at Ebenezer, a town within the confines of the Buffalo Chapter. Within a week, Red Cross workers had collected over eight thousand dollars for the victims, besides giving canteen service to the volunteer workers



(Above) Well Baby Clinic held every Thursday in the High School building at Latrobe, Pennsylvania. Dr. Thos. M. St. Clair is one of a dozen volunteers who examine babies here. Miss Hammen and Miss Margrethe Lovold, both Red Cross nurses, appear in the picture

RED CROSS AT HOME

W. Hine

the Red Cross nurse and the immigrant are a vivid reminder of the progress the peace time program of the Red Cross is making in many scattered communities all over the country



(Above) A ship entering the North River with a record list of emigrant passengers who are lining the rails to obtain a close-up view of the New York and New Jersey shores



(Right) A Slavic woman receiving from a Red Cross nurse some valuable advice concerning the welfare of her little grandson



(Above, at left) A Red Cross nurse and a baby whom she restored to health, after it had been crippled by infantile paralysis



(Below) The whole family turns out to welcome the Red Cross nurse. The setting is sylvan but the coal mines are not far away and these people are often in need of friendly advice about the little citizens they are trying to bring up for Uncle Sam



(Above) Here is shown an Italian family, every member of which has been receiving nursing care from the Red Cross nurse, Miss Margrethe Lovold. The father is a worker in the steel mills, one of the buildings of which appears in the background

AMERICAN NATIONAL RED CROSS

DURING THE PERIOD,

Including Chapter-produced Articles Used for Relief

	I Service to Sick and Wounded	II Service to Refugees	III Service to Children
<i>Expenditures in Foreign Lands:</i>			
France.....	\$48,371,892.15	\$33,341,726.64	\$4,290,681.39
Belgium.....	784,684.48	1,553,687.61	1,184,673.37
Italy.....	12,671,849.68	7,176,939.74	1,860,257.54
Great Britain.....	6,400,417.99	35,692.73	198,920.96
Switzerland.....	388,103.07	409,075.63	
Balkans.....	1,519,812.51		
Russia—First Commission.....	387,099.48	23,739.53	
Russia—Commission to Archangel.....		612,276.71	
Siberia.....	4,578,822.34	3,814,500.38	
Poland.....	54,154.34		200,000.00
Palestine and the Near East.....	295,520.61	8,473,861.33	
Canada.....			
Portugal.....			
Azores and Madeira Islands.....			
Germany.....			
Lithuania.....			
Czecho-Slovakia.....	20,000.00		
Hungary.....			
Kouban Russia.....			
Vienna and Budapest.....			
Junior Red Cross Work in Europe.....			360,595.18
Equipment and Traveling Expenses of Overseas Workers.....			
League of Red Cross Societies.....			
Miscellaneous Places.....	1,123.00		
Total Expenditures in Foreign Lands.....	\$75,473,479.65	\$55,441,600.30	\$8,095,128.44
<i>Expenditures in the United States:</i>			
War Relief in the United States.....			
Disaster Relief.....			
Collections and Enrollments.....			
Operation of Relief Bureaus.....			
Operation of Bureaus for Handling Relief Supplies, Transportation in the United States on Relief Supplies and Operation of Warehouses.....			
Operation of Administrative Bureaus at National and Divisional Headquarters.....			
Other Activities.....			
Total Expenditures in the United States.....			
<i>Expenditures for War Relief in Various Countries on Work Specified by Contributors.....</i>			
Grand Total Expenditures.....	\$75,473,479.65	\$55,441,600.30	\$8,095,128.44

* Includes service for soldiers and sailors other than that included under "I. Service to Sick and Wounded,"

EXPENDITURES AT HOME AND ABROAD

July 1, 1917 to May 1, 1920

but not including Local Expenditures of Chapters

IV Service to Devastated Areas	V Service to Prisoners	VI *Service to Soldiers and Sailors	VII Donations to Relief Organizations	VIII General Relief	Total
\$1,419,122.58	\$88,225.19	\$36,927,180.89	\$2,183,690.75	\$8,612,114.01	\$135,234,633.60
....		803,981.89			4,327,027.35
....		1,773,389.57		2,069,146.12	25,551,582.65
....		4,378,756.80	2,403,993.90	3,470,395.99	16,888,178.37
....	381,632.17	137,561.41	59,961.02	60,274.47	1,436,607.77
....	67,847.72	1,745,723.39		1,475,711.72	4,809,095.34
....				324,318.86	735,157.87
....		2,123,008.20			2,735,384.91
....	80,515.30	11,081,461.81		4,485,735.86	24,041,035.69
....		2,689,417.07	400,000.00	1,710,751.35	5,054,322.76
....		1,015,231.00		364,654.96	10,149,267.90
....			500,000.00	228.13	500,228.13
....			6,000.00		6,000.00
....				10,762.02	10,762.02
....	170,533.72				170,533.72
....				156,190.88	156,190.88
....		1,012,125.22		27,385.75	1,059,510.97
....				6,015.00	6,015.00
....				235,747.20	235,747.20
....				226,345.87	226,345.87
....					360,595.18
....				2,544,501.25	2,544,501.25
....			500,000.00	2,750,000.00	3,250,000.00
....	1,468.53	29,022.00	25,000.00	39,226,444.69	39,283,058.22
\$1,419,122.58	\$790,222.63	\$63,716,859.25	\$6,078,645.67	\$67,756,724.13	\$278,771,782.65
....					\$64,172,591.90
....					1,259,637.59
....					4,077,926.94
....					6,694,936.01
....					7,740,744.07
....					8,101,360.21
....					6,281,592.27
....					\$98,328,788.99
....					\$8,156,820.99
\$1,419,122.58	\$790,222.63	\$63,716,859.25	\$6,078,645.67	\$67,756,724.13	\$385,257,392.63

"V. Service to Prisoners," "VII. Donations to Relief Organizations," and "VIII. General Relief."

Foreign Work of The American Red Cross

(Continued from Page 42)

Poland and all through the Balkans, bears witness to this.

There are, however, two kinds of places where the Red Cross can accomplish more, for the same amount of money, with a unit composed entirely of men, and the greater part of our work from now on is to be in one or another of these. First, where the conditions are so rough that the question of providing decent living accommodations for women, and indeed, the necessity of protecting them from danger, necessarily consumes a considerable proportion of the energy and resources of the unit. This is the condition on the edge of Soviet Russia, in the Crimea, for example, and the Baltic States. The other condition is where the work is being done in a country already highly organized and where competent nurses and doctors and trained social workers may be obtained from the resident population. This is the case both in Vienna and Budapest.

In Hungary, alone, it is estimated that 300,000 hospital patients have received help from Red Cross supplies, and 65,000 families aided in one way or another. When a supply of knitting wool was received and distributed to the women of Hungary, arrangements were made for an exhibition of the finished work and, one month later, 47,000 articles were shown, the work of 23,400 volunteers. During this period, the Red Cross unit in Budapest consisted of four men, powerfully supplemented it is true, by the voluntary aid of an American lady resident in the city.

For the next few months, therefore, the American Red Cross is prepared to carry out a program that is definite and worth while—so far as it goes—but it doesn't go far as compared with what the Red Cross knows, as few others can know, to be the needs of Europe.

IN its experience up to the present, the Red Cross has developed, not a hard and fast technique—one of its greatest merits is that it is *amateur* in the literal sense of that word—but a knowledge of actual conditions, a sense of proportion, and a skill and ingenuity in meeting specific problems. It has a body of field workers and administrators who have been tried out by the hardest kind of experiences, and it knows where to put its hand on hundreds of others who have given a good account of themselves in the past. These are assets of a value that cannot easily be over-estimated. Europe needs, and will need for some years, the kind of help the American Red Cross is peculiarly qualified to give. The League of Red Cross Societies, and the separate Red Cross Societies of Europe, to say nothing of the people themselves and their governments, will all regard a continuance of its active operations in Europe as a Godsend. The future usefulness of the Junior Red Cross abroad is assured, but its field, broad as it is, is, as we have seen, definitely limited.

The need in Europe is illimitable!

Mr. Davison's estimate of five hundred million dollars to restore Europe to normal, is a conservative estimate. To meet the problem constructively, the economic factor must first be met and, if the American people and other peoples will authorize their Government to make generous credits, it will greatly add to the usefulness of every dollar which is given to voluntary organizations, because the latter will then be building upon a solid foundation.

Whether or not this government aid is extended, however, the Red Cross would not be true to its trust if it did not report to the American people the need for the means to continue and expand its own work. Even if Europe cannot have the whole loaf she needs, she should receive whatever morsels of bread, large or small, we can give her. The American Red Cross realizes, also, that it will not be the only organization making an appeal for relief in Europe, and it is prepared to co-operate as fully and unreservedly as possible with other agencies, both American and foreign, desiring to relieve conditions in the parts of Europe most afflicted, and to co-operate both in the appeal for funds and in the organization of the actual work of relief. At the present time, it stands ready to continue its present work until every penny now available is spent, contracting its personnel and organization as funds run low, or if, on the other hand, as we hope and trust, the American people will ask the Red Cross to continue its stewardship, to expand its organization to whatever degree is justified to meet the existing needs.

Before we go further, let us face frankly the situation here at home. In the first place, let us realize that the contributions upon which our foreign operations for the last eighteen months were based have consisted primarily of supplies originally purchased for our soldiers and sailors and to a considerable degree already made up by Chapter workers into garments of immediate usefulness; secondly, of cash balances from the War Fund and the proceeds of salvage operations. The cash allotment of \$10,000,000 made available last January was possible mainly because of moneys transferred from Chapter war-time balances to National Headquarters. While many people gave generously last fall directly for foreign relief, and while these gifts represented a real interest and often, I am sure, a real sacrifice, nevertheless the total of these gifts, the only ones made after the war stimulus was past, represents only a small fraction of the basis for our foreign operations of the period.

To-day, the Red Cross supplies and the Army supplies are nearly exhausted, and the available cash has run very low. Some few chapters have sufficient reserves in cash to make a considerable contribution for foreign work but, in general, the chapter reserves are as low as is consistent with prudence. We are

in the midst of a Presidential campaign and many people who would ordinarily interest themselves in the Red Cross and its problems are giving their time and attention and properly so, to national politics.

Some months ago, those who have been closely watching public opinion in the United States recognized a growing reluctance on the part of the people to hear anything more about Europe. Their emotions and their interest seemed to be exhausted and, like the Athenian who cast his vote for the banishment of Aristides the Just, they were simply sick and tired of hearing about Europe and Europe's needs. These same observers now tell us that the tide has turned and that all over the country people are getting back their sense of balance and proportion but, nevertheless, the feeling of fatigue still exists and those who merely follow the fashions in philanthropy and public affairs, as they do in clothes, cannot be expected to do a great deal this year. To put it brutally, helping Europe is no longer "the thing."

THERE is one other factor to be borne in mind; we are going to have sharply conflicting reports from Europe by returning Americans. The harvests, fortunately, are likely to be good all through Europe and, as I write, famine conditions are non-existent or, at any rate, non-typical. The aid already received from outside and the efforts of the people themselves have improved other conditions also. The ordinary traveller will see very few people in rags and tatters, fewer perhaps than he would have seen before the war. The breakdown of transportation, which was the real underlying difficulty in all relief work since the Armistice has been considerably relieved. As a result of all these things, perfectly sincere people, accustomed to be guided by their own observations, will come back from business or pleasure trips to Europe and say that the need is being exaggerated by sentimentalists and that, as a matter of fact, Europe is pretty nearly on her feet again, and that while there may be situations here and there which should be dealt with locally, any appeal for enormous sums and for widespread help is based upon hysteria rather than upon common sense. The only answer that can be made to these statements—and we grant their entire sincerity—is that the makers of them have been guided by superficial rather than underlying factors. It is not the man who sees a country during the pleasant summer months, when the potatoes and green vegetables are coming into the cities, when light clothing and the open air are luxuries, who can picture the situation in the late winter when the grain has run low and there is little or nothing to supplement it; when the same light clothes which were so pleasant in the summer do not provide sufficient protection; when the shortage in housing (Continued on Page 71)

How I Make Money - Right at Home!

"LOOK at this check for \$26.50—payable to me.

"I made this money easily and pleasantly—in the spare time left over from my housework and the care of Bobby and Anne, my children. In fact, they helped me to make it. I make as much, and often more every month.

"Before I found this new, easy way of making money right at home, in privacy, freedom and comfort, my husband's salary, while sufficient to meet our absolutely necessary expenses, was really not enough to give us any of the little extra pleasures that mean so much to a family. Everything we eat or wear has gone up so high, and salaries haven't kept pace!

"But now we have more than the

necessaries—we have beaten the terrible old H. C. of L.—and we have our little luxuries and amusements too.

"How do I do it? Simply by knitting socks. No, not by the slow old process of hand-knitting, but by using *The Auto Knitter*, a marvelous, but very simple, easily-operated machine. Now that I have gained practice with the *Auto Knitter* I often make a sock in 10 minutes!

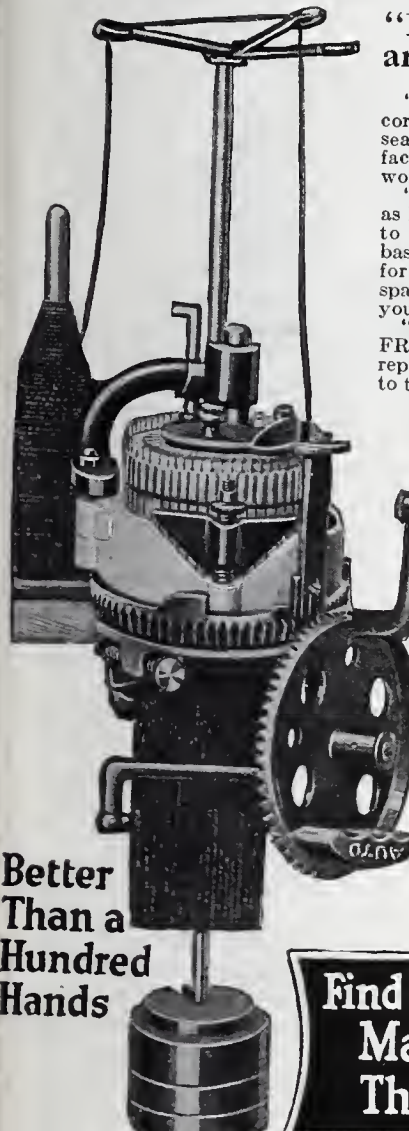
"And the best part of it is that I have a *guaranteed, constant market* for every pair of socks I make, at a *guaranteed price*. I simply send the *Auto Knitter Company* the finished socks, and back comes my check by return mail, together with a new supply of yarn to replace that used in the socks sent them.

"Free Yarn Sent with the Machine and They Pay Me for the Socks"

"The *Auto Knitter Hosiery Company* is an American corporation engaged in the manufacture of high-grade seamless socks. They have always preferred home manufacture to factory production. They constantly need more workers to make socks, in their own homes. They need you,

"When you decide to become an *Auto Knitter* worker as I did, the *Auto Knitter Company* will make a contract to pay you a fixed, *Guaranteed Wage*, on a piece-work basis. In this contract you take no risk. You can work for them as much as you want, or as little as you want—spare time or full time. And for every shipment of socks you send them you will get your pay check—promptly.

"With the machine they send you a supply of wool yarn *FREE*. They also supply *FREE* the yarn needed to replace that which you use in making the socks you send to the company.



THE AUTO KNITTER

A turn of the handle, and 60 and more smooth, even, perfect stitches are knitted. The *Auto Knitter* makes the sock—top—body—heel—and toe without removal from the machine. It weighs about 20 pounds, and can be clamped to any ordinary table or stand. Easily learned. Experience in knitting and familiarity with machines are unnecessary. Complete instructions are sent to every worker. The *Auto Knitter* is to hand-knitting what the sewing machine is to hand-sewing.

**Find Out How You Can
Make Money With
The Auto Knitter**



You are, of course, at liberty to dispose of the output of your *Auto Knitter* as you see fit; you can also use the *Auto Knitter* to make, at a remarkably low cost, all the hosiery your family needs—wool or cotton. But remember this: There are absolutely no strings tied to the Wage Agreement; it is a straight out-and-out Employment Offer at a Fixed Wage on a piece-work basis—a good pay for your services alone."

READ WHAT SATISFIED WORKERS SAY

The *Auto Knitter* gives you the opportunity to make money during your spare time. It also gives you the chance to devote your entire time to the business, and thus, to be independent of bosses, rules, time-clocks, working-hours, etc. The Wage Contract is in no sense a disguised "canvassing scheme," "agency" or "open a store" proposition. Here is the proof—read the evidence from some of our workers.

More than Two Dozen Pairs a Day

The Auto Knitter has proven very satisfactory. The work done on the machine cannot be surpassed. The only requirement is to learn the work and then work. The Auto Knitter is very speedy and any person of good judgment can knit from one to two dozen pairs of socks a day, and if they want to push the work they can turn out more. The treatment by the Auto Knitter Company is the best, and I have found them to be absolutely reliable. Berlin, N. Y.

Getting Along Fine

I am sending you another lot of socks today. I am getting along fine with my machine, and thank you for the promptness with which you have accepted and paid for my hosiery. Limestone, Tenn.

Thanks for Attention

I have just sent you a lot of half hose made by my Auto Knitter with yarn supplied by you. I am glad to avail myself of this opportunity to tell you how much pleased I am with the machine and what pleasure it gives me to work it. I also wish to thank you for the courtesy and prompt attention you have always shown me. Buffalo, N. Y.

Promptness Appreciated

Am sending you today a shipment of half hose. I wish to compliment you on the promptness with which you return replacement yarn and check. Gays, Ill.

Send Coupon Now

The Auto Knitter Hosiery Co., Inc.

Dept. 5410K, 821 Jefferson Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Send me full particulars about Making Money at Home with The Auto Knitter. I enclose 2 cents postage to cover cost of mailing, etc. It is understood that this does not obligate me in any way.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

State.....

Red Cross 10-20

WRITE TODAY for our LIBERAL WAGE OFFER

No matter where you live we want you to know all about The *Auto Knitter*. We want to tell you of the pleasant and profitable place ready for you in our organization, and the future you can make for yourself with The *Auto Knitter*.

We want you to compare our work, and the money that is in it, with what people are paid for long, hard, grinding toil in office, store, mill and factory. We want you to know the substantial amounts that even a small part of your spare time will earn for you. Then we want you to read the glowing statements of

our perfectly satisfied workers, and learn how, if you desire, you can have your own home factory and sell your output both wholesale and retail.

Remember that experience is unnecessary, that you need not know how to knit. You do not have to even know how to sew. The *Auto Knitter* does the work.

Action is the word. Write your name and address now, this minute, on the coupon and get this coupon in the mail at once. Enclose 2c postage to cover cost of mailing, etc.

THE AUTO KNITTER HOSIERY CO., INC.

Dept. 5410K, 821 Jefferson Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

AMERICA—FROM

By Maria

Decorations



OUR students and writers, the so-called intelligentsia know America well. The average Russian, on the other hand—but, let him talk:

"Are you going to the American Wild West? To San Francisco? Oh, my dear, it is dangerous, they may scalp you!"

"Who? The people of San Francisco?"

"No, the savages from the villages. There are many Red Indians around. Haven't you read Fenimore Cooper?"

The average Russian has taken his information about America chiefly from the novels of Fenimore Cooper. Our children have been poisoned from the cradle by these thrilling stories of brave and cruel red chieftans. They have caused many little family tragedies. Many a romantic young reader of "The Last of the Mohicans" has run away from home to seek the wonderful new world thinking it filled with gold, scalps and Red Indians.

In Russia, under the old regime, it used to be necessary to obtain a passport for every journey, and even the nine-year-old traveler knew it. One of Anton Chekoff's liveliest stories tells of a boy who stole the cook's passport and felt himself a legitimate traveler after that heroic deed.

On my first journey toward America, however, I neglected to provide myself with a passport. I was eight years old. Every self-respecting child with a good imagination ran away to America at about that age! I had with me a little bag, two sandwiches, and a big kitchen knife with which to fight the pirates. I was an impracticable little woman, however. I had no passport and I was caught at the first railway station.

My second journey to America, the present one, was more successful, but I feel a little disappointed. Of course, I did not expect to see the regular battles be-

tween Black Eagles and Crafty Snakes. But still I was sure that at least one-third of the population of San Francisco would consist of red Indians. I had imagined something like an Indian Chinatown, a part of the city, inhabited by aborigines. But, alas! the only Indian chief I have met over here was in a motion picture.

I have lived in California three months. I have seen wonderful things—twenty-story houses, drug-stores selling ice-cream soda, working girls dressed in silk—but I have never seen a single trace of a living Red Indian.

From the Russian point of view, it would be far more natural to see a bloody tomahawk hanging on the wall of an American house than to see ice-cream soda in a drug-store. In the first place, we never mix ice-cream and soda water; in the second place, in our drug stores one could never find candy for sale. The drug store in Russia is a dreary place, reminding one only of sickness and doctors and undertakers. We could never enjoy our drinks in proximity to asperin and arsenic. We are too nervous and superstitious.

WHEN I return to Russia, I may—and it would be comparatively safe—tell my countrymen nice stories of Red Indians running around with lifted tomahawks in pursuit of foreign girls. I shall be cautious enough to add that preclusively it happens not in the center of the city, not on Market Street, but in the suburbs, in Oakland or Piedmont, for instance, and I doubt if anybody will presume to call me untruthful. But, as for ice-cream in drug stores, I shouldn't like to risk speaking of that to anyone outside the limited circle of my best friends who are convinced of my truthfulness. In public—never!

The second thing, unbelievable to Russians, is the honest working-girl in a silk dress. Why, when I came to California, I wondered where all the cooks and chambermaids and seamstresses of San Francisco were concealed. In the street-cars and automobiles and ferries, I saw only ladies. In the Y. W. C. A., I met a beautiful lady-like girl, splendidly dressed, who told me that she was a manicurist. I was astounded.

But, as a rule, America seems to the eyes of a newcomer to be wonderfully rich. Your schools, your industries, your technical science amaze the neophyte from Russia. We have heard and read about it all, but still we know America too little.

The Russian takes his information about America from the novels of Fenimore Cooper

10,000 MILES AWAY

M o r a v s k y

by J. E. Allen

We have only one consolation: Americans know us even less. Our stories about the Indians scalping the foreigners, in San Francisco, are no less improbable than your "legends" about Russia told by the newspaper correspondents, who study my country for a few months, without knowing the language, and then write volumes about it.

The reader may disagree with me:

"Why, we know Russians, we have met your emigrants! There are plenty of them in the large cities of every State."

But, you must never judge any country by its emigrants. It is a great mistake. Emigrants are people who disagree with their own country, who fail to conform to its ways. Sometimes, they are too bad for their fatherland, sometimes—too good. They are criminals or political exiles, or born vagabonds, or, perhaps, people with broken hearts or broken consciences. They are never the typical representatives of their country, otherwise they would not run away from it.

I have known Americans in Russia. They were quite different from the average American over here. Many of them were not sympathetic persons in the least, but adventurers, starving for the gold of Siberia and for the cheap and unprotected labor of Great Russia. The term "American girl" was, in Russia, synonymous with tight-rope walker, circus bare-back rider or singer in a cabaret. Only recently have we begun to meet in our country the better representatives of America.

These new people, the American men of science, the social organizers and specialists, such as engineers, whom we need now so badly, demonstrated to us another phase of American life. They were the most energetic, well-educated and cultured people we ever knew. And so we have two extremely different portraits of Americans: The conscienceless adventurer and the noble pioneer!

The average American remains unknown to most of us.

WHILE our people have hated the American adventurer, they have idealized the second type. For those of us who had the opportunity to meet "the noble pioneer," the American was the synonym of a man with unlimited capacities.

The average Russian exaggerates the good traits of American character as well as the bad ones. It is quite natural; because we have seen only the best and the worst representatives of your

country. We have always seen the exceptions. The average American, like the average Russian, rarely goes abroad; he prefers to live peacefully at home.

That fact disappointed me greatly, for I always believed, like others of my countrymen, that Americans are born travelers. We used to meet them in the Crimea, even in the Caucasus, that beautiful but wild country. They were always splendidly equipped for a long journey, they looked like investigators and researchers in every inch! And here—I learned that many of you don't know well even your own country! I have met Americans who have never been in California, and for some of them Chicago seems to be the Far West.

Many Americans I am sure, have the same untrue opinion about Russians. A small part of you know our literature and see Russian life through the truthful eyes of Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, Chekhov, Turgeneff. Some of you have met those idealistic Russian types, who care for eternal things only, who are indifferent to wealth and who would rather count stars than dollars. A few of you have even met the heroes of our revolutionary movement, such as Vera Zasulich and Kropotkin. And those Americans love and idealize Russia.

But the rest of you formed your opinion about Russia chiefly upon your knowledge of the poor immigrants on the East Side. Those people are mostly Russian Jews, very poor, unhappy and badly educated. Most of them are not typical, nor the best representatives of Russia.

Many of the immigrants have left the East Side and returned to Russia. And they have condemned America to Russians just as they used to condemn old Russia to Americans, because they did not find their happiness here.



Many Russians know nothing of our civilization with its industrial and social progress

In Lincoln's Home Town

(Continued from Page 61)

taught me to sound the words I'd have taken just any job; but I kept on sounding them until I found one that said steady work, and that's the one I go after and that's the job I got. And it's all the fault of the English class with you. You can't know what it means to me, Miss!"

To the library—the Lincoln Library, by the way—went a young Russian asking for an easy book on citizenship. Several were shown him but they were all too difficult. In six weeks, he'd have his examination and he did want to pass and be a citizen, on account of his children. The librarian put him in touch with a volunteer teacher who wrote out the simplest of citizenship lessons, giving just the help he needed. And, in return, as she refused to accept any money, he presented her with two pedigreed rabbits—wonderful Flemish blacks—and along with her Americanization work she's now gone into the rabbit business!

After they were better acquainted, he told her he would have to give up the house where he'd been living, and that he hadn't saved enough to make the required first payment on a place of his own, adding, "So I say to my wife, 'In America, one must wait more years to get a home for the girl and boys.'" The teacher thought this over and said she'd see what could be done. To the bank, she stated his case and asked if, on her recommendation, they'd make the loan.

"Yes, we would," said the kindly banker, looking over his glasses at her eager face, "but you'd save money by going to a Building and Loan Association. Their appraisal charge is less than ours and your man can pay them small sums while here we cannot accept less than a hundred dollars at a time. If they won't help you, come back to us."

Making the rounds of the building and loan associations, at the third office the teacher found the secretary interested in the problem of the Russian and willing to accept his four hundred dollars as a first payment and take the rest on mortgage. Before the man became an American citizen, the family was living in their own home,

and had a garden of their own in which to raise carrots and lettuce for themselves and the rabbits.

"You see," said the volunteer teacher, "it isn't money they need, so much as friendliness and a bit of advice now and again!"

Perhaps the most noteworthy of the by-products of Americanization in our town is the experience of a young miner. Already admitted to citizenship, speaking and reading English fairly well, he belonged to no particular group of beginners. Yet he was so anxious to study and speak without an accent that one of the busiest of the volunteers offered to teach him, once a week. She asked him to bring a book with him and read to her. And the first day he came with—what do you think? Herrick's "Master of the Inn."

"How'd you happen to bring this?" she asked in surprise.

"Ah, I have read it over and over and I'd like so much to pronounce the words just right!"

She drew him out to tell her about his work in the mines and asked about his plans. If he stayed there ten or fifteen years, what would he be—manager? What future had the mine for him?

"None," he answered promptly. "After you learn to dig coal, that's all you can do—dig just so much every day you work—you never get ahead. But—" he hesitated, then, with face alight and eyes shining, added, "but I'm hoping not to stay in the mines for always. They tell me I have a voice. I have lessons already and some day I shall be a great singer!"

"Then what are you doing down in the mine? Isn't that bad for you?"

"Yes. Often one takes cold, the air is so bad."

What he needs most of all, the singing teacher replied to the English teacher's question, is to get out of that mine. So work was found for him, in one of the parks. "I work all day long in the sunshine," was his description of the change. And once dug out of that coal mine, he decided to use his savings for lessons in the city, taking a job to eke out his living expenses. Springfield's musical club became interested

in him and will some day boast of their baritone. But it was the Americanization work which first aroused interest in this young miner.

At the end of the school year, from every side, came exclamations of regret that the classes must close. Why must they? Why not continue for a few weeks longer, if enough people want to come? So on the last evening we announced at each school that the Lincoln Library would have English classes for men and women. Though it stormed the first night, there was an attendance of seventy-one pupils. And soon the library had seven volunteer teachers, and wanted more!

When after two months these classes stopped one group begged for more lessons and offered a home if only a teacher could come out to them.

"But it's so hot!" we said.

"No, *signora*, we have school for you in basement. And we buy you one big electric fan."

Of course Luigi Di Pasquale and his brother and sister-in-law and their five friends had their wish come true, and a flourishing class they had right through the summer, nor did they forget all their sounds before the autumn class began again.

We found in Springfield that what succeeds in Chicago won't suit conditions elsewhere. We just had to feel our way, step by step, and be guided by what our foreign-born friends wanted. The important thing is—that we did make a start. And, once started, Americanization goes on of itself, one man bringing in his friends, one woman spreading the news through her neighborhood, one pupil leading in two guys to join the class. The test of success is the attendance. If your pupils are getting what they want and need, in English and in citizenship, the class won't drop off.

Americanization's in the air, these days. It filters through to every town. And any little town, with a little group of interested persons, with a bit of Lincoln's interest in the common people, can begin Americanization with their foreign-born neighbors.

The New Samaritan

(Continued from Page 49)

simple directions for rendering aid. In their service on the posts, the kits are never locked. The large red cross that marks the location of the boxes can be seen for many yards along the roadway, and, even if accidents do not happen just in front of one of these kits, the Red Cross equipment can be found within a short distance of any spot on the highways so equipped.

If the experiment is successful the

Automobile Club will offer the same co-operation to other Red Cross chapters in Southern California and will extend the service to the entire territory within its jurisdiction.

"THE Red Cross is the new Samaritan!" said one of the Automobile club officials on the day of the dedication of the first aid outfits. "The very moment the first aid equipment is used

to assist an injured person, the whole experiment is a success. Every day there are a number of minor accidents and several serious mishaps in which people are injured. There is no question in the minds of the officials of the Automobile Club that the Red Cross is offering a service of the greatest value and it is our hope that Red Cross chapters everywhere will take up the project."

The Foreign Work of the American Red Cross

(Continued from Page 66)

which persists all over Europe means that people are crowded together in unwholesome and insanitary conditions but will suffer ills from the cold indoors as well as out, because the greatest shortage of all is that of fuel. It takes months, even years, of close identification with the people of any European country to realize fully the havoc which the war has wrought. How many casual visitors, for example, to one of the larger European capitals knew that two thousand families are still living in box cars in the freight yards of that city? And the acute need for rolling stock indeed proves that there can be absolutely nowhere else to put them.

WHAT does all this mean? It means, I think, that the responsibility rests upon the American men and women who are accustomed to do their own thinking, and who are willing to face the facts in any situation, no matter how disagreeable and disconcerting these facts may be, and it is to these intelligent Americans that the Red Cross must look and is looking with confidence for the future.

The American Red Cross, as I have said, cannot hope in any event to meet all the needs, but there is one field to which the eyes of our workers are turned with eagerness and longing. Deep down under the appearances of revived prosperity is the inescapable fact that the children of the war generation in Europe need, if they are to have a fair chance in life, far more to make up for what they have lost than Europe alone can possibly provide. They have suffered from undernutrition during the most critical period of their growth; from the lack of a father's care and control for nearly the entire period of mobilization—in millions of cases forever—and too often they have lost the mother as well. They suffer from the complete disorganization of educational machinery and, perhaps most disastrous of them all, from the loss of years of the happy home life which is a child's normal heritage.

Some of the damage which has been done to this generation of children is irreparable. To a certain degree, they will come to manhood and womanhood stunted and warped in body and mind, but there is much that can be accomplished, if it is done promptly and wholeheartedly, by those who know how. The American Red Cross stands ready to concentrate its efforts upon such a task. It has, we believe, the right spirit and the necessary experience. Certainly it has the confidence of governments and peoples alike. With the exception of the Junior Red Cross program, it has not the money. Do we Americans want the Red Cross to take up the task, and do we want it hard enough to pay for it?

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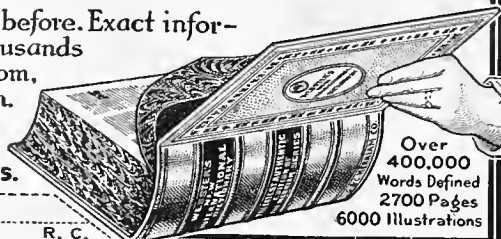
Whatever your question;—be it the pronunciation of *Bolsheviki*, the spelling of a puzzling word, the location of *Zeebrugge*, the meaning of *barrage*, *ace*, *fourth arm*, *tank*, *camouflage*, *Boche*, etc., this "Supreme Authority" contains an accurate final answer.

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TO READERS OF THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE

THE STAFF OF THE SURVEY take off their hats to the editors and publishers of the Red Cross Magazine for the educational breadth and quickening human interest with which they have interpreted Red Cross work at home and over-seas during the war and after.

No ONE JOURNAL will fill the gap that the Red Cross Magazine leaves. It is too big for that.

THE SURVEY stands ready to fill one corner. It would be foolish for us to think that more than one reader out of ten will want the Survey, but that reader wants it hard—even though he has never heard of it.

* * *

FOR INSTANCE:

THERE is a custom-up among the foothills of the Adirondacks for every farmer to keep a kerosene lamp burning in a front window all night. One Saturday night about ten o'clock the treasurer of the Home Service Section in a town in the Atlantic Division of the Red Cross had closed his store and was on his way home when he came upon a sailor. The young fellow lived twenty miles north in the hills. He had not been home for four years nor written home for months; but when the American cruiser he was on was torpedoed and he was in the water four hours, the thought of the kerosene lamp that must be shining in his father's house that night for him came back to him.

So the Red Cross treasurer got out his flivver and started off with the sailor. As they hore away from the town the lights in the farmhouse windows began to wink at them. They got to their destination around midnight. The hoy hunked in the barn so as to be ready to greet his father when he came out to milk the cows in the morning.

HERE was a case of Home Service which called for an equal mixture of gasolene and good will—and a pinch of self-sacrificing imagination thrown in. The man who carried it out was himself the father of three children, an active figure in War Savings, Liberty Loan and Red Cross drives, the organizer of a new chamber of commerce and a general promoter of the progressive business movements in his community. While the war was on he talked with every soldier that went out from his town; and now he is good neighbor to half his county.

WHEN he came into Home Service work he subscribed to the Survey. At first he merely ran through the pages and then threw it away. Now he reads every issue along with his Saturday Evening Post. He is stirred and eager as a youngster over the experiences of other communities which fit into his own—over new ranges of social interest into which he has come with the zeal of a promoter. If he were opening up a new real estate addition on the edge of the town, he could not have more enthusiasm than he has in throwing wide the possibilities for community service growing out of the war.

* * *

It is this sort of man and woman the country over that the Survey wants to reach. Scores of Red Cross men and women who went over-seas, hundreds of those who carried the burden at home in every State of the Union take the Survey.

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An
 Important Announcement
 to Subscribers will
 be found on
 Page 5

REVISTA DE LA CRUZ ROJA

AVISO DE SUSPENSION.

EL COMITE Ejecutivo de la CRUZ ROJA AMERICANA has reuelto suspender la publicación de la REVISTA DE LA CRUZ ROJA con el número de Octubre. El costo de la publicación y particularmente el del papel ha venido aumentando desde hace mucho tiempo, hasta que, durante el año próximo pasado alcanzó un punto tan alto que para continuar publicando la REVISTA se haría necesario o aumentar el precio de la subscripción o contar con una subvención procedente del tesoro general de la CRUZ ROJA. No nos parece acertado aumentar el precio de la subscripción porque existe la probabilidad de que con el aumento se reduciría la circulación y por ende quedaría anulado el objeto por el cual esta sociedad ha venido publicando LA REVISTA. Por otra parte, el Comité Ejecutivo no considera justo ni equitativo el disponer de fondos del tesoro para cubrir un déficit inevitable bajo las actuales circunstancias.

Antes de que la guerra estallara, la REVISTA DE LA CRUZ ROJA era una publicación pequeña con una circulación de unos cuantos millares de ejemplares. A medida que la guerra mundial tomó incremento y aún antes de que los Estados Unidos tomaran parte en ella, ya existía un interés cada día mas intenso en los trabajos de la CRUZ ROJA y un aumento considerable en el número de socios. Siguiendo el consejo de personas peritas en la materia y con la ayuda de aquellas educadas en el arte de publicar y editar, la REVISTA se desarrolló y alcanzó una circulación muy grande. Cuando en su apogeo, repartía más de un millón y cuarto de ejemplares cada mes, y aunque no se publicaba bajo una base comercial, se sostenía asimismo. Durante los últimos cuatro años ha servido como medio para educar y despertar el interés en la CRUZ ROJA y en sus actividades universales.

LA CRUZ ROJA se Ocupa Actualmente en el Desarrollo de un Programa Eatenso Relativo a los Nuevos Problemas éúe la Paz Ha Hecho Surgir, y además debe continuar con las responsabilidades asumidas durante la guerra hasta llegar al límite de los recursos disponibles para este objeto. Ya sea que este servicio se extienda al programa de enfermeras de la CRUZ ROJA, cooperación con las sociedades de sanidad pública o con los trabajos que lleva a cabo la CRUZ ROJA JUVENIL; o ya sea que tenga entenderse con la ayuda que se presta a las familias de los soldados y marineros, con los hombres de servicio heridos y ciegos en los hospitales, o alivio y consuelo de las calamidades sin nombre que existen en el extramjero, la CRUZ ROJA debe poseer un órgano adecuado para dar a conocer sus actividades al público en general y a sus compañeros de trabajo.

Si la REVISTA DE LA CRUZ ROJA fuera el único medio de ponerse en comunicación con el público y sus asociados, entonces se haría necesario continuar la REVISTA, aún cuando fuere perdiendo dinero. Más debido a sus otras publicaciones, tales como el Junior Red Cross News (Noticias de la Cruz Roja Juvenil), Boletines de la Oficina Principa Nacional y sus Divisiones; folletos sobre diversos temas y con la cooperación de la prensa y por medio del servicio cinematográfico de la CRUZ ROJA, se ha desarrollado una verdadera máquina que distribuye las últimas noticias e informaciones, por lo tanto, aún con la suspensión de la REVISTA, estas noticias así como también los informes relativos a los trabajos de la CRUZ ROJA continuarán circularizando de una manera uniforme.

Continúase trabajando para dar Mayor Impulso Al Desarrollo del Servicio de Publicacion de la CRUZ ROJA. Aquel los subscritores vitalicios y patronizadores que deseen recibir con regularidad informes relativos a las actividades de la CRUZ ROJA, y otros subscritores y asociados, los recibirán por medio de nuevos métodos sobre los cuales se están haciendo estudios.

Tenemos Qué Aclarar un Asunto de Importancia con Nuestrós Subscritores. Una gran porporción de las subscripciones vencen hácia fines del año de 1920. Algunas, sinembargo, son por mayor tiempo. Continuar la publicación de la REVISTA para completar la entrega de doce ejemplares a cada subscritor, significaría un gasto enorme. Todavez que con esta práctica la edición sería mucho más pequeña, los gastos generales y otros inherentes a una publicación de esta naturaleza aumentarían, mostrando determinado, déficit mensual. Aquellos subscritores que no recibirán, pero que tienen derecho a recibir el número completo de ejemplares, LA CRUZ ROJA está lista para reemborsarles a *pro rata* la cantidad a que asciendan sus suscripciones. Los agostos en que incurriremos para hacer estos pagos serán considerables, mas la REVISTA DE LA CRUZ ROJA no desea de manera alguna proceder en forma perjudicial a los intereses de sus subscritores. A los subscritores que no reclamen el reembolso de la cantidad a *pro rata* que se les adeuda debido a la suspensión de la REVISTA, se les considerará como contribuyentes a la causa general de la CRUZ ROJA por una suma igual a lo que por tal concepto se les adeude.

En la página cuarta aparece un esaueto que deberán llenar aquellos subscritores que deseen ser reembolsados. Si no se presenta reclamación alguna, quedará entendido que el subscritor ha resuelto donar la cantidad que se le adeuda, a la tesorería de la CRUZ ROJA NACIONAL.

The March of the Red Cross

(Continued from Page 53)

of Warsaw and these will be run from point to point as they are needed, thus replacing the Red Cross branch stations which will be handicapped because of the rapid changes which daily occur in the front lines.

From Bialystok, more than three hundred carloads of supplies were brought out by the faithful Red Cross men before the Bolsheviki captured the city. The doctors continued treating the Polish wounded until the Soviet forces were within four miles.

In addition to saving the bulk of supplies and practically all Red Cross equipment, the Red Cross workers also succeeded in bringing out some eight hundred war orphans who had been pupils in a school established by the Junior Red Cross. These orphans have been installed in a village near Warsaw and unless utter disaster overtakes the Polish armies, they will remain there until peace comes once more and they

can be returned to their original school.

Despite all these emergency measures, however, the bulk of the Red Cross work in Poland has gone on steadily, the latest addition to the projects undertaken being the establishment of a provisional nurses' school in Cracow where three hundred Polish women are taking elementary courses at this moment, so as to be of some use in the overtaxed hospitals of their country where at present doctors and nurses are working until they drop, completely tired out.

Only when the situation settles down once more and Poland and the Allies take stock calmly, can the Red Cross determine on what its future activities in that country will be.

Fourth Red Cross Roll Call

Meanwhile, the Fourth Roll Call of the Red Cross in America approaches.

From Armistice Day, the eleventh of November until Thanksgiving Day, it is to last, and the mighty host of Americans who make up our ten million adult members will be given an opportunity to express once more their allegiance to, and faith in, their Red Cross. It will not be a drive in the usual sense of the word, no gifts being solicited, save in those cases where a desire to contribute for some special purpose is signified. It will be rather what its name signifies—a great calling of the roll of America!

There are no Americans anywhere who will not be glad to be included in the mighty Red Cross host under the old banner of the "Greatest Mother in the World."

The slogan is as soul stirring and as real as in the days of the war.

A Red Cross Service Flag in every home!



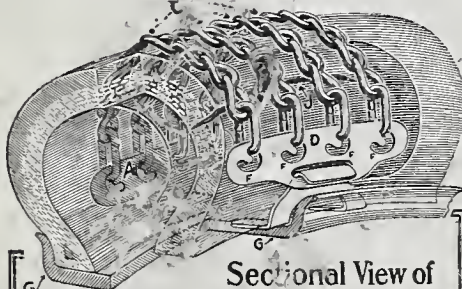
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| B - Bent Lip on Main Plate | G - Rim of wheel |
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